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MEN OF GALILEE

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXX MAY, 1910 No. 1

FROM NAZARETH TO JERUSALEM

(THE HOLY LAND: FOURTH PAPER)

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

I CANNOT honestly say that I left Nazareth with any great regret; yet, as I rode out of it in the early morning, it looked smiling and attractive in its circle of hills, with its red roofs, its masses of prickly pear growing among the gray rocks, its grassy slopes, its silver-green and yellow-green trees, its gray stone walls, its towers. The sun was just up. Already at Mary's Well the graceful women were laughing and chattering as they drew water busily for household purposes; a train of camels was descending softly by the pathway from Galilee. White, blue, dull red, the color notes of the town struck a pleasant harmony with the green and the gray and the silver green of nature. But from the summit of Tabor I had looked down over the mighty plain of Jezreel, and remembering the golden plain of the Huleh, where I rested beneath the walnut-tree while Musa Mustafa shot the wild duck, I longed once more to descend into the fertile bosom of Palestine, to be taken by the grasses and flowers, by the rustling crops and the thick, rank herbage, to be enfolded by that subtle and narcotic dream of the spring, which seems to hang, like a heavy, delicious perfume, over the wide flats of the land of milk and honey. I have often heard it said that Palestine is not a land of much variety, even that it is very monotonous. If one compares it with other countries, the statement may be allowed to be true; but in spring it affords delicious contrasts of cold and almost grievous sterility with soft and languorous opulence, the contrasts between the heights and the plains. Sad and stony are the hills, or sometimes dull in their rounded nudity. Noble Hermon, with its glorious crest of snow, excites the spirit. But as one rides through Palestine, the general effect of the hills is one that makes for a monotony not free from melancholy. Monotonous, too, are the plains. But therein lies for me their supreme attraction. As one slowly descends into them, picking

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his way among the bristling rocks, he has the sensation of being taken as by some green and tranquil sea, full of lulling murmurs, and of movements that suggest passivity to the mind. The wild flowers stir in the breeze, the prairies of corn turn to a delicate pallor as the silken wind bends each ear. In the marshes the buffaloes repose, staring at nothing with their light eyes, in which a shallow idleness seems held. Pigeons wheel in the blue; Gipsies, Bedouins pass by; Circassians with fur hats, men from Moab in reds and blues, women whose heads are surrounded with haloes of coins set upright on their edges in rows. The fellahs stand at gaze, or follow the plow, or squat among the crops over a meager repast of raisins, figs, and dry bread, followed perhaps by a cigarette, or by some whiffs from a brown pipe of clay with a wooden stem. Smiling women, barefooted, and clad in cotton garments, with flowing black head-dresses, go to draw water, bearing on their heads down-turned jars of earthenware, some of which hold as much as two gallons, or return with their jars upright, carried proudly with the dignity of a supreme competence. At noon the flocks and the herds are resting, perhaps among bushes of myrtle; and often a young shepherd, leaning on his long staff, or crook, makes a wonderful silhouette as he pauses in the bright sunshine, staring into the distance of the green and golden plain.

THE ARCADIAN CHARM OF PALESTINE

ARCADY! It is an Arcady of the East, and of a charm to me irresistible. Cares drop away, are lost among the innocent wild flowers; fears, anxieties disperse on the gentle, caressing breezes. Far off, at evening, the little white tent will welcome you; and as you see it in the distance, and your horse, lifting his head and distending his sensitive nostrils, neighs joyously, you will bless from your heart the nomadic life.

Surely no one who has ridden hour after hour across the vast plains of Palestine in springtime can ever forget their charm, their peculiar, almost drug-like spell, irresistible and sweet, giving a peace akin to the peace of a sleep blessed, not troubled, by dreams to heart and brain—by dreams of green and golden marshes, of softly, slowly moving oceans of corn and barley, of mazes of wild flowers quivering about the tripping feet of thin Syrian horses. And so I was in haste to go down into Esdraelon, that mighty expanse over which the hills of Nazareth, the hills of Galilee, the mountains of Samaria, keep watch; which is drained by the brook Kishon, whose waters swept away the hosts of Sisera, and which teems with associations and is dotted with historic sites.

My destination was Jenin, once Engannim, on the Eastern border of the plain, noted for its gardens, its waters, its fruit-trees. I had a seven-hours' ride before me —seven hours of dreams in the brilliant sunshine, of dreams of old days of battle, of robber hordes, and of deeds of mercy and horror; for here dwelt once the widow woman of Nain in the village whose name meant "pleasantness"; here at Endor dwelt the witch to whom Saul went disguised by night, who called up Samuel, and who "saw gods ascending out of the earth"; here, at Megiddo, Barak won his great victory, and Josiah sank down in his chariot, pierced by the arrows of the soldiers of Pharaoh Necho; here, at Gilboa, Saul and his sons were killed. And Jezebel knew this plain, and must have often looked out over it from her palace windows at Jezreel, now a miserable and filthy village. Here, too, Jehu drove furiously, and Gideon conquered the Midianites.

In more modern days this plain has had an unenviable notoriety as the haunt of Arab robbers. Its soil is extraordinarily fertile, and as it is almost as flat as a table, it is very easy to cultivate. When I rode across it the aspect it presented to me was of smiling and radiant peace. Esdraelon does not compare for charm and seductiveness with the plain of the Huleh. It is more monotonous and less Arcadian. There is a certain dullness of cultivation which suggests the plodding lives of poor men. There are no buffaloes wallowing in yellow flowers. A railway track has been laid down, and though I saw it only for an instant as we crossed it, I received an unpleasant impression of being once more in touch with civilized traveling life. Instead of meeting on our way bands of perhaps thievish, but picturesque, Gipsies, clad in coats of many colors, we encountered only an English clergyman in a sun-helmet wending his way toward Nazareth, accompanied by a native servant. I found

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"AT MARY'S WELL [NAZARETH] THE GRACEFUL WOMEN WERE LAUGHING AND CHATTERING AS THEY DREW WATER BUSILY FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES"

it easy to believe in deeds of mercy performed in the bosom of Esdraelon as I turned my eyes toward Nain, now a tiny native village of no special interest, but more difficult to realize that this happy-looking corn-land from time immemorial had been selected by man as a place of battle, of slaughter, and of almost every sort of ill deed.

The approach to Jenin is enticing, for the village, or little town, which is inhabited by Mohammedans, of whom there are about three thousand, is deliciously placed in the midst of trees and verdure, with water and grassy lawns about it—lawns and gentle slopes which tempt the men of Jenin to happy sauntering with cigarette in mouth, the youths to quite "larky" games of play, and the healthy-looking children to ceaseless frolic. And the village itself, seen from a little distance, has the peculiar and ineffable charm, the strange, summoning attraction, which Mohammedan builders alone, it seems, know how to give to their mosques, their bath-houses, their dwellings.

As Damascus, seen from afar, has a fairy look of almost piercing, yet delicate, romance, so tiny Jenin, in its different way, has a fairy look, with its small minaret, its cupolas, its flat roofs peeping over the trees. Long I gazed at it that day and that evening till the darkness fell, yet never ceased to feel its summons, which was like the voice of an Eastern siren, whispering: "Come, I will show you romance. In my strange ways there is fascination. Among my shadows, where my fountain falls, beauty lies in hiding." But I was very wise, for I never entered Jenin. Its ancient name means "fountain of gardens," and it is believed to be the site of the "garden house" by which King Ahaziah fled from Jehu. When the night fell, a heavy dew lay on the grass about the tents; a slight, pearly mist hung over the still water in a marshy place near by, where frogs lifted their voices; and all night long foxes were crying out, and hyenas uttering their short, menacing bark, which seems to come from the depths of a bad temper through a sore throat.

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THE MODERN SAMARIA

OUR destination next day was Nablus, the ancient Shechem, once the chosen home of the Samaritans and the capital town of Palestine. On the way I made a slight detour, and an ascent into the mountains, to visit Samaria. This is now a dirty and uncared-for village, in a superb situation, commanding a glorious view extending to the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. I dismounted on reaching the village, and, pioneered by two or three greedy villagers, who gazed at my pockets as if they were places of interest far superior to Samaria, climbed some steep ground under a burning sun to see the site of Ahab's ivory palace and the street of columns. There were a good many fragments of ruins here, and many columns without capitals; but the glory of the place is the view. Omri, like the ancient Greeks, knew where to build, and must have loved wide prospects; perhaps in this love, shared by a good many of us, ignorantly showing the criminal instinct somewhere attributed by Lombroso to those who take delight in gazing upon great distances.

Below the village is the mosque which was formerly the Church of St. John, built by Crusaders. The villagers here have a very bad reputation. They are fanatically religious, and appear to combine this too animated ardor with a vital propensity for the picking of pockets, in which branch of subtle agility they might give points to a Fagin. Having been previously warned of their talents, I escaped

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THE HILL OF SAMARIA. "THE GLORY OF THE PLACE IS THE VIEW"

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THE STREET OF COLUMNS, SAMARIA

from their attentions intact, and again rode joyously down into the valley.

Nablus is only about fourteen hours' ride from Jerusalem, and at a good distance from it I began to be aware at last that I was nearing a great center. The fascination of the wilds gave place to a different fascination, emanating from the activity of men. The feet of our horses rang on a hard highroad, on each side of which were groves of superb old olive-trees, veterans of the race, with trunks that looked Rembrandtesque, and with noble crowns of green and silver. And upon this highway we met men surely of substance, mounted on fine, fiery horses; and with us, approaching the city, were caravans. The hum of life was about us, waking excitement in us and our beasts, and as we wound upward, and saw the solid stone houses of the town of the olives, where still linger some pale Samaritans under the shadow of Gerizim,—that mountain from which the people of Israel were blessed when they came into the Land of Promise,—we forgot the wilds, and rejoiced in the cheeriness and the gaiety of eager humanity.

We camped above the town in a forest of olives, and there I was visited in the evening by Samaritans, and in the early morning by seven lepers. The Samaritans came drifting up the hill with a curious air of fatigue and vagueness, three tall, tired youths, with decadent faces, small-boned limbs, a loose and shambling gait, that reminded me of the gait of an unfortunate Chinese giant whom I once saw sadly displaying his too many inches in an exhibition. When they reached the tent door, and stood still, gazing upon me with mournful eyes, they looked like strange esthetes of the Eastern world, with drooping hands that should have held drooping

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lilies. Yet, though they drooped, and had a feeble aspect that some might have thought gentle, as they stayed with me I received from them an unpleasant impression as of a still—I might almost say subterranean—venom, of a white pertinacity akin to a white heat. And this strange race, now almost extinct, has always been famous for malice, for pertinacity, for fanaticism, and for a certain dogged indifference to the opinions of those whose power has been greater than its own.

THE REMNANT OF THE SAMARITANS

It is true that in the mind of the Christian world a parable has forever fixed the expression, "the good Samaritan"; but the Samaritans, who always affirmed that they were descended from Jacob, were opponents of Christianity in the first years after Christ, and when Christ was alive they refused him hospitality. Their hatred of the Jews was intense, and the Jews repaid it, and even went so far as to deny that the Samaritans would rise again at the last day.

Thirty-eight years ago in all Palestine there were only two hundred of them, most of whom dwelt at Nablus. Now, I am told, there are very few, less than a hundred. The youths who visited me looked like the last survivors of a race that had almost decayed from the face of the earth. Yet the families that remain still hold themselves apart from all the rest of the world, still worship in their own little synagogue in the city, and celebrate the Passover on Mount Gerizim, where they built a temple both because they needed a place of worship and as a mark of their hostility to the Jews, who had refused to allow them to help in the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem. And of course they still preserve the Samaritan codex of the Pentateuch. One can only respect their extraordinary tenacity, their rigid determination not to be absorbed, but to remain in every sense true Samaritans, few though they are, and dwellers in the midst of a hostile and fanatical population almost wholly Moslem. One can respect them, but, judging by my Samaritan visitors, I should say it would be difficult to love them or to trust them. After remaining with me for some time the three youths suggested that I should give them a little money, as an acknowledgment of my own hospitality, I suppose. I complied,—when does the traveler in the East not comply?—and with many languid salutations they drifted away among the trunks of the olives, and faded into the city.

Nablus has a bad reputation, and though in my wanderings through its narrow and often dark streets I was never insulted or pelted, I was often aware of a silent but intense hostility, such as I used to be aware of years ago when I was in Morocco, and walked through the filthy alleys and teeming bazaars of Tetuan. "Christian dog!" I saw that in many pairs of glittering eyes as they stared at me. The houses are solid and often large, and some of them look, and are, very ancient. An Arab bath-house that I visited is said to be some hundreds of years old. It was swarming with cockroaches, which covered the walls, and crept everywhere over the pavements of marble. As I emerged from it into the street, a huge rat scampered in front of me, as if to show me the way out of the vaporous darkness. Night was falling, was shrouding the minarets and the numberless cupolas, was filling the arcades with shadows out of which rose mysterious voices and the violent cries of the East. When I returned to my tent in the forest of olives, the dogs of the town—it seemed in scores—had assembled themselves together to serenade my slumbers. I woke to the seven lepers.

There were four men and three women, and they were crouched in the heavy dew upon the short grass at the foot of the little slope that lay beyond the camp. As I glanced at them for a moment, I did not realize their horrible condition, for they were muffled up, and looked rather like monstrous bundles. But, seeing me, the bundles stirred. Shattered faces came—I can scarcely say looked—forth; arms and hands as twisted as the trunks of old olives; legs and feet, distorted, eaten away. They rose up out of the sea of dew, and came whimpering for alms. Who could refuse them? Unlike the pale Samaritans, the lepers did not depart with their gift to their own place. They returned to the foot of the slope, crouched down in line, and pulled their draperies about them; and there they remained when the camp was struck and we set out for Sinjil.

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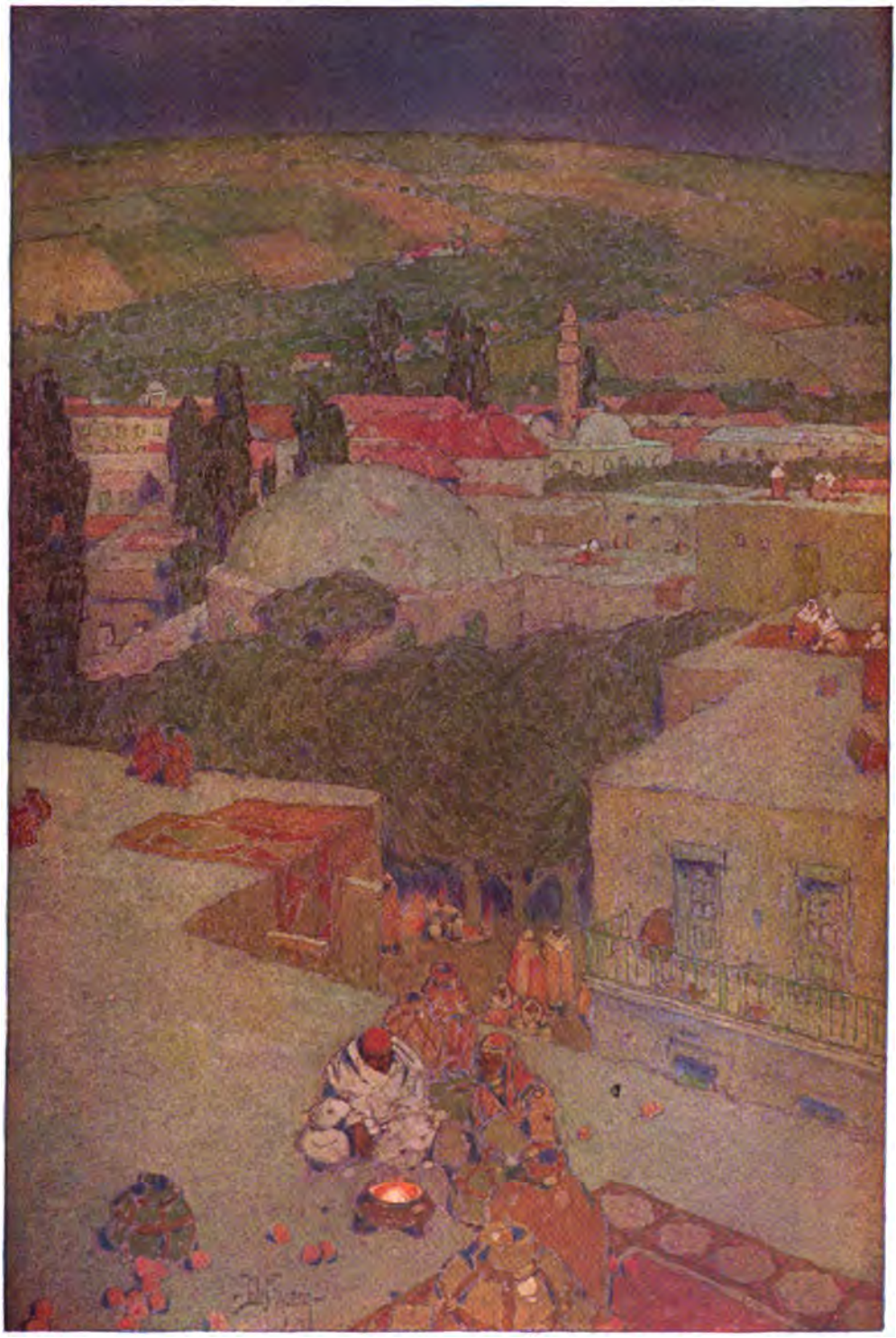

THE HOUSETOPS OF NAZARETH

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MOUNT GERIZIM, WHERE THE SAMARITANS STILL CELEBRATE THE PASSOVER

THE TOMB OF JOSEPH

Soon after leaving the city we came to the tomb of Joseph and the well by which Jesus is said to have met the woman of Samaria, and which is called Jacob's Well. The tomb is close to the village of Asker, a strange rummage of Oriental habitations and earth-walled courts, in which I caught glimpses of women literally smothered in pigments, with haloes of coins set on edge around their heads. In the glaring sunshine, and in surroundings suggestive of poverty hand in hand with dirt, these painted and dyed household drudges—for they all seemed busy with mysterious and ungraceful tasks—looked as out of place and unsuitable as would peacocks on a dust-heap. Their arms were covered with bracelets, and their fingers with rings, and charms of various kinds were hung about their necks. Some of them were very handsome, and their haloes suited them almost as well as in Italian pictures their haloes suit the saints; but there is always to me something peculiarly revolting in that combination of finery, paint, and dirt which seems so attractive to the Eastern. And when the early morning sunshine gleams on rouge and henna and kohl, one is aware of great indiscretion, if not of active cruelty, on the part of the sun.

The tomb of Joseph, whitewashed and quite modern, is in a small building access to which is gained through a courtyard where I found a Mohammedan schoolmaster comfortably established, with some twenty small pupils who were busily murmuring passages from the Koran. Strung across the tomb chamber were strings on which hung quantities of votive rags. The schoolmaster acted as guide to the tomb, and informed me that it is absolutely cer-

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"THE WELL BY WHICH JESUS IS SAID TO HAVE MET THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA, AND WHICH IS CALLED JACOB'S WELL."

tain that Joseph was buried there. More interesting, and far more charming, is Jacob's Well.

JACOB'S WELL

THIS is one of the best authenticated holy places in all Palestine, that land where the pilgrim has to take much on trust, and the Greek church has it happily in possession. There is very little, if any, doubt that Jesus really sat by this well, and there said those words which have driven strong men to the cloister, and drawn young girls from the dawning pleasures of life to the silence behind the grille: "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Pilgrims throng to this small inclosure, with its low-roofed house for their entertainment, its chapel built about the well, its bushes covered with tiny pink roses; but when I was there the hour was so early that not even a patient and pathetic Russian was before me. Birds were singing above the roses. From the hospice came a young man in the habit of a monk to take me to the well. It is very deep, and he let down a wooden tray with candles stuck upon it to light up the darkness, till far below I saw a gleam of still water. As I looked, bending over the small orifice, with the silent monk beside me, I remembered those other words said here so many hundreds of years ago: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

As I left, the monk gave me a bunch of pink roses; and I kept them long after the

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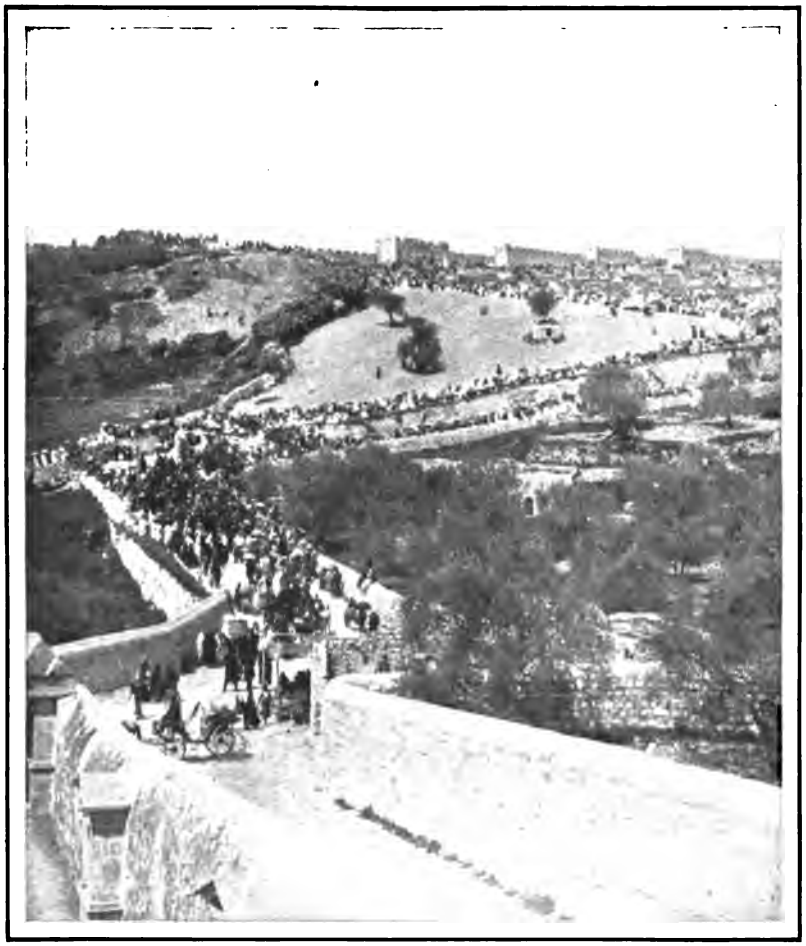
color had faded from them and their tiny petals had shriveled up.

When we rode away, and came to a good road, bordered by olive groves, something prompted me to ask my Syrian companion whether there were cuckoos in Palestine. There was something so lively and springlike in the air that it made me think of England, and of the yellow clouds of primroses in copses full of flickering lights and gentle shadows. He had never heard of the cuckoo, and when I imitated its call, he did not know it. About half an hour later a cuckoo sang out lustily. My companion pulled up his horse, and we listened to that music of spring which in more than twenty years of a life spent always in Syria he had never before heard. Soon after the voice of the cuckoo had faded away, we turned our horses' heads to the left, and struck into the mountains. Bethel lay in the distance, but I did not go there. I wished to see Shiloh, the "place of rest," where the tabernacle once stood in Ephraim, and where the Philistines came to take away the ark of the covenant. We rode up a naked and stony gully, gradually ascending, and presently leaving far down on our left a stream, which flowed among rocks, and occasionally was formed by them into shining pools. The heat was intense as noontide drew near. Our horses sweated as they scrambled upward. The bare flanks of the hills gleamed cruelly in the tremendous blaze. Presently, far below, I heard a thin music, rustic and reedy, and as definitely and delightfully "countrified," al-



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PILGRIMS GOING UP TO JERUSALEM IN PASSOVER WEEK

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most clownish,—using the word in its true, not in its ugly and exaggerated, sense,—as the music that in an orchestra comes from the oboe, and at once makes one think of places that shepherds love and of fleecy flocks. I pulled up, and some hundreds of feet, I suppose, beneath me I saw some Syrian herdsmen bathing in a pool of the rocks, while one sat near them and piped. The sun shone fiercely on skins of bronze. A cry came up to us, then a shout of laughter, and both were clad as in a garment of music; and the musician, the bathers, we, and all the hills, were clad in a garment of fire. Since that day, in lands of darkness, I have remembered that moment, and the joy of the open-air life in the Holy Land has caught me by the throat.

SHILOH, THE "PLACE OF REST"

THERE is scarcely anything to see at Shiloh. We reached a sort of plateau where there were low stone walls and such masses of stones everywhere that we dismounted and led our horses till we stood on the spot where once there was a city, the tabernacle, the ark of the covenant. Now there are only a few bits of ruin of very little interest, heaped among the stones and the patches of cultivation. The village near by is called Seilun.

From Shiloh it was an easy ride to our last camping-ground, Sinjil, which we reached about three in the afternoon.

It was a pleasant place that had been chosen for the last night in the tents, always a night of keen regret, but also of that keen enjoyment—enjoyment with a sharp edge to it—which belongs to the pleasure which is nearly at an end. High up in the hills, in the midst of a great, grassy circle, the camp was pitched, looking over a wide prospect of rolling slopes and crests and ridges, now gradually assuming that peculiar, delicately mysterious, and almost shy beauty that becomes ever more and more romantic as the afternoon light slips into the bosom of the radiance of evening. At a little distance on the brow of the hill was a native village, the inhabitants of which evidently lived the pastoral life with full completeness; for there was a great bleating and lowing of flocks and herds, and as I sat having tea before the tent, in that most delicious hour of the traveler's day, I saw multitudes of sheep and cattle being driven by toward the huddled houses among the stone walls. The drivers were quite small children. They laughed and begged, but discreetly, as they passed. And later, when their duties were accomplished, they returned to squat on the grass and to gaze upon my cook's preparation of dinner.

FROM AND TO JERUSALEM

THAT evening a second camp arrived, to the music of many bells. It belonged to two Englishmen who had left Jerusalem in the morning, and who were on their way to make the ascent of Mount Hermon. After dinner they paid me a visit. When they heard that I was bound for Jericho and Jerusalem, and that I meant to be present at all the Holy Week and Easter ceremonies, including that of the Holy Fire, they said, in effect, "We pity you." Remembering my experience in the deadly cold of the haunt of bears, I secretly returned their compassion as I asked them why. They described to me the crowded and turbulent state of Jerusalem, and dwelt specially on the scenes which were likely to take place in the neighborhood of the Holy Sepulcher, which, from their account, seemed to be the center of all the strife, hatred, and greed, as well as of most of the worship and adoring love, in the sacred city. And one of them actually tried to dissuade me from my intention of witnessing the Holy Fire, at which ceremony, he said, it was almost certain that there would be a riot, in which numbers of people would probably be crushed to death. I replied that I preferred a riot in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher to a night in a cave on the summit of Hermon. And so we parted amicably, each one intent on the crazy proceeding that his temperament cried out for.

On the following morning I got up while it was still quite dark, and on the height where we had slept the heavy dews were lying. The strange cold that precedes the dawn enveloped us. I heard outside the steady and small sound made by the hobbled horses and mules persistently cropping the grass, and the lively voices of the men, excited by the thought of soon seeing their homes and families.

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and of receiving the bakshish they had well earned by their hard work on our journey. Faintly from the distance came the barking of dogs and the lowing of cattle. I opened the tent door and smelled the pungent odor of coffee. As the dawn broke, I saw my acquaintances of the previous night mounting their horses, apparently eager to cover the long distance that stretched between them and the snow-crowned heights of Hermon. The tents collapsed, and suddenly a lonely, unfurnished bareness took the place of the coziness of home, and I ceased to regret, and began to look forward eagerly. My cook bade me farewell, and sprang on to his horse. He had vowed to be first in Jerusalem. With a loud cry he struck his heels into his horse's sides, and went off at a breakneck gallop. A pale gleam of the sun touched the ridge of a hill in the east. The bells chimed on the necks of the pack-mules. Soon we were once more on a highroad, with our faces turned toward Jerusalem.

During the first hours of the journey the sun shone bright, but as we drew nearer to the city, and long before we could see it, clouds began to gather in the sky, and when we stopped to lunch while yet two hours from it, the sun was hidden, a cold wind swept over the hills, and some raindrops pattered in our faces. We crouched down under a low stone wall in a place where olive-trees were sparsely dotted about among gray rocks, and I remembered the slopes of Hermon.

Upon the road near to us strings of camels continually went by, Syrians and Arabs on horseback, women holding draperies to their mouths and carrying bundles, children on donkeys. Now and then a carriage passed, filled with travelers from Europe or America. The wind increased. The land looked inhospitable, cruel. And when we rode on again, I was filled with wonder that a great city should ever have been built on the site of Jerusalem.

The country about Jerusalem is essentially a pale country. Indeed, I often thought it looked stricken, as if its pallor had come upon it abruptly, had been sent to it as a visitation. I was not sorry that I saw it first under grayness and swept by winds. The grayness, the winds, seemed to me to emphasize its truth, to drive home its reality. And there was something noble in its candor. Even Nature can take on an aspect of trickiness at times, or at least a certain coquetry, a daintiness not wholly free from suggestions of artificiality. The landscape in the midst of which Jerusalem lies is dreary, is sad; in stormy weather is almost forbidding: yet it has a bare frankness that renders it dignified, a large simplicity that is very striking. The frame is sober, the picture within it is amazing; and neither, once seen, can ever be forgotten.

(To be continued)

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MARC'HARIT FULUP, the last of the old-time popular singers of Brittany, has recently passed away. Save to European folklorists and, within the last two years, to the American Folk-Lore Society, her name was unfamiliar to the world outside her province. Mr. Luzel, foremost of Breton collectors of folk-lore, has devoted several pages to Marc'harit Fulup in the preface to his "Popular Tales." Thus, he says:

Marc'harit Fulup has given me the whole treasure of popular literature known between the burg of Pluzunet, Menez-Bré, Guingamp, Pontrieux, Tréguier, and Lannion. Endowed with a mediocre intelligence, she possesses an excellent memory, loves passionately the old songs and fairy-tales, which she is not far from believing to be true, and she recites these simply and with great respect for the traditions. Spinner by profession, pilgrim by procuration, she is almost constantly on the routes leading to some sacred fountain or chapel of the Côtes-du-Nord, Finisterre, or Morbihan, to implore the saint whose specialty it is to cure the malady of the person sending her, or of his horse or cow or pig, and she brings back a bottle filled with water from the miraculous fountain. Wherever she passes, she inquires about the existing traditions of the locality, listens, commits to memory, and two or three times a year I give her a rendezvous at Plouaret, and share the additions with which she has enriched her treasury. It is truly astonishing, all that she has sung or recited to me, and I owe her great obligations.

In "La Revue Celtique" (1893) is the following:

In the "Annals of Brittany" M. Anatole Le Braz publishes three fine Breton songs, each accompanied with a translation. Marc'harit Fulup sings them. It is she who dictated them to Luzel. "La Revue Celtique" sends a greeting to the Breton trio.

Thus Marc'harit's name is linked, and justly, with those of Luzel and Le Braz.

My own association with her is less important, being only personal, for while appreciating her value in the field of folk-lore, I also loved her as a friend. I cannot yet realize that I shall no longer meet her at the Pardon of St. Yves at Tréguier, that we shall make no more pilgrimages together to shrines of other Breton saints, that the familiar voice is silent. It remains to me to add a modest wreath of souvenirs to those of more important personages—the tribute of a foreigner by birth, but a true Breton at heart.

It was at Guingamp, one evening in August, 1900, that I first saw Marc'harit Fulup. I had set out that morning from Dinard with the usual joyful plans for the annual journey through Brittany, which

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means that in reality I had no definite plan. For it is as *flaneur* that one should travel there. If one follows a cut-and-dried itinerary, one finds no Brittany. But with grip-sack and umbrella as sole impedimenta, and prepared to abandon one's train at unexpected moments and places, one is sure of happy surprises. For if at any station a crowd of peasants in fête-costumes clambers into the third-class carriages of the train, one is wise to prepare to dismount with and follow the company whithersoever it leads. There will be no regret in the adventure.

Leaving Dinard in this proper, inconsequent state of mind, but with a vague idea that I might sleep that night at Landerneau in Finisterre, it had seemed to me, as our train stopped at the station at Guingamp, that something unusual was in the air. Peasants in fête-costumes crowded the platform; everybody seemed to be meeting and welcoming somebody; and while my normal self had dreamed of Landerneau, my other self clamored for Guingamp. I followed the call, and fifteen minutes later was dismounting at a familiar little inn, and taking possession of the one remaining room. Since that time I have always claimed that little third-floor room; for from its window one sees the valley of the Trieux, where, in the late afternoon, river and meadow gather and reflect the golden glow.

Meanwhile the impression of that "something in the air" haunted me. The sound of scrubbing and furbishing resounded through the corridors of the inn; odors of fish and fowl ascended from the kitchen. Jean brought up my tea, but could give me no tidings save that every room was occupied and dinner for many guests was in preparation. I sent him to buy a newspaper, and thus learned that on that very evening, in the hall of the casino, the Congress of the "Union Régionaliste Bretonne" was to hold its opening session. Needless to add that I followed the sessions of the congress to the end. On every evening occurred the popular *cabaret breton,* when the bards (poets are bards in Brittany) recited their poems, and the singers sang theirs. It seemed to me that the entire congress on these evenings "dropped into poetry." In fact, the Bretons have inherited the gift of their bardic ancestors, for their language is "la douce langue de Merlin et de St. Hervé." Thus the singers sang their verses, and the audience joined in the refrains.

It was on the second evening of the "Cabaret," and the refrain of the popular rondo "Anne of Brittany and her Wooden Shoes" was still echoing through the hall when I saw a Breton peasant approaching the front of the platform. The entire audience rose, and cheer after cheer greeted her. It was Marc'harit Fulup. There she stood, in sabots well lined with straw, with no stockings, a dark-blue cotton gown falling only to the ankles, an apron of the same material, a shoulder shawl of brown woolen, and the white coif of her village of Pluzunet, whence she had come in response to the invitation of the congress to take part in the program that evening.

Waiting for the applause to end, she stood smiling at her audience. Then she sang. It was no modern song; her repertoire had nothing in it that suggested the present. Her songs were all of the past, already forgotten save their refrains—songs taught her by her mother, who in turn had learned them from *her* mother, and songs that she had learned in her many pilgrimages through the remote parts of her province. In every refrain the audience joined, and frequently the applause after a stanza kept the singer waiting long before she could proceed. She was simple, and unaware of her own importance in it all.

The story of Marc'harit's life can be told in a few sentences. She was a mendicant, but let no one think meanly of her for that, for in Brittany, where they have a way of saying, "He is rich but respectable," to be a beggar implies no disgrace. He is welcome at every fireside, and at weddings is an honored guest, and the bride dances with the poorest of those present, as this is sure to bring good luck to the newly married.

At one time in her life she had had a serious illness which happily had spared her memory and voice, but had left her right hand paralyzed. Nothing therefore remained for her but to earn her living as best she could. Thus she became a professional pilgrim and popular singer; for Marc'harit, in learning from her mother

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Drawn by Leon Gilpon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE WAS SIMPLE, AND UNAWARE OF HER OWN IMPORTANCE IN IT ALL"

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the art of spinning, had at the same time committed to memory the songs that her mother knew.

Marc'harit being naïve, pious, and faithful, her prayers were accounted efficacious, and her intercession at the shrines of the saints was therefore much sought. Hence she was well known on all the routes to the chapels and fountains of specific saints in all the country round. It was my privilege to accompany Marc'harit on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the greatest of the Breton saints—St. Yves, the only lawyer saint in Christendom.

It was May, 1903, and the 600th anniversary of the death of St. Yves. I had come from Paris to join in the fête, and had intended sending word to Marc'harit to join me at Tréguier; but at noon of the day of my arrival, as I was at table, the waitress whispered to me, "There is a woman in the kitchen who has asked to see you." On reaching the kitchen, I saw the familiar face of Marc'harit. In spite of the twenty-seven miles she had walked that day from Pluzunet to Tréguier, she was fresh and rosy and doubtless hungry. She had learned from her curé the evening before that I was to be at Tréguier for the fête of St. Yves. She waited for the day to break, and took the route for Tréguier, a good morning promenade for a woman of seventy! She confided to the cook, who spoke both Breton and French, that she had come with the plan of making special intercession in my behalf at the shrine of the great St. Yves. Not that Marc'harit was acquainted with that side of me which demands vigorous measures, for, as far as I know, she had seen only the "congregation side." But with the Breton, and, above all, with the professional pilgrim, there cannot be too much intercession, and her affection for me had prompted her to make me a rather constant subject of spiritual supervision; for of course I am in a way outside the fold of the church.

Our greetings were made through the cook as interpreter, and thus learning of her desires in my behalf, I realized the value of such offices, and promptly invited Marc'harit to remain as my guest until after the fête. When I left the kitchen I saw my friend surrounded with soup, ragouts, a mountain of bread, and a copious supply of cider. She nodded and smiled an *au revoir* as I departed. There is nothing like having a friend at court. I was about to make a pilgrimage under the guidance of a "professional."

We set out at five o'clock that afternoon for the tomb of St. Yves at Kermartin, for although the skull of the saint is enshrined beneath a splendid marble tomb in the cathedral at Tréguier, the real tomb of St. Yves is at Kermartin, two miles distant, where is also the manor-house which was the birthplace of the lawyer saint.

The shadows were already beginning to lengthen. From time to time my fellow-pilgrim broke into song. It was always the canticle of St. Yves, in the Breton language, consisting of twenty-one stanzas which set forth his attributes as advocate, champion of justice, defender of the poor, guardian of the widow and orphan, and so forth.

The words of this canticle are sung to the music of an ancient battle-hymn, and the march movement suggests the tramp of pilgrims walking in rhythmic accord as they go. The clicking of Marc'harit's wooden shoes as we passed along the winding road which leads from Tréguier to Kermartin furnished the proper rhythm and accompaniment as we sang. Marc'harit did the solos, and I joined in the refrains. It required the twenty-one stanzas and their accompanying refrains to get us to our destination.

It was at the tomb of the saint in the little cemetery at Kermartin that I realized the value of my fellow-pilgrim's professional equipment. The sculptured gothic arcade is near the church, which was formerly the chapel of the manor-house. The arcade is so low that, in order to pass under it,—and all good pilgrims perform this ceremony,—one must creep on hands and knees. For myself, I was content with crawling under the arcade. Not so Marc'harit. With measured step she walked around the tomb three times, and, kneeling, made her prayer, a long petition; then she passed under the arcade not once, but three times, with accompanying prayers and gestures, followed by a long session with her rosary and yet another prayer at the tomb. Noting the ponderous gravity of Marc'harit's countenance, listening to the click of her sabots

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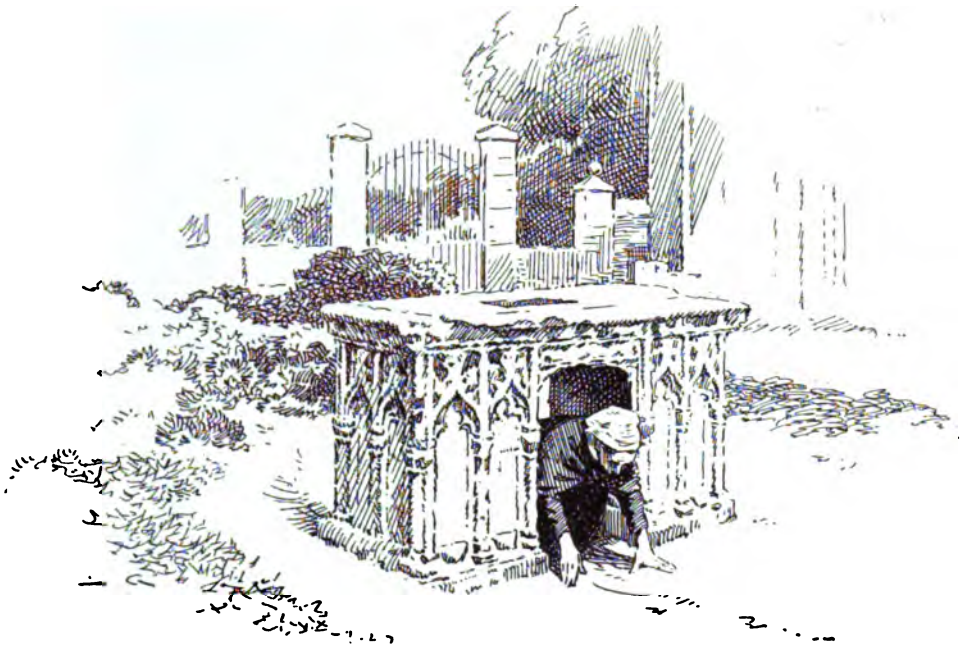

Drawn by Leon Guipon

MARC'HARIT AT THE TOMB OF ST. YVES

as she made the various circuits, and seeing the exalted fervor which she put into her task, concentrating her entire thought upon the function, I felt humbly aware of my own scant outfit both as to competence and experience in contrast with such an adept. I began to realize her value in affairs of this sort. Then when the last prayer had been uttered, Marc'harit joined me, as smiling and companionable as her usual self.

As, in our inability to converse, the canticle offered the sole means of communication Marc'harit presently resumed it, and the twenty-one stanzas and refrains served to get us back to Tréguier in a state of sociability, and also made a fit ending to our pilgrimage.

Marc'harit told the cook that not only had the pilgrimage that afternoon been made in my behalf, but that I had figured prominently in her devotions at other shrines since the beginning of our acquaintance three years before. I know the saints of Brittany are very good and indulgent, and I can therefore hope that some good will result from all these friendly intercessions.

Our last meeting was at Plouaret, birthplace of Luzel, the Breton folklorist. It occurred in September, 1906, on the centenary of the birth of the illustrious citizen of the little town.

As I sat at my window in the little inn that faces the public square of Plouaret, I had watched the varied preparations for the ceremonies of the next day. The platform was embowered in foliage, the veiled bust of Luzel was close at hand, and every house on the square had been "tidied up." The general air of preparation that pervaded the place had for the moment given way to the dinner-hour, and the public square was deserted. Then a face and a voice under my window! It was Marc'harit. I had not seen her for two years, as I had been in my own country during that time. I invited her to be my guest, but she was to be entertained at the mayor's!

One evening I had been dining at the mayor's, and after the dinner some meeting connected with the fête claimed attendance. The day had been hot, and what with the morning ceremonies on the public square at the unveiling of the bust, followed by the midday banquet, the wrestling contests, and an open-air concert, I was tired, and the restful shade of the garden where we had taken our coffee

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tempted me to excuse myself from the evening program.

Thus it chanced that Marc'harit and I had the garden quite to ourselves. She promptly assumed the rôle of hostess, beginning by singing one of my favorite songs, followed by another and another. She knew my list, and she missed none of the many.

Suddenly the maids in the kitchen, incited by the singing, came into the garden and began to dance. Many of the more ancient of the Breton songs have been sung in connection with the dance, and doubtless it was one of these that had inspired the domestics. Once set going, there was no limit to the enthusiasm. On they danced, circling among the rows of box, and on sang Marc'harit. The longer they danced, the louder she sang; the louder she sang, the faster they flew in the circling measure. Only now had I seen Marc'harit at the height of her power. Her voice became stentorian, her accent sharply staccato. The cords of her throat stood out boldly; her eyes shone in the starlight. As the dancers joined in the refrain, sabots and refrains resounded within the garden walls until it threatened to become an orgy. It had all "just happened," and when the maids grew tired and resumed their duties in the kitchen, Marc'harit quickly calmed down, and patting me on my knee, as was her way, resumed my list of favorite songs. Thus we sat in the shadows of the garden until the return of the family and guests at midnight. The mayor never knew what a saturnalia had broken loose in his decorous garden that night. As for myself, I treasured the experience, for otherwise I should never have known the power and the metal of "Old Marc'harit" in her prime.

The last time I saw Marc'harit was on the following day, when occurred the more intimate part of the program of the Luzel fête. It was at the manor-house, Keramborn, where the poet was born and where he died. M. Le Braz had spoken, as no one else could, of Luzel as writer, poet, friend; some one read in Breton the beautiful poem "Keramborn," and Marc'harit had just finished singing the song best loved by Luzel.

At the moment of ending the song, M. Le Braz, standing next to her, stooped and kissed the forehead of the furrowed face.

In the little cemetery of Pluzunet I shall place a modest tablet at the grave of Marc'harit Fulup, and it seems to me that no more fitting inscription could be engraven upon it than the words of the Breton poet Lud-Jan:

I have done but one thing here below: I have sung.

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COMPENSATED

PROVIDENCE MAKES A MINOR ADJUSTMENT

BY ALBERT HICKMAN

A STORY IN THREE PARTS: PART I

IT may be that a Nova Scotia summer on the Gulf of St. Lawrence is the most perfect season on earth. It may be also that there is a pause, by way of exception to prove that the rule is true—anything from an ordinary ten-hours, wet southeaster to the great August gale.

First, though this was in the next year, the A♭ Major Polonaise was involved again, as will be duly made evident.

Throughout a sun-swept July that blended alluring calms with breezes out of Paradise I labored indoors fully as faithfully as a man should labor, and on the next to last day I came out into the languorous sunlight of late afternoon with a sense of extreme repose, because I had finished to the last stroke all the work I had to finish. So it was permitted that I should see all the world in its proper perspective and glory. In no other way may you attain to this privilege.

But apparently this was not enough. The immediate reward was to follow. I had no idea that I had done enough to deserve a part in impressive events, though without doubt this was so, for the law of compensation is more just than the judicial committee of the privy council.

In the meantime there were no impressive events in sight. One cicada thrilled like a smitten wire from behind an unmoving, crested breaker of clematis, and failed to leave the impression that the day was hot. Below me I had the tree-buried town, and beyond the town, an expansive blue harbor that sparkled because somewhere in the leaves, very far overhead, the cool indraft from the east moved softly up-stream from where the gulf outside lay burnished calm. Beyond the harbor stood the folded hills, not purple, but green to the farthest sky-line; and above towered the stark blue sky.

I descended through the town toward the *Rorqual's* wharf, and while I was yet in the distance—and, I remember, through a small whirlwind of dust that got up and waltzed for twenty seconds—I noted two men in consultation, and they seemed strangely familiar. Or, rather, one of them seemed strangely familiar in that place and at that time. The other resembled Mr. Henry Simpson, the Foremouth blacksmith; and as Foremouth was close at hand, this appearance might readily be, as it frequently was. But the first resembled the pianist, otherwise Mr. F. B. Kimborough, who at this minute, to my certain knowledge, was in Philadelphia. I was attracted further by the color-scheme and tropical luxuriance of the group. Mr. Simpson (for it was unquestionably he) wore, without apparent self-consciousness, trousers of a blue lighter than navy, a grass-green shirt, and a white duck hat. In his arms he bore one dozen naked pineapples and an unbroken bunch of bananas, and later I noted that on the third finger of his left hand was tied a piece of pink string, evidently associated with something he was not to forget. The pianist (I was coming to see it was he, also) wore a gray flannel suit, a scarlet necktie, glowing tan shoes, and a panama hat of undoubted age and value and authenticity. It was colored like a meerschaum. In his hands he carried six large baskets of grapes covered with purple net.

"*Where* did you come from?" I said

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from the dust at thirty yards, seeing them regard me.

"Laodicea," said Mr. Kimborough, and smiled. "Not being a dervish, it was too hot. Freddy got tuberculosis. Then Freddy got auricular distension and an aortic aneurism, and cancer, and he was getting on into the secondary symptoms of lockjaw; so he knew it was his liver, and he thought he 'd better come." He plowed with his shoes in the overheated dust like a barefooted boy. "Freddy dreamed dreams and saw visions," he said. "He dreamed of the soft, cool rain at night, and he saw the blushing face of Mr. Joseph Howe Corbin, and he said: 'Lo! I come!' and he rose up, and behold, he is here."

"And where are you staying?" I pressed in the pause.

"With you. Did n't you hear? And we are all going codfishing together." His explanatory hand included Mr. Simpson, himself, the fruit, and me, with an indeterminate increment from somewhere outside. This last, I inferred, might mean Mr. Anderson, the navigator of a flat, blindfolded, through hell in a thundersquall. But the pianist was continuing:

"And when Freddy came, the first heartbreaking landmark that rested his weary eyes was this,"—indicating Mr. Simpson,—"and he said, 'See, Providence, which is inscrutable, has this matter in hand."

Mr. Simpson took up the tale.

"Then we started layin' in a few dainties for our personal consumption. He ran mostly to fruit, an' me to beer. These are all his. There is mine comin'." He nodded toward a grocery wagon navigating a lane.

So we took out Mr. Anderson from the midst of his daily work, with the pain that a little boy is taken from his schooling, and the morning of the next day, being Sunday, found the *Rorqual* anchored beside three fishing pinkies in the bosom of a great calm in a channel in North Harbour, with Mr. Simpson and me, in the dinghy, outside the islands, peacefully overhauling herring nets set the night before in the search for bait. And the bait was slack; for which reason we and the pinkies stayed. That is the way Fate works. There is always a reason.

Now, this was a most wonderful day. From a rose-pink and innocent summer dawn the sun flared up behind the sand of a mile-distant beach into a sky of polished copper, and from that moment until he went away with amazing suddenness at noon, he marched portentously across a fleckless dome and blistered that bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the heat of the Red Sea. Such a temperature I never saw before in that happy country. The air ashore was the superheated steam of boiling brass. The calm was supreme and uncanny. The high, ranked spruces and the quivering rocks piled behind us to the south, and the islands ahead, two miles to seaward, lay doubled and perfect; and the *Rorqual* and her image and the pinkies and their images hung in an eel-grass bounded channel, as in a silvered mirror, between two skies as unmoving as the dome of St. Paul's. It was much too wonderful, for here also the law of compensation is just.

At eleven o'clock, while the herring nets still worked and all the unheard church bells in the Atlantic standard were aswing, I remember the general distribution. Mr. Kimborough had gone overboard, and was hanging to the foot of the accommodation-ladder with his eyes closed in bliss. On the rail by the gangway Mr. Simpson was jigging perch for supper. This is a methodical sport. The perch, like the Prussian, is an impartial and persistent investigator. You brighten up a leaded hook and let it out, unbaited, at the end of a few yards of line; then you jerk. At the end of every three seconds you jerk again; that is all. At every fifth jerk, with a normal crop, you bring up a perch caught by the jaw, or the tail, or the nape of his neck. Beside Mr. Simpson, the cook skinned and cleaned at high speed. Mr. Anderson was wandering about the deck, with pieces of wire constructing a machine for the massacre of innumerable small fish that drove along the surface. I was in the pilot-house studying a troop of incoming terns and the barometer, which had been going up like a rocket, and was now falling like a stick, when beyond an outer beach I saw two high and polished spars that moved against the mirage-distorted wall of the Nova Scotia coast. They were schooner's spars, and they moved toward the little entrance of North Harbour, a seventy-yards' gap between

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two beaches, through which they came precipitately, towed by a motor tender and with much running about on deck below. Precipitately meant perhaps six and one half knots, six being for the famous tide of that entrance, and the half for the motor tender.

"Schooner yacht becalmed!" said Mr. Simpson, from aft, in spasms, still jigging, "navigatin' by the 'St. Lawrence Pilot.' an'—'Belcher's Almanac,' an' surprised an' pained an' scared—beyond measure by bein' sucked into this—charted estuary like a Noctiluca into —— the esophagus of a whale. Hutt! you beggar!" A fluttering perch escaped between air and water. The pianist came up the pilot-ladder to see.

"What is a Noctiluca?" he inquired. I was forced to shake my head. Later we found in a book that it is a small animal that is highly phosphorescent. The Nova Scotia School System won again.

Seeing us, and doubtless desiring companionship, the schooner yacht came on, white-hulled, with brass-work ablaze in the morning sun, and with one man in the forerigging studying the channel. Halfway from the entrance she sheered so that I made out the shape of her bow, and I remembered when and where I had seen her before. It is of no consequence to this story.

"That," I said, "is the *Gloria,* the private and exclusive yacht of James Montgomery Sneed, whose residence is in Montreal."

"And what 's his business?" asked the pianist, who had returned clad informally in a suit of cream pajamas, and was regarding the schooner with a hostile eye. His thoughts were still powerfully on codfishing.

Now, this question was pure sacrilege, for in Montreal Mr. Sneed was an instituted god. In spite of the Château de Ramezay, and De Maisonneuve, Montreal is really a younger city than most prairie towns, and is uncertain about its gods and its government. Mr. Sneed had no business. His trouble began with his father, who left him great quantities of money, and Mr. Sneed had spent his life acting as umpire, and watching his bonds and bank stock consume other people's bonds and bank stock, and living on part of what happened to be in the bank. As is widely known, this is an absorbing spectacle, like the Lorelei, and, if the spectator gives himself over to it, in the end it will kill him dead, unless he has some outside interests: and Mr. Sneed had no outside interests, and was as dead as Scipio Africanus, because he did not love anything that was worth loving.

"But the schooner," said the pianist, "is a nice schooner."

"No matter. She is for the dignity of the display. You 'll see for yourself. Then there are Mrs. Sneed and Miss Sneed. They 're more important. They 've come for the dignity of the display, too." It happened that Mrs. Sneed and Miss Sneed were worth consideration, and as he was waiting, I tried to explain more fully.

Mrs. Sneed's trouble began with her father, also. He was a lawyer out of the North Shore of New Brunswick, and he learned early that there is nothing so valuable as to make yourself invaluable to something, and that the easiest desirable thing to which you can make yourself invaluable is a government. So he undertook to make himself invaluable to an early government of Canada, and he succeeded beyond everybody's hope. A worried executive council considered him unfitted for a judgeship, so he was permitted to remain in politics until he attained a position of eminence, even the verge of the cabinet, and had been called a sneak to his face by the premier, who was a just man. Then he died, and his wife and children never regained their perspective. Their formality would daze a Garter king-at-arms. They had a regal dignity, and their English was the most beautiful English ever heard, and it was hereditary, and therefore hopeless. Their motto was: "We trust that nothing unseemly will occur." They were consistent people, and so were perfectly calculable. That is, if you took the trouble to press the button, they would do the rest, and you could be reasonably sure they would do it in a certain way. As the biologists put it, they would react consistently to specific stimuli. So, when everything else was dull, they were there for a joy and an entertainment to the people about them. But this is all very abstract and general.

Besides these things, Mrs. Sneed was a self-made diplomat. (These differ from

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the heaven-born sort.) Her system was simple. First, she assumed that you were a liar. Second, by using several sentences, each meaning the same thing, but with different words,—large words misapplied, —she undertook to make you believe that she did not think you were a liar. Third, she smiled,—a suppressed smile,—doubtless intended for the admiring angels, and to indicate that that little point having been gained, she would now proceed to the next. At this stage you said to yourself very quietly, for fear it might be heard, "Does this fat woman with the elaborate language think for one second that her inmost appendix is not visible to the most untrained eye?" But there was nothing to do, except perhaps to throw something at her head, and she had not openly said anything to justify this, so probably would not understand. People of this sort are unduly protected by the conventions of civilization. Bricks would mar drawing-room furniture when often they are the only adequate form of repartee. Sometimes I think Mrs. Sneed was affected by finding out later that you had been telling the causeless truth, which was inconceivable, as she never did herself; so in the end this only worried her the more, because she knew in her soul there must be something beyond the length of her sounding-wire. To this kind of woman, or man, the naked truth is beyond understanding, and, if persisted in, will drive them to the extreme edge of lunacy. Which is a good thing to know, for if it comes that, instead of seeing them casually as notable phenomena and additions to the world's humor, you have to live with them and they become serious,—which God forbid!—it may be your only weapon. They may be as transparent as spring water, and your method may be superior to theirs. Don't trouble about it. Tell them the eternal truth and they will break themselves on it utterly, trying to find where the catch comes in.

But if Mrs. Sneed was worth considering, Miss Sneed was more so. Her trouble was even more serious to herself. She started with her mother's traits, all of them, by heredity and infection, except that she was not fat; but of this there is always hope,—so she had a good start. Then she had peculiarities of her own. She began life on the wrong principle, and she worked it out toward the bitter end. She undertook from her early youth to select everything she wished in the world, and to get it by taking it. This seems a simple enough process, but unfortunately it conflicts with several natural laws, and these are very quiet, but highly dangerous. They are sometimes called the mills of God. So at the age of twenty-six years she was getting about half her normal sleep with the aid of a drug. The material things that she wished, such as rose-point insertions and feather boas at $66.98, she took, and Mr. Sneed paid for, though many times he did not wish to in the least. That was quite easy. But in the other things the law of compensation worked out with more accuracy. Miss Sneed undertook to get what she wanted by taking it, and the populace and the world and the universe as ever softly combined under Providence to see that she did not get it. And the combination was stronger than Miss Sneed. You never really get what you want in this way, though outsiders seldom know it, for Providence is very gentle with your vanity. So I have sometimes wondered why people who had used this method for a long time and noted the results did not try the other and see what would happen. But they seldom do; and Miss Sneed also did not. She worked almost as quietly as the law of compensation, which, I imagine, is a most unusual attitude for a girl. She worked so quietly that at Havergal she was called The Image. Her clothes were perfect in speckless detail. Her manner was—elegant, and restrained beyond all describing, and still more restrained by her clothes, until her repression affected people's nerves, and they tried to vent their pain. This usually ended in the women she met saying they wished they could shake her, which is the ordinary, refined feminine way of expressing what a man means when he says he would like to break some one's specifically particularized neck. So Miss Sneed was not a favorite in earth or in heaven, and she knew it, and it made her very bitter. And so, to hide the bitterness, she invented a smile that I think was intended to indicate great enjoyment inside; and it was a success. It was a blighted smile of a sort that was calculated to irritate a marble bust, and it hurt people's feelings.

Now this is a long description of what

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may not seem to be a very nice or a very natural character, but Miss Sneed was neither a very nice nor a very natural young woman. The little things she would actually do, such as leaving her grandmother—from Three Rivers—in a sleigh on Park Avenue in a northeast snow-storm for an hour while she made a call, or pirating wraps from half-clad girls on night expeditions, or lying to half-engaged girls with a view to prying loose young men, who were always at a premium, were beyond human belief. If it were conventional and would serve any little end of hers, she would doubtless have sold the same grandmother to the Arabs, or done an apparent kindness to a stranger, though I have no proof of either of these things. In any case I tried to make it all clear to the pianist, who was still regarding the white schooner with an unfavorable eye.

"Now, can you tell me," he said, "why people like that are allowed to go on? Why does n't something explode and disarrange their habits—remake 'em?"

I replied that I did n't know, but I thought it was because of their nerve,—like Napoleon Bonaparte again,—so that other people took it all for granted. I stated further that I thought it was a law, like the law of gravitation.

"Yes," he said; "but I don't believe in any law of gravitation. If you get out of a second-story window, it 's the natural thing for you to fall down and break your neck. You don't need any law of gravitation. A lot of these chaps are running round making laws about things that are working all right, anyway. I don't believe in any law of gravitation, and I don't believe in your Mrs. and Miss Sneed, or whatever you call 'em. Freddy wants to be taken aboard to see 'em at once; and they 'd better be good, or there 's going to be trouble. I don't care whether I ever catch a codfish or not."

Mr. Simpson smiled.

"You 're a sort of automatic evangelist, ain't y'!" he commented.

"Never you mind," said the pianist. "Maybe I 'm the Angel Gabriel: but I know Providence never brought me from Philadelphia for nothing."

The schooner yacht, as stately as a girl in her teens, had been approaching in broad arcs to correspond with the curves of that grass-bounded channel, and now she came to rest, while the motor tender, called in and silent, permitted the broken reflections to gather themselves together into one glorious picture. A small-fluked anchor, cast loose by a person in white, went overboard with a sonorous outpouring of chain, and I remember thinking, from three hundred feet away, that it looked inadequate for a ninety-foot schooner. As she swung, Mr. Simpson sang softly from the rail:

"See the man in the gold hat an' white pants about to fire the brass cannon!" Then to Mr. Anderson, as the roar died away among the islands: "Go an' pull down the flag, y' poacher! All right! Pull it up again, can't y'? There 's nobody dead. Now run down an' slip into another suit of the boss's pajamas, and come up and stand beside me an' look silly like a Swedish deck-hand. We want to put on some style, too."

"Mr. Sneed is the little man with the De Villar y Villar, Mrs. Sneed is the fat woman fitted into the wicker chair, and Miss Sneed is the patent snob with the baby hat?" inquired the pianist.

"Correct!" I said. "And the other two I do not recognize from here. They 're young—"

"And unmarried," he said. "They look strained and unsatisfied, and I think there 's war of some kind. I 've got a tingly feeling in my solar plexus."

I dropped below to change from overalls that smelled of herring to something in which I could make a formal call, and while my head was plunged in a basin, he danced in, dressed in a twisted towel, smote my shoulder with an iron hand, and said " 'Sh!" In through the open port came the sound of a piano, operated freely by one who knew no fear, and the sacrifice was Schumann's "Nachtstück in F Major." We listened through certain additions and variations by the artist until the pianist spoke:

"That is a man, and he also would sell his grandmother to—a medical school. This plot is coming on very nicely, though I don't see what it means. But it 's evident I was not brought from Philadelphia for nothing. You watch!"

As I was no more fully enlightened, I watched. And the complications unassumingly gathered themselves together.

Looking backward, it is evident that

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each least thing that happened from that moment had some special significance in heralding the oncoming of the unforeseen end, though the end involved no great throes—only the readjustment of certain relations that were unfitting and the softening of certain little crudenesses. As to the steps involved, with their beautiful logical sequence, we of course, being human, failed to see them at all; though I imagine that the pianist, always more or less inspired, saw further than I. But it is nice to fit them all together afterward and see how Providence works, even when making minor adjustments.

For instance, I remember that at that moment Mr. Anderson, from above, announced that the *Campana* was going down the gulf, and as I looked through the port at the spars, far apart, and the lean, red funnel, moving beyond the beaches, Mr. Simpson laughed and pointed out that a cloud no bigger than a man's hand lay on the northern horizon. (This is one of those local jests that you would understand if you had lived for some years on the southern bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, though I am not so sure it is much of a jest after all.)

Still, when I went on deck, I could see no reason why a wisp of gray scud should move across the breathless sky at noon, followed by another, and this by still others; nor why these, in the heart of a supernal calm, should fashion themselves into ropes and sprays that seemed to proceed from somewhere high up in the northeast, like water drifting from a fire-nozle. Also, I failed to see why something unseen should breathe coldly on the back of my neck when I stood in the shade of the deck-house in midsummer.

"Will you listen to the crickets singing ashore!" Mr. Anderson said in a subdued voice. The *Gloria's* piano had ceased, and above the blare of what might be all the crickets in the world we could hear a dog barking, very far up-harbor, the groaning of Indian Rocks' buoy, twenty good miles away, and not one other sound.

Then we called. We climbed up by white-painted man-ropes until we stood on holystoned planks. We were received with majesty by Mrs. Sneed in a great many things of which I remember only a white feather ruff and the white powder on her pink neck and purple nose; and by Miss Sneed, two feet, six inches to the left and nine inches to the rear, also with powder on her nose, who smiled graciously, because we wore trousers. Now powder does not comport with the eternal sea, and, besides, Miss Sneed was clad in chiffon, and as we were presented to the others, with full usage, she sneered. And the reason was instantly apparent. There was Mr. Sneed, who made a thin-lipped, mirthless joke; there was the other man, who was young and pale and impressive; and there was, I think, one of the most radiantly beautiful girls I have ever seen in my life. The other man's name was L. Geoffrey Spiers,—Spiers being pronounced like the steeples of cathedrals,—and the girl's name was Hilda Roche.

Though I had never met Mr. Spiers I had known of him before—not heard of him, but known of him. Without question he had an ambition, and I think it was to excel all other people in all other things except, perhaps, his own business. I had heard that his specialty was other men's wives; but this was hearsay, and hearsay is invariably unjust. I have passed modestly above his horizon in several cities several times since that day,—and night,—but in all these times I have heard only one description of him that was at all suggestive. These complex natures are difficult to describe. It was by a worldly woman who was speaking of some one else altogether, and it was very impressionistic at best. She said: "He was a sort of imitation of Geoffrey Spiers, without half as much excuse for being," which seemed to lead to the conclusion that Mr. Spiers needed an excuse for being what he was. But you will have to puzzle it out for yourself. In any case, he affected the pianist for the worse at once, for the pianist was a man of great discernment.

But the girl was magnificent. She was a big girl, and she was twenty,—that is, six infinite years younger than Miss Sneed,—but in poised wisdom her age was a thousand years, and it looked out through her great, gorgeous, dark-blue eyes, to the extinction of all human argument, as was abundantly proved later. She was dressed in some sort of white corded stuff, and she had a lavender border to her handkerchief. Her teeth were perfect. Her lips were almost over-full, and pouted with her straightforwardness, and were utterly al-

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luring. Her color was as warm and as even as the afterglow in August, and she stood up in her insolent beauty, and she captivated the pianist and me with one all-ravishing smile. Or, in any case, she captivated me, and I saw the pianist drop his eyes and look covertly in my direction, so I knew his armor-plated vitals had been reached, and miraculously held my expression until his gaze shifted back. It was above all and beyond all question that she was as clean and unspoiled as summer sunlight. They are so very, very rare. It could only be blood, a most fortunate training, and the mercy of Divine Providence. So, while we were led, and Mr. Sneed impressed that the whole ornate interior of that ship was San Domingo mahogany, tiger-back grain, and Mrs. Sneed thumbed lockers with leaded-glass fronts, I saddened down at the thought of the things that beautiful thing, with her bravery and light-heartedness, had yet to meet in this amazing world.

Then, within three minutes, something happened. It was a little thing in itself. Disregarding the San Domingo mahogany, I had been watching those great, intent, considering eyes; and they had been watching me, and the pianist (who you would never suspect of being a diplomat), and Miss Sneed, attentive as a tiger cub against the upholstery, and Mrs. Sneed, taking in the pianist with profound suspicion, and Mr. Sneed, talking beautifully. They were laughing eyes that noted and weighed each little thing as they went, and they drew your very heart. But at the end of every round they wandered back and rested on Mr. Geoffrey Spiers, where they went altogether off their guard. And Mr. Spiers smoked, unaware of the honor, thereby showing his sophistication. And I think the short hairs on the back of Miss Sneed's neck stood up in her polished wrath. Three separate times I saw this silent tragedy, and the pianist, as far as I could make out, saw nothing whatever, not even Mr. Sneed, but proceeded in a dense fog, as was his habit when in thought, until Mrs. Sneed commented aside and in a devious way to me, and I said that he was a very nice young man, but tired with the cares of business. In some mysterious fashion I engineered him back to the *Rorqual* without an explosion, and then he broke out:

"Now, what does your woolly mistake-box make of that—why did the Lord put 'em all together? Tell me, do you suppose you could invent a ship-load like that if you worked all your life?" Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson drew up in silence, and to the former he explained in full. Mr. and Mrs. Sneed he referred to as Doukhobors, intending to be discourteous. "Then," he said, selecting the Havergal term, "there is a female image—"

"Kee-wah-gush-ta-kum-kang-kang-ge-wuk," interrupted Mr. Simpson. "I been studyin' 'em through the stereoscopic binocular."

"Translate!" ordered the pianist.

"Lily-that-is-the-same-shape-all-the-way-up-and-down."

"Exactly. And, besides, there 's a half-breed in full-bred clothes, and the Queen of Sheba, only a nicer girl and prettier. And this is the lunacy of the distribution." —He demonstrated on the side of the deck-house as on a blackboard—"The image wants the half-breed, and the half-breed wants the Queen of Sheba—like everybody else, including me. That is all right. But the Queen of Sheba is really affected by the half-breed. Same sort of thing. She knows pretty nearly everything worth knowing in the world, but she does n't happen to notice that he 's a shell-brass imitation. This is one of those regrettable but unavoidable occasions where this highly organized universe misses an explosion—mosquito in the gasolene or something I don't understand. Now, I knew I was brought here for something, and, you see, the reason is made clear. I am going to make this business into what you call a temporary indisposition. You watch. I don't know how yet, and we may have to neglect you a little, Henry, while we invade Society; but don't you care. This codfishing expedition is postponed." Mr. Simpson rejoined that he did not care so long as his personal comfort was not interfered with, and Mr. Anderson smiled in blessed anticipation. The pianist, clouded in thought, went below, and I followed in curiosity on an unguessable trail that led through the galley, where he selected a bag that had contained Scotch anthracite, and on to the utmost recesses of the lazaret, in the tar-steeped darkness of which I saw him dropping things into the bag, notably marline, a

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ball of candle-wick, and a pair of very old and moldy sea-boots. From murmuring he rose into explanation.

"Just the same as the salmon-trip—or almost anything else on earth," he said. "First, Freddy will make one small, pink atmosphere. Then he will get into the middle of it, like a little duckling in a puddle, and flap his wings and quack for the purpose of drawing attention to himself and away from that sardine. The rest is easy: *he 'll* probably do it himself. But it goes to show that these yachting trips are highly dangerous: the immeasurable sea and the eternal stars, and before you know it you 've made an error in judgment."

"Yes," I said; "but what are you going to do?"

"How should I know? Attend to any little details that are lying about, and then pray. If you think Providence 'll neglect any one bent on an errand of mercy like this, your faith needs to be re-felted. If you mean, What am I living for? I 'll tell you. Your Miss Sneed wants your Mr. Spiers, and I 'd hate to see her disappointed. I 'm the Adjusting Angel, and I 'm going to see that she gets him. There 'll be another wedding at St. George's, and then let 'em fight it out for themselves, an' the Lord have mercy on their souls!"

When we reached the deck, he watched the *Gloria* party till a tinkly tea-bell sounded, and they solemnly went down to lunch, when he drew the dinghy alongside, cast in the bag, and a clam-shovel, and went silently away toward the outmost line of beaches, where we saw him excavating on a sand point while we ate.

"Barrin' the natural processes, such as fermentation an' that sort of thing," said Mr. Simpson, "d' you know any way in the world of tellin' what 's goin' on inside him?"

I said I did not. All we knew was that he came back in a short half-hour, rowing wide and strong over the sticky calm and wearing a pleased smile, and to all questions replied that he had been making arrangements so that the tide might come in. So Mr. Simpson gave it up, and went to sleep in the pilot-house, and Mr. Anderson, whose bent was to catch any kind of fish in any way that seemed to him best calculated to compass this desirable end, lowered machine after machine into the waters of that harbor and was happy.

In early afternoon, under a steadily darkening sky, the *Gloria's* party came to inspect the *Rorqual*. Mr. Sneed said that these gasolene boats were unreliable, and that he disliked the smell of oil from the engine-room. Both of which remarks showed criminal ignorance of the ninety-foot cruiser of to-day, beside being designed to hurt the owner's feelings. Miss Sneed spoke of the fishermen in the pinkies as "poor creatures," and Mrs. Sneed, speaking aloud, referred to Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson as our "men," which caused those untidy persons to go up to the verge of apoplexy, to say nothing of the pianist and me. I mention these things because of the exceeding irony of the application somewhat later.

Then, after Miss Hilda Roche had said that she thought the *Rorqual* was "perfectly dandy," and that she liked power-yachts better than sailing-yachts, anyway, which resulted in extreme low pressure, accompanied by exceptional disturbances from Mrs. Sneed's direction, Mr. Kimborough and I lowered the *Rorqual's* motor tender, the *Porpoise* of other days, and took that party on an exploring expedition among the islands. All this while it impressed me that something weighed heavily on the pianist's mind.

The entire gulf had gone gray, and was as silent as the gulf between the stars, and beyond the far horizon the smoke of each steamer stood up like a royal palm. We showed them thirty-foot kelp, streaming from green-lighted, weed-hung ledges in the deep water outside; our herring nets hanging between this world and the mysteries below; tide-worn beaches, with grass breathless-still, that hid young terns; and, on one island, seven wells in line, walled with oak, of which no living man knew the origin.

But the pianist modestly produced a chart, and I began to foresee extensive happenings. It was a time-worn document, and it dealt with a time-worn subject; namely, Captain William Kidd and buried treasure. He explained that he had purchased it from an Indian, who had found it under a flat stone. Hearing me speak of the seven wells, he had brought it—as a matter of curiosity. The seven wells were there, also a spruce-tree, which

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was miraculously absent, also a gap in Prince Edward Island, which was still there, though somewhat distorted by the mirage. It was all very remarkable. With my pocket compass (he transfixed me with his eye) and with the aid of two sticks held tolerantly in a bunch of beach-grass by Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers, who, I could see, were beginning to regard him as a notable curiosity, he moved about these gentlemen for a long time, sometimes on his hands and knees, and sometimes passaging sidewise on his toes, while they followed him with amazed heads until at last he established ranges, which, he demonstrated, led to a certain sand island, at a spot that seemed to me to coincide with the place I had seen him digging an hour and a half before; but I was dumb. Mr. Sneed chuckled in the wisdom that is bred of riches, Mr. Spiers smiled in the wisdom that is bred of the conquest of little smart sets in half-size cities, Mrs. and Miss Sneed said, "How interesting!" and smiled a cryptic smile at each other, and Miss Roche said that it was perfectly gorgeous, and that we would go and see what we could find.

We went, and as we drew near to that sand point I could make out two figures in rigid and inquiring attitudes on the far-away *Rorqual*. I felt a little dubious myself. Mr. Simpson afterward stated that when we landed he and Mr. Anderson looked with confidence to seeing that island blow up in the manner of Krakatua, and, as a result, to their having "beautiful sunsets all the rest of the fall." But we landed in silence and in peace. With a pliant and genial suavity the pianist set us each in a certain station among sand-dunes, and besought us to stand still, while he moved about with his blessed chart, taking sights across the glassy gulf until he had his district tramped up like a moose-yard. Then, with one eye closed, and solemnly backing away from a lath held uneasily by Mrs. Sneed, he said we should have to "dig here," and went away for one of the *Porpoise's* ornamental oars. And he dug.

In all this vale of tears there is not a sane and healthy man who can view a real treasure hunt without emotion. He recognized this piece of crude psychology at its true worth. He dug with great earnestness for two minutes, at the end of which time Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers became infected, forgot themselves, brought the other oar, and part of a jetsam lobster buoy, and dug feverishly. So I dug, too; and Mrs. Sneed and Miss Sneed and Miss Hilda Roche stood round in one isosceles triangle and stared at the ever-new bottom of that hole. Within four laborious minutes we struck wood—scarred wood that sounded hollow. Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers paused long enough to regard each other with amazement and the pianist, who continued to dig, with awe. Then they fell to work as terriers that seek a woodchuck.

"Oak!" grunted Mr. Kimborough, with sand in his hair. The wood was softwood of some sort, and was chafed and scored along its grain, and bleached with the searching bleach of the sea; and as we uncovered it, laboring in sweat, it took on the astounding form of a long box, with curved top and curved sides, like nothing so much as a rough and gigantic coffin. At this point Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers stopped to marvel and to breathe; but the pianist, toiling without ceasing, said that the tide was rising and urged great haste, while Mrs. Sneed and Miss Sneed had passed beyond all expression, and Miss Roche danced with excitement on the edge of the pit. So the two gentlemen went at it again, wrestling with the patiently descending sand, until their sweat mingled with the sand on their pink cheeks, and altered their gritty countenances so that their dignity dissolved away. But they helped to uncover that casket. Mr. Simpson said that through the glass it looked like a moving-picture he had seen of three ladies standing on the edge of a geyser.

We worked powerfully down along one side; we worked furiously up along the other; and as we drew near to what might be one end, we found the wood broken through, as though by violence. Two hard-breathing sweeps of Mr. Sneed's oar cleared the way nicely and laid bare one quiet but suggestive booted foot that protruded from the opening. Mr. Sneed fell back as if bitten, and Mr. Spiers froze in his last attitude. From above there came two muffled shrieks and a gasp of amazement. With a prettily delivered twist of his oar the pianist removed more sand, and another foot came to light. The two lay with toes turned up, side by side, as

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the toes of a man at rest. Mr. Kimborough paused, unperturbed, and gazed in saddened contemplation. Then he removed his cap.

"Gentlemen," he said softly, "without question we are in the presence of the illustrious dead." Nothing but superb acting could have carried this outrageous situation in white daylight, but he did. Then, as suddenly, he reverted to practical considerations.

"Come on; we 'll clear away the other end." The men of the *Gloria* came on with some reluctance, and disclosed, flowing through a crack, what appeared to be thinnish, white hair and a short piece of rusty chain. It struck me that both were in an excellent state of preservation, considering that they had come down the centuries, but little discrepancies like these are not noted in times of popular excitement. The pianist seized the chain and jerked, but nothing moved.

"Well, lend a hand," he said, addressing Mr. Spiers.

Mr. Spiers paused. We looked, and he was white to the collar, and the hand he lent was sensibly trembling. The entire Sneed family were ossified with open horror, and Miss Roche was thralled in burning curiosity. Then together we heaved. First the sand stirred, then the whole structure rose up and turned over in our hands. It would have been a very large coffin, but it was not. It was a very small boat, half dory, half flat, and it contained a pair of moldy sea-boots, which seemed familiar, a little hank of bedraggled and combed-out candle-wick, and a good deal of sand, and that was all.

The notable feature, after this disclosure, was silence. The portentous silence that lay on the whole great Gulf of St. Lawrence on that day flowed in and swallowed up the astounded group that hung on the edge of the grass on that outer beach. After this silence had endured for probably ten painful seconds, it was broken by a ripple, and Mr. Kimborough raised his disappointed eyes to the edge of the crater in time to see Miss Hilda Roche sit down and roll out of sight in a hurricane of unladylike laughter. But his expression changed no more than the outline of the eternal hills, except that he was visibly surprised and puzzled.

"Funny thing, is n't it," he said in an abstracted voice, "that we should find *that* just where those ranges crossed!"

Mr. Sneed said it was, very, and Mrs. Sneed regarded his earnest and troubled face with darkening suspicion. As for Miss Sneed and Mr. Spiers, they were beyond all speech. We found Miss Roche seated on the sand beside a great roll of dry eel-grass, and her shining eyes were filled with tears, and there were tears on her cheeks, for she had a highly developed sense of humor. Mrs. Sneed was the first of that family to recover poise, and looked down on the groveling Miss Roche with an austere and flaming eye.

"Hilda," she said, "what is the trouble?" But there was no trouble, except that Miss Roche was not in a condition to say so. On the other hand, there was every sign of joy; so much that that young lady rolled over and sobbed tears into the thirsty sands, until Miss Sneed glared green fire, like a bay lynx, and Mrs. Sneed strode away toward the sea and the *Rorqual's* tender. At this painful stage I broke down also, and made inefficient excuses to Mr. Sneed; but the pianist kept that wonderful countenance in sadness, and failed to see any joke whatever. He said he would take the sea-boots back to the *Rorqual* as a souvenir, and in passing whispered to me that he thought the ice was slightly scarred.

For two miles across the calm he marveled continuously to Mrs. Sneed, until I think that fat and suspicious person was assured that he was an earnest seeker after buried treasure and a disappointed man. Miss Sneed divided her strained attention between his recital and Mr. Spiers, who was trying to explain to Miss Roche how fully the humor of the situation had struck him. But it was a weary effort, and was rendered still more sad by Miss Roche not being able to see it. Between bursts of merriment that congested Mrs. and Miss Sneed into volcanic rage, she said that his, Mr. Spiers', expression was the overcoming picture of the whole exhibition, that he went "the prettiest, creamy white," and would n't he do it again, just for fun. Throughout this "ragging," Mr. Spiers tried to smile, but I don't think I ever saw a man look more uncomfortable. At the *Gloria's* gangway she said she forgave him (Miss Sneed was pale with wrath) and thanked us for the jolliest time. Be-

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sides, would n't we come to dinner, and Mr. Spiers would play for us afterward. Mr. and Mrs. Sneed, from the deck, indorsed this invitation, but without warmth, and the pianist said we would. We went back to the *Rorqual* to get rid of some of the sand.

"You 're a fully developed lunatic," I remarked.

"Exactly," he said. "But many times a little jest may suffice when the councils of kings would be of none effect. We 've made a first-class start; but she was too hard on him. After supper she 'll be nice to him, and you and I may not be in favor for a little. Then—I don't know what. We 'll wait and see. She 's a nice sort of girl, is n't she!" She was, beyond question; and though this was brief praise it was beyond anything I had ever heard from him.

I tried to tell the story justly to Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson, but I know I lost much of the color. However, they lay on the transoms in the dining-saloon with their knees drawn up and said that they were satisfied.

When I came up again, newly washed, I found Mr. Anderson alone, considering the sky; and it was certainly worth consideration.

"Did you ever see anything like that in your life?" he said.

I said truthfully that I never did. It had built up, bank by indrawn bank, through the long afternoon, and it lay unbroken from the darkened zenith outward and down beyond the uttermost horizon, a lead-gray sea of scud, low-hung, twisted, torn, frothed, and as deathly still as the gulf below. At the same time Mr. Simpson appeared from the pilot-house, bearing the barometer, and shaking it as he came.

"I guess this machine 's run down," he said. "Look!" It said 28.85. "D' y' think it 's broke?" I examined that astonishing instrument, and it appeared to be in full working order. "Then the *Campana's* pumps must be performin' all right this time: we 're likely to have a shower."

Now, North Harbour has a bottom of liquid mud wind-rowed with the curse of all anchored fishermen, dead eel-grass, and is altogether one of the worst holding-grounds on the North Atlantic. But whatever might come, I had no fear, for the *Rorqual* had two fifty-horse-power engines to fall back on: and, more especially, she had one 300- and one 400-pound stockless anchor that would have held her through the Samoan hurricane. Once in her earlier youth the *Rorqual* had had a certain experience such as grays your hair at the time and you laugh at afterward. But the lesson had been taken deeply to heart; and her present ground-tackle was the delight and derision of summer yachtsmen. So we took the gig and went tranquilly to the *Gloria's* dinner-party.

It was fully as the pianist had prophesied. Mr. Spiers had developed what appeared to be a wounded nature, and sat close to Miss Roche on a transom in the saloon. The young lady's heart had visibly gone out in sympathy, and it was only by forced and adroit stages that Mr. Kimborough got near enough to join in. But he did, and I was left to soothe Miss Sneed, which was no ordinary task. She spoke in all respects like an absent-minded phonograph.

"Yes," I said,—I counted, and this was the eighth effort,—"light winds in summer, as a rule. You see, Northumberland Strait is probably the only place on either Atlantic or Pacific coast where there is no fog, ever, so you can always see your lights: so we call it one of the greatest cruising grounds in the world." Miss Sneed said, "Really!" and ground a silk-clad cushion under her heel.

"No, I don't." This was from the pianist beyond, on another subject, and we seemed to agree to listen.

"But," said Mr. Spiers, "you see a man or a woman with an artistic temperament, with an insight into the beauties of the world that enables him to interpret them to the ordinary man, lives more fully than other people. Won't you admit that he should be put on a higher plane, and forgiven a great many things?" Mr. Kimborough's guarded eyes rested a moment on me in passing.

"No, I won't!" he said. "First, I don't know what an artistic temperament is. I 've seen quite a few temperaments that were advertised as that, but they looked to me like hysteria—getting your nerves tired and letting yourself go to seed in some particular direction for the sake of the rest and the change. The patients

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were n't very strong in the head. Intermittent lunacy! I don't see why you should be able to interpret the beauties of nature for what you call the ordinary man just because you 're crazy along some line or other. Anyway, you can't interpret the beauties of this world for anybody: the Lord can make you feel those things better than any half-baked maniac. All these fellows that paint pictures and write books and run round playing the fiddle can do is to make you remember all at once a lot of the best things you 've seen and been. Now, I think that 's a fine business; but you can't do that with artistic temperament. When an army doctor 's fighting it out with a couple of hundred wounded men on a battle-field, that 's a fine business, too. But his artistic temperament does n't help him much: it 's the work he 's done before. D' y' know, excepting praying, I don't know anything that helps you much but the work you 've done before. Here 's the whole business. If you 've come from a stock that 's given you nervous energy enough to stand up and live your life, and you 're reasonably decent, and you 've got will enough to wait while you 're doing the work, you 'll probably be able to do some things almost as they should be done—the way they 'll be done in heaven. That 's what the geniuses do, and that 's what the other fellows 'll walk miles to see, because it makes 'em feel better inside. But you 'll have to work, you know, an hour over the turn of a word, or a day to find how much light can fall beside an apostle's foot. That 's the way they make classics. It 's no use trying to tell the others about the work: they would n't understand, or, if you did get them to understand, they would n't believe you, so it would be a waste of time. All you need is the health and the chance to go ahead all the time you 're properly awake, and to sleep all the time between, and you 'll leave the artistic temperaments slopping along so far behind they 'll look like wilted pansies. And when you do get it right in the end, they 'll join in with the happy chorus and say it 's a gift, a special dispensation from Heaven. That 's my idea of interpreting things."

There was a gusty fluency about these dogmas that was impressive. Whether they naturally struck Mr. Spiers's soft spots, or whether it never occurred to him that any one could differ from his opinions so fully and so easily, I do not know; but he seemed displeased, as did Miss Sneed.

"Your friend is a curious person!" said that young woman, tensely, to me. Miss Hilda Roche's eyes rested on Mr. Kimborough's grave and inscrutable face.

"I think you 're quite right," she said, "and it makes things so much simpler. It would n't be fair if the workers only got their success by—work, and the others got theirs by intuition; and everything 's fair in the end, is n't it! My goodness! but I 'm neglecting mine. I 'm knitting a sweater for Tim—that 's my kid brother." This last to me, as her brown hands went down into a locker for it, and began to swing large wooden needles. "Pick up Grandma's ball," she said briskly to Miss Sneed, who snorted as that furry animal came to rest beside her foot; but she obeyed. Mrs. Sneed also snorted, and Mr. Spiers, in apparent heat, said it was an "original creed."

Then we went to dinner, and it was a stately meal. I sat beside Miss Roche and gathered, in discreet interludes, that she had been asked on that cruise because Miss Sneed wanted to visit her in the winter,—which would not occur,—and that she had come because she loved boats and had never been yachting on salt water, and because she did not particularly know the Sneeds. With the light in her great eyes she told me further that Mr. Spiers was very clever at finance and that he had been awfully nice. Where, having no suitable reply at hand, I kept silent.

(To be continued)

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A MATTER OF FRIENDSHIP

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Mr. Opp," etc.

WHEN a large-framed, loose-jointed young person in irreproachable pongee, and a wholly reproachable brown pith helmet, scrambled up the lifting gangplank of the big Pacific liner, setting sail from Yokohama, and swung himself up to the slippery deck, he was welcomed with acclaim. The Captain stopped swearing long enough to megaphone a greeting from the bridge, the First Officer slapped him on the back, while the half dozen sailors, tugging at the ropes, grinned as one man.

Three months before the good ship *East India* had carried Frederick Reynolds out to the Orient and deposited him on the alien soil, an untried youth of unimpeachable morals with a fatal facility for making friends.

The temporary transplanting had had a strange and exotic effect. The East has a way of developing crops of wild oats that have been neglected in the West, and by the end of his sojourn Mr. Frederick Reynolds had seen more, felt more, and lived more than in all of his previous twenty-four years put together. He had learned the difference between a "straight flush" and a "full house" under the palms at Raffles Hotel in Singapore; he had been instructed in the ways of the wise in Shanghai by a sophisticated attaché of the French Legation, who imparted his knowledge between sips of absinthe, as he looked down on the passing show from a teahouse on the Bubbling Well Road; he had rapturously listened to every sweet secret that Japan had to tell, and had left a wake of smiles from Nagasaki to Yokohama.

In fact, in three short months he was fully qualified to pass a connoisseur's judgment on a high-ball, to hold his own in a game of poker, and to carry on a fairly coherent flirtation in four different languages.

With this newly acquired wisdom he was now setting sail for home, having accomplished his downward career with such alacrity that he did not at all realize what had happened to him.

Nor did the return voyage promise much in the way of silent meditation and timely repentance. The Captain had placed Reynolds next to him at table, declaring that he was like an electric fan on a sultry day; the Purser, with the elasticity of conscience peculiar to pursers, had him moved from the inexpensive inside room which he had engaged to a spacious state-room on the promenade deck, which, he remarked, would be convenient for everybody, and where sufficient corks were drawn nightly to make a small life-preserver.

The one person who watched these proceedings with disfavor was a short, attenuated, bow-legged Chinaman, with a face like a grotesque brass knocker, and a taciturnity that enveloped him like a fog.

On the voyage out, Tsang Foo, the assistant deck steward, had gotten into a fight with a brother Chinaman, and had been saved from dismissal by Reynolds's timely intercession at headquarters. In dumb gratitude for this service, he had laid his celestial soul at the feet of the young American and sworn eternal allegiance.

From the day Reynolds had reëmbarked, Tsang's silken, slippered feet had silently followed him from smoking-room to bar, from bar back to smoking-room. Whatever emotion troubled the depths of

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his being, no sign of it rose to his ageless, youthless face. But whether he was silently performing his duties on deck, or sitting on the hatchway smoking his opium, his vigilant eyes from their long, narrow slits were keeping watch.

For thirteen days the sun sparkled on the blue waters of the Pacific, and favoring breezes gave every promise of landing the *East India* in port with the fastest record of the season. Bets went higher and higher on each day's running, and the excitement was intense each evening in the smoking-room when the numbers most likely to win the next day's pool were auctioned off to the highest bidder.

It was the afternoon of the fourteenth day, thirty-six hours out from San Francisco, that Mr. Frederick Reynolds, who had bet more, drunk more, talked more, and laughed more than any man on board, suddenly came to his full senses. Then it was that he went quietly to his luxurious state-room with its brass bed and crimson hangings, and took a forty-two caliber revolver from his steamer trunk. Slipping a cartridge into the cylinder, he sat breathing heavily and staring impatiently before him.

From outside above the roar of the ocean, came the tramp of the passengers on deck, and the trivial scraps of conversation that floated in kept side-tracking his thoughts, preventing their reaching the desired destination.

The world, which he had sternly resolved to leave, seemed determined to stay with him as long as possible. He heard Glass, the actor, inquiring for him, and in spite of himself he felt flattered; he heard the pretty girl whose steamer chair was next his, make a conditional engagement with the high-voiced army-officer, and he knew why she left the matter open; even a plaintive old voice inquiring how long it would be before tea, caused him to wait for the answer.

At last, as if to present his misery in embodied form, he produced a note-book and tried to concentrate his attention upon the items therein recorded. Line after line of wavering figures danced in impish glee before him, defying inspection. But at the foot of the column, like soldiers waiting to shoot a prisoner after court martial, stood four formidable units unquestionably pointing his way to doom.

As he looked at them Reynolds's thoughts got back on the main track and rushed to a conclusion. Tearing the leaf from the book, and crushing it in his hand, he jumped to his feet. Seized with a fury of self-disgust, he pulled off his coat and collar, and with the reckless courage of a boy put the mouth of the revolver to his temple.

As he did so the room darkened. He involuntarily looked up. Framed in the circle of the port-hole were the head and shoulders of Tsang Foo. Not a muscle of the yellow face moved, not a tremor of the slanting eyelids showed surprise. The right hand, holding a bit of tow, mechanically continued polishing the brass around the port-hole, but the left—long, thin, and with claw-like nails, shot stealthily forward and snatched the pistol.

For a full minute the polishing continued, then face and figure vanished, and Reynolds was left staring in impotent rage at the empty port-hole.

When the room steward appeared in answer to an imperative summons, he was directed to send Tsang Foo to room No. 7 at once.

Tsang came almost immediately, bearing tea and anchovy sandwiches, which he urbanely placed on a camp-stool and turned to depart.

"Where 's my pistol?" demanded Reynolds hotly, holding to the door to steady himself.

Tsang's eyes, earnest as a dog's, were lifted to his:

"He fall overboard," he explained suavely, "me velly sorry."

Reynolds impulsively lifted his arm to strike, but a second impulse, engulfing the first, made him turn and fling himself upon his berth, struggling to master the heavy sobs that shook him from head to foot.

The Chinaman softly closed the door and slipped the bolt, then he dropped to a sitting posture on the floor and waited.

When the squall had passed, Reynolds addressed his companion from the depths of the pillows in language suited to his comprehension.

"Me belong large fool, Tsang!" he said savagely. "Have drink too much. No good. You go 'long, I 'm all right now."

Tsang's eye swept the disordered room and returned to the figure on the bed.

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"Suppose me go," he said, "you makee one hole in head?"

"That 's my business," said Reynolds, his wrath rekindling. "You go 'long, and get my pistol; there 's a good chap."

Tsang did not stir; he sat with his hands clasped about his knees, and contemplated space with the abstract look of a Buddha gazing into Nirvana.

Reynolds passed from persuasion to profanity with no satisfactory result. His language, whether eloquent or fiery, beat upon an unresponsive ear. But being in that condition that breeds confidence, he found the mere talking a relief, and presently drifted into a recital of his woes.

"I 'm up against it, in the hole, you know, much largee trouble," he amplified with many gestures, sitting on the side of his berth, and pounding out excited, incoherent phrases to the impassive figure opposite. "Company sent me out to collect money. My have spent all. No can go back home. Suppose my lose face, more better die!"

Tsang shifted his position and nodded gravely. Out of much that was unintelligible, the last statement loomed clear and incontrovertible.

"I 'm a thief!" burst out Reynolds passionately, not to Tsang now, but to the world at large, "a plain, common thief. And the worst of it is there is n't a man in that San Francisco office that does n't trust me down to the ground. Then there 's the Governor. O God! I can't face the Governor!"

Tsang sat immovable, lost in thought. Stray words and phrases helped, but it was by some subtle working of his own complex brain that he was arriving at the truth.

"Father, him no can lend money?" he suggested presently.

"The Governor? Good heavens, no. There 's not enough money in our whole family to wad a gun! They put up all they had to give me a start, and look where I have landed! Do you suppose I 'd go back and ask them to put up a thousand more for my rotten foolishness?" He knotted his hands together until the nails grew white, then seeing the unenlightened face below, he added emphatically: "No, no, Tsang, no can askee!"

"How fashion you losee money?" asked Tsang.

"The money? Oh, belong gamble. Bet on ship's run. First day—win. Second day—win. Then lose, lose, keep on losing. Did n't know half the time what I was doing. To-day my settle up; no can pay office. A thousand dollars out! Lord! All same two thousand Mex', Tsang!"

An invisible calculation was made on the end of the steamer trunk by a long, pointed, finger-nail, but no change of expression crossed the yellow face. For an incalculable time Tsang sat, lost in thought. All his conserved energy went to aid him in solving the problem. At last he reached a decision: this was clearly a case to be laid before the only god he knew, the god of Chance.

"Me gamble too," he said; "me no lose."

"But s'pose you *had* lost? S'pose you lose what no belong you? What thing you do?"

"You do all same my talkee you?" asked Tsang, for the first time lifting his eyes.

It was a slender straw, to be sure, but Reynolds grasped at it.

"What thing you mean, Tsang? What can I do?"

"Two more night' to San Francisco," said Tsang softly; "one more bet, maybe?"

"Oh, I 've thought of that. What 's the good of throwing good money after bad? No use, I no got chance."

"*My* have got chance," announced Tsang emphatically, "you bet how fashion my talkee you, your money come back."

Reynolds studied the brass knocker of a face, but found no clue to the riddle. "What you mean, Tsang?" he asked. "What do you know? For the Lord's sake don't fool with me about it!"

"Me no fool," declared Tsang. "You le' me talkee number, him win big heap money."

"But how do you know?"

"Me savey," said Tsang enigmatically.

Again Reynolds studied the impassive face. "It 's on the square, Tsang? You don't stand in with anybody below decks? The thing is on the level?" Then finding further elucidation necessary, he added, "No belong cheat?"

Tsang Foo shook his head positively. "No belong cheat, all belong ploper. No man savey, only me savey, this side," and he tapped his head significantly.

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Reynolds gave a short, unpleasant laugh. "All right," he said, thrusting his hand in his pocket. "I 'll give myself one more chance. There 'll be time to-morrow to finish my job. I 'll make a bargain with you, Tsang! Bet this, and this, and this, on the next run for me. You win, I no makee shoot; you lose, you promise bring back pistol, then go way. My can do what thing my wantchee, see?"

Tsang Foo looked at him cunningly: "I win, you belong good boy? Stop whisky-soda, maybe?"

Reynolds laughed in spite of himself: "Going to reform me, eh? All right, it 's a bargain."

Tsang allowed his hand to be shaken, then he carefully counted over the express checks that had been given to him.

"My go now," he announced as eight bells sounded from the bridge.

As the door closed Reynolds sighed, then his eyes brightened as they fell upon the sandwiches. Even a desperate young man on the verge of suicide if he is hungry must needs cheer up temporarily at the sight of food. Reynolds had taken an early breakfast after being up all night, and had eaten nothing since. After devouring the sandwiches and tea with relish, he ordered a hot bath, and in less than an hour was wrapped in his berth sleeping the sleep that is not confined to the righteous.

It was high noon the next day when he awoke. His first feeling was one of exhilaration: the long sleep, the fresh sea air pouring in at the port-hole, and a sense of perfect physical well-being had made him forget, for a moment, the serious business the day might have in store for him.

As he lay, half dozing, he became dimly aware that something was wrong. The throb of the engines had ceased, and an ominous stillness prevailed. He sat up in bed and listened, then he thrust his head out of the port-hole, only to see a deserted deck. The passage was likewise deserted save for a hurried stewardess, who called back, over her shoulder, "It 's a man overboard, sir, on the starboard side—"

Reynolds flung on his clothes. The boy in him was keen for excitement, and in five minutes he was on deck, joining the crowd of passengers that thronged at the railing.

The life-boat was being lowered, groaning and protesting as she cleared the davits and swung away from the ship's side. Far behind, in the still shining wake of the steamer, a small black object bobbed helplessly in the gray expanse of waters.

"What 's the matter?" "Did he fall overboard?" "Did he jump in?" "Was it suicide?" The air buzzed with questions. The sentimental contingent clung to the theory that it was suicide, some poor stoker who could no longer stand the heat, or a foreign refugee afraid to come into port. The more practical argued that it was probably one of the seamen who, while doing outside painting, had lost his balance and fallen into the sea.

A smug, well-dressed man, with close-cropped gray beard, and a detached gaze that seemed to go no further than his rimless glasses, turned and spoke to Reynolds:

"It has gotten to be quite the fashion for somebody in the steerage to create this sort of sensation. It happened as I went over. If a man sees fit to jump overboard, all well and good; in nine cases out of ten it 's a good riddance to the community. But why in Heaven's name should the steamer put back? Why should several hundred people be delayed an hour or so for the sake of an inconsiderate, useless fool?"

Reynolds turned away sickened. From a point, apart from the rest, he strained his eyes to keep in sight the small black object now hidden, now revealed, by the waves. A fierce sense of kinship for that man in the water seized him. He, too, perhaps had grappled with some unendurable situation and been overcome. What if he was an utterly worthless asset on the great human ledger? He was a fellow-being, suffering, tempted, overcome. Was it kind to bring him back, to go through with it all again?

For answer Reynolds's muscles strained with those of the sailors rowing below: all the life and youth in him rising in rebellion against unnecessary death. He watched with teeth hard set as the small boat climbed to the crest of a wave, then plunged into the trough again, crawling by imperceptible inches toward the bobbing spot in the water. He longed to be in the boat, in the water even, helping to save that human life that only on the verge of extinction had gained significance.

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What if the man wished to die? No matter, he must be saved, saved from himself, given another chance, made to face it out, whatever it was. Not until then did Reynolds remember another life that he had dared to threaten, that even now he meant to take if the wheel of chance swung against him. Suddenly he faced the awful judgment of his own act, and shuddered back as one who, standing upon a precipice, trembles in terror before the mad desire to leap.

"I 'll stick it out!" he said half aloud as if in promise. "Whatever comes, I 'll take my medicine, I 'll—"

An eager murmur swept through the crowd. A sailor with a rope about him was being lowered from the life-boat.

For five tense minutes the two men rose and fell at the mercy of the high waves, and the distance between them did not lessen by an inch.

Then a passenger with a binocular announced that the sailor was swimming around to the far side to get the man between him and the boat.

With long, steady, overhand strokes, the sailor was gaining his way, and when at last he reached the apparently motionless object and got a rope under its arms, and the two were hauled into the life-boat, a rousing cheer went up from the big steamer above.

Reynolds drew in his breath sharply and turned away from the railing. As he did so he was hailed by a group of friends who were returning to their cards, waiting face downward on the small tables in the smoking-room.

"Behold His Nibs!" shouted Glass, the actor, "the luckiest duffer that ever hit a high-ball!"

"How did you happen to do it?" cried another.

Reynolds lifted his hand to his bewildered head. "Do what?" he asked dully. "I 'm not on."

"Oh, come!" said Glass, shaking him by the shoulder; "that bet you sent in last night! When the Chino said you wanted to buy the low field for all six pools, and to bet five hundred to boot that you 'd win, I thought you were either drunk or crazy. Yesterday's run was four-fifty-one, a regular corker, and yet with even better weather conditions, you took only the numbers below four-thirty-one. I argued with the Chinaman 'til I was blue in the face, but he stood pat, said you were all right, and had told him what to do. Nothing but an accident could have saved you, and it arrived. You 've won the biggest pool of the crossing, don't you think it 's about time for you to set 'em up? Say Martini cocktails for the crowd, eh?"

Reynolds was jostled about in congratulation and good-humored banter. Everybody was glad the boy had won, he was an all round favorite, and some of the men who had won his money felt relieved to return it.

"Here 's your cocktail, Freddy," cried Glass, "and here 's to you!"

Reynolds stood in the midst of the crowd, his face flushed, his hair tumbled. With a quick movement he sent the glass and its contents spinning out of a near-by port-hole.

"Not for Frederick!" he said with emphasis, "I 've been that particular kind of a fool for the last time."

Some hours later when the crowd went below to dress for dinner, Reynolds dropped behind to ask the Second Officer about the man who had been rescued.

"He is still pretty full of salt water," said the Officer, "but he is being bailed out."

"How did it happen?" asked Reynolds.

"Give it up. He has n't spoken yet. It looks as if he were getting ready to do some outside cleaning, for he had on a life-preserver. Funny thing about it, though, that 's not his work. He 's not even on duty during the starboard watch. The man in the lookout saw him climb out on the bow, shout something up to him, then fall backward into the water. I 'll be hanged if I can make it out. Tsang Foo is one of the steadiest sailors on board."

"Tsang Foo!" shouted Reynolds. "You don't mean that man was Tsang?"

With headlong haste he seized the bewildered Officer and made him pilot him below decks. Stumbling down the ladders and through dark passages, he at last reached the bunk where Tsang Foo lay with the ship's surgeon and a steward in attendance.

The Chinaman's lips were drawn tightly back over his prominent teeth, and his breath came in irregular gasps. Across the pillow in a straight black line lay his drip-

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ping queue. As his eyelids fluttered feebly, the doctor straightened his own tired back.

"He 'll come round now, all right," he said to the steward. "Give him those drops and don't talk to him. He 's had a close call. I 'll be back in ten minutes."

Reynolds crowded into the narrow space the doctor had left. The fact that he was saved from disgrace was utterly blotted out by the bigger fact that this ignorant, uncouth, foreign sailor had fearlessly risked his life to save him from facing a merited punishment. Reynolds's very soul seemed to grow bigger to accommodate the thought.

"Tsang!" he whispered, seizing the yellow hand, "You are a brick! Number one good man. But my no can take money,—I—"

The steward in attendance, who had stepped aside, made a warning gesture and laid his finger on his lips.

For five minutes the man in the bunk and the one beside it looked silently into each other's eyes, then the drawn lips moved, and Reynolds, bending his head to listen, heard the broken question:

"You—no—blake—bargain?"

Reynolds's mind dashed at two conclusions and recoiled from each. Should he follow his impulse to explain the whole affair, serious consequences would result for Tsang, while the other alternative of accepting the situation made him a party, albeit an innocent one, to a most reprehensible proceeding. It was to his credit, that of the two courses the latter was infinitely the more intolerable. He got up nervously, then sat down again.

"No—blake—bargain?" repeated Tsang anxiously.

Still Reynolds waited for some prompting from a conscience unaccustomed to being rusty. Any course that would involve the loyal little Chinaman, who had but played the game according to the rules as he knew them, was out of the question. The money must be paid back, of course, but how, and when? If he cleared himself at the office it might be years before he could settle this new debt, but he could do it in time, he must do it. Then at last, light came to him. He would accept Tsang's sacrifice but it should stand for more than the mere material good it had purchased. It should pledge him to a fresh start, a clean life. He would justify the present by the future. He drew a deep breath of relief and leaned forward:

"Tsang," he said, and his voice trembled with the earnestness of his resolve, "I no break bargain. From now on my behave all same proper. It was n't right, old fellow, you ought n't—" then he gave it up and smiled helplessly, "you belong my good friend Tsang, what thing you wantchee?"

A slow smile broke the brass-like stillness of Tsang Foo's face:

"Pipe," he gasped softly, "opium velly good,—make land and sea—all same—by an' by!"

MUSIC AT DUSK

BY GEORGE STERLING

O TWILIGHT, Twilight! evermore to hear
The wounded viols pleading to thy heart!
To dream we watch thy purple wings depart;
To wake, and know thy presence alway near!

What dost thou on the pathway of the sun?
Abide thy sister Night, while grief so pure
Makes heaven and all its beauty seem too sure,
And all too certain her oblivion.

One star awakes to turn thee from the South.
Oh, linger in the shadows thou hast drawn,
Ere Night cast dew before the feet of Dawn,
Or Silence lay her kiss on Music's mouth!

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THE EVIL EYE

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

SEVERAL of my Italian acquaintances have the evil eye, but, the subject being delicate, we have never come to talk about it. At least they have suffered in good company. Pius IX was considered to have *maldocchio,* as they call it in the North, and while receiving his benediction, pilgrims secretly made protective signs or grasped potent amulets. A recent prime minister has been similarly afflicted, and since he is an Italian of the South, we must call him a *jettatore.* The life of a famous scholar has been embittered by this heartless superstition. In fact, the evil power of the eye—fascination, the Romans called it, as do we, when a serpent is involved—is one of the oldest and most wide-spread of terrors. Egypt suffered from it; Greek, Latin, and Hebrew literature affords numerous references to it; the whole Moslem East takes its due precautions against fascination; instances are cited from India and Ceylon; Paul du Chaillu was begged to avert his gaze by the Negroes of the African West Coast; Elworthy, the authority on the subject, found this shadowy dread not merely in Scotland, but also learned that among his West country neighbors pigs and children were disastrously "wisht" or "overlooked"; Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian literature acknowledge the evil eye; all the world knows that Naples and southern Italy are the true home of a superstition which, with its preventives, has been developed into a code.

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

SILVER AMULET AGAINST THE EVIL EYE

A "horned hand" grasping a sea-horse, a device of the City of Naples and anciently associated with the cult of Diana-Hecate.

Oddly enough, this hateful distinction may work for or against its possessor. I know of a professional man of great skill and most amiable character whose clients have gradually dropped away because he was reputed to be a jettatore, and I know also a most disagreeable woman whose daily task of running errands is made profitable by propitiatory tips, lest she blight her patrons, their children, or their cattle. Everything about the belief is topsy-turvical, and were it not so common and cruel, one might reckon it among the chief of social humors. The cruelty of it lies in the fact that one neither acquires the fatal gift by any will of his own nor can get rid of it by any effort. If one were a witch or a magician, he might repent and eschew his diabolical arts; as a jettatore there is no

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such hope for him. Throughout his life he will be held personally, if not morally, responsible for all the ill luck that may accompany his daily walk. He sheds misfortune as the sun radiates light. He can never live down the reputation. The only recourse is to grin and bear it or to move far away, preferably to some spot where a fully established jettatore already monopolizes the entire horror of the community.

The evil eye is imputed for any reason, and more usually for none. It implies no physical or moral peculiarity. Naturally, odd, unsociable, or unpopular persons are specially liable to suspicion, but the most open-hearted men and women have incurred the same doleful preëminence. Priests are rather more likely to cast the spell than laymen. To bless yourself when an unknown ecclesiastic passes is always a wise precaution. The thing to remember is that a large number of people through no fault of their own are born with the evil eye. It behooves one to find them out and take the proper protective measures. Found out, they are, sooner or later, in the simplest fashion in the world. Elworthy tells of a Neapolitan gentleman who stood sponsor successively for three children, all of whom happened to die soon after baptism. I am frank to say that I should not choose him to vouch for child of mine. The Neapolitans merely went a step further when they made him a very formidable jettatore. Here is the case in its rudimentary form, suggesting one of the most pitiful traits of human nature—the inability to say manfully, in the face of mystery, "I do not know." People must have causes—personal causes, too—for everything that comes near their hearts: hence sprites and demons and gods. Let us imagine the institution of a jettatore not as in this striking Neapolitan instance, but as it usually comes about among the smiling fisherfolk of the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Three-year-old Costanzo falls in a convulsion, and is with difficulty brought round by the clamor of the hamlet. How did it happen? The thing is mysterious. Costanzo was always a healthy child. *Ma forte!* If the English spinster, an unsympathetic person, who lives and paints near by, were summoned to council, she would undoubtedly ask what little Costanzo ate for dinner. "Fried devil-fish and stuffed peppers, with a small glass of wine for the digestion," would be the proud answer. At this point the British spinster would turn away impatiently, with a disagreeable air of remarking Q. E. D., and the committee would opine serenely, "She is good, but not very sympathetic, and does not understand about children." The doctor, were he called, would probably inquire about Costanzo's afternoon, and would learn that it had been passed under a blackberry-bush, the unripe crop of which had been transferred to the child's stomach. But such a revelation would not satisfy the company's sense of an adequate cause. So uninteresting and impersonal an explanation would be scornfully rejected, with the quite truthful rejoinder, "Costanzo eats everything, and has never before had such an attack." At last somebody would whisper the unspoken fear: the innocent child has suffered *jettatura.* Half a dozen excited memories would review those few neighbors who had passed by, and perhaps an elder sister would say, "That queer Beppe passed and looked very hard at Costanzo."

From that moment Beppe's career as a jettatore has begun, only to broaden as the months pass into years. The explanation is adequate, personal, interesting. Beppe, who for forty years has concealed his dire function, is now discovered, and it becomes a simple dictate of public duty to warn the community. As he goes about, prudent folk make the horned hand or turn their amulets his way. Live up to his repute he must; brute circumstance looks to that. In his track, as in that of all of us, untoward events will occur. Horses will go lame, sows cast their litters prematurely, dogs and men will die. All these and more calamities Beppe carries in that evil eye of his, poor chap! It concerns us, upon whom any day it may be turned, to be forewarned and forearmed.

Happily there are safeguards of a sure sort. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the avidity with which human nature throws up purely imaginary defenses against the terrors that imagination gratuitously evokes. There never yet was a dragon, marine or terrestrial, that some Perseus or St. George was not emergent. Were it otherwise, the life of the race had

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long ago dissolved in nightmare. Against the evil eye, they say, the usual offices of the Church avail, for God is omnipotent, and the Madonna nearly so; but a wise person prefers to cope on its own ground with what is surely no Christian thing. Thus we find that the methods of staving off jettatura are nearly all pagan. The amulets that to-day are hung around the neck of a new-born babe in Naples are identical with those dug out of Etruscan and Roman tombs. This principle of moral homeopathy, of meeting magic with magic, is carried through pretty consistently in Italy. An inexperienced gambler might apply to the Madonna for a lucky number in the lottery; an old hand would have more confident recourse to S. Pantaleone, who is shrewdly suspected of being a double of the devil.

The sovereign specific against the evil eye is a horn. The quickest and best way of offering one to the foe is to make the familiar gesture called the "horned hand,"—*la mano cornuta,*—by extending the first and fourth fingers while doubling the others under. The hand of God the Father is seen making this gesture in a mosaic of S. Vitale at Ravenna, apparently in an unavailing effort to prevent the fratricidal act of Cain. Of course to make the horned hand for slight cause or before a friend would seem a pointed affront. Hence a considerate person, while dealing with a real or suspected jettatore, holds the horned hand behind his back or even in his pocket. Other positions of the hand are of avail, but less to be recommended. To "make a fig" by putting the thumb between the first and second fingers—a gesture which our children, ignorant of its origin, call "making a nose"—is a possible defense; but the motion is highly opprobrious and uncalled-for. Again, the blessing hand—the first and second fingers raised, the others folded—is used, but has the slight disadvantage in this case of being a Christian device.

All these parries with the hand are somewhat noticeable, and likely to give offense. Better it is to wear an unobtrusive hand of silver, or simply a horn, as an amulet. The mere presence of such a thing is reassuring. It operates even in unguarded minutes, and in case of great need it can be pointed at the jettatore under the modest covering of a sleeve or handkerchief. Moreover, the poor beasts and the children, who, being particularly susceptible to the evil eye, can make neither the horns nor the fig, may thus be kept in reasonable safety. A self-reliant man is very likely to protect himself simply by a horn of some sort worn on his watch-chain. It may be the claw of an animal, a bent piece of silver, coral, or mother-of-pearl; the essential thing is that there should be a horn in readiness.

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

THE CIMARUTA (SPRIG OF RUE) AMULET AGAINST THE EVIL EYE

The herb rue is supposed to have magic value. Its triple division is said to typify the threefold reign of Diana. The amulets from left to right are: A horn of plenty, a hand "making a nose," and holding two leaves of rue, an ambiguous symbol; a cock, a crescent moon, a burning heart, a key, a flower, an eagle, and a mermaid (siren).

To explain the protective merits of the horn, even if I could satisfactorily, would take me far afield. Elworthy, Legge, and others who have dealt with the subject, begin with the horns on the head of Moses, and come down the centuries, noting the horns of bull gods and of the crescent moon, and the magic virtue of sharp points of many varieties. I can dwell only upon the antiquity and universality of the belief. On the prows of boats and the gables of roofs, on helmets, and other war-trappings, the horn has in every age had a protective quality. Possibly it adorns proverbially the cuckold's brow as a token of the watch and ward he has failed to

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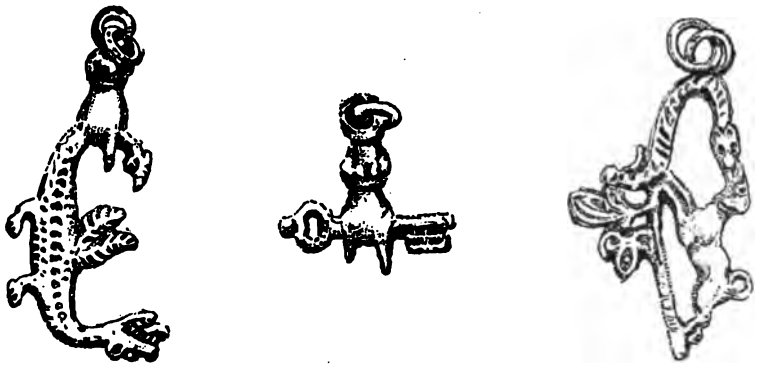

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

SILVER AMULETS AGAINST THE EVIL EYE

From left to right: A "horned hand" holding a dragon, probably a metamorphosis of a crocodile; a "horned hand" holding a key; a serpent, a dog, and a sprig of rue.

keep, as we might sardonically present a sleepy warder with a monster key. The most remarkable magic horns I know are those ivory charms of the Middle Empire in Egypt, on which are engraved processions of beast and bird gods, composite monsters, chimeras, etc., forms many of which recur in the modern silver charms of Naples. Mr. Legge, who has studied this material exhaustively, thinks these were amulets against snake bite, a peril closely allied to that of fascination by the eye. In any case, the superstition is everywhere, and thousands of men and women of to-day wear as a fob the token against the evil eye without the least suspicion of its antique dignity.

The charms in the form of horned hands usually hold a reinforcing emblem, —a key,—said to be the sign of Diana as keeper of the nether world; a serpent; a sea-horse, the horse being the ancient device of Naples; or a crocodile metamorphosed in the direction of a dragon. When such an object forms in itself a satisfactory horn, the fingers need not do so, as in the closed hand holding a snake (see below). Dogs and mermaids—the sirens were the original patronesses of the Sorrentine region—also avert misfortune and bring luck. The strangest charm I have ever seen—and it is nowhere pictured in books—is that of the sun symbol reproduced below. Apparently it is a rude scarab, with the head and shoulders of the sun affixed. If so, it is a double sun charm, the scarab being the symbol of that deity. In the hope of learning how Italians really feel about these amulets, I have occasionally shown them to friends among fishermen, professing complete ignorance and asking what the object was for. Invariably the answer was, "Children wear such trifles to bring good luck," for, on the whole topic of jettatura believers are close-mouthed. To realize how much alive the superstition

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

SILVER AMULETS AGAINST THE EVIL EYE

From left to right: A crescent moon, the heart-shaped hanger being also an amulet; a hand holding a serpent, making an adequate protective point, so the hand is not "horned"; a sun symbol joined to a scarab.

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still is in southern Italy, one needs only examine the ornaments worn by babies and horses, though oxen, too, would supply interesting evidence.

The principle is plain: a grown man or woman will look out for himself, or at most will need only a simple amulet; but the helpless animals and children must be protected by a perfect battery of charms. Not only are these innocent creatures unable to make the horned hand or rightly point the simpler amulets, but they are peculiarly susceptible to fascination. Read Plutarch in the "Symposium," and you will find that the glance of certain eyes has the power to kill young animals and children because of the tenderness of their constitution, whereas it does no harm to adults. And if you would see the most powerful defenses against the evil eye, study the trappings of almost any cab-horse at Naples. Nearly all the shining brass ornament has protective value. On the saddle will stand a brazen image of a siren, a sea-horse, a dog, or a crescent moon, more rarely of a saint. On the head-band will be a small crescent or several; at the flanks will dangle small horns; upon the chest will swing a brush of bristles or, better, of badger hair—all efficacious against jettatura. In short, the Neapolitan cabby who provides his beast with fewer than three amulets against the evil eye is exceptional and unworthy of his high calling.

For babies the favorite charm is the odd tree-like form in silver—Diana's metal—which back in the mountains is called the "silver flower," but about Naples more accurately the *cimaruta,* or sprig of rue. Rue itself is a powerful charm. The sprig is generally arranged in three main branches, signifying, so the learned say, the triple dominion of Diana in heaven, earth, and hell. At the tips of the branches are various emblems, most of which can be associated with the same goddess. The crescent moon, the dog, the key, the flower—a descendant of the lotus; the cock as emblem of dawn, the mermaid,—a phase of Proserpine,—these are some of the clearest symbols. With them at times are associated more commonplace signs, as the cornucopia, and some that are even Christian, as the burning heart. A very elaborate example of the cimaruta is here illustrated and explained.

It may be added that these amulets, full of pagan allusion as they are, are still made,—indeed, in extra quantities,—for tourists are beginning to enlarge the demand. Old ones exist, but it is almost impossible to come by them, for naturally no one wishes to part with an amulet the worth of which has been proved by Time.

Of course many Italians scorn this belief, or take it no more seriously than Americans of similar education take the superstition of Friday or of thirteen at table. Even if in Sicily or southern Italy you hear a man called a jettatore, you need not make the horned hand behind your back. It may mean no more than that he is unlucky for himself and others—a Jonah, as we say. By the tone of the comment you can tell whether he is this mild form of bird of ill omen or the real thing. No simple person smiles when discussing the evil eye.

I sometimes have the wish that it were possible to take the whole superstition as a bad joke; but many memories and, in particular, the last scene of jettatura that came under my eye forbid. A circle of madly abusive urchins dodged about a wizen old man as they made horns and figs at him. Among his tormentors he stood irresolute. At times he made futile charges upon the nearest lad with his shepherd's staff. His eye was baleful. I presume long distrust and persecution had brought on some mild dementia. For a moment he glowered at bay, then he broke through the circle with a curse, as the boys cheered and scattered for the next adventure. Here is something like the reality of the evil eye, and an ugly thing it is in almost every aspect. Possibly a professional lover of the race would find excellent justification for the superstition. I can imagine Mr. Chesterton playing the apologist with gusto. The defense would obviously take the ground that man is an incorrigibly romantic creature, avid of sensation and novelty, which, when his daily walk does not supply them, he godlike provides out of the riches of his imagination. I could write in this vein myself, and might well end with the comforting dictum of Pope—"Whatever is is right." But I gladly leave the topic to some one who did not see that despairing old man amid those howling boys.

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Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

MAKING BEHIND THE BACK THE "HORNED HAND" AGAINST THE EVIL EYE

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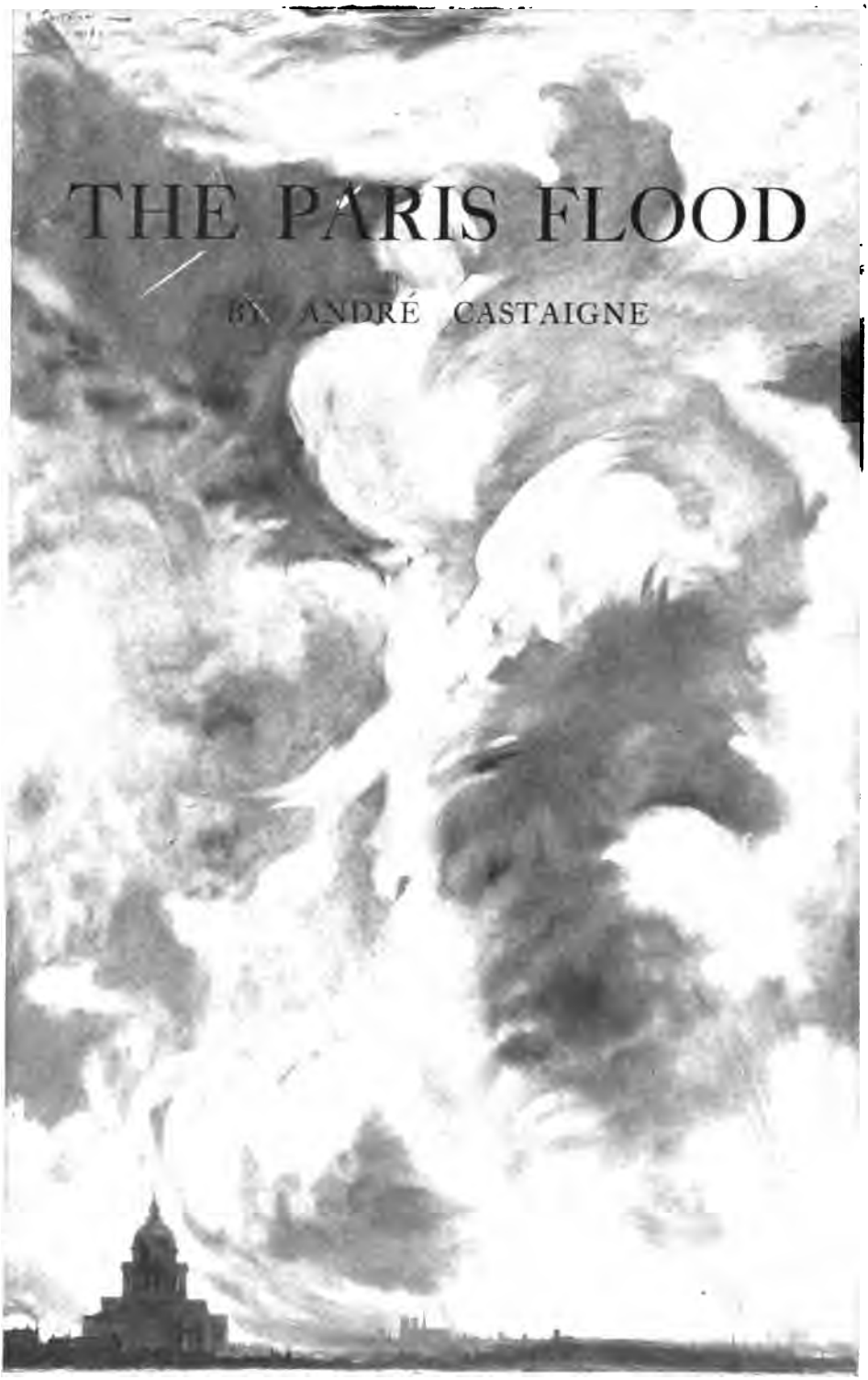

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by Charles E. Hart

THE GREAT CLOUDS FROM THE SEA

The view-point is near the Panthéon (at the left) with the square towers of Notre Dame in the middle distance.

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Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE FLOOD IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEINE, IN THE SOUTHEAST SUBURBS

Refugees are seen crowding into the city through a gate of the fortifications.

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Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A STREET OF OLD PARIS NEAR NOTRE DAME SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND

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Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

SUBMERGED RAILWAY LINES NEAR THE EIFFEL TOWER

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Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE GREAT HOLE IN THE AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA

A corner of the Opera House is seen at the right. The picture shows the cave-in caused by the flooding of the Metropolitan subway.

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THE CREATORS: A COMEDY

BY MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Helpmate," etc.

XXVI

JANE had been married for six months —married with a completeness that even Tanqueray had not foreseen. She herself had been unaware of her capacity for surrender. She rejoiced in it like a saint who beholds in himself the mystic, supreme transmutation of desire. One by one there fell from her the things that had stood between her and the object of her adoration.

She remembered how she had once regarded the immolation of her genius as the thing of all things most dangerous, most difficult, a form of terrible self-destruction, the sundering of passionate life from life. That sacrifice, she had said, would be the test of her love for Hugh Brodrick. And now, this thing so difficult, so dangerous, so impossible, had accomplished itself without effort and without pain. Her genius had ceased from violence and importunity; it had let go its hold; it no longer moved her.

Nothing moved her but Brodrick; nothing mattered but Brodrick; nothing had the full prestige of reality apart from him. Her heart went out to the things that he had touched or worn—things that were wonderful, adorable, and at the same time absurd. She could not detect the work of her imagination in the production of this state. It was her senses that were so exquisitely acute. She suffered an exaltation of all the powers of life. Her state was bliss, and yet, through it all, she had a sense of estrangement from herself and of things closing round her.

This sense came sharply to her one late afternoon in June. She was sitting out in the garden, watching Brodrick as he went his slow and happy rounds. Now and then he paused and straightened a border, or propped some untended plant, top-heavy with bloom, or pinned back some wild arm of a climbing-rose flung out to pluck at him as he went by. He could not but be aware that since Gertrude Collett left there had been confusion and disorder in the place she had made perfect. In these hours of innocent absorption he was oblivious of Jane, who watched him.

The garden was still with that stillness that earth takes at sunsets following hot days—stillness of grass-plots flooded by flat light; stillness of trees and flowers that stand fixed, held by the light, divinely vivid. Jane's vision of her surroundings had never been so radiant and intense. Yet in a moment, by some impenetrable way, her thoughts had wandered back to her solitude in Kensington Square. She saw herself sitting in her room. She was dressed in an old gown that she had worn two years ago; she saw distinctly the fashion and the color of it, and the little ink-mark on the sleeve. She was writing, this solitary woman, with an extraordinary concentration and rapidity. Jane found herself looking on, fascinated as by the performance of a stranger, admiring, as she would have admired a stranger. The solitary woman knew nothing of Hugh Brodrick or of his house at Putney, and cared less; she had a desire and a memory in which he had no part. That seemed to Jane most curious.

Then suddenly she was aware that she, Jane Brodrick, and this woman, Jane Holland, were inseparably and indestructibly one. For a moment her memory and her desire merged with this woman's desire and memory, so that the house and the garden and the figure of her husband became strange to her and empty of all sig-

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'TO THE BOOK!' SHE SAID. 'TO NINA LEMPRIERE'S BOOK! YOU CAN DRINK NOW, GEORGE'" (SEE PAGE 56)

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nificance. As for her own presence in the extraordinary scene, she had no longer her vague, delicious wonder at its reality. What she felt was a shock of surprise, of spiritual dislocation. She was positively asking herself, "What am I doing here?"

The wonder passed with a sense of shifting in her brain. But there was terror for her in this resurgence of her unwedded self. In any settlement of affairs between Jane Holland and Jane Brodrick, it would be the younger, the unwedded woman, who would demand of the other her account. It was she who was aware, already, of the imminent disaster, the irreparable loss. It was she who suffered when they talked about the genius of Jane Holland.

For they were talking more than ever. In another week it would be upon her, the great event of nineteen hundred and five, the publication of a new work by Jane Holland. Her frightful celebrity exposed her, forced her to face the thing she had brought forth and was ashamed to own.

She might have brazened it out somehow but for Nina Lempriere's book. It appeared, in these hours that tingled with expectation of the terrible event—appeared in a majestic silence and secrecy. Jane heard Tanqueray praise it. "Thank Heaven!" he said, "there 's one of us that 's sinless: Nina's genius can lay nothing to her charge." She saw it. Nina's flame was pure. Her hand had virginal strength.

It had not always had such strength. Her younger work, "Tales of the Marches," showed violence and torture in its strength. It was as if Nina had torn her genius from the fire that destroyed it and had compelled it to create. Her very style moved with the vehemence of her revolt from Tanqueray. But there had been a year between Tanqueray and Owen Prothero. For one year Nina had been immune from the divine folly, and in that year she had produced her sinless masterpiece. No wonder that the master praised her.

And above the praise Jane heard Nina's voice proclaiming yet again that the law and the condition was virginity—untamed and untamable virginity. And for her, also, was it not the law? According to her code and Tanqueray's, she had sinned a mortal sin. She had conceived and brought forth a book, not by divine compulsion, but because Brodrick wanted a book and she wanted to please Brodrick. Such a desire was the mother of monstrous and unshapen things. In Tanqueray's eyes it was hardly less impure than the commercial taint. Its uncleanness lacked the element of venality; that was all that could be said. She had done violence to her genius. She had constrained the secret and incorruptible will.

It had not suffered all at once. It was still tense with its own young impulse toward creation. In the beginning of the work it moved divinely; it was divinely unaware of her and of her urging.

She could trace the stages of its dissolution.

Nothing that Jane Holland had yet achieved could compare with that beginning. In the middle there was a slight decline from her perfection; further on, a perpetual struggle to recover it; and, toward the end, a frightful collapse of energy. She could put her finger on the place; there, at the close of a page that fairly flared: for the flame, of course, had leaped like mad before it died. It was at that point that she had got ill, and that Brodrick had found her and had taken her away.

And Tanqueray might almost say that she was venal. She had received money for simply committing this crime. She would receive money again for perpetuating it in a more flagrant form. So much down on the awful day of publication; a half-yearly revenue as long as the abominable work endured. There might be a great deal of money in it, as Louis Levine would say; more money than Nina or George Tanqueray had ever made. It was possible, it was more than possible, it was hideously probable, that this time she would achieve popularity. It was just the sort of terrible, ironic thing that happened. If it did happen she would not be able to look George Tanqueray in the face.

The date of the event was fixed now—the fifteenth of June. It was like death. She had never thought of it as a personal experience so long as its hour remained far off in time. But the terror of it was on her, now that the thing was imminent, that she could count the hours.

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The day came, the birthday, as Brodrick called it, of the great book. He had told Tanqueray long ago that it was the biggest thing she had done yet. He bore himself, this husband of Jane's, with an air of triumphant paternity, as if, Tanqueray reflected, he had had a hand in it. He had even sent Tanqueray an early copy. Tanqueray owned that the fellow was justified. He thought he could see very plainly Brodrick's hand, his power over the infatuated Jinny.

By way of celebrating the fifteenth, he had asked Tanqueray to dinner.

The Levines were there, and the John Brodricks, Dr. Henry Brodrick, and Mrs. Heron. But for the presence of the novelist, the birthday dinner was indistinguishable from any family festival of Brodricks. Solemn it was, and ceremonial, yet intimate, relieved by the minute absurdities, the tender follies, of people who were, as Tanqueray owned, incomparably untainted. It was Jinny's great merit, after all, that she had not married a man who had the taint. The marvel was how the editor had contrived to carry that innocence of his intact through the horrors of his profession. It argued an incorruptible natural soundness in the man.

Only the supreme levity of innocence could have devised and accomplished this amazing celebration. Tanqueray said to himself that it took a mind like Brodrick's to be unaware of Jinny's tragedy, to be unaware of Jinny.

He himself was insupportably aware of her, as she sat in her chair at the head of Brodrick's table, doomed and agonizing.

They had placed him at her side. Unprofitable as he was, they acknowledged him as a great man. He was there on the ground and on the sanction of his greatness. Nobody else, their manner had suggested, was great enough to be set beside Jinny in her splendid hour. His stature was prized because it gave the measure of hers. He was there also to officiate. He was the high priest of the unspeakable ritual. He would be expected presently to say something, to perform the supreme and final act of consecration.

And for the life of him he could not think of anything to say. The things he thought could not be said while he sat there, at Brodrick's table. Afterward, perhaps, when he and she were alone, if she insisted, they might be said.

But she would not insist; far from it. She would not expect him to say anything. What touched him was her utter absence of any expectation, the candor with which she received his silence as her doom.

The ceremony was growing more and more awful. Champagne had been brought. They were going—he might have foreseen it—they were going to drink to the long life of the book.

John Brodrick rose first, then Henry, then Levine. They raised their glasses. Jane's terrified eyes met theirs.

"To the book!" they said. "To the book!" Tanqueray found himself gazing in agony at his glass, where the bubbles danced and glittered, calling him to the toast. For the life of him he could not rise.

Brodrick was drinking now, his eyes fixed upon his wife. And Tanqueray, for the life of him, could not help looking at Jane, to see how she would take it.

She took it well. She faced the torture smiling, with a courage that was proof, if he had wanted proof, of her loyalty to Brodrick. Her smile trembled as it met Brodrick's eyes across the table, and the tenderness of it went to Tanqueray's heart. She held out her glass; and as she raised it, she turned and looked full in Tanqueray's face, and smiled again steadily.

"To the book!" she said. "To Nina Lempriere's book! You can drink now, George."

He met her look.

"Here 's to you, you immortal Jinny!"

Lucid and comprehending, over the tilted glass his eyes approved, adored her. She flushed under the unveiled, deliberate gaze.

"Did n't I get you out of that nicely?" she said an hour later, outside in the darkening garden, as she paced the terrace with him alone. The others, at Brodrick's suggestion, had left them to their communion. Brodrick's idea evidently was that the novelist would break silence only under cover of the night.

"Yes," he said; "it was like your sweetness."

"You can't say," she continued, "that I 'm not appreciated in my family."

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Through the dark, as her face flashed toward him, he saw the little devil that sat laughing in her eyes.

"You need n't be afraid to talk about it," she said; "and you need n't lie to me. I know it 's a tragedy."

He had never lied to her. It was not in him to fashion for her any tender lie.

"It 's worse than a tragedy; it 's a sin, Jinny. And that 's what I would have saved you from. Other people can sin and not suffer; you can't. There 's your tragedy."

She raised her head.

"There shall be no more tragedies."

He went on as if he had not heard her. "It would n't have mattered if it had been bad all through. But neither you nor I, Jinny, have ever written, probably we never shall write, anything to compare with the beginning of that book. Heavens! To think that there were only six months —six months—between that beginning and that end!"

She smiled, saying to herself: "Only six months. Yes; but what months!"

"You 've killed a masterpiece," he said, "between you."

"Do you mean Hugh?" she said. "What had he to do with it?"

"He married you."

"My crime was committed before he married me."

"Exactly." She was aware of the queer, nervous, upward jerk of his mustache, preluding the impermissible; "when you were in love with him."

Her face darkened as she turned to him.

"Let 's talk about Nina's book. George, there is n't anybody like her. And I knew, I knew, she 'd do it."

"Did you know that she did it before she saw Prothero?"

"I know."

"And that she 's never written a line since?"

"When she does it will be immense—because of him."

"Possibly; she has n't married him."

"After all, George, if it comes to that, you 're married, too."

"Yes; but I married a woman who can't do me any harm."

"Could anybody?"

She stood still there, on the terrace, fronting him with the scorn of her question.

He did not answer her at first. His face changed, and was silent as his thought. As they paced up and down again he spoke.

"I don't mind, Jinny, if you 're happy —if you 're really content."

"You see that I am."

Her voice throbbed. He caught the pure, the virginal tremor, and knew it for the vibration of her soul. It stirred in him a subtle, unaccountable pang.

She paused, brooding.

"I shall be," she said, "even if I never do anything again."

"Nothing," he assured her, "can take from you the things you have done. Look at Hambleby. He 's enough. After all, Jinny, you might have died young and just left us that. We ought to be glad that, as it is, we 've got so much of you."

"So much—"

Almost he could have said she sighed.

"Nothing can touch Hambleby or the genius that made him."

"George, do you think it 'll ever come back to me?"

She stood still again. He was aware now, through her voice, of something tense, something perturbed and tormented in her soul. He rejoiced, for it was he who had stirred her; it was he who had made her feel.

"Of course," he said, "it 'll come back. If you choose—if you let it. But you 'll have to pay your price."

She was silent. They talked of other things. Presently the John Brodricks, the Levines, and Mrs. Heron came out into the garden and said good night, and Tanqueray followed them and went.

She found Hugh closeted with Henry in the library, where invariably the doctor lingered. Brodrick made a sign to his brother as she entered.

"Well," he said, "you 've had your talk?"

"Oh, yes; we 've had it."

She lay back in her seat, as if exhausted by hard physical exercise, supporting the limp length of her arms on the sides of the chair.

The doctor, after a somewhat prolonged observation of her posture, remarked that she should make a point of going to bed at ten.

Brodrick pleaded the birthday of the book. And at the memory of the intolera-

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ble scene, and of Tanqueray's presence in it, her agony broke out:

"Don't talk about it! I don't want ever to hear of it again!"

"What 's he been saying to you?" said Brodrick.

"He 'd no need to say anything. Do you suppose I don't know? Can't you see how awful it is for me?"

Brodrick raised the eyebrows of innocence amazed.

"It 's as if I 'd brought something deformed and horrible into the world—"

The doctor leaned forward, more than ever attentive.

"And you *would* go and drag it out, all of you, when I was sitting there in shame and misery. And before George Tanqueray! How could you?"

"My dear Jinny—"

Brodrick was leaning forward, too, now, looking at her with affectionate concern.

Her brother-in-law rose and held out his hand. He detained hers for an appreciable moment, thoughtfully, professionally.

"I think," he said, "really, you 'd better go to bed."

Outside in the hall she could hear him talking to Hugh.

"It 's physical, it 's physical," he said. "It won't do to upset her. You must take great care."

The doctor's voice grew mysterious, then inaudible, and she heard Hugh saying he supposed that it was so; and Henry murmured and mumbled himself away. Outside their voices still retreated with their footsteps, down the garden path, and out at the terrace gate. Hugh was seeing Henry home.

When he came back he found Jane in the library, sitting up for him. She was excited and a little flushed.

"So you 've had *your* talk, have you?" she said.

"Yes."

He came to her and put his hand on her forehead.

"Look here, you ought to have gone to bed."

She took his hand and drew him to her.

"Henry does n't think I 'm any good," she said.

"Henry 's very fond of you."

She shook her head.

"To Henry I 'm nothing but a highly interesting neurotic. He watches me as if he were on the lookout for some abnormal manifestation, with that delightful air he has of never being surprised at anything, as if he could calculate the very moment."

"My dear—"

"I 'm used to it. My people took me that way, too. Only they had n't a scientific turn of mind, like Henry. They did n't think it interesting; and they have n't Henry's angelic patience and forbearance. I was the only one of the family, don't you know, who was n't quite sane; and yet—so unlike Henry—they considered me rather more responsible than any of them. I could n't get off anything on the grounds of my insanity."

All the time, while she thus tormented him, she seemed profoundly occupied with the hand she held, caressing it with swift, nervous, tender touches.

"After all," she said, "I have n't turned out so badly, even from Henry's point of view, have I?"

He laughed. "What is Henry's point of view?"

She looked up at him quickly. "You know, and I know, that Henry did n't want you to marry me." The uncaptured hand closed over hers, holding it tighter than she herself could hold. "No," she said. "I 'm not the sort of woman Henry *would* want you to marry. To please Henry—"

"I did n't marry to please Henry."

"To please Henry, you should have married placable flesh and blood, very large and handsome, without a nerve in her body. The sort of woman who has any amount of large and handsome flesh-and-blood children, and lives to have them, thrives on them. That 's Henry's idea of the right woman."

He admitted that it had once been his. He had seen his wife that was to be, placable, as Jinny said, sane flesh and blood, the mother of perfect children.

"And so, of course," said Jinny, "you go and marry me."

"Of course," said Brodrick. He said it in the voice she loved.

"Why did n't you marry her? *She* would n't have bothered your life out." She paused. "On the other hand, she would n't have cared for you as I do. That sort of woman only cares for her children."

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"Won't you care for them, Jinny?"

"Not as I care for you," said Jinny.

And, to his uttermost amazement, she bowed her head over his hands and cried.

XXVII

TANQUERAY'S book was out. Times and seasons mattered little in a case so hopeless. There was no rivalry between George Tanqueray and his contemporaries; therefore his publishers had not scrupled to produce him in the same month as Jane Holland. They handled any work of his with the apathy of despair.

He himself had put from him all financial anxiety when he banked the modest sum, "on account," which was all that he could look for. The perturbing question for him was, not whether his sales would be small or great, but whether this time the greatness of his work would or would not be recognized. He did not suppose for a moment that it would be. *His* tide would never turn.

His first intimation that it was turning came from Jane, in a pencil note inclosed with a newspaper-cutting, his first favorable review. "Poor George," she wrote, "you thought you could escape it. But it 's coming—it 's come. You need n't think you 're going to be so very posthumous, after all." He marveled that Jinny should attach so much importance to the printed word.

But Jinny had foreseen those mighty lunar motions that control the tides. It looked really as if it had come years before he had expected it; as if, as dear Jinny put it, he would not have a chance of being posthumous. Not only was he aware that this book of his was a masterpiece, but other people were aware. There was one man, even Tanqueray admitted, who cared and knew, whose contemporary opinion carried the prestige of posterity; and he had placed him where he would be placed. And lesser men followed, praising him; some with the constrained and tortured utterance of critics compelled into eating their own words, some with the cold weight of a verdict delivered unwillingly under judicial pressure. And there were others, lesser still, men who had hated Tanqueray. They postured now in attitudes of prudery and terror; they protested; they proclaimed themselves victims of diabolic power, worshipers of the purity, the sanctity of English letters, constrained to an act of unholy propitiation. They would, if they could, have passed him by.

It was Caro Bickersteth who said of Tanqueray that he played upon the imaginations of his critics as he played upon women's hearts.

Besides this alien tribute, there was Caro Bickersteth's large column in the "Morning Telegraph," and Nicky's inspired eulogy in the "Monthly Review." For, somehow, by the eternal irony that pursued him, Nicky's reviews of other people could get in all right, while his own poems never did and never would. And there was the letter that had preceded Jinny's note—the letter that she wrote to him, as she said, "out of the abyss." It brought him to her feet, where, he declared he would be glad to remain whether Jinny's feet were in or out of the abyss.

Rose revived a little under this praise of Tanqueray. Not that she said very much about it to him. She was too much hurt by the way he thrust all his reviews into the waste-paper basket without showing them to her. But she went and picked them out of the basket when he was not looking, and pasted all the good ones into a book, and burned all the bad ones in the kitchen fire. And she brought the reviews, and made her boast of him to Aunt and Uncle, and told them of the nice sum of money that his book had "fetched" this time. That was all he had been waiting for, she said, before he took a little house at Hampstead.

For he had taken it at last, that little house. It was one of a terrace of three that stood high above the suburb, close to the elm-tree walk overlooking the West Heath; a diminutive brown-brick house, with jasmine climbing all over it, and a little square of grass laid like a mat in front of it, and a little garden of grass and flower-borders behind. Inside, to be sure, there was no drawing-room; for what did Rose want with a drawing-room, she would like to know? But there was a beautiful study for Tanqueray up-stairs, and a little dining-room and a kitchen for Rose below.

Rose had sought counsel in her furnishing, with the result that Tanqueray's study bore a remarkable resemblance to

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Laura Gunning's room in Camden Town, while Rose's dining-room recalled vividly Mrs. Henderson's dining-room at Fleet.

Though it was such a little house, there had been no difficulty about getting the furniture all in. The awful thing was moving Tanqueray and his books. It was a struggle, a hostile invasion, and it happened on his birthday. And in the middle of it all, when the last packing-case was hardly emptied, and there was n't a carpet laid down anywhere, Tanqueray announced that he had asked some people to dine that night.

"W'at, a dinner-party?" said Rose. She was trying not to cry.

"No, not a party. Only six."

"Six," said Rose, "*is* a dinner-party."

"Twenty-six might be."

Rose sat down and looked at him and said, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" But she had begun to smooth her hair in a kind of anticipation.

Then Tanqueray stooped and put his arm round her and kissed her and said it was his birthday. He always did ask people to dine on his birthday. There would only be the Brodricks and Nicky and Nina Lempriere and Laura Gunning. No, Laura Gunning could n't come. That, with themselves, made six.

"Well," said Rose, placidly.

"I can take them to a restaurant if you 'd rather. But I thought it would be so nice to have them here, when it 's my birthday."

She smiled. She was taking it all in. In her eyes, for once, he was like a child, with his birthday and his party. How could she refuse him anything on his birthday? And all through the removal he had been so good.

Already she was measuring spaces with her eye.

"It 'll 'old six," she said, "squeezin'."

She sat silent, contemplating in a vision the right sequence of the dinner.

"There must be soup," she said, "an' fish, an' a hongtry, an' a joint, an' a pudding', an' a sav'ry, an' dessert to follow."

"Oh, Lord, no! Give 'em bread and cheese. They 're none of 'em greedy."

"I 'll give you something better than that," said Rose, "on your birthday. The idea!"

Dinner was to be at eight o'clock. The lateness of the hour enabled Mr. and Mrs. Eldred to come up and give a hand with the waiting and the dishing-up. They had softened toward Tanqueray since he had taken that little house. That he should give a dinner-party in it during the middle of the removal was no more than they expected of his eccentricity.

The dinner went off very well. Rose was charming in a pink silk blouse, with lace at her throat and wrists. Her face, too, was pink with a flush of anxiety and excitement. As for George, she had never seen him look so handsome. She could hardly take her eyes off him as he sat there in his beautiful evening suit and white shirt-front. He was enjoying his birthday like a child, and laughing; she had never heard him laugh like that in her life before. He laughed most at the very things she thought would vex him—the little accidents, such as the sliding of all the dinner-plates from Mr. Nicholson's hands on to the floor at Uncle's feet in the doorway, and Uncle's slamming of the door upon the fragments. The dinner, too; she had been afraid that George would n't like all his friends to know she 'd cooked it. But he told them all straight out, laughing, and asking them if she was n't very clever? And they all said that she was, and that her dinner was delicious; even the dishes that she had worried and trembled over. And though she had cooked the dinner, she had n't got to wait. Not one of the gentlemen would let her. Rose became quite gay with her small triumph, and by the time the sweets came, she felt that she could talk a little.

For Nicky was the perfection of admirable behavior. His right ear, patient and attentive, leaned toward Tanqueray's wife, while his left strained in agony to catch what Tanqueray was saying. Tanqueray was talking to Jane. He had said he supposed she had seen the way "they had been going for him," and she had asked him was it possible he minded?

"Minded? After your letter? When a big, full-fledged archangel gets up on the tips of its toes, and spreads its gorgeous wings in front of me, and sings a hymn of praise out loud in my face, do you think I hear the little beasts snarling at my feet, and snapping at the calves of my legs?"

Rose at Nicky's right was saying, "It 's over small for a dinin'-room; but you should see 'is study."

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He bowed an ear that did not hear her.

"Nicky did me well," said Tanqueray.

"I told you all the time," said Jane, "that Nicky knew."

" 'E could n't do anything without 'is study."

"Ah?" Nicky returned to the little woman, all attention. "Are n't you proud of him? Is n't it splendid how he 's brought them round? How they 're all praising him?"

"So they 'd ought to," Rose said. " 'E 's worked 'ard enough for it. The way 'e works! 'E 'll sit think-thinkin' for hours before 'e seems as if 'e could get fair 'old of a word—"

They had all stopped talking to Tanqueray and were listening to Tanqueray's wife.

"Then 'e 'll start writin', slow-like; and 'e 'll go over it again and again, a-scratchin' out and a-scratchin' out, till all 'is papers is a marsk of ink; and 'e 'll 'ave to write all that over again. And the study and the care 'e gives to it you 'd never think."

Nicky's ear leaned closer than ever, as if to shelter and protect her, and Rose became aware that George's forehead was lowering upon her from the other end of the table and trying to scowl her into silence.

After that Rose talked no more. She sat wondering miserably what it was that she had done. It did not occur to her that what had annoyed him was her vivid revelation of his method. The dinner she was enjoying so much had suddenly become dreadful to her.

Her wonder and her dread still weighed on her, long after it was over, when she was showing Mrs. Brodrick the house. Her joy and her pride in it were dashed. Over all the house there hung the shadow of George's awful scowl. It seemed to her that George's scowl must have had something to do with Mrs. Brodrick; that she must have shamed him in some way before the lady he thought so much of, who thought so much of him—a little too much, Rose said to herself, seeing as how she was a married woman.

And for the first time there crept into Rose's obscurely suffering soul a fear and a jealousy of Mrs. Brodrick.

Jane felt it, and divined beneath it the suffering that was its cause. It was not as if she had not known how George could make a woman suffer.

Her acutest sense of it came to her as they stood together in the bedroom that she had been called on to admire. Rose's bedroom was a wonder of whiteness; so was the great smooth double bed; but the smoothest and the whitest thing in it was Tanqueray's pillow, where Tanqueray's head had never lain. There was a tiny dressing-room beyond, and through the open door Jane caught a sight of the low camp-bed where, night after night, Tanqueray's genius flung its victim down to sleep off the orgy of the day's work. The dressing-room was a place where he could hide from Rose by night as he hid from her by day. And Rose, when they took the house, had been so proud of the dressing-room.

Jane, seeing these things, resolved to remove the fear and jealousy. She must let Rose see that she was not dangerous; and she knew how.

She began by asking Rose when she was coming out to Putney? And Rose answered that she was busy, and could n't say for sure.

"You won't be busy in August, will you? If you 'll come then, I 'll show you a room you have n't seen, the prettiest room in the house."

Rose drew in her breath. Her face had the soft flush in it that came when she was deeply moved.

"I 've got some of its dear little things all ready for it now," said Jane. "You must see them."

"I should dearly love to."

"I never thought, Rose, that I should have it."

Rose meditated. "They come," said she, "mostly to them that does n't think."

"There 's only one thing, Rose: I 'm afraid. Oh, I 'm so dreadfully afraid!"

"I should n't be afraid," said Rose, "if it was me."

"It 's because I 've been so happy."

"You 'll be 'appier still when it 's come. It 'd make all the difference to me if I 'ad a child. But that 's what I have n't, and never shall have."

"You don't know. You don't know."

"Yes, I do know." Rose's mouth trembled. She glanced unaware at the pillow that lay so smooth beside her own. "I 'ave n't let on to him how much I want it.

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I would n't," Rose steadied her mouth to get the words out, "not if it was ever so."

"You darling!" said Jane, and kissed her, and at that Rose burst into tears.

"I ought n't to be keeping you here," she said. And they left the bedroom.

"Are n't you coming in?" said Jane.

Rose had turned away from her at Tanqueray's door.

"I can't," she whispered. "Not with me eyes all swelled up like this."

She went down-stairs to her little kitchen, where in the half-darkness she crouched down beside Minny, who, with humped shoulders and head that nodded to the fender, dozed before the fire.

XXVIII

LAURA GUNNING was writing a letter to Tanqueray to congratulate him on his book and to explain why she had not come to his birthday party. It was simply impossible to get off now. Papa, she said, could n't be left for five minutes, not even with the morning paper.

It was frightfully hard work getting all this into any intelligible form of words; getting it down at all was difficult. For the last hour she had been sitting there, starting and trembling at every rustle of the paper. Mr. Gunning could not settle down to reading now. He turned his paper over and over again in the vain search for distraction; he divided it into parts, and became entangled in them; now he would cast them from him and trample them under his feet; and now they would be flapping about his head; he would be covered and utterly concealed in newspaper.

It was a perpetual wind of newspaper, now high, now low; small, creeping sounds that rose to a crescendo; rushing, ripping, shrieking sounds of agitated newspaper, lacerating Laura's nerves, and murderous to the rhythm of her prose. Tears fell from Laura's eyes as she wrote, and dropped, disfiguring her letter. Her head ached. It was always aching now. And when she tried to write she felt as if she were weaving string out of the gray matter of her brain, with the thread breaking all the time.

At four o'clock she rose wearily and began to get tea ready. Nina was coming to tea that afternoon. It was something to look forward to, something that would stave off the pressure and the pain.

Her tether had stretched; it had given her inches: but this was the end of it. She herself did not see, now, any more than Nina or Jane or Tanqueray saw, how she was to go on. For instance, she did not know how she was to face the terrible question of finance. For the last six months she had not written any paragraphs. Even if Papa had not made it impossible for her to write them, her head and all the ideas in it were giving out. She had lost her job. She was now living precariously on translation, which could be done, she maintained, when you had no head at all. She would get twenty pounds for it, and there would be forty, perhaps, for the book which she had been sitting up to write. She did not know where the money for next year was coming from; and there were the doctor and the chemist now to pay for poor Papa.

The doctor and the chemist had not cured him of his dreams. The dreams were incessant, and they were more horrid than they had ever been. She had not slept for fear of the opening of the door, the sound of the slow feet shuffling to her bedside, and the face that took more and more the likeness of the horrors that he dreamed.

The dreams, she had gathered, were a very bad sign. She had been told that she must be on the lookout; she must not leave him. She knew what that meant. Her fear might take shape any day or any night.

Last night she had moved her bed into his room.

The doctor had looked grave when she told him what she had done. There should be, he said, an attendant for the night. To be on the lookout night and day was too much for any woman. She should husband her strength, for she would want it. She was in for a very long strain. For the old man's bodily health was marvelous. He might last like that for another ten years, and with care for longer.

Nina had been drawn apart into the inner room to receive this account of Mr. Gunning. She was shocked by the change she found in her little friend. The Kiddy was very thin. Her pretty, slender neck was wasted, and her childlike wrists were flattened to the bone. A sallow tint was

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invading her whiteness. Her hair no longer waved in its low curves; it fell flat and limp from the parting. Her eyes, strained, fixed in their fear, showed a rim of white. Her mouth was set tight, in defiance of her fear. Nina noticed that there was a faint sagging mark on each side of it.

"Kiddy," she said, "how *will* you—"

"I don't know. My brain 's all woolly, and it won't think."

Laura closed her eyes, a way she had when she faced terror.

"Nina, it was horrible yesterday. I caught myself wishing—oh, no, I don't; I did n't; I could n't! It was something else, not I. It could n't have been I, could it?"

"No, Kiddy; of course it could n't."

"I don't know. I feel sometimes as if I could be awful. Yesterday I did a cruel thing to him. I took his newspaper away from him."

She stared, agonized, as if her words were being wrenched from her with every turn of a rack.

"I hid it, and he cried. Nina, he cried."

Her sad eyes fastened on Nina's; they clung, straining at the hope they saw in Nina's pity.

"I can't think how I did it. I could n't stand it, you know—the rustling."

"Kiddy," said Nina, "you 're going to pieces."

Laura shook her head. "Oh, no. If I could have peace—if I could only have peace—for three days."

"You must have it; you must go away."

"How can I go and leave him?"

"Tanks's wife would come."

"Three days." It seemed as if she were considering it; as if her mind, drowning, snatched at that straw. She let it go. "No; it 's no use going away. It would make no difference." She turned her face from Nina. "In some ways," she said, "it 's a good thing I 've got Papa to think of."

Nina was silent. She knew what Laura meant.

XXIX

THEY had preserved, as by a compact, a perpetual silence on the subject of Owen Prothero. But always, after seeing Laura, Nina had forced herself to write to him that he might know she had been true to her trust.

To-night she wrote: "I have done all I can for you, or, if you like, for Laura. She 's at the breaking-point. If you think there 's anything you can do for her yourself, you 'd better do it, and lose no time."

She wrote brutally; for, mixed with her jealousy, there was a savage anger with Owen as the cause of Laura's suffering. She hated the Kiddy, but she could n't bear to see her suffer.

There were two days yet before the mail went; but she posted her letter at once, while her nerve held out. The thing done, she sat up till midnight brooding over it. It had taken all her nerve; for she did not want Prothero to come back, and that letter would bring him. Bodily separation from Owen had not killed her; it had become the very condition of her life; for there was a soul of soundness in her. Her blood, so vehement in its course, had the saving impetus of recoil. She dreaded its dominion, as the whipped slave dreads the lash.

Latterly she had detached herself even spiritually from Owen. She remembered what she had been before without him, and what, without him, she had possessed. Her genius was a thing utterly removed from her—a thing that belonged to Owen rather than to her, since he had said it was his youth. She thought of it tenderly, as of a thing done for and departed; for it was so that she had come to think of Owen's youth. She was not like Jane; she felt no hatred of it and no jealousy. It had not given her cause. It had not stood in her way. It had not struggled in her against her passion. If it had, she knew that she would have swept it aside and crushed it. It had lain always at the mercy of her passions; she had given it to her passions to destroy, foreseeing the destruction. But now she relented. She felt that she would save it if she could.

It was in her hour of sanity and insight that she had said virginity was the law, the indispensable condition. Virginity—she had always seen it, not as a fragile, frustrate thing, but as a joyous, triumphing energy, the cold, wild sister of mountain winds and leaping waters, subservient only to her genius, guarding the flame in its secret, unsurrendered heart.

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Her genius was the genius of wild earth, an immortal of divinely pitiful virgin heart and healing hand; clear-eyed, swift-footed, a huntress of the woods and the mountains, a runner in the earth's green depths, in the secret, enchanted ways. To follow it was to know joy and deliverance and peace. It was the one thing that had not betrayed her.

There had been moments lately when she had had almost the assurance of its ultimate return; when she had felt the stirring of the old impulse, the immortal instinct; when she longed for the rushing of her rivers, and the race of the wind on her mountains of the marches. It would come back, her power, if she were there, in the place where it was born; if she could get away from streets and houses and people; if she got away from Laura.

But Laura was the one thing she could not get away from. She had to be faithful to her trust.

It would be seven weeks, at the soonest, before Owen could come back. Her letter would take three weeks to reach him, and he would have to make arrangements. She wondered whether the Kiddy could hold out so long.

All night she was tormented. by this fear of the Kiddy's not holding out, of her just missing it; of every week being one more nail hammered, as she had once said, into the Kiddy's little coffin; and it was with a poignant premonition that she received a message from Addy Ranger in the morning. Miss Ranger was down-stairs; she had something to say to Miss Lempriere; she must see her. She could n't come up; she had n't a minute.

Addy stood outside on the door-step. She was always in a violent hurry when on her way to Fleet Street, the scene, for the time being, of her job. But this morning her face showed signs of a profounder agitation. She made a rush at Nina.

"Oh, Miss Lempriere, will you go to Laura?"

"Is she ill?"

"No; *he* is. He 's dying. He 's in a fit. I think it 's killing her."

When Nina reached the house in Camden Town the blinds were down.

The fit,—it was apoplexy, Mrs. Baxter informed her—had not been long. It had come on mercifully in his sleep; "mercifully" (Mrs. Baxter leaned on the word); but Miss Lempriere had better go up at once to Miss Gunning.

Nina went without a word.

The bed had been drawn into the middle of the small back room. The body of the old man lay on it, covered with a sheet. His head was tilted a little, showing the prone arch of the peaked nose; the jaw was bound with a handkerchief. Already the features were as they had been in the days before disease had touched them. Death had constrained them to their primal sanity. Death dominated them like a living soul.

The death-bed and its burden filled the room. In the narrow space between it and the wall little Laura went to and fro, to and fro, looking for a pair of white socks that were not there and never had been there. She must find, she was saying, a pair of white socks, of clean white socks. They had told her that they were necessary.

XXX

It was on the thirtieth of July that Laura's father died. Three weeks later Laura was living in the room in Adelphi Terrace which had been Owen Prothero's. Nina had taken her away from the house in Camden Town where she had sat alone with her grief and remorse and the intolerable memories of her fear. They said that her mind would give way if she were left there.

And now, secretly and in a night, her trouble had passed from her. Lying there in Owen's room, on his bed, held as in shelter by the walls that had held him, there had come to her a strange and intimate sense of his presence. More strangely and more intimately still, it assured her of her father's presence and continuance, of it all being as Owen had said. She felt a cool, soft wind pass over her, lying there. It came like an aura of immortality.

After that night the return of her bodily health was rapid, a matter of three days; and they said of her that this marvelous recovery was due to the old man's death, to her release from the tension.

Late one afternoon she was sitting by herself at Owen's window, which looked out to the sky. Outside, the rain streamed in a gray mist to the streets and the river. At the sound of it her heart lifted with a

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sudden wildness and tremor. She started when Nina opened the door and came to her, haggard and unsmiling.

Nina was telling her twice over to go down-stairs. There was somebody there who had come to see her. When she asked who it was, Nina answered curtly that she, Laura, knew.

Laura went down to Nina's room, the room that looked over the river.

Prothero stood by the window, with his back to the light.

She gave a low, sobbing cry of joy and fear, and stayed where she had entered; and he strode forward and took her in his arms. He held her for a long moment, bending to her, his lips pressed to hers, till she drew back her face suddenly and looked at him.

"Do you know? Has Nina told you?"

"I knew three weeks ago."

"Did she wire?"

"Nobody wired."

"Why have you come, then?"

"*You* sent for me."

"Oh, no, no; it was n't I. I could n't. How could you think I would?"

"Why could n't you?"

"It would have been a dreadful thing to do."

"That dreadful thing is what you did. I heard you all night—the night of the thirtieth; you were crying to me. And in the morning I saw you."

"You saw me?"

"I saw you in a little room that I 've never seen you in. You were going up and down in it, with your hands held out, like this, in front of you. You were looking for something. And I knew that I had to come."

"And you came," she said, "just for that?"

"I came—just for that."

An hour later he was alone for a moment with Nina. She had come in with her hat and jacket on.

"Do you mind," she said, "if I go out? I 've *got* to go."

There was nothing to be said. He knew the nature of her necessity, and she knew that he knew. She stood confronting him and his knowledge with a face that never flinched. His eyes protested, with that eternal tenderness of his that had been her undoing. She steadied her voice under it.

"I want you to know, Owen, that I did send for you."

"It was like your goodness."

She shrugged her thin shoulders. "There was nothing else," she said, "that I could do."

That night, while Prothero and Laura sat together holding each other's hands, Nina walked up and down outside on the Embankment, in the rain. She had said that she was more like a man than a woman, and with her stride that gave her garments recklessly to the rain, with her impetuous poise and hooded, hungry eyes, she had the look of some lean and vehement adolescent, driven there by his youth.

The next day, very early, she went down into Wales, a virgin to her mountains. She had done all she could.

XXXI

LAURA and Prothero were married in November, three weeks after the birth of Jane's baby. But for that supreme event they might never have been married at all.

For Prothero had offended the powers that governed his material destiny, the editors and proprietors of the "Morning Telegraph." A man who, without a moment's notice, could fling up his appointment,—an appointment, mind you, that he had obtained not by any merit of his own, but through the grace and favor of an editor's wife; an appointment that he held precariously, almost on sufferance, by mercy extended to him day by day and hour by hour,—what could he hope for from sane, responsible men like Brodrick and Levine? Did he imagine that appointments hung on lamp-posts ready to his hand? Or that they waited only for his appearance, to fall instantly upon his head? And that, if they did fall on his head, he could take them on and off like his hat? And did he think that he could play the fool with a paper like the "Morning Telegraph"?

These questions Brodrick asked of Levine, and Levine of Brodrick, before the unspeakably shocked, the unconditionally assenting faces of John and Henry.

All the Brodricks disapproved of Prothero, and were annoyed with him for flinging up his appointment. Jane pleaded that he had flung it up because he was fond of Laura and wanted to marry her; and she was told that that was all the

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more reason why he should have stuck to it. They were annoyed with him for keeping Laura hanging on when he knew he could not marry her, and they were annoyed with him for wanting to marry her at all. They admitted that it was very sad for Laura; they liked Laura; they approved of Laura; she had done her duty by all the family she had, and had nearly died of it. And when Jane suggested that all Prothero wanted was to do the same, they replied that Prothero had no business to think of having a family,—they supposed that was what it would end in,—a man who could not keep himself, much less a delicate wife and half a dozen children. There would be half a dozen; there always were in cases like Prothero's. And at that Jane smiled, and said they would be darlings if they were at all like Laura.

They were annoyed with Jane for her championship of Prothero. They were immeasurably annoyed with her when she and Tanqueray, and Arnott Nicholson and Nina published his poems—a second volume—by subscription. They subscribed generously, and grew more resentful on the strength of it. Jane pleaded, but Brodrick was inexorable. The more she pleaded, the more inexorable he was. This time he put his foot down, and put it, as Jane bitterly remarked, on poor Owen Prothero's neck. It was a neck, a stiff and obstinate neck, that positively invited the foot of a stiff and obstinate man.

Brodrick remained inexorable for two months. Then (it was in the beginning of October when Henry was telling them that Jane must on no account be agitated) he and Jane nearly quarreled about Prothero. She said that he was cruel, and that if Owen went into a consumption, and Laura died of hunger, it would be all his fault. And when he tried to reason gently with her she went off into a violent fit of hysterics. The next day Brodrick had a son born to him, a whole month before Henry had expected anything of the kind.

At first Brodrick was more than ever enraged with Prothero for tampering with other people's families like that. Jane had to go very near to death before his will was broken. It broke, though, at the touch of her weak arms round his neck, at the sight of her tortured body, and at her voice, sounding from the doors of death and birth, imploring him to do something for Owen Prothero.

Jane had hardly had time to recover before Prothero got work again on Brodrick's paper.

Laura said they owed that to Jinny's baby. They were married before Jinny's baby could be christened. It was a rather sad and strange little wedding, in the parish church of Camden Town, with Brodrick to give away the bride, and Caro Bickersteth for bridesmaid, and Tanqueray for best man. Nina was not there. She had sent Laura a check for two hundred pounds two months before,—the half of her savings,—and told her to go and marry Owen with it at once, and she had torn it up in a fury when Laura sent it back. She could do all that; but she could not go and see Laura and Owen getting married.

The two had found a lodging in an old house in Hampstead, not far from the Consumption Hospital. Laura had objected to the hospital, but Owen refused to recognize it as a thing of fear. He had fallen in love with the house. It topped a rise at the end of the precipitous lane that curls out of the great modern High Street. It stood back in its garden, its narrow, flat-eyed windows staring over the wall down the lane.

Here, with the precipitance which marked their movements, they established themselves in three rooms, two for work and one for sleep. Three rooms on a silent upper floor was their idea of a perfect lodging. Rose superintended their removal. Rose, very earnestly and gravely, took Laura's housekeeping in hand. To Rose, Laura's housekeeping was a childish thing. She enlightened its innocence and controlled its ardors and its indiscretions. Spring chicken on a Tuesday and a Wednesday, and all Thursday nothing but such stuff as rice and macaroni was, Rose said, a-flyin' outrageous to extremes. But a breast of veal, stewed in rice, if rice you must have, was what you might call sensible.

Rose, who had once felt that there was nothing in common between her and her husband's friends, was being gradually drawn to them. Jane's baby had been the link with Jane; Mr. Gunning had been the link with Laura. She shared with Laura and Prothero the rare genius of devotion to a person. Rose was shocked

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and bewildered by many of the little ways of creators, but she knew *their* secret. They loved one another more than they loved anything they created. They loved one another as she loved Tanqueray, but with a perfect comprehension.

That was not the way of the others. It was not Nina's or Tanqueray's way. It was not even Jane's way. Jane had taken into her life elements of tumult and division. The lord her god, Tanqueray had once told her, was a consuming fire. Married, she served a double flame. The flame burned singly only in Prothero and Laura.

Their happiness was ominously perfect. And as time went on, Rose shook her wise head over them. They had been married six months, and Rose was beginning to think what a difference it would make if Laura were to have a little baby, and she could come in sometimes and take care of it. But Laura had n't a little baby, and was n't going, she said, to have a little baby. She did n't want one. Laura was elated because she had had a book. She had thought she was never going to have another, and it was the best book she had ever had.

She could n't have believed that so many good things could come to her at once. For Laura, in spite of her happiness, remained a skeptic at heart. She went cautiously, dreading the irony of the jealous gods.

Tanqueray had bullied his publishers into giving a decent price for Laura's book. And, to the utter overthrow of Laura's skepticism, the book went well. It had a levity and charm that provoked and captured and never held you for a minute too long. A demand arose for more of the same kind from the same author, and for her earlier books, the ones that she had got out of bed to write, and that did n't and would n't sell.

For her husband's poems there had been no demand at all. He was not unknown; far from it. He fell conspicuously, illustriously, between the reviewers who reviled him and the public who would have none of him. If they had only let him alone! But they did n't. There was no poet more pursued and persecuted than Owen Prothero. He trailed bleeding feet, like a scapegoat, on all the high mountains. He brought reproach and ridicule on the friends who defended him,—on Jane Holland, and Nina Lempriere, and Tanqueray,—which was what he minded most of all.

He was beginning to wonder whether, at this rate, there would be any continued demand for his paragraphs and his columns, for any of the work he did for the "Morning Telegraph." His editors were by no means satisfied. If only he could write columns and paragraphs as Laura wrote them. But he could n't really write them properly at all. And the dreadful irony of it was that when he ought to be writing paragraphs, poems would come; and that when he was writing poems, he would have to leave off, as often as not, to finish a paragraph.

Laura said to herself that she was going to make an end of all that.

Her gift was so small that it could n't in any way crown him; there was no room on his head for anything besides his own stupendous crown. But if she could n't put it on his head,—her poor gift,—she could lay it, she could spread it out at his feet, to make his way softer. He had praised it; he had said that in its minute way it was wonderful and beautiful; and to her the beauty and the wonder of it were that, though it was so small, it could make his gift greater. With it she could provide the necessary material conditions —sleep and good food, long leisure and the perfection of peace. These things her gift could bring to his.

She cried a little as she thought how she had struggled for years to get them for poor Papa, and how he had had to do without. And she smiled again, thinking, after all, how pleased he would have been if he had known; and how he had always been fond of Owen, and how Owen had always been nice to him.

One evening she brought all the publishers' letters and the checks and things, and laid them before Owen as he sat in gloom.

"It looks as if we were going to make lots of money."

"We!"

"Yes, we; you and I. Is n't it funny?"

"I don't think it 's funny at all," said Owen. "It might be—a little funny, if I made it, and not you."

"Darling, that would be funnier than anything."

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Her laughter darted at him, sudden and sweet and shrill, and it cut him to the heart. His gravity was now portentous.

"The beauty of it is," she persisted, defying all his gravity, "that, if I can go on, you won't have to make it. And I shall go on; I feel it; I feel myself going. I 've got a dream, Owen—such a beautiful dream. Some day, instead of sitting there breaking your heart over those horrid paragraphs, instead of rushing down to Fleet Street in the rain and the sleet and the fog, you shall ramp up and down here, darling, making poems; and it won't matter if you wear the carpet out, if you wear ten carpets. You shall make poems all day long, and you—shall—never—write—another—paragraph again. You do them very badly."

"You need n't remind me of that," said Owen in his gloom.

"But, surely, you don't want to do them *well?*"

"You know what I want."

"You talk as if you had n't got it."

She crouched down beside him and laid her face against his knee. "I don't think it 's nice of you," she said, "not to be pleased when I 'm pleased."

His eyes lightened. His head slid down to her and caressed her hair.

"I *am* pleased with your success," he said. "That 's what I wanted—to see you going strong, doing nothing but the work you love. All the same—"

"Well?"

"Can't you understand that I don't want to see my wife working for me?"

She laughed again. "You 're just like that silly old Tanks. *He* could n't bear to see his wife working when she wanted to; so he would n't let her work, and the poor little soul got ill with not having what she wanted. You did n't want me to get ill, did you?"

"I wanted to take care of you, well or ill. I wanted to work for you all my life long."

"And you wanted me to be happy?"

"More than anything, I wanted you to be happy."

"But you did n't, and you don't, want me to be happy—in my own way?"

He rose and lifted her from the floor where she crouched, and held her so tight to him that he hurt her.

"My little one," he murmured, "can't you understand it? Can't you see it? You 're so small—so small!"

(To be continued)

IN LOWER NEW YORK

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

STAND here with me. The throngs dissolve away.
The sunset fades. A single star grows bright.
The moon as purely sheds her balm of light
Through these cliff-corridors as on the bay
Pure-spread beyond them. Sea-breeze murmurs say,
Not all of time is pledged for gain; the night
Means sleeping even here; and in despite
Of gold and greed will dawn a Sabbath day.
There is no peace like this, the deep repose
Of citadels of haggard restlessness.
Prairie and mountain-top and twilight snows
Breathe of the benison of silence less
Than these tired streets, dazed with the noise of men,
When the calm darkness bids them sleep again.

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PORTRAIT STUDY

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

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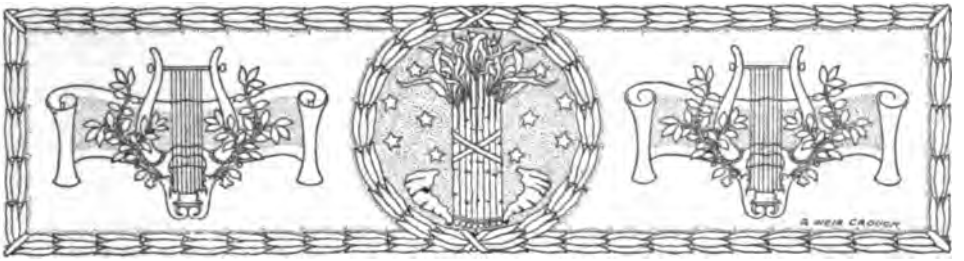

AN AMERICAN TENOR AT LAST

(RICCARDO MARTIN)

BY HENRY T. FINCK

OPERATIC extension is the musical question of the hour. Most of our large cities are eager to have opera companies of their own. There is only one thing to prevent this—the scarcity of good singers. The supply of these falls lamentably short of the demand; and without a sufficient number of first-class artists, operatic extension is an impossibility; for Americans, unlike Europeans, will have nothing if they cannot have the best. Andreas Dippel and Oscar Hammerstein have attempted to cater to diverse cities by sending the leading singers of the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera-houses to them during the regular New York season; but the artists are now up in rebellion against this policy, because traveling in overheated cars injures their delicate vocal organs, and their general health suffers.

With many thousands of students preparing for a stage career every year, it is a mystery why so few succeed. America has so far produced barely a score of high-class grand-opera singers. It is significant that all but three or four of these are women; the operatic gifts of American women are now recognized in Europe as well as in America. The American man is as much in a minority here as he is in the concert-hall audiences, and the rarest of all song-birds is an American tenor.

The managers of the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera-houses have almost a monopoly of the world's best tenors. They have Caruso, Bonci, Burrian, Slezak, Clément, Reiss, Martin, Dalmores, and Zenatello; we may add to these McCormack and Jörn. To realize what this means, we must bear in mind that any European opera-house considers itself lucky to boast of one tenor of their rank. In this list there is a single American—Riccardo Martin; and what is more singular still, he is the first American tenor worthy of being included in such a group.

The story of how he came to be one of the leading tenors of the time is not only interesting in itself, but it is told here in the hope that it may tempt other American youths to follow his example. Unless plenty of them do this, we may as well abandon all hope of operatic extension, or of opera in English.

While the three foremost American sopranos, Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames, and Geraldine Farrar, are products of Maine and Massachusetts, to Kentucky belongs the honor of having given us our first great tenor. In that State Riccardo Martin was born on November 18, 1878. Both his parents were Americans, though of French descent. In his native village, Hopkinsville, where he spent the first ten years of his life, it was at that time considered all right for a girl to study music, but "let a boy take music-lessons," they said, "and he will never earn his salt." Sharing these views, the Martins opposed their boy's early infatuation for the forbidden art; but he found opportunity to learn the violin on the sly and to pick out harmonies on the piano. Some years later he went to Berlin, where he began to study composition, again on the sly. His *Wanderlust* then took him to Naples. Here he

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applied for admission to one of the conservatories, but was rejected. A private teacher subsequently told him it would be a miracle if ever he developed voice enough for a public singer.

Drifting back to the United States, he studied at Columbia University four years (1896–1900) under America's foremost composer, Edward MacDowell. A fellow-student, W. H. Humiston, also a composer of promise, tells me he was "struck by the extremely friendly attitude toward Martin that MacDowell always maintained." MacDowell was at that time conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, and he found a place for his pupil among the second tenors. "His work in the counterpoint and composition class was decidedly above the average," says Mr. Humiston, "and it was his serious attitude toward his art, combined with his talent, that pleased MacDowell. In 1900, I heard him sing *Siegmund's* Love-Song from Wagner's "Walküre," and admired the way he produced and shaded his tones, but I did not then dream of his becoming a professional singer, and forgot all about this incident till I heard him heralded as a coming tenor."

In truth, Mr. Martin himself had no intention at this time of being a professional singer, but took the courses at Columbia with a view to becoming a composer. Dr. Holbrook Curtis convinced him that he had a voice, and showed him how to place tones correctly, enabling him thus to develop a voice of operatic possibilities, and thereupon Mr. Martin made up his mind to become an opera-singer. Thanks to his friend and pupil, Harry Harkness Flagler, who supplied the "sinews of war," he was enabled to return to Europe to carry out his intention. He went to Paris, where Sbriglia advised his choosing a stage career, and Jean de Reszke gave him useful hints. While complimenting him on the quality of his voice, the great Polish tenor, whose watchword had always been "Moderation," warned him against singing too strenuously.

After three years of study in Paris he accepted a position as tenor at the Municipal Opéra in Nantes, where he made his first public appearance, in 1904, as *Faust*. It was here that he was first announced as "Richard" Martin, the manager having decided that the tenor's real name, Hugh, would be a disadvantage to a singer, and knowing that Martin came near being named Richard after an uncle. His first Italian manager, as a matter of course, changed it to Riccardo; and that name he retained in America, too, by the advice of Heinrich Conried, as the one under which he had won his successes abroad.

He left the Opéra at Nantes by the advice of the *chef d'orchestre,* an Italian, who urged him to go to Italy, because his voice, emission, and general style were essentially Italian. So he went to Milan, and studied a few Italian rôles under the guidance of Franklin Cannone. Later, on the advice of Caruso and Scotti, he studied in Florence with Vincenzo Lombard, to whom he holds himself much indebted. Milan is the headquarters for the engagement of singers in all parts of Europe. The agents soon discovered the young American tenor, and during the years 1905 and 1906 he sang at Verona and Milan. At Verona he made his Italian début on November 4, 1905, in "Andrea Chénier," in which he sang nineteen times in thirty days! He considers this the real beginning of his career. After appearing in the same rôle in Milan, he accepted an engagement with the San Carlo Opera Company in New Orleans, of which Lillian Nordica was then a member.

On one occasion, after he had sung repeatedly with that famous prima donna, she refused positively to appear with the *Manrico* who had been announced for the afternoon, demanding that Mr. Martin should take his place. He had been announced to appear as *Don Jose* in "Carmen" on the evening of the same day. Nordica declared that he could sing both the rôles, while the conductor maintained that the thing was impossible. "No mortal tenor could stand such a strain." Nevertheless, he appeared in both of the operas. It was in Chicago; the public gave him a rousing reception, and the critics declared there could be nothing wrong about the method of a tenor who could start in at two in the afternoon singing *Manrico's* serenade and finish by stabbing *Carmen* an hour before midnight, his voice sounding fresh and strong to the very end.

With the San Carlo Opera Company, Martin appeared in sixteen leading American cities. In Los Angeles he repeated

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the experiment of singing two operas in one day: "Faust" in the afternoon, "Carmen" in the evening; and in San Francisco he appeared in "Faust" and "I Pagliacci" on the same day. He wisely determined to abandon this hazardous proceeding.

Heinrich Conried did not hear him during the year that he was a member of the San Carlo Company, but he heard of him, and it was in Germany, at Bad Nauheim, in presence of Richard Strauss, that the young American tenor sang for the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, who promptly engaged him for five years. He made his début at that house November 20, 1907, as *Faust* in Boïto's "Mefistofele," the other leading parts being taken by Geraldine Farrar and the gigantic Russian basso, Feodor Chaliapine. The following day I wrote in the "Evening Post" regarding Mr. Martin: "If we are not very much mistaken, he will develop into that unheard-of-thing, a first-class American tenor. Indeed, in the last acts he was that unprecedented thing last night; his clear, pure voice rang out with splendid force and sonority. Mr. Conried must be congratulated on this acquisition." The criticisms in other newspapers were more reserved, partly because few of the critics ever remain to hear the last acts of an opera, in which the singers are almost invariably better than during the first hour or two, when they have not yet warmed to their tasks.

From a photograph, copyright, 1909 by Aimé Dupont

RICCARDO MARTIN AS *MARIO CAVARADOSSI* IN "TOSCA"

It is fortunate that Mr. Martin has had the opportunity for development provided by the unrivaled collection of great artists assembled at the Metropolitan Opera House. It has been plausibly maintained that the much-debated old Italian method of teaching pupils how to sing consisted largely in providing opportunities for them to listen to the great vocalists and try to imitate the quality of their voices and their use of it. Mr. Martin assures me he has learned a great deal by standing in the wings, listening to Caruso and his other great colleagues. Caruso

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From a photograph by the Mishkin Studio

AS *LIEUTENANT B. F. PINKERTON* IN "MADAMA BUTTERFLY"

From a photograph by G. Moses & Son

AS *CANIO* IN "I PAGLIACCI"

has also given him hints on various occasions. Once he took him aside and said: "You sang that air beautifully, but the next time you must sing it with more expression."

It is undeniably true that Mr. Martin's voice still lacks variety of color and dramatic expression, and that he has not given a sufficient amount of attention to the histrionic side of his art, including facial expression. The attitude of operatic audiences on this point has changed greatly within the last three decades. Marcella Sembrich once told me that when she first appeared on the operatic stage it was sufficient to sing well, but that gradually she was compelled to study the art of acting also. Mr. Martin will have to follow her example to keep in the swim. In the meantime, we may continue to enjoy his voice and his vocal art. How exceptionally good those are may be inferred from an incident that happened the present season. Seeing

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AS *DON JOSE* IN "CARMEN"

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Mme. Nordica during an intermission at a "Tosca" performance, I went over for a chat. The first thing she said was: "Do you know, when I came in, a little late, with my husband, I said: 'Why, Caruso is singing to-night.'" But it was Martin, in the rôle of *Cavaradossi*. I have myself more than once been thus deceived.

Caruso's temporary illness has several times been Martin's opportunity. The thorough education in harmony, composition, and instrumentation which he got from MacDowell have also been a great aid to him. Repeatedly, when he begged for a rehearsal, Toscanini would say: "Oh, you don't need one. You are a musician."

The same great conductor once paid him a pretty compliment as a composer. He had found one of his songs on Mme. Destinn's piano, and some days later, at a rehearsal, he surprised the tenor by playing the opening lines from memory. Another interesting incident occurred in Paris. There was one of Martin's songs, to a French text, "Bonjour, Suzon!" which a prominent American publisher had refused on the ground that the music was "not in the French style." In Paris Mr. Martin took it to a French publisher, who, after playing it over, remarked: "You mean to say that you, an American, wrote that?"

The list of Mr. Martin's compositions includes a dozen songs, and four choruses, two of which have been sung by the Mendelssohn Glee Club. He hopes to do more work of this sort when he no longer has to sing from three to five times a week. His favorite operatic rôles at present are in "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," "Aïda," "Tosca," and "Andrea Chénier." His repertoire further includes the chief tenor rôles in "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "La Wally," "Manon Lescaut," "Mefistofele," "Madame Butterfly," and "La Bohème." He has not yet appeared in German opera, but he has studied "Lohengrin" with Gustav Mahler and has also learned *Walter* in "Die Meistersinger"—two operas in which he would be glad to appear soon. Perhaps he may have a chance the coming season at Covent Garden, London, for which he is engaged. He speaks German well, also French and Italian; indeed, he has been accused of having "a Neapolitan accent."

AS *FAUST* IN GOUNOD'S "FAUST"

CHAUCER

BY WILLIAM L. CORBIN

CHILD of the dawn, we hear thy loving laughter
When May and the lark are welcoming the morn,
And over daisied fields, past rows of thorn,
And down a pilgrimway, where knight and squire
With lowlier folk from many a merry shire
Are telling tales, childlike we follow after.

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SOME EARLY PORTRAITS

AT EIGHTEEN

AT
FOUR YEARS

AT TEN
TO
TWELVE

AT TWENTY-THREE

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OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT TWENTY-EIGHT (BORN OCTOBER 27, 1858)

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JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET'S DRAWINGS OF AMERICAN INDIANS

BY DE COST SMITH

IT will be news to the general public that the great French painter, who owes the first practical appreciation of his paintings to American artists and connoisseurs, had an earlier association with this country as the designer of figures of American Indians in a series of published plates. The article which follows, by Mr. De Cost Smith, himself a painter of Indian life, sets forth the circumstances of the collaboration which brought the young Millet into this field.—THE EDITOR.

IT is a far cry to the Forest of Fontainebleau from Fort Mackenzie, once the American Fur Company's post among the Blackfeet, in what is now western Montana; yet there we must begin. At dawn, August 28, 1833, a camp of Piegans was attacked by hostile Assiniboins just outside the walls of the fort, where a German prince and a Swiss artist were called from their beds to help repel the attack.

To these the spectacle was not only novel, but exciting and picturesque, and the world is indebted to one of them, Maximilian, Prince of Neuwied, for a very circumstantial account, and to Karl Bodmer, the artist, for a most spirited picture of this remote event. To the latter also is due the influence it subsequently had upon a certain young French painter who was later to become famous.

I confess to being greatly surprised when I first heard of Millet's Indian subjects. Millet the peasant, the painter of "The Angelus" and "The Man with the Hoe," what could he know of the North American Indian?

After leaving Paris in 1849, the whole existence of Jean François Millet seems to have been that of one detached from the period in which he lived.

From the day he journeyed toward the forest in quest of a small village (the name of which was "something ending in 'zon' ") to devote the rest of his life to the great "Épopée des Champs," up to the time of his death, there can be no doubt that consciously or unconsciously he gradually developed about him an atmosphere which fairly pulsated with the force of his strong individuality—an aura, so to speak, essentially "Millet." As his style matured, the figures in his pictures became more and more "Millet." From selected types he in course of time evolved, we might almost say *created,* men and women embodying the characteristics he was most anxious to portray, depicting the peasant as he himself saw him or wished him to be seen, the archetype of the man of the soil. Rarely, and then only in sketches and studies direct from nature, did he introduce any detail of dress or peculiar cut of beard or hair that would indicate the fashion of the day. I recall only two figures from which he failed to eliminate the telltale *taille de barbe,* one with the short *favoris* of Louis Philippe, the other, the mustache of perhaps twenty years later, but neither more than slightly suggested.

In the matter of hats, too, it is the same. Millet's hats are almost invariably of that form which any hat will take on if worn long enough, lived in and slept in, in all kinds of weather.

As an example, take "The Sower."[1] There is little to localize it, virtually nothing to fix time or place. This figure of the strong human male, this toiler full of

[1] There were two "Sowers." Reference is here made to the one in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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From the engraving illustrating Maximilian's travels (New York Public Library)

FORT MACKENZIE, AUGUST 28, 1833

This picture, entirely by Karl Bodmer, is supposed to have suggested Millet's "The Stockade."

energy and movement, is more a symbol, an allegory, than a man of the latter half of the nineteenth century, a citizen, let us say, of the department of Seine-et-Marne. So with Millet himself, how difficult it is to think of him in connection with railroads, steamboats, and the telegraph! No wonder, then, that to us, as to his contemporaries, he was a peasant, a hermit, a dweller in the woods and fields. That, in fact, he was, but he was more. There was another side to his nature—a fondness for literature, for romance and adventure, for travel, though he does not seem to have indulged the latter at first hand,—opportunity was lacking, inclination perhaps as well,—but rather drew his inspiration from the experience and accounts of others.

Alfred Sensier, who was something more than a Boswell to Millet, and whose book still remains the fruitful source of knowledge for most of the great man's biographers, says, "il lut aussi avec passion Shakspere, Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Cooper. . . . Victor Hugo et Châteaubriand l'avaient surtout impressioné vivement."

Châteaubriand, the author of "Atala," like Volney, traveled extensively in America, and had much to say of the Indians, while the *Peau-Rouge* in the flesh was as familiar to the people of Paris in Millet's day as he was to the inhabitants of New York or Boston. In 1845, George Catlin, with his collection of pictures and costumes, was in the French capital, giving joint exhibitions with a party of Indians, though there is reason to believe that Millet never saw them, as he appears to have been in Cherbourg at this period. Returning to Paris in December of the same year, however, he would have had ample opportunity to study the eleven Ojibwas who replaced the Iowas in the Catlin exhibition and remained until the following spring.

All this no doubt helped to arouse Millet's interest in the Indian, but it remained for the young Swiss who fired over the ramparts of Fort Mackenzie that August morning in 1833 to stimulate him to draw and paint those savage scenes which he himself had never had an opportunity to witness.

Just how or when the two men first met, whether in Paris while Bodmer was engaged in the preparation of the splendid plates which were to illustrate Maximilian's travels, or later in the village at the

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From the original sketch by Jean François Millet. Owned by M. Henri Rouart, Paris. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

DELIVERANCE FROM INDIANS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF DANIEL BOONE AND CALLAWAY (SEE NEXT PAGE)

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Detail from a lithograph published in 1874. Owned by Mr. De Cost Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by E. Varley.

DELIVERANCE FROM INDIANS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF DANIEL BOONE AND CALLAWAY

This lithograph is an elaboration of the sketch shown on the previous page. It was almost entirely the work of Millet. The landscape shows but a slight trace of Bodmer's style, while the figures are characteristic of Millet.

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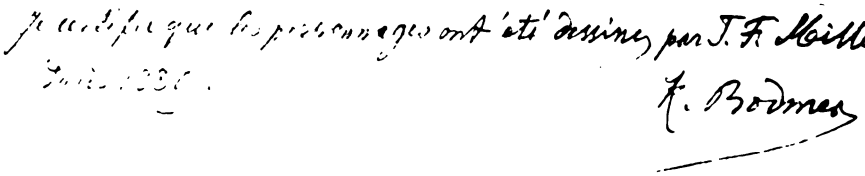
From the lithograph in the New York Public Library (Samuel P. Avery collection)

YOUNG GIRLS SURPRISED BY INDIANS

The landscape is by Karl Bodmer and the figures are by Jean François Millet.

edge of the forest, I am unable to say; but it is certain that they were friends in 1852, and for many years thereafter lived side by side in Barbizon, where their families grew up together.

As already said, Millet had the love of adventure, of action, and danger. He, also, had heard the singing treble of bullets and fought at the barricades; but like most men of strong personality, he had his weaknesses. One of them, if it may be so called, was the need, throughout his life, of the encouragement of a sincere friend of sympathetic tastes, but one in whom he could discern some power which he himself did not possess, some point of superiority. Bodmer's adventures and experiences had greatly surpassed his own. Bodmer was famous and successful, while he was comparatively unknown and discouraged. He was willing to follow where his friend led, to work with him—under his tutelage, it might be said—on subjects which interested both, and which, with Bodmer's signature, might sell; for he knew only too well, from disheartening experience, that *his* name meant little to buyers and publishers. Consequently, the four lithographs of Indian subjects which appeared about the year 1852, though showing stronger contrasts of light and shade and a richness of composition not generally displayed in Bodmer's work of that time, bore the simple statement, "Composed and drawn on stone by K. Bodmer," or, on some copies, the marginal signature "K. Bodmer fecit," but with no mention of Millet.



FACSIMILE OF BODMER'S INDORSEMENT ON THE ABOVE LITHOGRAPH

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Edgar S. Cameron, the artist, who lived for some time in Barbizon, was the first to call my attention to Millet's Indian compositions, and together we visited the exhibition of that great painter's work held in the galleries of the Beaux-Arts in 1887, where, according to my best recollection, were shown some twenty or more Indian subjects, perhaps twenty to twenty-four inches in length, done in crayon or charcoal, with occasional washes of half-tone or white. Most of these contained many figures, were characterized by much movement, and some were signed. We were both impressed particularly by one which represented an Indian attack on a palisaded fort. I think it was called "The Stockade,"—there may have been several variants of the same theme,—undoubtedly inspired by Bodmer's account of the Fort Mackenzie affair.

In addition to "The Stockade," I am able to give the titles of only six others which may be found in the second volume of "Les Grands Peintres aux Ventes Publiques, Jean François Millet," by Louis Soullié, Paris, 1900.

They are as follows: "Mazeppa américain," "Poursuivis par des Peaux-Rouges," "Jeunes filles surprises par les Indiens," "Supplice indien," "Délivrance des filles Daniel Boon [sic] et Callaway," "Enfants surpris par les Indiens"; and another, "Récolte du maïs," may or may not be an American subject.

From a lithograph published in 1852. Owned by Mr. De Cost Smith

LITHOGRAPH FIRST CALLED "SIMON BUTLER" AND LATER KNOWN AS "MAZEPPA AMÉRICAIN"

The horse, and details of foliage, and the foreground are by Karl Bodmer, the figures by Jean François Millet. The following description of the incident is printed on the lithograph: "During the Revolutionary War, Simon Butler, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, was made prisoner by the Indians. They placed him on an unbridled and unbroken horse and turned the animal loose, driving it off at its utmost speed with shouts. The horse unable to shake off this new and strange encumbrance made for the thickest covert of the woods with the speed of the winds and when worn down and exhausted by its fruitless efforts to shake off its burden, brought Butler back to the camp amidst the exulting yells of the savages. Butler was fortunate enough to escape a short time afterward."

I give these titles verbatim as they appear in Soullié's book. The second, third, and fourth are said to have been projects for illustrations of Cooper, and the second is of significant interest for the reason that Millet and Bodmer collaborated in its production, the figures being by Millet, and the landscape and horses by Bodmer.

It was from among these that the subjects for the four lithographs of 1852 were taken. They were, "Mazeppa américain"

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(or "Simon Butler"), "Poursuivis par des Peaux-Rouges," "Jeunes filles surprises par les Indiens," and "Délivrance des filles de Daniel Boon et de Callaway." In the drawings on stone, where horses were introduced, they were by Bodmer, the foliage and landscape also being elaborated by him; but in the original compositions, especially those containing no horses, the work was very largely, and in many cases entirely, Millet's. The exhibition of 1887 having brought to the notice of a few observant connoisseurs the fact that Millet had drawn the American Indian, the idea occurred to some one (thirty-seven years after the first appearance of the lithographs and fourteen years after Millet's death) to have Bodmer certify on the margin of some of these plates that the figures were drawn by Millet.[1]

At first glance, one might naturally think that this Millet-Bodmer partnership was a most one-sided affair, as Bodmer possessed nearly all the necessary knowledge, besides being by far the better illustrator, his work having all those qualities of realism and attention to detail which were conspicuously absent in that of Millet.

Henry Beraldi says:

> Bodmer had lived among the Indians: like Salvator Rosa among the brigands, he captivated their friendship by drawing their portraits: he sojourned in their wigwams, smoked many a calumet, ate dog, was present at the combats of Piegans and Assiniboins, saw scalping, and in short knew *de visu* all that of which the generality of Frenchmen have but a meagre conception through the novels of Gustave Aimard.

From him Millet caught the infection. Yet while seemingly dependent upon Bodmer for his knowledge of costume and types, Millet's Indians, as well as the other figures in these pictures, however disguised by accessories, fairly bristle with Millet's peculiarities of style, and, strange to say, even where they betray no trace whatever of Bodmer's touch, the costume in the main is correct. This shows that he knew his Indians far better than might be expected. To be sure, he did occasionally put the lock on the wrong side of the gun, or hang a powder-horn backward, so as to preclude the possibility of its being used by its owner in an emergency; but this is not so much an evidence of ignorance as of carelessness and a certain contempt for details. Bodmer rarely made mistakes of that kind.[2]

The two men must have worked together from the pure joy of friendship, for it must be confessed that the work of neither was very greatly improved by the other's additions. Bodmer would put a horse into one of Millet's Indian pictures, and add some vegetation in the foreground. Millet would return the favor by introducing figures into Bodmer's landscapes (though Bodmer himself was a capable figure draftsman), with a touch of chiaroscuro which usually took the form of a concentration of light at some particular point.

From Mr. Cameron I learned that the original plan of the two painters was to write and illustrate a book on Indians. At any rate, their enthusiasm, judging from the results which have come down to us, must have lasted for some time.

[1] The four copies (one of each subject) now in the Lenox Library (New York Public Library), which according to Mr. F. Weitenkampf are from the Samuel P. Avery collection, bear this inscription in lead-pencil:

"Je certifie que les personnages ont été dessinés par J. F. Millet K. Bodmer."

Paris 1889

[2] Failure to draw the gun in reverse upon the stone would account for the misplaced gun-locks, but not for the powder-horn being backward.

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MODJESKA'S MEMOIRS

THE RECORD OF A ROMANTIC CAREER

VI—LAST TOURS

BY HELENA MODJESKA

A REMARKABLE RECEPTION AT VICTOR HUGO'S

DURING my London engagement I signed a contract with the American manager John Stetson for the season of 1882–83, to play thirty weeks in succession, with two intervals at Christmas and in Holy Week.

We rested a few weeks at the sea-shore and then went to Paris. Through my friends, who knew Victor Hugo well, we received an invitation to meet him.

We arrived a few minutes early, anxious to be on the spot when the great man left the dining-room. The large reception hall was almost dark, being only scantily lighted by a lamp; but soon a female servant came in with a taper mounted on a long stick and proceeded slowly to light up the room. It was a stately reception hall not unlike many others we saw in France. The arrangement of the furniture, however, was a little puzzling. Two rows of chairs beginning at the fireplace and extending two thirds the length of the hall stood facing each other, with an arm-chair by the fireplace at the end of the right-hand row. On account of the warm weather, however, the fire was not lighted.

Other visitors arrived and sat discreetly on chairs and benches placed along the wall. When the last candle was ablaze, both wings of the dining-room door opened, and a liveried footman, standing stiffly at one side, announced loudly: "M. Victor Hugo." The poet came in accompanied by his guests and "Madame," known to me only by that name.

We rose and stood before a man of medium size, with a flushed face and eagle eyes. His profuse white hair was cut an inch from his scalp and stood erect. He bowed to all of us as he walked between the two rows of chairs until he reached the goal—I mean the arm-chair. The seat next to him was empty. For a long moment the guests and inmates whispered to one another, with their eyes turned toward "the master," as he was called.

It was very solemn. My husband suggested that we should kneel before the great man, say a prayer, ask for his benediction, and depart in peace. Soon, however, one of the visitors was brought into the presence of the host and invited to sit in the empty chair. After a short talk the person rose, to yield the place to another.

The hall was still solemn and silent. This concentrated, worshiping mood was suddenly broken by the entrance of a handsome middle-aged man with a Légion d'Honneur ribbon in his buttonhole, who created a commotion. He spoke loudly, asking Hugo for a decisive answer to his letters. "Madame" was summoned to make an explanation, and this rather energetic intercourse lasted until the departure of the man.

Another solemn pause, and we were introduced. I was invited to sit in the chair my predecessors had occupied in turn.

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No one converses better than the French, and when a Frenchman is also a great poet, the talk becomes stimulating. I was told many things, and asked some questions about my country and America. I was also asked what parts I played. I mentioned some heroines of my repertoire, smiled. I grew more communicative and slightly reckless, and when he suddenly asked me what parts I liked best to act, I answered without hesitation, "Shakspere, of course." An instant realization of my mistake dawned upon me; but it was too late to call back my words or to explain.

From a photograph by Nadar

VICTOR HUGO

and then said that in Poland I also played Victor Hugo's plays a great deal.

"But have you good translations?" he asked.

"Quite decent ones, but they cannot be compared with the originals," I added, smiling; "for the language of the gods can be translated only by the gods themselves."

This seemed to please him, for he also Anything I could add would only make it worse.

The great man sank deeper in his armchair and said nothing. It was time to say good-by. I rose, and Victor Hugo's great manners came to the front immediately. He kissed my hand, and asked me to come again.

"Ma maison est la vôtre," were his last words.

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I thanked him effusively, and took my leave.

AMERICA AGAIN

WE sailed on the steamer *Arizona* on September 9, 1882.

In New York I met Mr. Stetson, my manager, and we arranged my repertoire for the season. To "Adrienne," "Camille," "Juliet," "Maria Stuart," and "Froufrou," I added "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "Odette." I wished to include "A Doll's House," also, but Ibsen's name was utterly unknown in America.

We opened the season not in New York, but in Boston, Mr. Stetson's home, where he had his own theater, the Globe. All my friends were at summer resorts—and Longfellow was no more. The first and only visit I made during my stay in Boston was to his grave.

I threw myself feverishly into my studies, and allowed myself no time for anything else. During the rehearsals I noticed that my stage-manager was doing some guesswork, and I saw that it would be necessary for me to take the direction of plays into my hands. Every scene had to be rehearsed and conducted by me, even to the grouping of the people, the lights, and the scenery.

MAURICE BARRYMORE

THREE BASKETS OF FLOWERS

I HAD a curious experience during this engagement. At the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet," I noticed that the two stage-boxes were decorated with flags. To my inquiry as to the meaning of these festive adornments, I received the answer that President Arthur and General Benjamin F. Butler were coming to see the play.

"Why, how strange! Have you two Presidents now?" I asked.

The man who gave me the information smiled and said:

"No, of course not; but Ben Butler is the candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, and his adherents have decorated his box."

After the first act, a gentleman came behind the scenes with a fine basket of flowers, which I naturally supposed was for me; but as I extended my hand he said in subdued tones, "Will you please hand this to President Arthur at your first call after the next act?"

The balcony-scene over, I hastened to take the flowers, and while the applause was going on, I made a courtesy before the President's box and handed him the basket, which he received with a slight bow to me and then to the audience, which cheered him most enthusiastically.

When I was waiting for the next scene I heard ferocious cheers.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Ben Butler has just come," said the prompter.

Before the curtain rose, another gentleman, with another basket of flowers, asked me rather peremptorily to hand it to General Butler. So, after the act was over, the basket was transferred from my hands to those of the general. What was my amazement when he, as quick as a flash, produced another much more gorgeous basket of flowers and handed it to me! The applause was simply deafening. I do not remember what happened next, but I know that I was not a good *Juliet* that night.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" AND MAURICE BARRYMORE

OF all the parts I played that season, *Rosalind*, in "As You Like It," was the one the public liked best. My manager engaged John Muldoon, the well-known

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PADEREWSKI AT TWENTY-FOUR

wrestler, who was a valuable addition to the cast. He and Maurice Barrymore, who was of athletic, though slender, build, made a splendid picture in the wrestling-scene.

Maurice Barrymore was one of those handsome men who have the rare gift of winning all hearts. He was much admired by women, but was too intellectual to be a regular matinée idol. He was equally liked by men. Sentimental girls used to send him flowers, to his great amusement. They went so far as to send him white lilies, which were always received with roars of laughter. His best parts were *Armand, Orlando,* and *Valréas* in "Froufrou." Mr. Stetson was very proud of having engaged for me that "dandy" leading man, as he called him.

ANECDOTE OF A MANAGER

THERE are many anecdotes about John Stetson, who, though a shrewd and clever business man, never troubled his brains with history or literature. Here is an in-

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cident that happened during my engagement.

At a rehearsal of "Adrienne," I noticed a dark, carved fireplace, entirely unsuited to light walls ornamented with heads of Cupids and garlands of flowers. I asked the stage-manager why he had allowed that somber monument to be put in *Adrienne's* boudoir. He answered that there was nothing else but Elizabethan or modern English fireplaces.

Mr. Stetson, who was sitting in the first row of chairs, seeing the embarrassment of the stage-manager and my discontented countenance, asked directly:

"What is the matter?"

I told him that the fireplace did not suit the scenes. "It ought to be Louis Quinze."

"Wait a moment, Madame. What did you say? Louis who?"

"Louis Quinze," I repeated, distinctly this time.

Upon that, Mr. Stetson called the chief carpenter.

"Where is that man Louis Quinze?" he asked peremptorily. "Bring him to me immediately; I want him to give Madame another fireplace. He must have it ready for to-morrow's performance."

The bewildered carpenter looked at me, the stage-manager bit his lips, and Barrymore, highly amused, said to Mr. Stetson:

"Louis Quinze is not here, poor man! He died and was buried some time ago."

"Confound it!" exclaimed Mr. Stetson; then he added: "Never mind, Madame; we may find what you want in other theaters. I 'll attend to it directly."

THE CLOSING OF BOOTH'S THEATER

In New York, "Odette" was liked best, but I selected "Romeo and Juliet" for the closing of Booth's Theater.

After the play, I said a few words of farewell to the stage upon which Booth's *Hamlet* had walked. I also referred to Booth's hope, in building this perfect theater, that it might serve exclusively for the production of what was highest and best in dramatic literature. Then I spoke of the sacrifices he made in order to keep up the building, and how, in spite of all efforts, he was compelled to give up the dream.

The summer of 1883 we spent in California.

A JOYOUS RETURN TO THE POLISH VILLA

In 1884 and 1885 we stayed in Poland and England. We first went to Paris to pay a visit to my son, then to Zakopane, in the Tatra Mountains, where we had built a villa. As we neared Zakopane, many friends and mountaineers, mounted on horseback, met and greeted us with cheers. We stopped our wagon, and spent a long while in exchanging joyous greeting. Another wagon came up to us, and also stopped.

I heard a sweet voice from the depth of it calling, "Mme. Helena, how do you do?" and the beautiful face of Mme. Gorska (the present Mme. Paderewski) appeared between the white canvas flaps of the wagon. She looked at me with her wistful eyes and said: "I envy your going to Zakopane; you are going to meet one of the most extraordinary young men you ever met. And I must go away."

I had no time to ask the name of that marvelous young man, but Anna knew whom she meant, and named Paderewski.

PADEREWSKI AT TWENTY-ONE

The very next day Dr. Tytus Chalubinski introduced us to a frail-looking young man of twenty-one, saying:

"I want you to know and love Ignace Paderewski, our second Chopin."

At the piano, Paderewski's head, with its aureole of profuse, golden hair and delicate, almost feminine features, looked like one of Botticelli's or Fra Angelico's angels, and he seemed so deeply wrapped up in his music that this intensity was almost hypnotic. He also phrased with so much clearness and meaning that his playing had an effect of something new and quite unconventional.

Paderewski was married at nineteen, and became a father and widower at twenty. At eighteen he was already one of the professors of harmony at the Warsaw Conservatory of Music, and at the time we met him he still held that position. He was also a composer, and many of his songs and piano pieces were published in Warsaw and Berlin. In private life he was witty, alert, most kind-hearted, interesting, and always ready with an answer. Once when a matured beauty chaffed him, saying that he was sentimental, he answered:

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"Why not, Madame? Sentiment does not suit a gendarme, but will you not allow a little of it to an artist?"

He often used to come to our villa, and it was impossible to keep him away from the piano. Sometimes he played long after midnight, and had to be taken from the instrument by force when refreshments were announced. We had many chats, and I advised him to appear in public. I knew he would make a name and fortune. His poetic face, combined with his genius, was bound to produce brilliant results. He hesitated, but finally made up his mind to go to Vienna and study with Leschetischy. That same summer, after leaving Zakopane, he gave a concert in Cracow, at which I had the great pleasure of reciting. Then he departed for Vienna.

A RETURN TO WARSAW

I PLAYED short engagements in Cracow, Lemberg, and Posen, and we spent a few weeks in Prussian Poland, visiting my husband's relatives. Then in the late autumn of 1884, I began a series of performances in Warsaw. Warsaw! the city of my predilection and also the source of bitter experiences. It is an old saying that we love those best who make us suffer most. So it was with Warsaw.

A WONDERFUL CHILD, JOSEF HOFMANN

SOME new Polish plays were added to my repertoire, and my time was taken up by constant rehearsals. One day Cazimir Hofmann, formerly the leader of the orchestra in Cracow, and a friend of ours, asked if I would introduce his boy, then six or seven years old, to Louis Grossman. He was anxious to have Mr. Grossman's opinion of little Josef's talent.

I promised to comply with his wish at once, though it was not so easy a task as it seemed, for though Louis Grossman was a kind-hearted man, and through his influence had brought many a young musician to the front, he had a strong aversion to young prodigies. He used to say that not one of the wonderful children he knew had amounted to anything. "The wonder disappears when they grow up, and nothing remains but the child."

Even now I can see Josef Hofmann's tiny figure wrapped up warmly from head to foot. When he had taken off his wraps and gaiters, I took him by the hand and entered the reception-room, where Mr. Grossman was waiting to greet us. I introduced father and son to Mr. Grossman. The little artist never even looked at the host, but directed his eyes toward the upright piano. After having examined the instrument for a while, he looked at all four corners of the room, then at his father, and, when Mr. Grossman asked him to play, stood before the piano with his hands in his pockets and, after a moment's pause, said:

"I will not play on that thing."

Our host was so surprised at the tiny person's pluck and impertinence that he forgot to laugh. He looked at me for a moment, then with a loud outburst of merriment said, "Well, I suppose I must humor this little Mozart." With, "Come along, little man; I will give you the choice," he walked ahead, and took us to his piano wareroom.

Little Josef went from one piano to another, touching the keys lightly, and finally sat down at one, and struck a few chords.

When Mr. Grossman heard the tone of the instrument he said, smiling: "The brat chose my best piano." At once he became interested in the boy. He let him play and improvise, and was so pleased with the abnormal knowledge of harmony in the child that he declared it was the first time in his life he had heard anything like it in a boy of seven.

While he was talking to Mr. Hofmann, giving his advice as to the future conduct of Josef's studies, that diminutive personage was placidly eating chocolates offered him by Mme. Grossman, who had quietly entered the hall.

HANS VON BÜLOW AND BRANDES

THE musical season was in its swing in Warsaw, and Hans von Bülow came to give one or two concerts. At the same time Georg Brandes, the great critic and advocate of Ibsen, visited our country. I met him at one of Edward Leo's receptions. Hans von Bülow was also one of the guests, and delivered a panegyric about me before my arrival. He spoke with so much enthusiasm that our friends were afraid Mr. Brandes might resent it, be-

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cause it is well known that every critic prefers to discover a talent himself rather than to be told to fall upon his knees before an acknowledged idol.

A TRIBUTE TO MR. CHLAPOWSKI

I DO not think this outburst of enthusiasm inflamed Mr. Brandes's judgment of me, for his criticism made me very happy. He not only praised my acting beyond its deserts, but he also spoke in most flattering terms of my husband. No one could have better characterized Mr. Chlapowski than the famous Dane did in his paragraph on the Warsaw Theater:

"She is indebted to her present husband, an extremely artistic man of the world, Karol Chlapowski, for her taste for English poetry, as well as for her higher development as an artist generally."

Mr. Brandes's appreciation is quite correct, but what was ignored by him, was my husband's influence over my inner self —the touch of a delicate nature and refined mind, never tired of instructing and polishing the rough edges of the too impulsive and somewhat violent disposition that I brought with me to this world. The true Christian spirit which always ruled his life had a great power over me, and the general improvement of my nature was due to his constant soul watching over mine.

I am in duty bound, however, to correct Mr. Brandes's statement in one point. He says that my husband developed my taste for Shakspere. Having been reared in France, Mr. Chlapowski was versed in French literature, and I learned a great deal from him. He read the French classics, the romantic and modern poets, with me, but not Shakspere, in whose masterpieces I had been deeply interested from my early days. This fact I correct only because I have already spoken of my youthful craze for the great English poet, and because this little error of the critic has nothing to do with my husband's refining influence upon my art.

RANDOM NOTES

I PLAYED the season of 1885–86 under Daniel Frohman's management, and Mr. Vanderfelt, a fine English actor, was my leading man. Mary Shaw was also engaged, and Charles Vandenhoff for heavy lead. I added "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Cymbeline" to my repertoire, and a French play of short existence, called "Prince Zillah," was occasionally given.

Mr. Frohman was very fond of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." He wished to give it everywhere, and as often as it was possible to do so without injuring the receipts of the box-office. He went so far with his hobby that even this consideration, so essential to the managers, was sometimes disregarded. When we were going to St. Paul, I advised him not to give "Adrienne," but to present a Shaksperean repertoire of three plays and "Maria Stuart." I had been in St. Paul, and knew the taste of the audiences, who disliked Scribe's plays. Mr. Frohman consented to have Shakspere, but absolutely insisted on one performance of "Adrienne."

There was a good sale for every play but "Adrienne," and on the night of the performance I was chilled through when I saw the vast space, here and there studded with a human face. Not one of the boxes was taken, but there was a pale, smiling face looking at me from the stage-box, as much as to say, "Never mind; I am contented." Needless to say, it was Daniel Frohman, who, like the King of Bavaria, had the performance all to himself. Of all the managers I met in America, Mr. Frohman was certainly the kindest and most considerate.

After we had our bungalow in California, we spent most of the summers in San Iago Cañon, and that was the reason I did not return to England any more. Almost every two years we went to Europe, and usually spent a few months in Poland.

My American tours were very exhausting, and my husband did not wish me to play the spring London seasons after thirty or thirty-five weeks of mental and physical exertion.

I introduced "Measure for Measure" to the public. It had not been given since Adelaide Neilson's time. My company that season was very numerous and fine. There were Maurice Barrymore; Mary Shaw; Charles Vandenhoff, who made a hit in the "Chouans"; William H. Owen; Ian Robertson, brother of Forbes, stage-manager, and a very good actor; Hamilton Bell; Mrs. Grace Henderson; Mr. Car-

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hart; and Robert Taber, who was then a beginner, but who filled his parts with care and intelligence. In later years he made a success of *Macduff* in London, but soon afterward death put an end to his theatrical career.

REMINISCENCES OF EDWIN BOOTH

WHEN Mr. Lawrence Barrett was Booth's manager, I received a letter from him, offering me an engagement as co-star.

With Booth I played *Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, Portia,* and *Julie* in "Richelieu." Besides these, we had two double bills; with Booth's "The Fool's Revenge," I played "Donna Diana"; with his "Taming of the Shrew," I played "Maria Stuart." Those double plays were usually given on Saturday evenings or on Wednesdays. The same was the case with another double bill—"Don César de Bazan" and "Maria Stuart," reduced to four acts.

The support was very fine, with Otis Skinner, Charles B. Hanford, Ben Rogers, Owen Fawcett, Miss Annie Proctor, Lawrence Hanley, and other talented young men and women.

My season with Edwin Booth was delightful. I found him one of the kindest and pleasantest men of the profession. He also possessed what I consider a great quality—simplicity of manner. Some stars have the idea that it is necessary to be haughty and inaccessible with the members of their companies. They put on airs; they like to crush their fellow-actors, and pose as a kind of divinity before them.

I made a few notes on our life in the private car which may throw more light upon the intimate character of that wonderful man and artist.

On April 22 we played "Hamlet" in Milwaukee. The audiences were cold and unsympathetic. After the performance we went to the car and had supper. Edwin Booth was delightful. He told us some of his early experiences: how in Honolulu he was compelled to paste his own bills on the corners of the streets, and was surprised at that work by a man from New York who happened to be there at the time. This happened, of course, years ago.

I went to bed directly after supper, but I heard him talking to the ladies of the company for more than an hour. They all shrieked with laughter.

At dinner Edwin Booth told more anecdotes about himself. He was a good talker; in fact, once started, he was a great talker.

In Cedar Rapids as we passed the threshold of the "Temple of Art" I was obliged to put my handkerchief to my nose, and I said to myself, "I wonder if there is in Hades a corner which smells as badly as that." We learned later that a tannery was just back of the theater. We burned pastils, Chinese sticks, paper, and at last cotton, in order to drown the terrible odor. I sprinkled the stage with eau de cologne, and smelled my bottle during the whole act in fear of fainting, and in the court-scene—it was "The Merchant of Venice"—I felt positively ill.

How I wished some of the stage-struck girls could have been there that night that I could give them the pleasure of smelling the stage, which in their imagination is a heavenly ground strewn with roses. If any of them could see the dressing-room poor *Portia* occupied, they would shrink from this deceitful paradise, go home, and thank Heaven and their good parents for a comfortable home.

One night we had a very interesting conversation about London and Henry Irving, and both agreed that Irving was a great man. "Not a great actor, but a great man," said Edwin Booth.

We often went out to walk. I vainly tried to induce Mr. Booth to go with us. In fact, he never goes out. All exercise tires him, and makes him unfit for the evening work. I noticed that his left arm was a little stiff. He showed us where it was broken. He broke it in falling from a dog-cart, and it was not properly set.

April 24, I remember at supper we spoke of Shakspere, and then I had the opportunity of learning how deeply and thoroughly Booth studied his parts. He says he has no ear for music, but any mistake in blank verse jars upon him as a false note. Of course he put great stress upon pronunciation, emphasis, and inflections of the voice, and he kindly pointed out some of my mistakes in pronunciation, which I gratefully accepted, and tried to correct myself at the next performance. They were all concerning *Lady Macbeth.* Then he said that at first he did not like *Portia's*

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putting her hand on *Shylock's* arm in the "mercy" speech. "But after a thought, I came to the conclusion that it was well conceived and a beautiful bit of business." He also said that my delivery of the "mercy" speech was "admirable." I felt highly flattered and happy, of course. It seems that the reason why he had not studied any new parts for a long time was because whenever he put a new play on the bills, the audiences kept away, and asked for "Hamlet," "Richelieu," and the like—plays which he had acted for years. It is a very strange thing that people should be so conservative in their taste; but it is certainly the case with Americans, and the older the play, the better "the draw."

He played *Richard II,* studied *King John,* played *Cardinal Wolsey* in "King Henry VIII," and some other parts, but without success, not because they were criticized, but only because the people liked the old favorites better.

For my part I admire the great actor mostly in *Hamlet, Benedick, Shylock,* and I shall never forget his exquisite subtlety in the second act of "Richelieu" or his banquet-scene in "Macbeth."

In Decatur, April 26, "Hamlet" was on the bills. Booth played *Hamlet* beautifully. I watched behind the scenes and was deeply impressed. This put me on my mettle, and I played *Ophelia* better than usual. The pale face of Mrs. E——, who recently lost her father, followed me through the play. A strange tenderness took possession of me when I sang

"White his shroud as the mountain snow,"

and tears came to my eyes because I felt her watching me from her box. Never had I understood the words of Liszt better: "We must become wise by means of feeling. Reason tells us 'so it is' only after feeling has told us so it must be."

After the performance we were chatting as usual about different matters, and again the conversation turned on the "shop."

Booth said that Charlotte Cushman was really beautiful when she was old. Her face softened with age, and the pain she suffered gave her face an exalted look that she never had in her youth. She used to copy all Macready's peculiarities even to his voice; having played with him for years, she involuntarily imitated him. Forrest used to call her "Macready in petticoats," and she called him a brute, and they disliked each other profoundly.

Mr. Booth looked pale and tired. He knew he was not well. He tried to read by the dim light of the car lamps. I went to our room, brought two candles, my husband carried the footstool, and we placed the candles on it, and put the whole on the sofa at Booth's elbow. He turned to us with an angelic smile and said, "How good you both are!" in a tone of voice that might have been interpreted as an expression of surprise.

May 5, we were billed at Dayton, Ohio. I spent the day reading in my room. We played "The Merchant of Venice," and after the play, at supper, we spoke about trees. I said that in Los Angeles there were two date-palms standing together, a male and a female. They were both very tall, but the male was a great deal taller than the other, and they looked like a pair of lovers. The smaller one was almost clinging to the other, as with loving affection. People seemed to have respect for them, for, in spite of a rage for building and cutting all the trees about, they left this pair untouched. Mr. Booth said: "I think the trees have feeling. I do not know what religion I have, but I believe that the trees love us when we treat them kindly. Why should we have so much affection for them, if they do not reciprocate it in some unfelt and unseen way? I once planted a grove of trees on my grounds. I sold the place long ago, but I never go to New York or back without stepping on the platform to look at them. They are as dear to me as children."

Last night we sat talking a long while after supper. We spoke of Shakspere, Boucicault, Bacon, Donnelly. Mr. Booth, of course, believed in Shakspere, and laughed at the cipher cranks and those who tried to deny him. As we all agreed, that subject was dismissed; but he spoke of his method of studying Shakspere. He said: "It is not enough to take one edition, and study your part from it; sometimes you have to see as many as you can get to find the true meaning of a word." And then he quoted different readings of different people. It is strange that the most

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far-fetched meaning is usually the most popular with actors.

We spoke of blank verse and prose, and how difficult it sometimes was, when we wished to be natural, not to fall into the commonplace.

Booth's father was a splendid reader, being at the same time a great actor. He never allowed the little Edwin to look at him while he played. The boy, who used to go with his father in order to help him with the dressing, was kept in the dressing-room and was supposed to learn his lessons; but he was all ears, and did not lose one word of his father's reading, nor of the other actors', and thus formed his opinion and judgment while still very young. His father did not wish him to acquire any of his own peculiarities. He used to say, "I want your ear to be educated first."

It seems that Edwin Booth had been three times a star and three times reduced to a position of an ordinary actor in a stock company. While he was engaged at a Philadelphia theater his salary was six dollars a week, and after two weeks of trial he was discharged for incompetence.

He spoke a great deal about the right pronunciation of certain words on the stage. To make blank verse sound well, he changed the inflection of vowels. In "Hamlet" he pronounced "orisons" with the accent on the second syllable, whereas it ought to be on the first. He did it to suit the melody of the blank verse, to avoid the jerky sound which it would produce in the sentence.

At Wheeling the play began as usual. The audience was large and very sympathetic, and I began to be in a good mood, when before the third act Mr. Skinner told me of Charles Vandenhoff's death. That dreadful news spoiled the rest of the evening for me, and I went through the third act with my face flooded with tears.

Charles Vandenhoff was one of those men who were bitterly disliked by some, but dearly loved by others. He was the best friend I had in the profession, and both my husband and I were very fond of him. It was dreadful to think that he, with all the refinement he possessed, all the delicate tastes, should die in a hospital in Washington Territory, then a half-civilized country where the word "comfort" was almost unknown. Poor, dear man! What a generous, grateful nature he had! What pains he took to correct my English and instruct me in the meaning of obscure passages in Shakspere!

We closed our season in Buffalo. "The Merchant of Venice" was given that night. When we took a call after the court-scene, and I looked at Edwin Booth, I had a feeling that I should never see him again, and tears came to my eyes. He might have had a similar thought at the moment, for his eyes also were moist when, after the falling of the curtain, he said "Good-by" to me. He looked weak and tired as he walked to his room.

We went to Poland that spring, and remained there the whole year. When we returned he was no more.

MODJESKA EXCLUDED FROM RUSSIAN POLAND AND RUSSIA

In 1893, I was invited by the Committee of the World's Fair Auxiliary Women's Congress in Chicago to take part in the theatrical section. It may be remembered that one of the features of the Congress was a series of women's national delegations. There was to be a delegation of ladies from Russian Poland, but none of them came to Chicago. Apparently they were afraid of the possible conflict with the government, and they limited their activity to sending a few statistical notes.

In the face of this obstacle, wishing by all means to have a representative of our nationality, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the Chairman of the Executive Board, appealed to me, requesting most urgently that I appear as the proxy of the Polish delegates and speak in their behalf.

I had only half a day to get ready. I scrambled together some of the statistic material sent from Poland, and made a synopsis of the situation of our country.

The auditorium was packed, and I had some difficulty in reaching the platform. The beginning of my speech was an excuse for the absence of my countrywomen from the Congress. I explained that they could not do anything so independent as to speak freely upon the situation of Polish women under the Russian and Prussian governments, and then I sketched a few pictures of our existence such as I knew and had read about.

The people were moved by my words, and expressed in an emphatic way their

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approval of my feelings. Next day most of the Chicago papers referred to my address in a most flattering way, and added their own scathing comments upon the governments which had dismembered Poland, and especially upon Russia.

Two years later I happened to be in Poland, and immediately upon my arrival I concluded contracts for performances in the theaters of Posen, Cracow, Lemberg, and Warsaw. The president of the last, a colonel whose name I do not remember, had to submit my contract for approval to the Governor-General, the famous General Hurko. When he told him of his errand, the latter remarked: "It will be all right. Come back in two days." When the president returned in two days, Hurko upbraided him most violently. "How dare you engage for the Imperial Theater such a revolutionary 'mateznitza' as this woman! Never as long as I live shall she appear here."

Evidently, during those two days some interested person had reported to the Governor-General my speech before the Chicago Congress, and that had of course incensed him against me. The president sent me word that my engagement was impossible, relating his conversation with the governor. It was a grievous disappointment to me, because I loved my Warsaw audiences, and I knew they loved me.

In the meantime I was negotiating with some St. Petersburg managers about a series of appearances there with a Polish company. The fact of my being prohibited to play in Warsaw would not interfere, they thought, with an engagement in the Russian capital, because the St. Petersburg local authorities were not half so stringent in Polish matters as those of Warsaw. Besides, I could rely there upon the support of a most influential official, General Wahl, whom I had known personally in old times in Warsaw, when he was aide-de-camp to Count Berg, the Lieutenant-General of Poland.

So the negotiations continued, and a contract on most favorable terms was signed for an engagement in St. Petersburg in the next spring. In the meantime I went on playing in Cracow, Lemberg, Posen, and in February my husband and I started on a trip to Italy, with the idea of returning in time for the St. Petersburg appearance. The news I received from my managers was most encouraging. All the preparatory work was going on splendidly; the press wrote very complimentary notices of me; the company was selected, and properly rehearsed; the advertising bills were posted; and at last the subscription for tickets was opened. Within a few days the seats for ten performances were sold out, and we were telegraphed to come on.

About ten days before the date of the beginning, therefore, we left Rome on our way to St. Petersburg. We stopped a day in Posen at the house of my husband's brother, Dr. Francis Chlapowski, when a despatch arrived from General Wahl: "Tell Mme. Modrezjewska not to come to St. Petersburg; her performances have been forbidden." A subsequent letter from the managers told us that at the last moment an order came from Durnovo, the Minister of the Interior, prohibiting my appearance. Durnovo was a personal friend of General Hurko. The money was refunded to the public, and both the managers and I suffered severe financial losses caused through the advance expenses.

This was the second misadventure caused by the Chicago address; but it was not the end.

Simultaneously with the fatal despatch from St. Petersburg I received news from friends in Warsaw that, as there was a new governor-general, Count Shouvaloff, in place of Hurko, and the new administration was much more liberal, there probably would not be any objection to my Warsaw engagement. Count Shouvaloff had been approached on the subject, and did not see any difficulty in the way. At the same time a semi-official letter of the management reached me, proposing a renewal of the old contract.

Half hopeful and half dreading a new drawback, we went to Warsaw. As I remember, we arrived on Wednesday. Thursday morning, on the advice of friends familiar with the situation, we went to the castle to see Count Shouvaloff. He was away at the time, but the same afternoon an aide-de-camp of his called at our hotel, bringing us word from the governor to come and see him next Monday. We saw the president of the theater, and perfected plans for my appearance.

On Saturday afternoon my husband was called to General Kleigels, the Chief of

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Police. The latter, with the greatest courtesy, asked when we were going to leave.

"I hope not for some time," Mr. Chlapowski replied—"not before my wife's engagement is over."

"I am sorry to say that the engagement is canceled, and I think it would be best for you to leave town at once."

"Is this an advice or an order?" asked my husband.

"I am sorry to say, but it is an order—an order straight from St. Petersburg."

"But we were bidden by the Governor-General to call on him next Monday."

"That invitation is also canceled."

After more conversation, he allowed us to remain twenty-four hours longer, and when we went to the station next day, there were a number of gendarmes watching to see if we really would go.

During the conversation the general expressed his regret that "Mme. Modrezjewska, who had been much admired by the Russians living in Warsaw, had spoken so harshly of them."

"In this you are mistaken, General," said my husband. "She did not say a word against the Russians themselves; she has not the slightest prejudice against the Russian nation, and has a great many friends among your countrymen. She only spoke of the Government."

"Yes, but she was so many years in our theater under the authority of the Government that she had not the right to speak the way she did. Her address made a very bad impression, the more so as she is so well known."

My husband explained to him that I never was a Russian subject, that at present I was, through his own naturalization, an American citizen, and as such I enjoyed the rights of an American to express freely my opinion of my own Government, and the more so about all foreign governments. "Besides, you know, General," added Mr. Chlapowski, "that she did not say anything more than the truth. All of you Russians, when you are abroad, say the same things about your authorities and even worse than my wife did; and I dare say that you yourself, General, when you are in Paris, are not an exception to the rule, and that you criticize severely those highest in rank in Warsaw or in St. Petersburg."

"Jamais en public" was the characteristic reply of the Chief of Police.

Two weeks later there was published an imperial "ukase" forbidding "Helena Modrezjewska, the famous actress and wife of Bozenta Chlapowski, American citizen, to enter Russian territory."

AMERICAN ACTORS

THERE is a great deal of talent on the American stage, and many American actors and actresses have attained a high artistic level, but in the younger generation, I have noticed a sad lack of proper training. It is not their fault; the evil lies in the unfortunate conditions of the star system. There is little opportunity for beginners to learn much: usually they are shifted from one company to another and often they are forced to play a single part throughout a season. In most cases they are not allowed to present their own conception of the character, but are compelled to follow blindly the stage-managers' instructions. In case they have to understudy the part, they must exactly imitate their predecessors and woe to those who dare do otherwise. There are actors and actresses who cannot count more than three or five parts during five years of their career. Under such a system there is no field for development, and after all the best schools of acting are the stock companies, though, again, they have another drawback: they change bills every week and actors, being forced to study in a hurry, cannot pay much attention to detail. Yet, at least, they gain experience.

It also happens that a young actor or actress is raised suddenly to the dignity of a "star," before being quite ripe for the position. Such are advertised and pushed until the public, bewildered by the extravagant advertisements, crowds the theaters and repeats after the clever theatrical manager, "Great! great!"

The consequence of it is that the word "great" is no longer sufficient: you must add to it "genius!" In Europe the word "genius" is only applied to the greatest of the world—but here it is an every-day epithet.

It is strange to say that some of those geniuses, after having quarreled with their managers, suddenly cease to be great, and no one knows why. The public does not

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suspect the wires that have been pulled by a cunning hand.

The reasons which several times before had made me anxious for a retirement from the stage, and which decided my ultimate retreat, were, however, personal, and I cannot say that my decision was influenced by any special condition of the American drama. If it had been so, I should long before have given up my professional career.

Years ago I published an article in the "Forum" in which I pointed out the drawbacks of the so-called "star system." In those combinations it only too often happens that the chief actor or actress is surrounded by a poor company, and the lack of a good "ensemble" is frequently very painful. There are some notable exceptions to this rule.

In this connection I must say a few words of sincere appreciation of Mrs. Fiske, whose companies are remarkable for their entire cast; no part, however small, is slighted and the result is a harmonious whole.

From a photograph, copyright, 1887, by Napoleon Sarony

JOSEF HOFMANN (SEE PAGE 90)

I believe that in the above-mentioned article I was the first to insist upon the necessity of establishing an endowed theater which, being independent of the ticket office, might devote all its energies toward artistic and literary ideals. The hope is justified by the action and influence of the endowed theaters in continental Europe, especially in France, Germany, and Austria.

SALVINI AND DUSE

AMONG the foreign artists who have temporarily appeared in American theaters, the first place belongs to Tommaso Salvini, whom I consider the foremost tragedian of our times. The impression he made on me was akin to that which I felt when I first came into the presence of the masterworks of Michelangelo. In such moments we do not criticize, we bow in reverence. I am perfectly aware that my opinion runs counter to the judgment passed on him and especially on his Shaksperian performances by some of the most valued dramatic critics in this country. Nevertheless I am bold enough to maintain my own opinion.

What impressed me most in him was, that while he was endowed with unequaled tragic force, he never allowed himself to abuse it and never had recourse to any unnecessary display of his wonderful powers. Most admirable was the psychological continuity of his personations, the subtlety of his transitions from mood to mood, the birth and gradation of passions, and the motivation of the successive phases of the internal struggle —in one word, in the logical evolution of his characters, which seemed in his hands to be his own spontaneous creations, so closely were they linked with the author's conception. When seeing Salvini, I was proud of my art.

Next to Salvini I place Mme. Ristori, of whom I have already spoken, and then Eleanora Duse, their great countrywoman, who came here as the exponent of the newest dramatic methods, of the so-called naturalistic school of acting.

Generally speaking, I do not take great interest in all this talk about the different schools of acting. It seems to me that there are only two schools, one of good acting, the other of bad acting. Thus, in the case of Mme. Duse, I cared much less for her particular modern methods than for her own self and her artistic powers. To whatever school she may belong, she is a great actress. The intensity with which she abandons herself to the feelings and sufferings of the character she personates, makes you forget all surroundings.

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From a photograph by Boning & Small, London. In the collection of Mr. Edward T. Mason
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MME. MODJESKA

You do not realize any more that you are at the theater, that there is an actress on the boards; you cease analyzing, you only feel that you are in the presence of terrible pain, despair, and agony. I shall never forget her wonderful last act of "Camille," nor the thrill that she gave me, at the very end of "Fedora," when she drinks the poison, by a single phrase, "E la Morte" (It is Death). I regret exceedingly that I did not see her in comedy. One whose opinion in comedy acting cannot well be gainsaid and who was not altogether an admirer of the Italian actress, Joseph Jefferson, told me that in "La Locandiera" she was perfection itself. She was free from conventionality, from any kind of stage tricks. While she spoke often in low tones and in an accelerated tempo, this did not interfere with distinctness, and did not diminish the impression, thanks to her beautiful clear and mellow voice, the play of her wonderful expressive features, and the look of her glorious, lustrous eyes.

Another Italian actor, Novelli, visited America recently, and it was my good luck to see him in several of his parts. These artists, as is well known, played always in Italian, and one of the best

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proofs of their greatness lies in the fact that without knowing their language one could follow them and feel with them.

THE GREATNESS OF SHAKSPERE

It has often been maintained both in England and America, that in order to render Shakspere faithfully one must be of English stock, on the ground that the poet was himself an Englishman, and therefore could only bring forth personages endowed with English characteristics, which cannot be successfully grasped by foreigners. This argument seems both narrow and disparaging to the genius of Shakspere. We foreigners, born outside of the magic pale of the Anglo-Saxon race, place Shakspere upon a much higher pedestal. We claim that before being English, he was human, and that his creations are not bound either by local or ethnological limits, but belong to humanity in general.

One might as well say that Shakspere could only be rightly comprehended and interpreted by his contemporaries, for certainly the English people of the Elizabethan era are very different from their descendants of the twentieth century. If our poet was not able to reproduce truthfully Italians, Moors, or Spaniards, he certainly could not be well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of those who were to be born a few hundred years after his time. And yet, are the sentiments and passions which animate his plays so different from those of our own generation?

Nobody could or would take away from England the glory of having given birth to the greatest poet, and the greatest analyst of human souls, but nobody has the right to limit his creations by geographical frontiers.

There is, however, I confess, one point in which the argument against foreign interpreters of Shakspere is justified: it is the question of language. If the plays are rendered in foreign idioms, even the best translations cannot exactly reproduce the beauty and force of the original, and hence a great deal of the poetic charm is lost.

Speaking of my personal experience, I want to add that among all the English writers, it was Shakspere with whose works I felt most at home. I never had this feeling with the other English playwrights of the past.

LATER TOURS AND FAREWELL

During my next American tour my leading man was Otis Skinner. His intellectuality, combined with a fine appearance, a beautiful voice, and the most remarkable elocution, in the true sense of the word, qualified him for the higher position which he afterward reached. The second season he played with me, he was announced as my companion star, and since that time he has made a fine name for himself, having become one of the most respected exponents of the best of both classic and modern drama.

I produced during those two seasons "Henry the VIII," in which Mr. Skinner played the *King* and John Lane, a fine legitimate actor, was *Cardinal Wolsey*. The second play I added to my repertoire was Sudermann's "Magda," which proved quite a success. Mr. Skinner played the father, and did not quite like the part. Sudermann was the second foreign author that it was my honor to introduce to the American public. But "Magda" was more successful from the start than was Ibsen's "Doll's House." Although the play was severely criticized by the press in several cities, it was received exceedingly well in others and was acknowledged as a masterpiece of dramatic literature. As for myself, I found in the title part one of my favorite and also most successful personations. That which appealed to me was not so much the Bohemianism, the plea for woman's rights, as *Magda's* enthusiasm for art, the consciousness of the high mission of an artist.

A few years before Edwin Booth's death, Richard Mansfield came to the front making his first hit in "A Parisian Romance." I saw him first in "Beau Brummel," in which part he was very remarkable. The critics did not like his *Richard III,* but I liked it; he had splendid moments and was quite unconventional.

In 1894 I was in Europe and in the fall of 1895 returned to go on my regular American tour.

For years I had tried to get a successful play by an American author, but my efforts always proved fruitless. I now added a new play of Clyde Fitch, "Mistress Betty Singleton," with the intention of making a feature of it. Unfortunately, the New York critics condemned the play,

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which, however, contained many charming scenes and touching moments. I had to take refuge in Shakspere's "Measure for Measure," which we revived; it proved a success, and I resumed the repertoire.

After an interval of ill health I returned to the boards in the fall of 1897, under my husband's management. I played afterward two seasons with Mr. John C. Fisher as manager, from 1898 to 1899 and from 1899 to 1900. I kept some of my old plays as "As You Like It," "Magda," "Camille," "Maria Stuart," and "Macbeth," but the chief attraction of the first season was Shakspere's "Cleopatra." The cast was good, the production fine without being gorgeous, and, above all, correct. My nephew, Wladyslaw Benda, made the sketches for the scenery, accessories, and costumes. As before, Shakspere proved a good friend to me. The play was a success and I loved my part.

In 1902 I visited Paderewski at his beautiful château at Morges, Switzerland. Those were delightful days spent on the shores of Lake Leman in view of all the glory of Mont Blanc. There also I could witness what a busy life Paderewski led. He was never seen before luncheon, but we could hear the piano constantly. He was both composing and practising. After lunch he retired for a short rest and then the piano was again sending up its brilliant notes. He reappeared at dinner, fresh, jolly, a brilliant man of the world, and stayed with his guests until late at night.

TOMMASO SALVINI

This portrait is from a photograph inscribed to "Hélene Modjeska" by the actor, in Chicago, December 21, 1882.

In the late summer of 1903 we crossed the ocean, for the last time probably, and settled down quietly in our mountain home in California. Every time I came to "Arden" my thoughts were far away from the stage. It was an ideal place to rest—and I needed rest.

After almost a year and a half of quiet,

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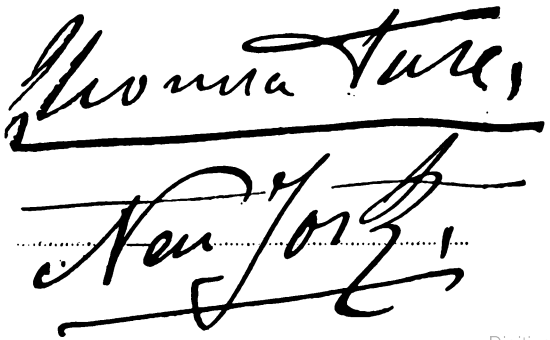
ELEANORA DUSE



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From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

OTIS SKINNER AS *SHYLOCK*

one day we received a telegram from Australia announcing Paderewski's arrival in California, with a promise of a visit to us. The news was greeted with rapture and we anticipated the pleasure he and his wife would take in driving up the cañon, which, with its rushing brooks and waterfalls, bears strong resemblance to some nooks in our Tatra Mountains.

The days which Mr. Paderewski and his lovely wife spent in our house belong to our pleasantest reminiscences. Paderewski, besides being one of the greatest of artists, is also the most delightful companion. Gifted with a brilliant wit, fascinating in conversation, informed on every subject, he is a perfect entertainer either as host or guest.

But it was not all harmony: he scolded me fearfully at bridge-whist, and upbraided me for my seclusion, for retiring into what he called a wilderness. He could not be reconciled to the idea that I had given up the profession and was shrinking from a resumption of public life.

As to my return to the stage, we did not come to any conclusion, but his parting words were: "You will soon hear from me." A month or two later I received the following paper signed by some of the most prominent people in New York, by many of the distinguished authors, and artists, and a number of my brothers and sisters in the dramatic profession:

TO MADAME HELENA MODJESKA

THE undersigned, your friends and admirers, with many others whose names do not appear here, desire to tender you a public testimonial in recognition of your services to the stage, and as an expression of our appreciation of your genius and our regard for your character. We feel, dear Madame, that all that we can do must be an inadequate attempt to discharge the great debt we owe you. In you the art of acting in our day has rejoiced in one of its loftiest exponents. Shakespeare has found in you an interpreter worthy of his most exquisite and thrilling imagination, and

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in the range of modern tragedy and comedy the refinement and charm of your every impersonation have ennobled the original.

If agreeable to you the performance, in which we hope for your personal coöperation, will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 2d.

New York, April, 1905.

This document was accompanied by an explanatory letter from my old manager and friend, Daniel Frohman.

I was deeply touched by that high proof of appreciation and accepted the testimonial. I knew that the idea was inspired by Paderewski, who was joined in his effort by several of our old friends, and by Mr. Frohman, who took on his shoulders the practical details.

When I arrived in New York, a few days before the date fixed for the occasion, I learned with dismay that Paderewski, who was to have taken part in the program, had been injured and would not be able to appear. It was like a blow of Fate.

The testimonial was given in the afternoon of May 2, 1905, before a brilliant audience. Many of the prominent artists then present in New York took part in it: Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Mary Shaw, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Louis James, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. John Kellard, and other excellent actors and actresses who consented to take even small parts in order to give brilliancy to the occasion. Paderewski's absence was in part alleviated by a letter which was read from the stage.

After the second act of "Macbeth" Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman delivered a speech, to which I responded.

This performance was my farewell from New York and it had the same character as my greeting in that city almost twenty-eight years before. I thought it would be my farewell to the American stage altogether, but Daniel Frohman and Paderewski urgently advised me to make another tour through the United States. They were both very persuasive and I followed their advice. The tour was prolonged for two years, up to April, 1907.

In the autumn of 1906 we sold our ranch in San Iago cañon and a year later, in the spring, I left the stage for good. We finally decided to remain somewhere near the sea, where the air is purer and more invigorating than in the valley.

Very often during my long theatrical career I asked myself if I had done right in devoting my life to the stage, and could not find a satisfactory solution of the question. I certainly did not become an actress to make a fortune. In our country actors never get rich, and besides I never attached much value to money. When I was young I yearned for fame, but later all other considerations paled against the enthusiasm of the work itself. I fell in love with my art. I was often misjudged and oftener yet appreciated beyond my merits, and yet none of the comments made me deviate from my aim, which was always the grasping for my ideal, so far as it could be attained.

Of course, the road I traveled was not an easy one, the obstacles were numerous and difficult, the work was hard indeed, and many pangs did my career cost me, but I was amply rewarded. My life became richer through the experience I gained, and through the associations it was my good fortune to form, but the best reward of all was the artistic satisfaction, the joy that I found in the work itself, and the hope that my achievements may have been of some use, and in any case that they did not exert an unwholesome influence upon my audiences.

For the keynote of my conceptions was always human sympathy, and I persistently tried to find a redeeming side to the weaknesses and errors of my heroines, while on the other hand, I endeavored in the execution never to lose sight of the esthetic objects of art. Another advantage I reaped, which I value most highly, was the privilege I shared with several illustrious countrymen of mine, to help in proving to the outside world that our unfortunate and most maligned nation, Poland, cannot be relegated to oblivion, as its civilization and art are undeniable tokens of its vitality.

NOTE: Madame Modjeska died in California, April 8, 1909. After the obsequies there her body was brought to New York, where services were held, and was then taken to Cracow, Poland, where it was interred with distinguished ceremony.—THE EDITOR.

THE END

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Drawn by Harry E. Townsend. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WHERE 'S THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP?'" (SEE PAGE 108)

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TRIMMERS TWO

A YARN OF THE PACIFIC

BY ARTHUR H. WARNER

"A TRIMMER," so the definition runs at sea, "is an animal without a soul who lives in the corners of bunkers and whose chief diet is cobs and coffee."

But this in itself requires some explanation. Unless one has been in the forecastle of a British tramp, it is probably not given him to know that "cobs" are loaves of ship's bread, and until one has worked "before the ovens" in a stoke-hole, it is likely that his knowledge of bunkers is only a hazy idea that they are something in a ship having to do with keeping coal.

Now, a trimmer's idea of bunkers is very definite indeed,—must be,—for it is his principal duty to work his vessel's daily food out of them bit by bit, and before the voyage is over, with shovel, wheelbarrow, and slush-lamp he has explored every dark, dirty winding in the inwards of the ship, like a miner following up a vein.

To be sure that is not his only duty. It is also his part to help the firemen clean the fires at the beginning of the watch, "coal the bars" when that is done, and help get up the ashes both for his own and the watch that relieves it. He is, in fact, an apprentice fireman, occupying the lowest rung on the ladder of those who do a ship's work below-deck—perhaps the lowest, grimiest, hardest rung on the ladder of life itself.

On an American steamship they call him a "coal-passer," but on a vessel carrying the red ensign of John Bull he is a "trimmer," from Liverpool to Surabaya, from Land's End to Delagoa Bay.

"Yank" and "Cardiff" were the trimmers of the eight-to-twelve watch on the British tramp *Glendowan,* bound from Melbourne to London by way of the Horn and Montevideo. None of their mates knew, or had thought to ask, any other names for them. That one was an American was enough on a British merchantman to secure for him the usual sobriquet of his countrymen, while the other went by the name of the port in Wales where he had grown up.

Yank was a rolling stone who had roughed it in strange ways and queer places the world around, and had signed on in Melbourne, after tiring of work in the Victoria gold-fields. His mate was an unimaginative Briton who, so he had explained to his companions, had been traveling in the stoke-hole of one boat or another ever since he had been old enough to earn his own living.

For the first week the trimmers were able to take it easy. With the bunkers all full, it was necessary only to open the bulkhead doors, and down came the coal as fast as wanted. But when Yank and Cardiff and their mates went to the stoke-hole on the eighth night out, with a roaring gale driving out of the Antarctic Ocean, and tossing the little steamship from hollow to hollow, they found everything awry. The piles of coal which ought to have been heaped up at the sides of the boilers by the trimmers of the outgoing watch to last through the cleaning of the fires were not there. In fact, there was no coal to be seen anywhere on the plates, and the steam-gage had dropped far below the required 190.

The second engineer, who had charge of the eight-to-twelve trick, was berating the third, the boss of the outgoing watch, for letting the steam-pressure drop down, and had called the chief engineer below to see what should be done.

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"What 's all tha deeficulty, Meester Cartright?" asked the chief of the third, as he looked about the stoke-hole. "Your prassure is 'way doon, an' I see nae coals anywheres aroond. Is it that your men ha' been soldierin' on ye, or what is it, Meester Cartright?"

"It 's the hell-blazing coals you bought in Newcastle, trying to save money for the ship or your own pockets, that 's what it is," replied the third, getting red in the face with anger. "These coals are too big to run in the bunkers. They 're nothing but cobs. The chute in the starboard bunker there is stopped up with a chunk as big as a bushel basket, and we have n't been able to get any coals from that side for the last three hours. And here on the port side the men have had to spend most of their time hammering up cobs and breaking loose the bunker-opening when it gets choked up, which has been most of the while. Next time you 're taking bunkers, buy coals, instead of filling up the ship with mines put in whole, and leaving us to work them out."

The chief looked at the heated young man in front of him with mild reproof.

"Ye know sae mooch aboot buyin' coals, Meester Cartright, it 's a rare odd chance they did nae make ye chief engineer o' this ship instead o' meself. But there 's nae time to stand talkin' tha noo. There 's a thirty-knot gale howlin' outside, an' I 'll wager it 's blowin' tha ship off her coorse mair than tha engines air keepin' her on it. If we do nae watch to it, tha next land tha skipper sights will no be tha Horn, but Central America, mair likely."

Then he took a slush-lamp, crawled through the opening into the starboard bunker, and found, as the third had said, that the chute leading down from the deck above was blocked with a mammoth chunk of coal, so wedged into the opening that neither it nor anything above could come down.

"Ye 'll ha' to open that oop, Meester Ferguson," he said, turning to the second. "Send a couple o' men in wi' hammers, an' let them break it loose frae below. An' let them mind to jump clear when tha run begins again. We ha' nae men enough i' this stoke-hole sae that we can afford to ha' a couple buried i' tha bunkers this airly i' tha trip."

With which the chief went above again.

The second called Yank and Cardiff over to him.

"The chief says that bunker 's got to be opened," he said, pointing toward it with his thumb. "Take a lamp, a hammer, and a slicer, and go in and break that cob. And don't lose any time jumping out of the way when it begins to go. There 'll be so much coal come down that it 'll block up the door to the stoke-hole, and you 'll have to stay inside until we can use up enough to get it open ag'in. You 'll be in there all this watch, and likely till morning, but, so as to let us know you 're all right, pound twice on the stoke-hole bulkhead after you get out of the way. Then just settle down and take it easy until we can open you up. I 'll have some beer sent for'ard for you when you come out."

That was all. Armed with a lamp, a hammer (in reality an iron maul with a handle as long as that of an ax), and a slicer (the poker used in the stoke-hole, a couple of inches in diameter, and from ten to twenty feet in length), Yank and Cardiff entered the opening from the glowing stoke-hole into the inky bunkers, and disappeared about their work.

"You 'll have to take the lead in this, Mate," said Yank, once they were inside. "As I told you when I come aboard, all the seafarin' I 've done afore now has been on deck, an' these here bunkers is unstaked country fer me."

Cardiff looked at him a moment helplessly, and then made a clean breast of it.

"Bli' me if I know what to do," he said. "That 's all bloomin' fairy-tales w'at I told 'em in the forec's'le that I 'd been goin' to sea all me life. This is the first trip afloat ever I made, on deck or below it, an' the only trimmin' I done afore signin' on this old hearse was in a steam-heatin' plant to home. There 's w'ere I wish I was now. I say," he concluded weakly, "we 'd better go back an' chuck it up."

"Go back an' chuck yerself in a ash-can," sniffed Yank; "but not me. So much the better if neither one of us knows nothin' about the job. We won't make the mistake of bein' overconfident. Come on."

Crawling out on an iron girder, they found they could get directly up to the blocked chute, and so hung the lamp

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in an empty rivet-hole and started to work.

"Put yer hands to my waist an' steady me while I lambaste that cob," said Yank, and swinging the hammer with all his force, he whirled it up against the huge chunk of coal in the chute's mouth, breaking loose a shower of fine particles, which rained down on them.

"Go easy, Mate," cautioned Cardiff. "If we lose our balance an' tumble off this girder, an' the coal starts to run at the same time, it won't be us as 'll collect our pay fer this trip in London."

"In which case, less of it 'll go fer rum," replied Yank, and swung the hammer once more, with a like result. Four more times, and then a rift broke in the big chunk.

"She 's busted," observed Yank. "Let 's try it now with the slicer."

Together they lifted the heavy iron bar, rammed the point into the crevice, and then twisted sidewise. The crack opened wider, and there was a purring sound which told that the cake was breaking.

"Come away! Come away!" shouted Cardiff. "Let go everything! Quick!"

There was a rustle of coal in the chute, a second's pause, and then a tumble and a roar. Down it rushed, tons at a time.

But Yank and Cardiff were safely back over the girder, and on top of the coal still piled almost to the next deck farther away in the bunker.

"We 've done the job," sighed Cardiff, with relief. "We had to leave the lamp, but we can go back after it w'en the run is over."

Still the coal came down, and now, owing to the great amount of fine dust interspersed, and the breaking and crumbling of pieces as the mass fell, a black, suffocating cloud rose and spread gradually toward the corner where the trimmers were crouched.

"Look at the lamp," called Cardiff, pointing to where the light was sputtering and flickering red in the black cloud surrounding it.

The lamp struggled feebly a few seconds longer and then went out, leaving the two trimmers alone in the blackness.

And now the men began to cough. The dust-cloud had reached and enveloped them.

"Lie down on yer face," cautioned Yank, "an' put yer sweat rag over yer mouth an' nose. This is worse than house-cleanin' day to home when I was a shaver."

For an hour they lay there, coughing, and talking occasionally in monosyllables. Then Cardiff remembered something.

"We fergot to pound twice on the bulkhead with the hammer to tell them we was all right."

"I had it in mind," responded Yank, "but it slipped from me along with the other gear when the coal begun runnin'. The dust is too thick to git back there now, an' by the time that settles, it won't be worth while. Besides, we lost the slicer and hammer, an' I don't believe we could make noise enough with hands or feet fer to make them hear us, with all that 's goin' on in the stoke-hole."

"I suppose they 've given us up fer lost," commented Cardiff.

"Most likely; but they won't waste many tears over two trimmers. You know what the missionary lady says in tellin' about the shipwreck. 'The vessel went down,' she says, 'with nine precious souls an' five sailors.' All that worries me is that I have n't got a pipe an' some 'baccy."

"A lot more coal must have come down than we expected," continued Cardiff. "It may take several days to open up the stoke-hole door again; but we 'll choke if we have to stand this much longer."

An idea struck Yank.

"We might try to work acrost the ship to the other bunker," he suggested. "In fillin' in the coal, it never goes quite up to the next deck. There 's always bound to be some free space at the top. If you feel up to it, we might try burrowin' our way acrost."

"Come on," said the other at once. "Anythin' rather than stayin' here an' chokin'."

Flat on their stomachs they wriggled and pulled and kicked themselves along between the coal and the iron plates of the deck above. At times the way was completely blocked. There were big hunks of coal to be moved, or finer pieces to be piled to one side, and when one is stretched out flat, with his arms in front of him, without leverage or play, even slight exertion is tiring and results are small. After an hour's work, and net progress of per-

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haps twenty feet, Cardiff gave a sigh of exhaustion.

"I 've got to quit fer a w'ile," he announced. "I 'm fagged out."

"I 'm ready to rest with you," said Yank.

But there was little of it to be had, wedged in as they were between sharp lumps of coal and an unyielding deck above. They had paused only a few minutes when the American could tell by the breathing of his companion, whom he could not see, that Cardiff had fallen asleep, and a short time after, overcome by weariness, he, too, dozed off.

YANK woke first, with the sensation that somebody had shaken him. He was about to berate his companion for rousing him so unceremoniously when, to his surprise, he discovered that Cardiff still slept. Not much refreshed, but nervous to go on, Yank waked his mate.

"Do you notice the ship?" said Cardiff, when he had pulled himself together and recalled where he was. "I don't feel no motion. Do you?"

"We must have slept longer than we thought," said Yank. "The storm has gone down, and we 're traveling a smooth sea. It almost feels as if we 'd stopped."

They worked on bit by bit, until finally the way grew easier, and they realized that they had cleared the pass-pockets and were in the starboard bunker. Groping their way farther, they saw a stream of light from a chute leading down from above. With a final effort they drew themselves up, and without comment started for the stoke-hole.

When they reached it the fires were barely smoldering, and the place was deserted.

"I say, Cardiff!" said Yank in surprise and alarm. "What 's happened? Have we put back to port?"

Cardiff had no answer, and rapidly they ascended to the deck. No one was to be seen. They walked forward and looked out.

An island stretched before them, on a sandy spur of which the bow of the *Glendowan* was resting. There was not a sign of life about the ship, nor, as far as they could see, on the island.

Yank was the first to take in the situation.

"She was blowed off her course, an' run aground last night," he said. "That 's what come of lettin' the pressure drop down."

"W'at do you make it out to be?" asked Cardiff, still gaping with astonishment.

Yank thought a moment.

"Most likely one of the Chatham Islands," he answered finally. "I never seen 'em afore, but I know they lays a couple of hundred miles east of New Zealand, or thereabouts. We must have been jest about s'uth'ard of 'em last night, an' that wind, along with lettin' the pressure get down, put the skipper off his course, an' piled his vessel up here."

"Could n't have done it neater," observed Cardiff. "There 's nothin' but sand here, an' the old wagon has jest poked her nose into it an' stuck. But w'ere 's the shipload of 'em gone?"

Yank's eyes wandered from ship to shore, and then back again.

"I see they 's two boats gone," he said. "There 's one of 'em drawn up on the beach. The other 's nowheres in sight. Probably the skipper tried to back off at high tide early this mornin', an', failin' in it, took some of the crew an' rowed off fer help. An', as this happens to be Sunday, the rest of 'em took another boat an' went ashore here. They 're out of sight beyond them hills, prospectin' fer settlers—an' booze."

"It 's bloomin' odd they did n't leave nobody aboard," commented Cardiff.

"It is that," assented the other, and then his eye caught sight of an empty bottle by the mate's cabin, and a Jacob's-ladder lowered over the ship's bow, with two sets of footprints in the sand beyond.

"Hullo! That 's the answer," he said. "The mate began to whale the bottle after everybody but him an' a watchman had gone ashore. He 's a terror fer it, they say, an' when he 'd got about so much inside of him, the ship could go hang. It was slack tide about noon. He took his chance an' went over the bow to beat up the island fer more rum. Of course Mister Watchman followed as soon as Mister Mate was out of sight. There was nobody left to stop him. An' why not? 'What the eye don't see, the heart don't grieve,' as the sayin' is."

"An' w'at are we goin' to do?" asked Cardiff, after a pause.

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"Don't know about you," said Yank, "but I 'm goin' in the galley an' see what Cooky 's left to eat. An' if I should happen acrost of somethin' he 's set out fer the skipper, I would n't die of grief neither. I suppose the rest of 'em 'll be back to-night or to-morrer, but fer to-day you an' I are cap'n and chief engineer of this ship. That 's some like livin', eh, Cardiff—I would say chief?"

"First we might have a wash," suggested Cardiff.

"That 's so. It had slipped my mind. This bein' skipper is a' absorbin' job."

They washed and then they ate. When they were through it was evening, and after a smoke they turned in for the night.

YANK was wakened in the morning by a call from Cardiff.

"I say, Skipper, it 's seven bells. Shall I turn out the watch?"

"You can turn out the fryin'-pan an' git some breakfast," said the other, sitting up, and rubbing his eyes. "Hullo! This ship bounces around as if we was at sea. Go on deck, you, and see what 's up."

Cardiff went out, and, returning a minute later, beckoned Yank to come also. The American did so, and, after a look around, puckered up his lips in a whistle.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "This ship is a movin'-picter show, an' no mistake. Now you see it, an' now you don't. Every mornin' we wake up she has a new surprise fer us."

The *Glendowan* was at sea again, and land nowhere in sight.

"I suppose the tide come in unusual high las' night," Yank went on, "an' she floated clear before the crew come aboard, got picked up in a current, an' here we are. Fact is, I remember the moon was full las' night, an' I suppose we had a spring tide. It 's not so hard to explain after it 's happened, but I 'd hate to have to explain what was goin' to happen two hours ahead, any time, on this ship."

"I don't see w'ere you git any fun out of this," retorted Cardiff. "We 're adrift an' helpless, out of the track of steamboats and wind-jammers, in about the most God-forsaken part of the whole world."

"Yes, an' driftin' down toward the Antarctic Ocean, where we 'll freeze to death if we ain't smashed by icebergs or eaten by polar bears first."

"Seems to cheer you up considerable, too," said the other, testily.

"It don't worry me a whole lot. 'Cause why? 'Cause we 're goin' below, fire up them boilers, an' run this ship into port, Cardiff lad,"—slapping the other on the shoulder in his enthusiasm,—"we 're not only goin' to save our skins, but we 're goin' to line our pockets, besides."

"We 're goin' to run the ship to Davy Jones's locker, that 's w'ere, an' that 's how," replied the other in disgust. "Why, you fool Yankee bean-eater, there ain't neither of us knows a bloomin' bit about the engines of this ship, even if we could git steam up in the boilers. An' supposin' the engines was to run 'emselves, who 'd be on deck to steer w'ile we was below shovelin' coal an' blowin' our bally heads off foolin' wit' things as we don't understand?"

"Cardiff, you talk like a man overboard yellin' fer water. If you don't want to lend a hand in this, all right. Take yer bunk, an' stay there. I 'll run the ship alone, an' I 'm goin' below to begin now."

Cardiff watched his companion disappear down the stoke-hole hatchway, and then, deciding that if he was to be blown up, anyhow, he might as well have a hand in the obsequies, he followed. They concluded that the most they could attempt was to fire up one boiler.

"An' how are you goin' to start the engines," asked Cardiff, when, after a couple of hours' stoking, the starboard boiler showed signs of getting ready for action.

"Leave everythin' to its own time—an' to me," replied the irrepressible Yank. "But between you an' me an' the cook's galley, I 'll be blamed if I know," he added to himself. "Hullo! What 's that?" and he pricked up his ears as a slow drone was borne into the stoke-hole through the engine-room door.

"She 's blowin' up!" shouted Cardiff, and made a jump for the ladder to the deck.

Yank, turning in the other direction, rushed into the engine-room, and found the machinery in motion, slow, but regular. The problem that had secretly been puzzling him, in spite of assumed confidence, had solved itself. With as much nonchalance as he could summon, he joined Cardiff on deck.

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"I 've started the engines," he announced simply.

"You have? Then w'y the bally deuce did n't you start 'em for'ard instead of backward?" asked Cardiff, looking over the vessel's stern.

Sure enough, the *Glendowan* was going backward, sweeping around in a wide circle.

The explanation came to the American in a flash. After the vessel grounded, the engines had been reversed in the effort to back away, and had been kept going until finally the attempt had been abandoned and steam allowed to run down. But of this he made no suggestion to Cardiff.

"I don't claim to know all the little tricks of them engines," he said, "but I take notice you did n't stay to help me a whole lot. If you had, of course it would have been done better."

"Never mind," said Cardiff. "You did well enough; but better go back an' reverse 'em, an' let 's start fer home, w'erever that might be."

Yank thought a minute.

"I believe not," he answered. "I had the dickens of a time gittin' her goin' at all. I think I 'll leave well enough alone."

"Then w'at was the bally use of startin' 'em at all? W'at good is it doin' us goin' around backward in a circle, like a snake with its head cut off?"

"You 're in a awful sweat somehow. Wait till I swing that rudder around a bit, an' we 'll p'int fer port."

"Backward?"

"Certainly, backward. It ain't exactly sea etiquette, I 'll admit; but it 's better than driftin' ashore against the south pole. Besides, they ain't much difference between bow and starn on this old hooker, anyhow. Go below an' coal up again while I head her up—back her up, I should say—fer port."

"W'at port?"

"You 're too inquisitive, Cardiff—an' too particular. I 'm not insistin' too strongly on any special one. If them was the Chatham Islands where we stranded, I figure that by headin'—that is, backin' —about northwest, we 'll strike New Zealand. If we don't, we ought to hit Australia a thousand miles farther on. An' failin' in that, there 's the whole continent of Asia behind. I 'm no prize navigator, I 'll admit, but with fair luck I don't think I 'll miss Asia, whatever happens. They are quite some few ports along that coast, an', as I said, I 'm not jest tryin' to make this a bull's-eye voyage fer any special one."

After a struggle of some time with compass and wheel, Yank got the *Glendowan* lunging slowly along sternwise in the direction where he believed New Zealand to lie. The vessel was making less than four miles an hour; but it was progress, and Yank was satisfied. Then he tied the wheel where he wanted it, went into the captain's state-room, and made himself at home.

"While there was a chanct of the old man's comin' back," he said to himself, "we had to stick to forec's'le bunks an' forec's'le grub; but from now on we live here, the chief engineer an' me."

He hunted through the captain's cupboard until he found some cigars and a bottle of gin, which he spread on the table. Then he went below and called Cardiff.

"I fancy you 're right that this old tub 'll travel as fast starnwise as for'ard," said the Welshman as they regaled themselves on the skipper's good cheer. "You was n't aboard w'en we come into Melbourne, was you? The pilot he got off a good one. 'Say, Cap'n,' he says, lookin' the old wagon over critical-like, 'w'ich is the bow of this boat, anyhow? I cawn't tell it from the bally starn.' "

Thus amid the comforts of the captain's state-room they made up differences, and laid their plans.

By day both worked almost constantly below or above deck, and at night they spelled each other on short watches, so as to get a little rest.

So for four days the *Glendowan* swung awkwardly along sternwise toward her goal—some goal, somewhere. Her course was like a path on a mountain-side. Left much of the while with her wheel lashed, she swung far from her track, sometimes doubling and getting almost back in the direction from which she came. Still, she progressed, backward and onward, wobbling, hesitating, all but stopping, yet gaining, gaining.

Happily the winds were gentle and the sea was calm. For four days she traveled thus, without lights or lookout at night or flag by day. If other ships passed within

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sighting distance, they were not seen by the busy and now almost exhausted crew. But on the fifth morning, the two on deck together saw a steamship two miles to starboard which was flying signals.

"Hurry! Let 's run up a flag or somethin' fer them to come an' take us off," shouted Cardiff. "Do you know the signals?"

"If I did, the only one I 'd hoist would be, 'Mind your own business.' "

He pulled Cardiff around, and pointed to a thin blue ridge on the horizon.

"There 's land. What more do you want? We 'll sleep in port to-night—some port."

Then they began to get eager. Cardiff went below, and fired the single boiler which was acting as the ship's pulse, while Yank stood at the wheel and steered the straightest course of which he was capable. He had to drop the wheel at frequent intervals and run out of the steering-house to the edge of the bridge, so as to peer across the ship's length and keep track of her course backward toward the bay and the city which he could now see in the distance.

All day the crew of the *Glendowan* toiled as never before, and, as afternoon was waning, the steamship gyrated into port. The eyes of the harbor were upon her. A tug came tooting up and offered to throw aboard a line, but had her offer for her pains. A little cutter with a yellow flag ran under the vessel's bow—or rather her stern—and, when the *Glendowan* pushed unconcernedly past, a fat man in brass buttons came out on deck and swore excitedly and volubly.

Still the *Glendowan* pushed on, nothing but her slow gait saving her from collision with half a dozen other vessels along the way.

Yank's enthusiasm began to mount, and dancing about the wheel, he broke into song:

"Homeward, ho-o-o-meward,
Homeward once more,
The old ship *Glendowan* 's
Headed for England's shore."

"Bank yer fires!" called his companion, coming on deck at that point to note progress. "Do you want 'em to take us fer wild men? That 's the last place that this might be—England's shore."

"I don't care if it 's the shinin' shore; it 's land," responded the American, and roared out the conclusion:

"Far o'er the ocean
No more we 'll roam,
For we are speeding,
Spe-e-e-ding home."

"An' now, Cardiff," he suggested, "you 'd better shet off steam, an' we 'll anchor."

"I 'm as likely to shet off the thunder and lightnin'," replied Cardiff, impassively.

"Well, never mind, then. Hold fast while I dock," and Yank swung the *Glendowan's* stern toward a vacant pier. "It looks like the whole British merchant marine was in this harbor, an' I 'm tired of dodgin' the cussed boats any longer."

As the *Glendowan* surged toward the dock, Yank saw that a vast crowd of spectators was gathered on it. But he had no time to look at them. He was busy with his wheel and trying to see ahead. They shouted at him, but he did not hear.

Scraping along the pier's side went the *Glendowan,* and then—*Bi-n-n-ng! Cr-r-r-ack!* There was a rending of piles and a splinter of boards as she struck the dock and warehouse. She rebounded, came on again, and finally stuck in the hole she had made, jarring the wharf and shaking herself as her screw continued to revolve round and round.

Yank and Cardiff left the bridge, and, going on deck, lowered a Jacob's ladder to the pier. The first to ascend was the fat man with brass buttons whom they had left behind swearing.

"Where 's the captain of this ship?" he roared at the two uncouth and begrimed figures before him.

"I am," said Yank, impassively. "What town is this, an', if you happen to know, what country?"

"You 'll learn all that jolly well soon enough," said he of the brass buttons. "You 'll find out you can't run into Wellington, New Zealand, disregarding pilots, health-boat, customs, and everything else, and pretty near bore a hole through the island without hearing from it. Where 's the chief engineer?"

"At yer service, sir," said Yank, bowing toward Cardiff.

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"Then shut the steam off this vessel, and don't go on cutting a canal through the bally, blooming, tarnation of a town."

Cardiff turned on the speaker with fire.

"Shet off the steam yerself, you bandy-legged peacock. I 've been in that stoke-hole fer the last time."

Again the officer faced Yank.

"Where have you come from?" he sputtered.

"Everywhere," was the answer. "South pole, east pole, west pole—"

"Where 's your crew?"

"Right here. We are."

"That 's enough," said the other. "You 're pirates, that 's what you are, and I place you both under arrest. You 'll come ashore with me and go to jail."

"Anythin' to get ashore," interposed Cardiff.

"Before you lock us up, I 'd like to send a message to the owners of this ship," put in Yank.

"What about?"

"Notify 'em, if you please, that the *Glendowan* is in port, an' her officers are ready to turn her over to properly authorized agents upon demand."

"Provided," said Cardiff, "that me way is paid back to London w'ere I signed on, an' I git the four quid a month what 's comin' to me fer the passage out."

"Of course," said Yank. "I had almost fergotten that. But there 's one p'int I 'm not fergittin'. You can conclude that message by sayin' that we enter a claim fer twenty-five thousand pounds apiece salvage-money fer findin' the steamship adrift and abandoned on the high seas, an' bringin' her safe to port. I guess that 's all.

"An', now," he concluded, bowing to the fat man in brass buttons, "take us to court, take us to jail, take us to the gallows, if you like—jest so it 's a gallows ashore."

CLOSING THE DOORS

BY IRENE P. McKEEHAN

I HAVE closed the door on Doubt;
I will go by what light I can find,
And hold up my hands, and reach them out
To the glimmer of God in the dark, and call:
"I am Thine, though I grope and stumble and fall.
I serve; and Thy service is kind."

I have closed the door on Fear.
He has lived with me far too long.
If he were to break forth and reappear,
I should lift my eyes and look at the sky,
And sing aloud, and run lightly by:
He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.
His house has too narrow a view.
I must seek for my soul a wider room,
With windows to open and let in the sun,
And radiant lamps when the day is done,
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

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From a photograph by Hans Fohr

PARSEVAL III (222 HORSE-POWER) AND ZEPPELIN III (300 HORSE-POWER) IN FLIGHT ABOVE THE CITY HALL, FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN

OVER SEA BY AIR-SHIP

SURPRISING PROGRESS OF GERMAN PLANS FOR A TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE

BY T. R. MacMECHEN AND CARL DIENSTBACH

Authors of "The Aërial Battleship," "Fighting in the Air," "The Dirigible of To-day"

BEHIND all its thought and effort to conquer new spheres of activity, there is in the German Empire a determined purpose to achieve complete mastery of the air. Each test of successive air-ships has marked a step nearer the goal. In the spring of 1909, the war air-ship Zeppelin I, returning to Friedrichshafen, flew to its destination on a 40-mile wind. The air-ship's speed was 70 miles an hour. It will be news to many that since that time, all air currents in Germany have been charted for navigation. During October, bulletins were sent and received a distance over three hundred miles by wireless telegraphy on the Zeppelin III, while in flight. To-day, the telegraphic range equals an ocean liner's. From a system of wireless stations, hourly advices of the winds are available by all imperial air-ships. Captains even now exchange the "latest wind," independent of bulletins from stations. On this information, they go with the wind in one fourth the time lost in running against the current. This means that within the coming year, air-ships with passengers and mail may cross the ocean in one and a half to two days. This probability marks the supremacy of Germany's position in the contest for com-

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mercial supremacy, for Emperor, press, and people are united on the creation of large air-ships for international traffic.

Germany's technologists have completely overcome a skepticism equal to that which greeted Mother Shipton's prediction that iron and steel would float. It is now known that aërial space will support great weights; clouds carry for long distances enormous loads of rain and snow, before depositing their cargoes. Germany has proved that the ship in air and the ship in water are in many respects identical; an increase in size and in power of the machinery has with each resulted in an increase of speed and endurance. Within two years, the air-ship's speed has grown from 32 to 38 miles an hour. The largest German air-ships glide against the air from a quarter to a half-hour after their engines have been stopped, exactly as an ocean vessel moves forward after its speed has been checked. Stronger hulls have made air-ships more airworthy; with tougher gas-chambers, they leak only thirty to forty pounds of gas in twenty-four hours, instead of a hundred, as a year ago. As auxiliary power all air-ships now carry four instead of two engines; and they have space for more passengers; moreover, the crucial problem of controlling the supporting gas has been worked out.

PIONEER ATLANTIC EXPEDITIONS

PIONEERING expeditions by Dr. Gans-Fabrice, lately president of the Frankfort Aëronautical Exposition, and by Joseph Brucker of Berlin, are preparing to start in May, 1910, to cross the ocean on the trade-wind in small dirigibles of six thousand and seven thousand cubic meters, with only moderate power. They are in the interest of rival air-ship enterprises, the chief purpose being to record the wind on the entire route, and to collect data for navigation on a larger scale. Both expeditions will start from Teneriffe, with the Antilles as their destination. They are expected to drift slowly with the wind, the engines being used merely to keep the air-ships in the course. Dr. Gans-Fabrice's device of two gas-envelops, between which the air circulates for the purpose of saving the gas, is a makeshift of the principle developed in the new German ships for preventing expansion of the gas by the sun, and by overflowing. The actual overflow will be so slight that small pumps can be used to condense it.

ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF FLOATING POWER

A PROCESS has been invented by Professor Schuette, of the University of Dantzig, which is expected to enable two new ships, one of which is virtually finished, to fly three to five thousand miles, to float for seven days, and to carry cargoes of five to seven tons, at a height of two to three miles above the earth's gusts. Zeppelin air-ships have twice carried four to five tons over nine hundred miles, in one and one half days, with imperfect control of the gas. The new air-ships will not weaken their potential support by discharging gas. As it expands beyond the capacity of the sustaining chambers, automatic pumps will transfer the excess into reservoirs; and when the air-ship's instruments indicate a shrinkage, hydrogen will be rapidly restored to the chambers. Engines of four hundred and fifty to five hundred and forty combined horse-power, will drive the ships at estimated speeds of thirty-seven to forty-three miles an hour. For some time the German war air-ship, Gross III, has been traveling thirty-eight miles an hour, with less than its three hundred horse-power. These are some of the expected improvements that Professor Hergesell (meteorological adviser of Count Zeppelin), on his recent trip to America, said would permit ships to remain in the air a week.

THE ADVANTAGE OF USING THE AIR CURRENTS

YET Germany's greatest achievement is not the technical perfection of the air-going craft; she has learned how to use the air currents, as the birds do, in traveling. This is a science; the ship is only its instrument. Air-ships will double and treble their speed by acting in harmony with the forces of Nature, the primal speed-maker. There is a working force only lately reckoned with, even by builders of air craft,—and that is the wind. Air-ships will use the trade-wind to reach this continent because it always blows one way. That is as simple a proposition as that a low-powered steamer should use the

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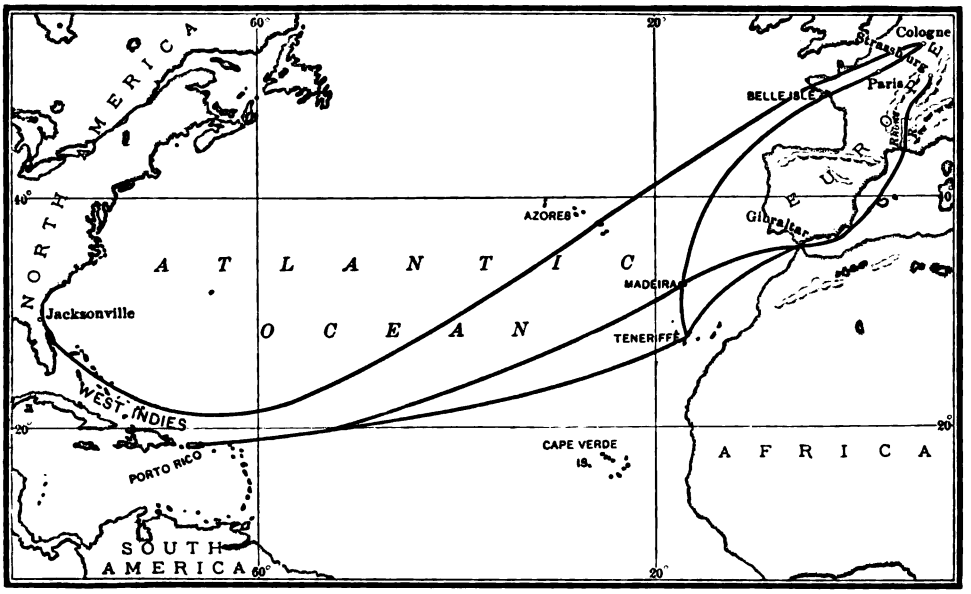

MAP OF TRADE-WIND ROUTES BY AIR-SHIP FROM GERMANY TO THE WEST INDIES AND FLORIDA

Gulf Stream. Air-traffic, to compete with rail or water, must maintain as sure a schedule of travel. Germany has already mapped her air-ship routes to and from America.

SURVEYING THE AIR-SHIP ROUTES

In December of 1909, Professor Hergesell balloon-sounded the American terminus in the trade region, from the German training cruiser *Victoria Luise*. He found that the wind blows twenty-seven miles an hour daily, at sea-level, during that season. Professor Hergesell's previous soundings in 1903, extended over the entire trade region of the North Atlantic. His recent report to the German Admiralty makes it certain that the trade-wind can be used even in winter, as far north as the Azores, the fortieth degree of latitude, for voyages to the West Indies. From Cologne, by way of Belle Isle, France, is the route that is being considered as the shortest by the German government and the popular Air-navy League, the entire distance to the Florida coast being thirty-seven hundred miles. Two other routes have been considered as even more trustworthy, one from Cologne, by way of Belle Isle, France, across the Bay of Biscay, around the Spanish Peninsula, to Madeira or Teneriffe, nineteen hundred and twenty-one hundred miles respectively; the other from Strassburg, southward, skirting the eastern slope of the Vosges Mountains, crossing France along the western slope of the Jura Range, and at Marseilles passing out over the Mediterranean, thence around the Peninsula and through the Strait of Gibraltar, to Madeira or Teneriffe, nineteen hundred miles. Both routes lengthen the voyage to America, to forty-eight hundred miles; but all are within the range of the new ships.

OVER SEA ON THE TRADE-WINDS

At forty miles an hour, air-ships can cross the Atlantic on the trade-wind in less than two days. Driven thirty-five miles on the twenty-seven-mile wind, they should make the trip in fifty hours. If blowing eighteen miles in summer, the faster craft should come over in fifty-two hours. Even on a ten-mile current, the slower air-ship should arrive on the western side in two and three-quarter days. An air-ship flying forty miles an hour should go from Germany to the Madeiras in a little over forty hours, without the help of the wind. The Azores would be reached in about the same time; but on the trade-wind, the remaining eighteen

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From a photograph by Arthur Hoffschild

GANGWAY OF ZEPPELIN III

This air-ship has accommodations for twenty-seven passengers. The lady is the daughter of Count Zeppelin and the person following is Councilor-of-Commerce Lanz, President of the German Air-navy League

hundred miles to Porto Rico, the first terminus of the transoceanic route, might be covered in one day. This means traveling from Cologne to America in two and three quarter days. Allowing liberally for a stop at the Madeiras to replenish fuel, the longer voyage of forty-eight hundred miles would take less than four days. Though the trade-wind is deflected southward, calculation shows that fact to be negligible, owing to the ship's high speed and its southern course. The air-ship is expected to travel only fifty to one hundred feet above the waves because Professor Hergesell found the trade-wind strongest over the water.

FLYING TO EUROPE IN THIRTY-SIX HOURS

AIR-SHIPS, it is believed, will return from America to Europe in one and one half days, on the permanent upper air currents that flow in a broad stream with the planet's motion, from west to east, over the United States, the Atlantic, and Europe. Balloon and kite soundings for ten years have definitely settled that between two and three miles high—and to navigate at that level air-ships are now being built—these currents have a uniform speed of forty-eight miles an hour, in summer; and just twice that velocity in winter. An instance of using this upper drift for over-sea travel, was the voyage of the balloon Mammoth in October of 1907. With three passengers, it drifted at a height of one and one half to over two miles, from London, across the North Sea, to Denmark, five hundred miles in nine hours, this being at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour. Skilful piloting has taken balloons from France, for eleven hundred miles, into Russia; and nearly nine hundred miles across the American continent, descending only at the brink of the ocean. Air-ships for traffic could hardly fly against this movement of the air. For economic reasons, therefore, the trade-wind and the upper planetary drift are the natural navigable wind-rivers between Europe and America.

AIR-LANES USED BY BIRDS

THOUGH Science has not found north and south winds as regular as these planetary streams, air-lanes are opened across the

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From a photograph by Arthur Hoffschild

PROMENADE DECK OF ZEPPELIN III

This picture and that on the previous page were made at the International Exhibition of air-ships held at Frankfort in 1909.

great eastward drift that do not interrupt its flow. Air-ships will fly between northern and southern continents, exactly as the little plover flies from Nova Scotia, over the midatlantic to South America, without a known stop. This trip of three thousand miles shows the bewildering speed with which the creature must travel. Telescopes sometimes reveal birds of passage crossing the sun or moon; calculations taken from instruments prove they were traveling at altitudes of one, two, or three miles, with a rapidity of two or three miles a minute. The secret of their mastery of the air currents, as found by a German scientist, gives the nautical key for dealing with all winds. It is now known that migrating birds never fly except on the swiftest winds blowing toward their destination.

CLEWS IN THE AIR

GERMAN air navigators are applying some of the clews to air currents which it is now known that birds find in the air, for their guidance in flight. They take account of "zones of discontinuity" and "upper inversions"—invisible strata, yet often visible as cloud-waves, where the order of things in the air is either gradually or abruptly reversed. These zones reveal the nature of the wind above and below the air craft, and betray the temperature, moisture, pressure and electric charging of the air. Any change in moisture or temperature means that the wind will suddenly vary its speed and shift its direction. In 1907, Friedrich Ritter discovered the two principal wind-zones, the "upper-wind," and the "under-wind," that shallow air-surf, two hundred to three hundred feet deep, along the ground, which gives the popular notion of wind. It may be blowing in any direction, but in ascending, the navigator feels it growing less, until it is reduced to a zephyr. He has entered a "zone of discontinuity" or "calm-zone," a neutral meeting-place of rising currents and the upper wind. Here storm-birds that overtake or lag behind a ship in a tempest, are flying; and in that

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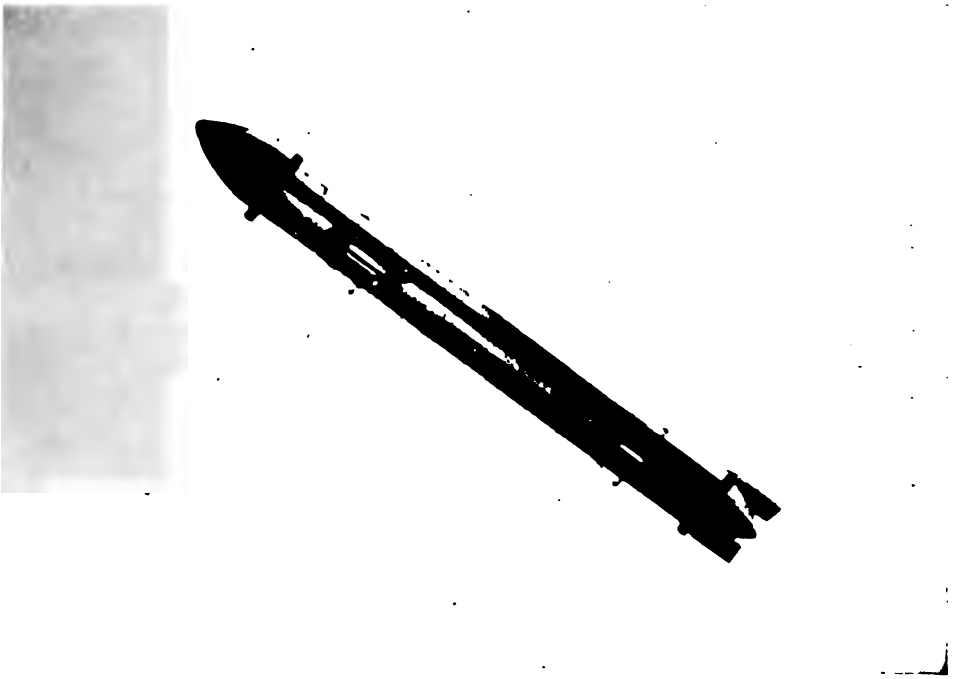

From a photograph

ZEPPELIN III IN FLIGHT

This picture was made when the air-ship was almost directly above the camera. The reader may realize the situation by holding the picture horizontally overhead, and looking up at it. The picture clearly shows the underbody of the air-ship, with forward and rear cars, and cabin space amidships.

zone the French aviator Paulhan flew in January, 1910, steadily above the people at Los Angeles while a high wind scurried along the ground. German air-ships use these zones on exploring detours, in search of favorable winds, above or below.

THE "INVERSION" NAVIGATING LEVEL

BETWEEN thirty-two hundred feet and a mile above the earth the air navigator passes through a second "zone of discontinuity," where cumulus clouds gather; but usually they are prevented from rising higher than a mile, by the "inversion," consisting of compact masses of warm air spreading out like a ceiling and floating in the cold atmosphere. The "inversion" stops the forming of clouds and reabsorbs their moisture. Above it, the air is dry and the wind is apt to be steady and strong. There, just above the cumulus clouds, actual experience has established the daytime navigating level at about one and one quarter miles. The Schuette air-ship has been designed to lift its twenty-four tons to that height, without casting ballast. Dr. George von dem Borne, who has investigated these inversions, thus describes traveling on them:

At a height of one and one half miles, we found a misty stratum stretching from Berlin far into the Russian Empire. Heavy, dark clouds broke through it. Their tops of cirrus-cloud waves, identified them as a thunder-storm, even without the thunder rolling within them. These clouds, moving at the balloon's speed, kept two to two and one half miles ahead of us, the entire day. I realized that a gigantic draft of warm air was flooding over the sub-lying strata, and carrying us along. Such inversions, without a gap, are frequent in summer, a little under two miles. They form lids over immense masses of air, permitting great quantities of heat to accumulate below; this energy finds an outlet in the thunder-storm. They offer splendid chances for navigating.

STORMS OF THE UPPER REGIONS

A THUNDER-STORM'S great eddies are the typhoons of the upper air. They involve

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its entire depth. Captain Hildebrandt and Professor Miethe, while ballooning in Germany, were caught in an aërial billow, that swept them aloft; gas-bag, car, and guide-rope floated side by side like feathers. Into the trough of the wave, they plunged like a cannon-ball. If caught in such a storm the air-ship would be powerless, but the motors should enable the ship to evade a current carrying a storm. Atmosphere filled with electricity may dangerously charge an air-ship's metal parts and set it afire on contact with the ground, but provision has been made automatically to relieve such tension. A ship in the air is safe from lightning. The German method of navigation seeks to read weather offhand from the natural processes of each form of cloud. No navigator disregards their warnings. They betray what will happen next. Clouds that are changing their levels denote varying conditions. The strata float three quarters to one and a quarter miles apart. After leaving the earth, if the air-ship passes through an inversion, detected by increased warmth, or flat clouds, clear weather is ahead, for some hours at least; in that case, clouds, the trouble-makers, cannot rise to precipitate rain above, or to cause a thunderstorm. The watch on the airliner, sailing above two miles, at the freezing line, will look below, not above, for weather. If the cloud-tops rise like mushrooms, spread like an umbrella, and invade the ship's level, the navigator will expect a thunderstorm quickly. An air-ship will encounter rain or snow only at low levels, where it can counteract the weight due to wetting by filling its chambers from the gas-reserve.

WEATHER CHANGES INDICATED EACH HOUR, BY WIRELESS

THOUGH weather may be read in the sky, remote processes of air, hundreds of miles away, which fix the air-ship's course in advance, are only revealed by communica-

From a photograph by Arthur Hoffschild

ZEPPELIN III GETTING UNDER WAY

The rear car is shown, also the vapor exhaust from its one engine. The forward car carries two engines.

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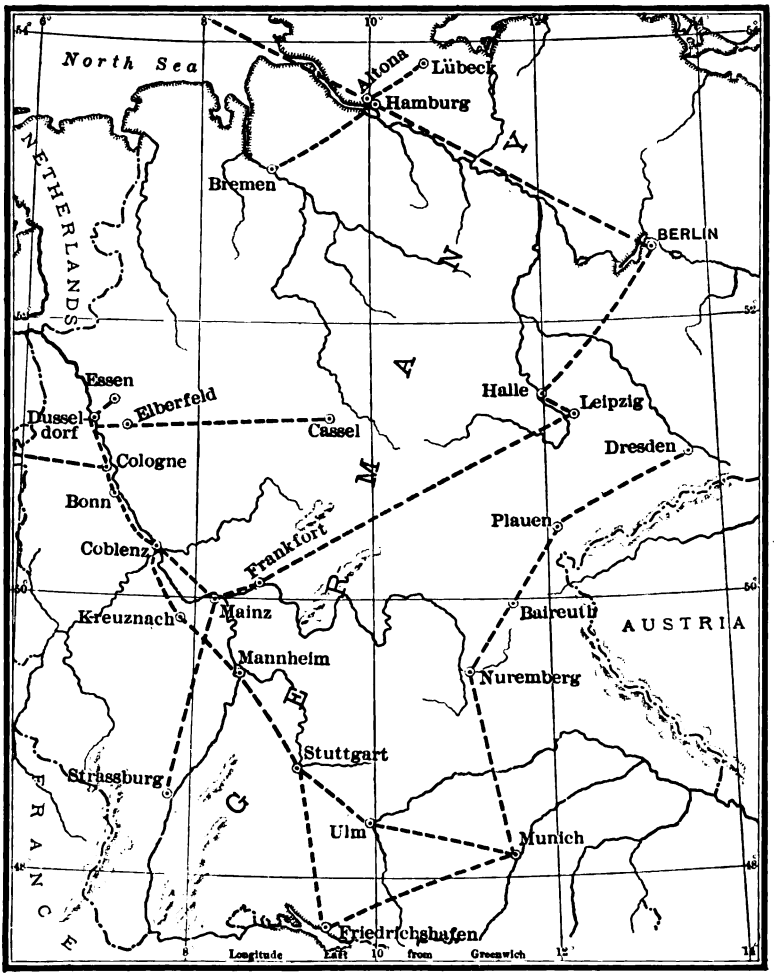
tion through space, and this will be eventually achieved by a network system of wireless telegraphy. The feasibility of this is indicated by the practice of the United States Weather Bureau, which flashes storm warnings to the naval wireless stations at Newport, which in turn relays bulletins to the Nantucket Shoals Lightship, where they are distributed to all vessels within calling distance, and exchanged between ships, hundreds of miles at sea. Wireless relaying every hour will be indispensable to the proper navigation of air-ships, for the pilot must keep constantly in touch with atmospheric events. Wireless news of winds and storms, flashed to distant air craft, will be serviceable only when accompanied by the exact latitude and longitude of the observation. Exact reckoning of the air-ship's location will fix its position with reference to shifting air-lanes. The greatest mastery will consist in constantly compiling a running schedule, as the result of tacking tactics. Air-ships will have to run from current to counter-current, to make time, frequently drifting back and zigzagging to pick up their wind. An air-ship will be able to make up lost time by seeking a faster current. Aërial tacking has been practised



MAP OF THE "WIND-RIVERS," OR MAIN ROUTES, IN GERMANY, WHICH HAVE BEEN SURVEYED FOR REGULAR AIR-NAVIGATION

The direction to London is a little south of due west from Berlin, while a continuation of the line from Berlin to Hamburg will touch Edinburgh

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even by skilful pilots of the ordinary rudderless balloon, who, changing from wind to wind, for hundreds of miles, have landed within a short distance of a designated goal. But air-ships will not go up and down in search of the wind, which will be sought with instruments on kites. The aërological station at Lake Constance has a fast boat for raising kites in still air. The faster air-ship may send kites to any height; or the atmosphere can be probed with a light-caliber gun, firing a shell that explodes on time, producing a smoke-cloud (or a ball of fire at night), the drifting of which relative to the air-ship's speed and course, will reveal the wind's direction and strength. The relative drift of natural clouds enables a pilot with a theodolite to measure the upper winds. Cloud-waves at the "zones of discontinuity" often make the wind's direction visible to the naked eye.

From a drawing by Michaelis, in a book issued by the Aëro Clubs of Germany

COUNT FERDINAND VON ZEPPELIN

THE WORK OF NAVIGATING OFFICERS

EACH air-ship will require two or three navigators to take latitude and longitude at short intervals and to alternate in the preparation of wind-charts. The navigating instruments are those used at sea, but on the non-magnetic air-ships the compass is more exact, since the motors alone deflect it from its natural direction. Since the air-ship has no natural horizon, an artificial one is made by sighting an air-bubble quadrant. Latitude and longitude is quickly reckoned from tables compiled by German astronomers. There is no "dead reckoning" in the air, and speed may easily be logged with wind-gages. In sight of land, piloting is as simple as coastwise navigation, since beacons and landmarks are seen more distinctly from above than from a steamer. Heavy "lea-drift" from the wind will make steering ticklish in fog and night, above the clouds and sea. Aërial lighthouses in Germany pierce the darkness with broad vertical beams, and there are fog-signals. Air-harbors and wharves now display lights and signals. Roofs are being marked with a code of letters and figures, to identify localities. New aëritime maps have been prepared by an international commission, under supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel Moedebeck of Berlin. Air-ships "sound" in the fog and night with a line, like water-craft. In daylight, distance to the "bottom" is found by triangulation. On Count Zeppelin's advice, the new maps show every locality's height above sea-level. Lights mark mountains and plateaus, which may be as dangerous to the air navigator as cliffs and shoals to the seaman. When Count Zeppelin circumnavigated the Alps, on his first two hundred-mile voyage through Switzerland, it was as hazardous as the voyage of a low-powered steamer hugging a rocky shore in a strong current. Rules of the aërial road are fast resembling those of the sea. Red and green, and bow and stern lights are used; yellow lights indicate top and bottom. Aëroplanes will carry special lights, faster craft yielding the right of way to slower ones. Fog-sirens must sound while ships are steering inside the clouds, with an understanding by wireless as to which shall have right of way.

PUTTING THE WINDS TO WORK

GERMANY has stopped fighting the winds and means to put them to work. Marshaling their forces means faster and cheaper traffic. In that country aëronautics and meteorology have worked together, with the result that Germany has not only more and better air-ships, but the

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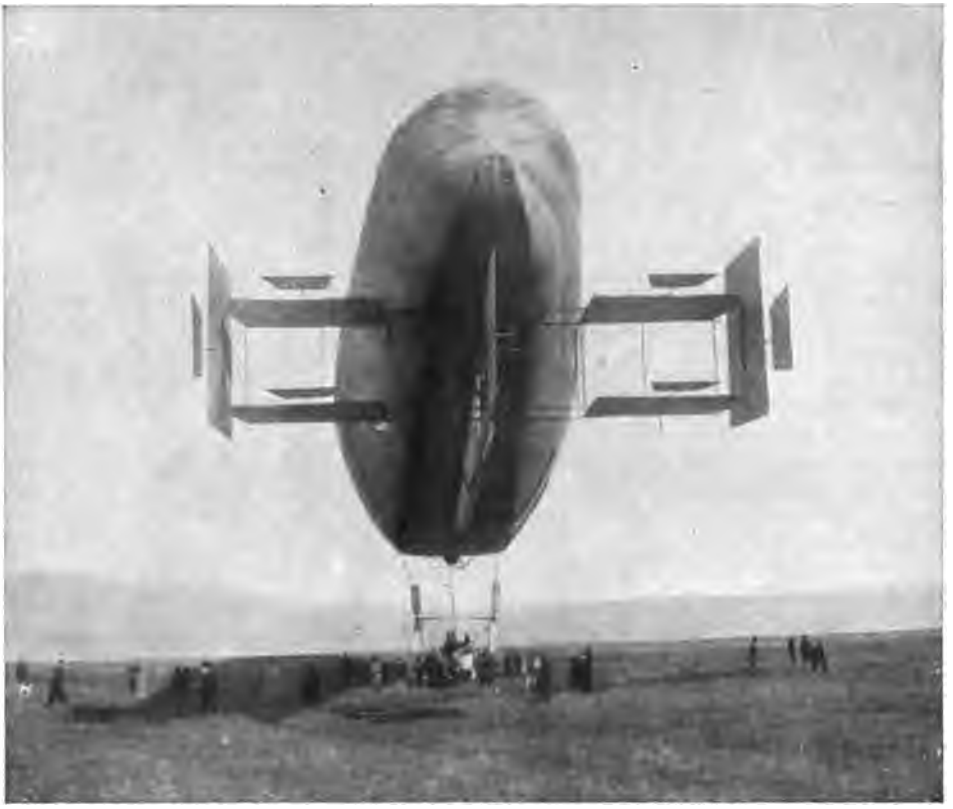

From a photograph by Felicetti

THE MOST RECENT ITALIAN MILITARY DIRIGIBLE

The distinctive feature of this balloon is the extensive use that has been made of aëroplane surfaces.

greatest number of aërological stations. Dr. Richard Assmann, head of the chief aërological station at Lindenberg, recently finished mapping the lower winds up to a mile, for air-ship navigation. It is the pilot's first working chart. These maps divide Germany into groups of "wind-weak" and "wind-strong" districts, with the average speed of each, and show the frequency and usual paths of their storms. All central Germany is "wind-weak." Most of the storms blow in the north and west near the sea. The coasts therefore form a "wind-strong" region. The frequency and strength of the wind in all directions, is shown at the rays of many small compass-dials, which the pilot reads at a glance.

AIR-HARBORS AND WIND-RIVERS

AIR-PILOTS now take their craft safely into port. It has been found that the winds of localities are shaped by hills and valleys, and resemble the marine currents of harbors and bays. Air-ships come into Cassel on the south wind, the year round, though westerly winds prevail all over Germany. In making Strassburg harbor on the upper Rhine, the air-ships always use the north and south currents that follow the river valley. The Alps about Friedrichshafen, the Zeppelins' homeport, form a V pocket of northwest and northeast currents along the range; the air-ships enter through the middle of the V. Important air-harbors are established in naturally sheltered places, like Frankfort-on-the-Main, where regular southwest winds blow along the river plains, parallel with the Taunus Mountains, shutting off all air currents from the northwest. All air-harbors are similarly charted. The new air-ship lines have been surveyed along these natural wind-rivers all over the empire. In the winds below a mile, ships navigate more smoothly at night, because

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there the aërial ocean is calmer than during the day; its temperature being more even, the winds are steadier in speed and direction. Landings at the air-harbors are easiest at night. Pilots know the wind is strongest along the ground in the afternoon and weakest in the early morning until an hour or so before sunrise. During the day air-ships ascend to the higher levels. The pilot's calculations include a semi-daily tide in the lower air up to two miles, the currents swinging slightly toward the north in the afternoon and early evening; and slightly to the south from about midnight until sunrise; at the same time varying in strength. A navigating system based on such definite understanding of air currents, explains the confidence with which more than $4,000,000 of German capital has been invested in Zeppelin air-ships, alone.

RIVALS OF THE ZEPPELIN SHIPS

COUNT ZEPPELIN, who proved that air-ships have a practical future, is no longer undisputed "king of the air." His rivals have taken his pattern, and improved it until soon air-ships will be able to keep afloat for many days and in that case to cross oceans. A type of this modern ship is the first Schuette leviathan of wood and steel bracing, now nearly finished at Mannheim. It is expected to lift its twenty-four and one fifth tons one and a quarter miles, because its beam is sixty feet as compared with the forty-four feet of the Zeppelin II. This giant is four hundred and thirty-six feet long, about the length of the Zeppelin II. The car is one hundred and thirty-one feet long, with a cabin to accommodate thirty passengers. The new ship displaces nineteen thousand cubic meters, as against fifteen thousand in the Zeppelin III. It is expected to carry a cargo of five to six tons supported by ten spherical sustaining chambers, and eight ring-shape reservoir chambers connected by a secret apparatus. These eight reservoirs automatically receive all expanding gas that escapes from the sustaining chambers, thus conserving the entire supporting power. Four motors of combined five hundred and forty horse-power will drive the propellers. Expert opinion predicts a speed of thirty-seven to forty-three miles an hour, three miles faster than the Gross III, at this writing the fastest air craft in the world. The whole enterprise is backed by Mr. Lanz, a rich manufacturer, who is president of the German Air-navy League. A wooden-braced ship of equal equipment and size, designed by the Engineer Rettich, is well under way.

Another rival of the Zeppelin, so far only projected, has been designed by the Engineers Radinger and Wagner, and is intended to be an advance in endurance. It should float for fifty days without replenishing gas. It is planned to have a rigid hull of hollow paper tubes and steel bracing and to be thirty per cent. lighter than a Zeppelin built of aluminium, in any equal size. Drum-shape compartments are to hold the sustaining hydrogen, none of which is to be lost through expansion by the sun, as any surplus will be compressed by automatic pumps into the hollow tubes. Having six thousand meters less displacement than the Zeppelin III, it will carry a reserve of seven hundred cubic meters of gas. Thirty-two per cent. of its weight-carrying capacity will be given up to passengers, fuel, and baggage. Engines of two hundred and forty-two combined horse-power are expected to develop a speed of forty to fifty miles an hour. Larger craft of the same type would, of course, carry much heavier cargoes and have higher speed. This type of ship, soon to be placed in the construction cradle, is expected to cross the ocean easily with fifteen passengers.

NEW ZEPPELINS

THE Zeppelin IV, to be finished in May of this year, will displace twenty thousand cubic meters. One engine in the front, and two in the rear car will have, combined, three hundred and sixty horse-power. Two will drive the ship at an estimated speed of thirty-seven miles an hour. The cabin, amidships, will accommodate twenty passengers. This is the last Zeppelin of aluminium frame. The Zeppelin V, placed in the cradle during the winter, will be finished in June. It will have twenty-five thousand cubic meters (within five thousand of the size predicted by the writers a year ago). This craft is expected to carry thirty passengers. Three motors of combined four hundred and twenty horse-power are built to drive the ship forty

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From a photograph

ZEPPELIN IV

The air-ship is shown rising from Lake Constance after scooping water ballast. This ship was destroyed by lightning in 1907.

miles an hour. The hull is to be of "elektron," a new metal alloy, forty per cent. lighter than aluminium, and as strong. A Zeppelin of aluminium weighs twelve to fourteen tons without its cargo; of elektron seven to nine tons, thereby saving in its own weight four to five tons for useful load. This means that it will be able to carry at two to three miles high (as will the Schuette, Rettich, and Radinger-Wagner types), the same load that the Zeppelin III can carry only up to one mile. The latter ship would have to drop its twenty-eight passengers and some fuel to reach a height of two miles. Elektron is wrought like steel and the ship built of it has spiral fittings and bolts, with clean-cut threads, light as papier-mâché. It will be Jules Verne's dream of the air-ship come true.

AIR-SHIPS WITH WINGS

THE German air-ship has developed into a flying-machine with wonderful power of ascent. In 1909 it was discovered that the horizontal rudders,—which are flat planes fore and aft on the hull, for steering up and down,—act like aëroplanes and help lift the ship. Auxiliary motors were then mounted to assist this lifting force. The old Zeppelin I, driven thirty-one miles an hour, with rudders set at an upward angle of fifteen degrees, lifted one and a quarter tons, nearly half its cargo. That weight is taken off the gas. The planes of the new ships should easily lift over two tons, and thus its high speed, on the principle of the aëroplane, assists in supporting an air-ship. Driven forty miles an hour it can neither rise or fall; driven seventy miles, it would still fly if inflated with ordinary air. It has been realized that slightly larger and better curved planes will support much more weight than flat planes; so it is probable that within two years, these huge craft soaring on aërocurves will lift much greater weights with the same engines. Also, their wings may be made to rival the birds in soaring on ascending air currents. Starting with gas-chambers full to give the greatest buoyancy, and with engines running at top-speed, the air-ship would be driven swiftly, to a height of two or three miles, where it could travel with chambers one third empty at a speed that would keep the ship afloat. At top-levels, it is possible for the air-ship to be driven seventy miles an hour through the thinner air. Great flights by some birds of passage are not easy to explain even by the winds. Carter, a Colorado naturalist, killed an English heron. He explained this foreign bird's presence by suggesting that it had come with a flock of travelers. Many passage-birds seem to fly very high, which would explain why they are seldom seen. Science has recently shown that mechanical flight is perfectly feasible at vast heights,

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where the machine, finding thirty per cent. less support, gains thirty per cent. in speed, with little more energy than at sea-level. For the same reason, birds would fly at these altitudes. G. Gätke, a German naturalist, says they fly four miles a minute two miles high over the island of Heligoland, in their spring travel from the continent to England.

THE EVOLUTION OF AIR-SHIPS

THE evolution of air-ships, now taking place, confirms the writers' statements, a year ago, in an article called "The Aërial Battleship." When Count Zeppelin began his experiments, it was thought necessary to have a house for his air-ship, and that house to float on water, to avoid jarring the craft. Three years ago the German government presented to the inventor a perfect floating house on Lake Constance, costing $150,000. The government recently returned it to the builders for $15,000 as obsolete. The Count has since announced his plans for a ship nine hundred and eighty-four feet long, with one thousand horse-power, to carry three hundred passengers against any storm. It will not be possible to house a craft of that size.

Count Zeppelin always asserted that the larger ship was the more efficient, and in fact air-ships have been built larger and larger, as have steamships, and speed has increased in proportion to size and greater engines. Major Gross, an earlier critic of size, built his last military air-ship three hundred and seven feet long, and mounted four motors; as a consequence, it makes thirty-eight miles an hour instead of twenty-eight, which was the highest speed of his first craft. Vickers Sons and Maxim are building a dirigible of the Zeppelin type for the British government, more than five hundred feet long. Four engines are expected to drive it forty-eight miles an hour.

AIR-SHIPS AS FREIGHT CARRIERS

ACCORDING to present indications immense air-ship hulls requiring no housing will be built for increased cargo; such ships should be able to compare with ocean vessels of equal size and high speed, even in stanchness. This will bring the air-ship into the freight classification for

From a photograph

ZEPPELIN III IN THE FLOATING SHED ON LAKE CONSTANCE

The stern is shown with the stability fins which carry the vertical rudders. This shed built by Count Zeppelin was supplanted by the shed built by the German government at a cost of $150,000.

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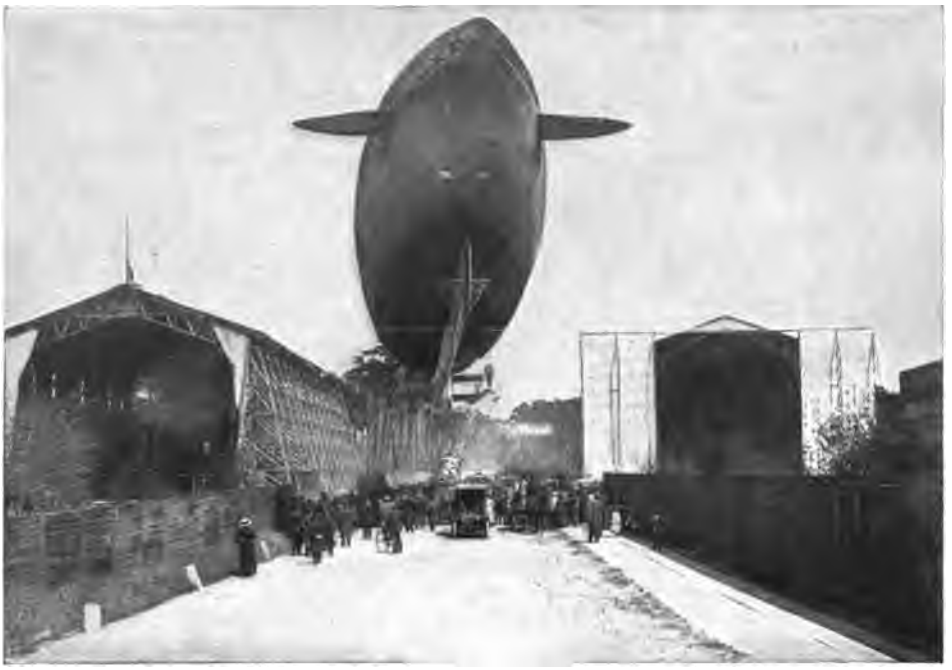

From a photograph

GROSS III, THE FASTEST AIR-SHIP SO FAR CONSTRUCTED

The ship is shown at the air-harbors in Bitterfeld, about fifty miles southwest of Berlin.

the carrying of urgent mail and certain articles of commerce. Such freight might be carried in an air-line at sixty miles an hour, and more, by a man-made cloud, which is not inconceivable when we consider that the Wetzel air-ship, now projected in Germany, is being planned to transport thirty-seven tons of passengers. Immense supplies of gas would be required; but that cost would be negligible, owing to the saving of leakage through the burning of hydrogen as fuel, which offsets the weight lost by consumption of gasolene. Such an air-ship's earning capacity might be substantially greater than that of a ship on the water. It would not require shelter, being heavy enough in a storm to lie on the ground with the inertia of a log. The inertness of an air-ship, half a mile long, is considerably greater than its bulk; this is a long misunderstood feature of the craft that has caused a vast waste of money. A mammoth air-ship can be operated by the same crew as a small one, as easily as one chauffeur handles a racing car of any size. It has been demonstrated that a large air-ship can go farther and faster than a small one, and the shorter trip would mean relatively less fuel, and smaller loss of gas.

EXPENSE OF AN ATLANTIC AIR-VOYAGE

THE expense of air-shipping steadily decreases with experience. In operating a transoceanic service, one week would undoubtedly be allotted to each of forty-eight annual voyages. The crossing would take two to three days. Engines and ships would be overhauled after each trip. Air-ships of twenty thousand cubic meters displacement would need to be refilled twice a month. A new process for producing hydrogen, makes the inflating of ships the size of the Zeppelin IV cost $526, as compared with $3091 a year ago. Gas drawn from the chambers and burned in the motors, to compensate for weight lost by the consumption of gasolene, would cost $155, leaving $198 for the gasolene consumed. Docking, overhauling, and repairing between trips would not exceed $250. An air-ship costs $144,600; it will last four years if regularly overhauled; a credit of $300 for each trip would represent material that could be taken from an obsolete

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ship to refurnish a new one. A captain now receives $3856 a year; two helmsmen, each $2410; and three engineers, each $1446. This personnel would need to earn $301 each trip, but by transferring the crew from incoming to outgoing ships, $200 would be a conservative estimate for wages. Roughly the expense of each trip would be about $1203. If twenty passengers were carried at $120 each, the fare on a first-class steamship, the returns would enable the air-liner to pay a handsome dividend and lay aside a fund for better wages to more expert officers. The captain must be assisted by a navigating officer, both drawing $8000 to $10,000 a year, according to the training and service demanded of them, which includes expert skill in astronomical and meteorological calculations, and wireless telegraphy.

AIR-SHIPPING INVESTMENTS

THE extent of European investment in air-ships, air-harbors, and aërological stations is not appreciated in America. A new air-harbor at Hamburg, near the mouth of the Elbe, will be finished this year at a cost of $200,000; another at Kiel will be ready in May, and others at Dessau, Lübeck, Eisenach, and Baden-Baden, on later dates. Those at Hamburg, Lübeck, and Baden-Baden belong to the Zeppelin Navigation Company; the others to other corporations. Competition has already impelled the Zeppelin Company to build larger ships, because the local traffic it had planned to enjoy, with smaller ships, and a minor outlay of money, is being sought by two or three other companies that can operate smaller ships as cheaply and as well. The German Air-navy League has asked the municipal authorities of Glatz, Austria, to lease to the Zeppelin Company grounds for an air-harbor, as a part of the plan for local traffic between the cities of Saxony, Thuringia, Silesia, and Northern Bohemia. An Austrian company is arranging to operate short lines between Vienna and neighboring resorts. The Zeppelin Company has announced that its new ships will make regular trips from Cologne to London, in eight hours, by using the prevailing winds. The quickest connection now is by express-trains and cross-channel turbine steamers, requiring thirteen hours. The Italian government is building air-harbors at Venice and Verona; and a new dirigible for its navy will have twelve thousand cubic meters displacement, to make possible the carrying of explosives. In Germany, the non-rigid Schuckert air-ship of fifteen thousand cubic meters is nearly finished.

THE AIR-SHIP OF 1915

FROM the standard of present development the air-ship of 1915 may be conceived as having a hull of rigid construction, one thousand feet long and eighty feet beam, with accommodations for one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty passengers, and a crew of forty-two men. The new air-liner will resemble a submarine, or rather a flying-fish. All its parts will be compactly built into the hull. Its underbody, eight hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and nine feet high, will extend between the elbows fore and aft where the hull begins to curve toward its pointed bow and stern. The underbody will hold seven passenger and eight operating sections, after the fashion of a compartment sleeping-car. A continuous passageway will extend from end to end. The prow glazed with artificial mica will furnish an aërial observatory. Its interior will be a series of grill galleries, connected by steps. Here will be the "bridge," the air-liner's nerve-center, with signal radiation to all parts of the ship. A narrow gallery will reach the extreme nose, where a small exploring gun, swung on a universal-joint, can be fired toward most points in space. On its several platforms will be the navigating deck, the helm, the "wireless," the chart-room, and both meteorological and astronomical "observatories." Below the "bridge" will be a hatchway to the main passage in the forward underbody of the ship, where there is a companionway which is the ship's portal. Abaft of this will be the captain's cabin. To starboard will begin the main passage and state-rooms, with all doors opening on the passage. Next to the captain's quarters, in sequence, will be officers and engineers' state-rooms; officers' ward-room and mess; the barbershop; the first motor compartment; the toilet room; passengers' state-rooms; passengers' living quarters, a central lounging, reading, and

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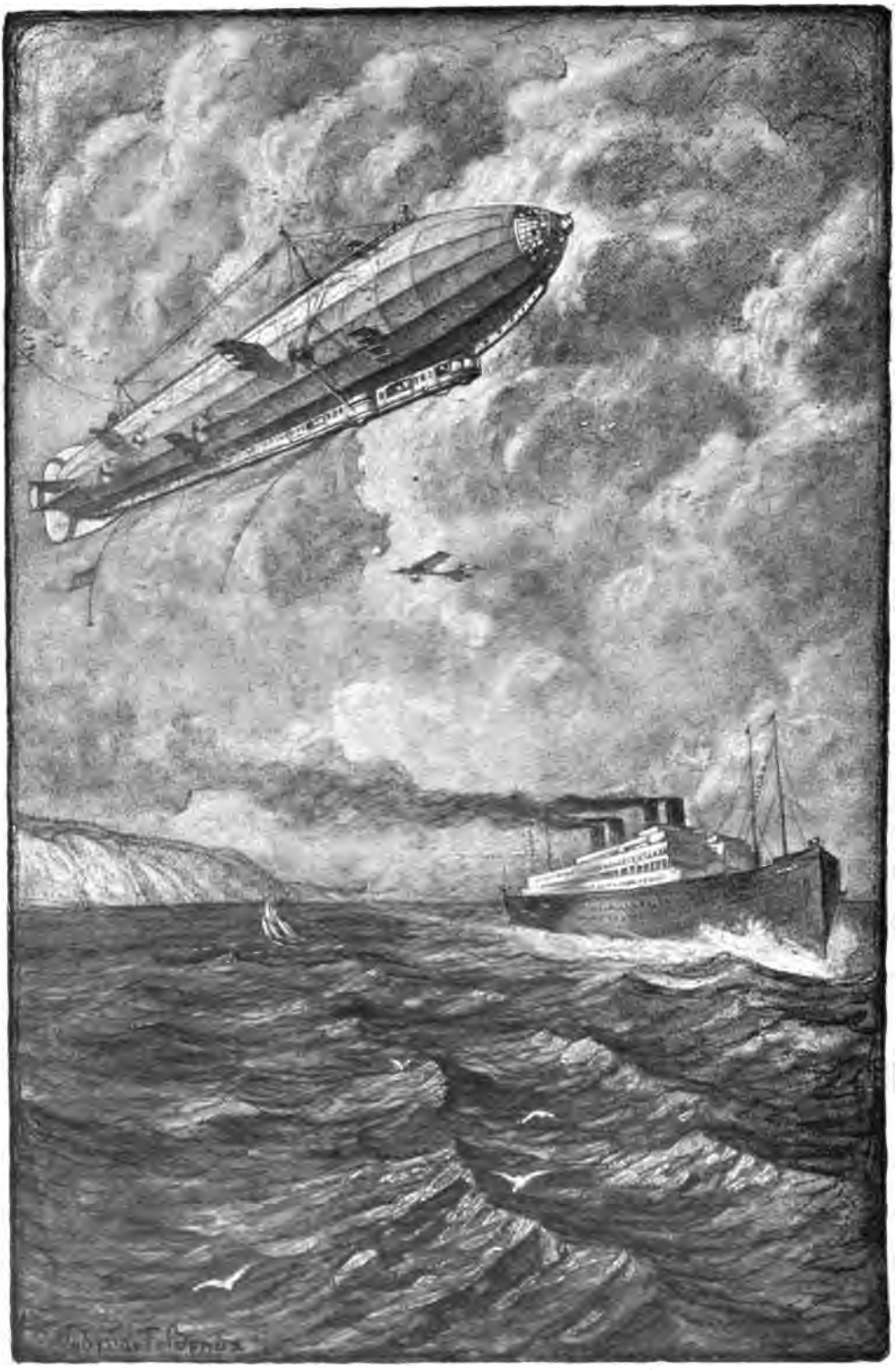

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

A FORECAST OF THE AIR-SHIP OF 1915—OVERTAKING AN ATLANTIC LINER IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

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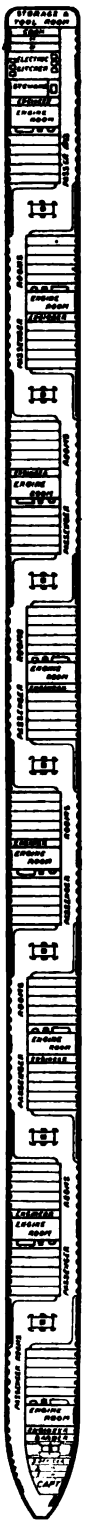
dining saloon, the width of the ship. The saloons, glazed with openings of artificial mica, can be transformed into open deck-space, by sliding side-ports. At the stern will be the steward's quarters, where all cooking will be by electricity. Meals will be served in each saloon, the pantry service being operated by escalator, passing through the "hold," which will be attached to the air-ship's entire underbody. Table service will be delivered through a trap in the saloon floor. Telephone and electric annunciators will connect each section with the steward's quarters. As only twenty-five passengers will be accommodated in each section, but one steward will be required there. All bed covering will be of the lightest weights, because elektron heaters carrying the hot exhaust of the motors will keep the temperature automatically even, while flying at frigid altitudes. When flying low in the tropics, the air-ship may be perfectly cooled by ventilation. Only hand-baggage will be permitted for the quick passage, other "baggage" going by steamer or express air-ship.

The sides of the "hold," or tunnel, five feet high and eight feet wide will be lined with continuous tanking, containing gasolene fuel, to be forced upward into the engine-rooms, as needed. The outside of the "hold" will serve as the air-ship's rounded keel, and will enable the craft to float on water; elastic buffers for landing will be fixed under each engine section. The eight motor compartments will each be equipped with one two hundred-horse-power motor, transmitting energy by short steel belts, in flattened tubes, to one propeller on the same side of the hull, and to auxiliary engines operating pumps that will control the gas-chambers, withdrawing expanding gas, and condensing it into the air-ship's tubular frame. They will also drive powerful fans, for ventilating the air-spaces of the hull, and the living quarters. The electric



PLAN OF THE UNDERBODY OF AN AIR-SHIP OF THE TYPE OF THE PROPOSED ZEPPELIN VI
Saloons indicated by the oblong tables alternate with the passenger sections in the centers of which are the engine-rooms.

power-plants, for lighting, cooking, and operating the escalator, will be in the engine compartments.[1]

The top of the hull, now the Zeppelin's observatory, will become a long "hurricane deck" of thin, light planking, with side-rails. Here will be kept "service" implements; two slender masts, carrying the "wireless" antennæ and the yellow "top-lights"; observatories for cloud-triangulation and taking the altitude of stars; search-lights, kite-winch and the air-ship's "boats," two small swift aëroplane "scouts,"—one fore, the other aft, with ample space for launching and alighting. The deck will be reached by small, winding open-work stairs through the hull. The hull will be divided into twenty gas-tight compartments, for sustaining the air-ship in space. Along the port and starboard sides, five sets of curved aëroplane surfaces will help to lift and support the air-ship, or steer it up and down. They will be "stepped," to avoid interference. Between them will be eight propellers, four on each side, at alternating levels along the hull.

It is believed that within five years such an air-liner will be capable of traveling seventy-five miles an hour, ordinarily, and often one hundred and twenty miles, in the upper levels. Two miles above the equator a planetary current encircles the globe at tremendous speed. The ashes of the eruption of Krakatoa were carried in this belt, around the world, in fourteen days. In ten years an air-ship driven fifty miles an hour, may perchance make that trip in eight days, flying at a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour or three thousand miles a day. Is it all a dream? Ten years ago a prophecy of the present achievements of German air navigators would have been received with incredulity.

[1] Since this article was prepared the writers have learned from private sources, that the air-ship for the British government, now being built in Paris, will be equipped with an electric lighting plant.

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MAGNIFICENT OLGA

BY LUCY DE GRASSE MARTIN

OLGA YOURIEVNA SOLENSKY and I followed the black-veiled nun through the chaste, white, highly polished salons of the convent while she explained to me the origin of her curious name, with which certain highly considered Russian saints had had to do. In Russia, it seems, they called her Olga, daughter of Youri. A final step through an open French window brought us out on the broad, sanded terrace of a Louis Fourteenth palace known for a hundred years in Paris as the Sacré Cœur, a convent school for girls. Here the nun paused a moment, and, raising her head toward the new pupil, who stood silent in the bright-blue stiffness of her uniform, indicated with a pale smile and a half-gesture a view over the great convent garden, with something of Paris all about, which the most sanguine person in the world would hardly have expected from a nunnery. Long rows of elms, the tops of which swept grandly together in cathedral arches, already deeply green in the late April sunshine, led away to the distance. Nearer, in the rose-garden, a tiny temple to the Virgin rose through the opalescent pinks and greens of fruit-trees, and moist, flowery scents told of lilacs, lilies, and violets.

"The Chapel," said Mme. d'Isle, turning luminous eyes on the young Russian, "was built by the Empress Eugénie in memory of her happy school-days here. She prays there often now—in the visitors' part. She may not come in the nave."

Olga stared with the cool, impassive stare of a Slav at the great graystone mass on her right, apparently unimpressed. Then her intense blue gaze traveled slowly to the convent walls, over which the trees, towers, houses of the boulevard, and the gilded dome of the Invalides showed bravely, and echoes of life and action beyond were keenly heard.

"I never thought to see so much of Paris from a convent," she purred in deep, vibrating Russian tones, like the song of a contented cat.

Mme. d'Isle moved swiftly forward to the broad terrace steps with a slight cough of deprecation. "This was built by a king, and we could not completely change it."

An astute smile passed over the full lips of the new pupil, who had already absorbed the mutilated bronze and stone mountings of the terrace; the defaced carvings of the fine two-storied façade, once magnificently ornate as the dwelling of a king's son. About us the chastening influence of religion as it had met and vanquished every symbolic trace of royal and earthly love was so plainly visible that it was almost droll. Many were the wide vacancies left by portly cupids and their seventeenth-century golf-bags full of darts. Bleeding hearts by the dozen had clearly been culled from the midst of rose garlands, and here and there a concession to Renaissance art was found in the lonely poise of a dove. The chipping away of its mate left it a perfectly correct symbol, in-

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deed the highest of all symbols—that of the Holy Spirit. Ingenious, clever nuns!

The excited cries of the girls at play had been floating out from the trees, and we now moved toward them behind the nun, whose rapid movements, with bent head, tight-clasped elbows, and black, fluttering draperies were like the flight of a bird as she bore down on the graveled playground. Here more than thirty girls, dressed alike in the royal blue of France, were scurrying violently about under the approving eye of an old nun. Although they were young ladies,—"les grandes" of the convent,—it was easily seen that the black figure was inciting the mass of blue to further shouts, struggles, leaps, and runs. At the sight of this feminine scrimmage, the short upper lip of the Russian curled disdainfully.

When the old nun saw us approaching her cool voice called a halt, and taking a few steps, she spoke with a certain grace to the new member of the corps, but allowed Mme. d'Isle the ceremonial of introduction.

The latter was the idol of the girls, and the gossiping little Parisians had passed round the word that she was a widow of high rank who ten years before had turned all Paris upside down with her charm. However it was, the clumsy black cashmere pelerine and the enveloping cap and veil could not entirely hide her slender elegance, nor dim the high-bred look in her dark eyes.

"Mes enfants," said she, "this is Olga Solensky, who comes to us from Russia. Her number is ninety-seven; she will be in your corps. Teach her your games, and make her one of you." As her quick eye fell on me, she added, "Fifty-eight will show her the rules for a few days."

Thus exhorted by the beloved Mme. d'Isle, some of the highest-born girls in Europe came up with friendliness, and the Russian was soon taking a canter on the playground preliminary to the real pleasures of prisoners' base and French football. After a bad quarter of an hour, Olga shook herself free from the future belles of Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, and, stepping aside with regal air, stood scornfully surveying these athletic antics. She was undoubtedly handsome. The bloom of seventeen took off the edge of a square figure, heavy shoulders, and a full waist. Her head was superbly crowned with shining chestnut braids, and her eyes, as blue as lapis lazuli, were small and innocent. There was a barbaric air of pride and self-will about her, and a certain ardent look of enthusiasm that was seductive. Honesty and candor were so stamped upon every feature and expression that a sculptor would have longed for her to pose as "Innocence."

My task of demonstrating convent law was simple. First and foremost, no private conversation, no friendships, were tolerated. Second, convent fare, once it was on the trencher of the *pensionnat,* was to be eaten to the ultimate atom. And third, no alternative lay between the infirmary and an active part in the convent games. This legislation of the cloister I set before Mlle. Solensky as attractively as possible, and except for a deeper curl of her red lips and a certain sarcastic showing of her strong, white teeth, she made no comments. Her small, deep eyes, however, had a far-away look and her entire poise was of the untamed variety which suggested racial potentialities.

The night of Olga's advent was some saint's day, which we celebrated by a more elaborate menu than usual in the refectory, a dark, cavernous, stone-flagged basement. When all were seated, there was the hush of great anticipation for the doors to open on the procession of working sisters. In they came, bearing chicken, flanked by steaming lentils and chestnuts, and deftly steered their way among the dozen tables, bare of napery or ornament. Midway at each table sat a big girl president whose duty was to serve the exact amount that each of her constituents felt she could consume.

Olga Solensky evinced a healthy Muscovite appetite, for she let her plate be heaped high; but after an early taste of her super-abundant portion, she tilted her nose and fasted conspicuously, with a mysterious, subtle smile. We, the sophisticated, sat with marrow congealing as we recalled the fate of Marietta de Bailly, who had remained eight hours confronting a bowl of cold soup, but had finally capitulated and swallowed the repellent broth, which the good sister who "served the Lord" before the convent stove had forgotten to salt. Our inward tumult was shortened by the coming of the famous

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tins of boiling dish-water, a custom as old as the order itself. Coquettish dish-pans these, in which, each in turn, we plunged knife, fork, and spoon, as royal princesses had done before us. When the shining tin reached the Russian, her eyes blazed, and she ignored the time-honored ceremony in an access of aristocratic rage.

At this interesting moment there was a stir in the refectory, and the habitual silence of meal-time was broken by the tinkle of a bell. Mme. de Grissac, the Mistress-General, a tall, stooping old woman with the most observant little olive eyes that ever opened on this world, had come quietly in, and thus secured the full attention of her charges.

"Mes enfants," said she, severely, "you all know what I think of the sin of wastefulness. It is a crime in a universe the laws of which decree that not an atom shall be lost. Now see what I have here!" Holding at arm's length a plate, she directed attention to it with a fork. "Here is beautiful white meat of chicken, something delicious. There is enough here for an entire family. Who has been so selfish, so gluttonous, as to take this and leave it? Speak!"

There was a heavy silence. The dreaded Mistress-General left her stand at the head of the long room, and her pale-lidded eyes swept the girls, table by table, seeking the soul of the culprit. By some strange instinct she found her, and, towering in front of the Russian, in whose round cheeks a sudden color had flamed, she held the singular, deep eyes of the girl under the smoldering blaze of her own.

"I see," she said, observing the Russian's unwashed tableware, and nodding her black-veiled head with an emphasis that kept the great, bare room so still that it seemed quite empty. "This time it may pass, but the next time you will eat all the chicken, my good child."

Mme. de Grissac then saluted the refectory at large with a sign which meant that she would herself give grace on this auspicious occasion. There was a great groaning of benches on the stone flags as a hundred girls in the blue of France stood with bowed heads, while a formidable voice thanked Divine Providence for this specially good supper which it had ordered.

It was not long before the young resident Parisians, who, like most grown children, were all terrible little snobs, began to whisper that Olga was certainly of the Russian imperial family. This was a vague rumor, but finally substantial stories came forth, and the exquisite aloofness of Olga's manner helped the idea along. They said she was a grande duchesse placed incog in the convent for a unique experience. It was the time of the Franco-Russian *entente,* and the most aristocratic young women in France were soon at the Russian's feet. They said she had such charm, was so dazzling when she talked, had known such wonderful adventures, people, things. "When she talked?" Indeed, yes. For in her subtle way, despite iron rule and the never-ceasing watchfulness of the nuns, Olga Solensky found time and place to pour forth her thoughts of life, love, and country. She had all these simple girls entranced, hypnotized with the romantic aspect of her existence, and the honors were easily hers. It was a delight to watch the play of her face in telling of her childhood in the great white country. To us she brought the mystery of Russia, its vastness, its isolation, its sadness; a speech the sounds of which filled the ear like the torrents of a waterfall; mingled barbarity and civilization.

Olga related that she was born under a star that brought her in swaddling clothes to the brilliant life of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. Owing to papa's position near the person of the Czar, her career had been one chain of pageants, feasts, celebrities, and the other amusing mundane things. Some of her reminiscences were thrilling: in one or two figured a czar and a pair of sharp scissors. As a child she had been caught with these instruments shearing a lock from the favorite collie of the Emperor Alexander, whose indignation was Jove-like until he heard that the collie's hair was a souvenir of himself. From then till his death he had sent her a fine box of bonbons at New-Year's. Again armed with scissors she had descended from her nursery to sample the magnificent sable shubas of some great ladies dining with her mother. "Angry?" No; Russians were rich and they were good-natured: they bought new sables or patched up the old. In Russia nobody gave himself bad blood by worrying over what already was. Nichevo (not at all). From

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her close association with the imperial children, tobogganing and supping with them in winter and sailing in summer, she was on the lists to be maid of honor to the Czarina. The only thorn in this rose was the fabulous cost of the red velvet gown and the gold kakoshnik with its veil, and her people were rather poor. But it was good luck, for the Czarina gave her monogram in diamonds to wear over the heart, and the fortunate one would be married or buried through her grace.

From all these pleasant prospects she had been wrenched, to be stuffed unwilling into this prison of a convent. They might confine her body here, but her soul, her free soul, was in Russia with her own people. Despite the absence in Russia of her soul, Olga appeared to enjoy her corporeal vogue immensely. Wonderful frizzled Russian ladies came to see her on salon-days—ladies who were laden in winter with archaic furs from which their glittering, small eyes peeped out strangely like the original fur-bearing animal, and who in summer sifted odd fragrances from unusual furbelows, and clanked heavy-jeweled shackles on neck and arms as they came and went. Bulky, be-whiskered boyars were there, too, looking the part of prime ministers, every one of them, with fat necks and shining Oriental eyes, talking together in their strange tongue. These Russians inspired copious notes in the small books of those plain nuns of advanced years who were delegated to do the honors in the salon. But Olga was secretive about her visitors, and the precise elevation of her rank, always a matter of curiosity, was not thus discovered, nor was an impertinent little Italian princess gratified when she asked a blunt question. There was no equivalent for it in French heraldry, was the answer.

While Olga hedged carefully the divinity of her own position, she seemed obsessed to talk of her beloved country. The more she saw of France, it appeared, the better she liked Russia, but converse of this vast empire stood no higher in the esteem of the nunnery than a discussion of the new play at the Gymnase, or of the singular color of the Duchesse de B——'s hair the last Sunday in the salon. The girl was warned on all sides, even the favorite Mme. d'Isle spoke and batted her black eyes significantly. But Olga, with vast indifference, continued to talk and entrance whom she could. At night, in the central room, when the girls joined hands and walked in circles as they sang old ballads and war-songs of France, there was a scramble to be near her. Under cover of "Dans un donjon sur la rive étrangère gisait encore Richard Cœur de Lion," and "Orléans, Beaugençy Notre Dame de Paris, Vendôme, Vendôme," as we walked round and round in the cold winter evenings, she warmed our fancy with fiery tales, wolf-hunts in forests when the moon shone clear through the tall, somber pines, and the furry driver of the troika urged his three running horses on over the white road, and the mournful wolves were heard in the distance.

After she had under her spell the resident Parisians, who were engaging her for her vacations in their ancestral châteaux, it was plain that those who were neutral on the subject of Olga were missing something keen in life. So I, too, risked the displeasure of the convent powers by taking her hand in the ronde one night and giving her her cue. "Tell me about Russia," I said. With an exalted eye and a voice that thrilled with feeling, she apostrophized Russia, great and glorious country of genius, so sad, so yoked, so full of pathos. Oh, the brilliant minds she had known! "Rubinstein? *mais oui.*" It was his habit to play weekly in her mother's drawing-room. She had sat on the stairs many a night with her small ears tingling while melodies of the angels had flooded her brain; and the piano had to be tuned after every visit he made. It was wonderful, overwhelming. The inexpressible sadness that the great pianist had planted in her childish soul could never, never be effaced. Yes, he was the intimate friend of her father, and dined with them on Sundays,—Olga had the air of seeing in a vision those bygone Sundays.

The next evening I went back for more cream. "How about Count Tolstoi—did you ever see him?" "See him!" exclaimed Olga. Then she spoke of childhood on a near-by estate; of strolls in the summer forests with the great author, barefooted, of course, and a few of the nine little Tolstois. She had sat on his venerated knee when she was small, and stories he had invented for all of them had since

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been printed. Her love of humanity, of poverty, and self-denial were all due to him. To have known him was a blessing.

There were other stories in a different key. It was on monthly holidays, perhaps in a stately salon of the Faubourg St. Germain, that she revealed tidings of a certain infatuated grand duke, the handsomest man in Russia—he of snow-white uniform, gold helmet with an eagle, gold cuirass, and the look of a Greek god. He had shadowed her for months, but imperial disfavor threatened their marriage.

This climax brought about a state of affairs with the community anything but harmonious. The usual placidity of the nuns was deeply ruffled as they contemplated the self-willed Russian and her satellites.

There was one convent ceremonial of painful import to those whose consciences were stained with guilt. It was a foregathering of the school, the venerable Mother Superior and the faculty grouped about austerely in their black draperies. As Mme. de Grissac read the roll, each listened acutely. The girl from the North had had the dreaded "assez bien" every week of the winter. Finally the ominous word "friendships" rose against her name, and the white bonnet frills of the community nodded sorrowfully at one another. All knew the finality of this charge except the *insouciante* Slav, and her disciples begged her to submit. A few passive days, and the intrepid one was conspiring on surreptitious scraps of paper. This led the never-to-be-outwitted nuns to midnight searches in the dormitories. Soft steps padded over the waxed floors, dark lanterns glanced, silhouettes flashed into momentary being, bureau-drawers were combed over, and deft fingers disemboweled pockets. This reign of terror produced a nervous tension never before known in our day. But Olga, daughter of Youri, thrived under this intangible duel with the black ladies. By this time homage from the entire pensionnat was hers, and the *religieuses* were certainly slow to take the initiative, doubtless because of her great rank. But one day we saw her enter the closet study of Mère de Grissac to sit on a low stool at the feet of a personality of biting quality. This study was the official court-room, also the convent guillotine.

And then Olga disappeared from the convent as if by magic, sans farewells, explanations, and all else that goes with school-girl ideas of the sweet sorrow of parting. She was seen here and there for a few weeks in the whirl of Paris, very smart and dashing, we heard, and then a mere note came, saying that she was safe on Russian soil again.

It was then that the nature of her genius came out in a series of the most poetic letters ever written, and she shone forth as a second Madame de Sévigné. There was not one of her communications that did not breathe the ether of feeling, the divine essence, a melancholy comprehension of things. They read like a spell, an epic poem, an enchantment. The girl was a born artist with words, and the love of expression she could not control in the convent found a new channel in these remarkable letters. They were something of an education in themselves. The earliest came from Kief, the capital of Little Russia, and reflected the narrow surroundings of a small, gossiping society, where advantages are few, and melancholy succeeds sadness. Olga wrote much of death, those days, and of the *tombeau,* of weary, unending winter, when snow hid the world and dawn and twilight almost met in the narrow streets of the town, relic of the barbaric ages. She debated freely the existence of God, and it was a relief when the weather changed and a series of letters issued from the heart of the Ukraine steppe. The proximity of a young boyar might have been inferred here, as there was much of the real loveliness of life, of a world so wonderful as to have a moon to shine over a vast, broad-waving ocean of flowers like the steppe in June, of a bountiful nature providing nightingales to chant in the somber, prayerful pines. "Oh, divine Russian night, oh, magical Russian night! Oh, how beautiful is the steppe and how perfect the universe, so silent, so scented with flowers, so utterly mysterious!"

The existence of God was definitely affirmed, and news of Olga's engagement to a grand duke was clearly imminent.

But here another turning came in the series, and letters followed from St. Petersburg teeming with worldly ideas. In

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one letter she said: "There are persons in the outer world who claim to comprehend Russia if they own a samovar and have read Tolstoï. One must have a soul to know Russia." Then her pen scratched news of the national opera, the wonders of the imperial ballet, of the première, the black-haired Tzinstschaya, the glories of court-balls, where all the great Russian world dances in a marble and crystal ball-room before the Czar and Czarina. There were sketches of grandiose guardsmen, others of dinner successes, talks with statesmen, diplomats, authors; winter suppers on the islands. There were skating- and hunting-parties with great people, off for week-ends in the country. Decidedly Olga was healing her melancholy, and making a record as a belle. She seemed to hold all St. Petersburg in the light of her lapis-lazuli eyes.

One day a letter came from Olga in which her style was less vivid and picturesque than usual. She was married. She had been married two months, and the honeymoon was still on. Her husband's name was Rochsnoff, of an ancient Muscovite family, older, nobler, and more considerable in every way than the Romanoffs. As for money, he was loaded with it, and titles were nothing to one in her position. They were as thick in Russia as flies in summer, anyway, especially princely ones. Marriage seemed to reduce somewhat Olga's letters and the quality of their imagery. She wrote mostly of the brilliant happiness that Rochsnoff had brought to her gray life, and of the genius of this man, who was not only progressive, original, versatile, but of the highest morale and as handsome as the devil himself. With all her philosophy, Olga believed in the personality of evil as much as in that of her calendar of saints. She advised all her unwedded friends not to wait for their affinities, but to seek out such another as Rochsnoff at once. In time there was word of a cherubic son, of a newly constructed palace in St. Petersburg, and there were manifold urgent invitations to visit her. Her prayers for my pilgrimage to Russia to see this paragon of husbands, and to witness their supreme happiness, were suddenly and unexpectedly answered, for I closely followed the letter announcing my coming visit.

Late one afternoon in June I descended at the Warsaw station in St. Petersburg. Except for a few soldiers, moujik porters, and istvostchiks in their dusty, blue wadded wrappers, it was a deserted scene. Where was my dashing and elegant hostess? Not a sign of her or her retainers on this strange horizon. We soon selected a droshky from the line, and were bowling through wide streets framed by low houses glowing like the rainbow, while here and there gold-and-purple Byzantine domes flashed against the pale sky. There was the deep, swift Neva; and here the sober, quaint old hotel where all the diplomats in Europe have been housed. Decidedly it was all very gay and alluring despite mundane misunderstandings.

But within, along with the creature comforts dear to every traveler, was a note from my princess, saying that she had been stricken with a sudden illness, and hoped to be in from her estate early the next day.

Morning came, and at eleven o'clock, the hour of great bustle and activity in an Oriental hotel, the porter came to the reading-room and announced "Madame Rochsnoff." My heart thrilled as I turned to meet the lovely, magnetic Olga; but no joyous frou-frou of silken garments preceded her, no gay vibrations were in the air to greet me; instead an apparition of a woman slowly entered the room and stood staring somberly at me. In figure she was heavily square, and there was something grotesque about her, even ridiculous. Neither young nor old, she was clothed in a sad, frayed drab muslin liberally arranged with pins, while on her scanty locks sat uneasily a nightmare in hats. Gloveless, ringless, her broad feet poorly slippered, she seemed a caricature of femininity. There was an almost ferocious quality in the face of the woman, in the strange glare of her faded eyes, and in the haughty, drooping line of her thick lips.

"Well, do you not recognize me?" she finally said in a low tone.

Spellbound, I said, "Are you Olga?"

"Who else could I be?" she replied tersely.

My brain reeled. Could this hideous wreck be the blooming, brilliant, exquisite girl who held us all in thrall at the aristocratic convent? I surveyed in silence the ravages of four years.

Savagely she seized my unresisting hands

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and pulled me down on a sofa by her side. Then with nervous haste she told me of the great calamity that had overwhelmed her. Barely two months ago, her beloved husband, erstwhile noble and good, had developed an overmastering appetite for the national poison, vodka, and even at that very moment undoubtedly the idyllic villa was ringing with his drunken uproar. Nothing could augment her profound misery, she had thought; but not to be able to entertain us was unbearable. Her grief was truly poignant, if not picturesque, and flowed from her in Russian, French, and English.

"Dear friend, you come so far, you must, you shall kiss my adorable *bébé,* my little Sasha, even if you do not yet see my beautiful villa." There were tears and wringing of the hands. We tried to comfort her.

We were to visit other friends, so we would wait, trusting poor Olga's misfortunes would fly away as suddenly as they came, and then make the much-talked-of visit.

Not long after, staying with the Apraxins of the court-circle, we deplored to them the sorrows of Olga and the contretemps of our visit. The walls of the summer cottage shook with the laughter of the general as he roared, *"Mon Dieu!* you could not possibly visit the Rochsnoffs, and nobody knows it better than Olga."

Next day the princess had Olga for luncheon at the Peterhof cottage, one of a dozen guests. Among the esthetic tissues and rare jewels of these titled beauties, her blatant crimson blouse, aggressive black skirt, and abortive hat were awesome. As my senses absorbed this profane array, it flashed over me that here her true being would assert itself, and we should be dazzled by her matchless personality and charm. But Olga sat through this summer *déjeuner* in sullen silence, looking fixedly at me as though in a dense, painful dream. Before leaving, she begged me to visit her a few weeks later in the St. Petersburg apartment which she had taken for the early winter gaieties.

I promised. Then there were weeks of dense, dark forests, of long, sluggish rivers, of Tatar towns, sun-baked villages, of steppes and quaint old country houses, and finally we completed a great circle, and found ourselves again in the town that Peter built. As Olga had scrawled the address of her villa for us, it was a little fantasy of ours to look her up one day as we drove in a light victoria behind the swift, black Orloffs of some friends.

The fat family coachman in his smart, pleated blue caftan and bell-shaped beaver, puzzled over the precise location; but once satisfied, whipped up his horses to their top-speed, as the Russian custom is, and we were at last en route to see Olga in her suburban paradise. We went due northward across the sweet waters of the Neva, through the conventional park, with its Roman gods and emperors and its tiny lakes, over the canals, the islands,—the Semenoi and Elaghinski *ostrof,* covered with pink and blue summer villas smothered in flowers,—past fleets of tiny sails, around gay tea-gardens, coffee-houses established on sunken craft by the water's-edge. Every minute we expected to draw up at some charming house more original than all the rest. But on we went, propelled by the intelligent Ivan and his running horses. The country was now less lovely; we crossed railway tracks and neighborhoods of dismal mien. The houses grew small, and stood in uninspiring rows. There were factories here and there, shipyards near the Baltic, great, free pleasure-gardens for the very poor, where vaudeville, through the munificence of a great prince, is given thrice weekly. At last there was a stiff turn, another vista of miniature dwellings, and finally we stopped with a great swish before a wooden gate. Beyond it was a somber hut showing signs of habitation.

"Niet, niet," said I to Ivan.

"Da, da," he replied, smiling blandly, which meant, "Yes, yes."

Put to the test, it took no time to rouse a decrepit old woman from a rear door of the humble shack.

"Where shall I find Mme. Rochsnoff?" I asked in an effective combination of languages.

"Here," she replied.

"Is she at home?"

"Niet, niet."

We left our cards, and retraced our way back to the hotel in tragic silence. Where were the villa and the Italian garden of a few weeks ago? The next day's post brought a short and strange note from Olga Rochsnoff. It read:

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My Friend:

Our ways must separate. I leave to-night with my child for Moscow, after great misfortunes. You did not know, then, that our home was swept from us while you were gone. I regret with my soul not to see you again, but your fate lies with the happy, brilliant people of this world, and not with unfortunate and miserable beings like

Olga.

Adieu.

The same evening we dined with the Apraxins at the "Bear" at Peterhof. It was a serene, late-summer night, still light at ten o'clock, and as we sat at table on the terrace which leans out over the Baltic, we witnessed a white night of the North, when the water, the sky, the very atmosphere were like polished silver.

"I saw your friend Olga Rochsnoff today as we drove through the suburbs," remarked the princess, lazily, as she lighted a cigarette hardly larger than a match.

"Strange! She wrote me that she was leaving for Moscow. Tell me how her villa was destroyed."

"She certainly is not going to Moscow, and she is in the same hovel she has lived in ever since her marriage."

"Most extraordinary! But what of Rochsnoff? Is he not one of the progressive millionaires of Russia? What idiosyncrasy keeps him and his family in a shanty?"

The Apraxins indulged in a merry duo of laughter, and then with decisive scorn tore the veil from Olga's idol. Rochsnoff was the most unmitigated brute, a sodden animal, whose only activity was beating his wife and trampling on her womanhood. The son of a peasant, he had dragged this girl to abject misery. It was indeed a sordid, pitiful story.

"But," said I, "how could a girl of her high rank stoop to such a low marriage?"

"Rank, you say? She had none."

"We understood at the convent that she was brought up with the imperial family."

"Lies, lies," ejaculated the excited princess.

"But she was the pet of her country neighbors, the Lyof Tolstois?"

"More lies, all lies; she never even saw them in her life."

"But her mother's famous *musicales*"

—I groped in memory—"and her New-Year's presents from the Emperor!"

"Perfect rubbish; nonsense. All of those things have happened, but not to Olga Solensky. They happened to me as a girl. I see it all: poor little Olga has been posing as a princess on a pedestal of colossal lies. The truth is, her parents were desperately poor, and it was I who sent Olga to the convent in Paris to fit her as a governess or companion. Her mother was my oldest friend, and all but submerged by ill luck. I felt it my duty to rescue the daughter before she, too, went under. Her dismissal from the convent was a great disappointment to me, and I offered nothing when they came to settle in some poor lodgings in town. Then she met and married Rochsnoff. *Voilà,* you have the real Olga! For her masquerade, I have only this to say, chère enfant: she is a supernatural liar even for Russia."

"This rather takes my breath away. Will you tell me why she urged me for months to visit her?"

"Because it was a part of the game, and in her wildest dreams she never thought you would come. *Mais,* forget her; forget it all, dear girl. You have other friends in Russia," and the noble lady tossed her tenth cigarette into the cool waters of the Baltic and rose from the table.

THE other day there came a foreign letter with a Russian stamp. It read:

St. Petersburg.
16 Fontanka Canal.

Chère Amie:

I take pleasure to send you word of the most astonishing news, which must surely interest you as it does us. It concerns Olga, that Machiavelli in petticoats. The old Rochsnoff, her peasant parent-in-law, by some merciful dispensation of the holy saints died and left his only son several millions of rubles. He played successfully to the very end his rôle of miser. Events then hurried themselves to please the most impatient, and Olga's husband died while trying to consume all the vodka in Russia.

Behold, then, Olga a widow at twenty-five, with millions at her absolute command! Then, most amazing, her beauty returns, and her fiery spirit carries her on to bellehood; indeed, she was the toast of St. Pe-

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tersburg. You heard of our friend Kamaransky shooting himself. It was for her!

Olga, the child of poverty and later the high priestess of lies, finally became the principal in an episode more spectacular, more improbable, than her own imagination had ever brought forth—an undisputed belle and able to choose her man from the highest.

A fortnight since she was married to Prince Vladimir Otomarsky, an officer in court-circles, of good family, and millions! I hear that he is building her an Italian villa overhanging the Moscowa at Moscow. This I know will make you smile, this last trick of Fate. The "Princess Olga" has just written for your address; to send cards *sans doute,* and they say that she is still clever at her old accomplishment. But why not? In her case it worked well, all her lies came true. And the men, too, I believe, they like to hear them better than the truth.

The general sends great regards. You owe a letter, *méchante,* to your old friend

Tatiana Apraxin.

THE CIRKERLATIN' WHALANS

BY EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH

MRS. LYDIA JONES stood on the step-ladder in her "98" parlor, and gave one or two little shakes to the stiff lace curtains which she had just draped back effectively from the shining windows. It is not to be supposed that this is a tale of the century's end, for, in the vocabulary of Mrs. Jones, the "98" appellation referred not to date, but to valuation, designating her best room as a thing apart.

"Some folks might 'a' called it the 'premium-room' or the 'legal-stamp den,'" she had told Pansy Viola, who held the step-ladder with trembling, chubby fingers; "but that 'u'd be misleadin', as only the lamp with the rose shade, the yellow-plush easy-chair, an' the easel come from stamp-premiums; an' I don't like callin' it a den, as you children, to my mind, be too old to play with Teddy bears. So the '98 parlor' sounds more stylish, I think, an' has a meanin'; for 'most every blessed thing here cost somethin'-ninety-eight. The parlor set cost $12.98; the mission clock, $2.98; the onyx table, $4.98; the rug with a dog on it, $3.98; an' so on. Dear me! all the two-cent stamps I could hev bought from the savin' o' not hevin' things come even dollars would send letters to a sight o' folks."

She patted the coarse lace curtains affectionately as she started down the ladder. "$1.98 a pair," she murmured, "reduced from"—

"Ma," cried Mary Eliza, bursting into the room, "hev you seen Mis' Whalan's last baby?"

"Land sakes! Mary Eliza," her mother ejaculated, starting violently, "be you an earthquake or the most sudden apperition a family ever owned?" She gently removed Pansy Viola's fingers from the step-ladder that she might fold it up. "No," she answered grimly; "but I could hev told you jest as well ef you 'd come in quiet that I never expect to see Liz Whalan's last baby. This is the ninth. Is anything the matter?"

"She fell down-stairs this mornin', Mis' Whalan did," Mary Eliza vouchsafed eagerly, "an' her leg 's broke'. The baby was born Tuesday, an' Mis' Whalan was worried 'cause Jim Whalan was n't home, an' when Tom called up-stairs that he had a message from his pa from the jail to Baldwinsville, Mis' Whalan ran down awful' fast an' tripped—"

"Be he gone again?" interrupted Mrs. Lydia, with wearied indignation. "Fer how long?"

"Well, he did n't hev the ten dollars," Mary Eliza answered in simple defense, "so he took ten days. But it 's too bad. Mis' Whalan's leg 's broke' bad, an' they 've took her off to the hospital, an' Mis' Newcomb wants you to

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come right down there. She 's got Jennie keepin' half the children quiet; but the others won't keep still, so they 're roarin'."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Lydia as this graphic picture was presented to her consciousness, "we 'll hev to go stop the other four an' a half. No, Pansy Viola; not you—now don't you bawl. Mary Eliza 's the oldest, an' I might need her; but you an' Timothy Roland an' Douglas Everett ken go right back to school fer the afternoon session. Instead o' feelin' bad 'cause you can't be there, you ought to be thankful it ain't my leg an' that your pa 's in his grave instead o' in jail. Come on, Mary Eliza."

The usually quiet Main Street of Plutarch was in a state of excitement, for the news of the accident spread rapidly, and the vision of Mrs. Lydia Jones, whose lean figure was clothed in its "umpire" housework dress, was a comforting sight; for "Lydia always comes after the curtain 's up," as Mrs. Anthony said, "an' then the actin' goes right on. She 'd make her fortune on the stage, Lydia would, jest actin' natural."

The front yard belonging to the Whalans' tumble-down frame-cottage was usually full of children and chickens, but only the chickens scuttled as Mrs. Lydia pushed open the gate, with its broken hinge. From beyond the open windows came a confusion of children's cries and excited voices, and she looked at Mary Eliza with a smile.

"They all get so excited at an accident," she said with scorn.

As she entered the kitchen, there was a lull, and Mrs. Curtis rose to her feet.

"Here 's Lydia. Now, what are we goin' ter do?"

"Stop the children first," besought Mrs. Lydia, her hands over her ears. "How you can stand sich a Tower of Babel I don't see. Johnny an' Eldora, here 's a penny fer each o' you. Go down to the store an' buy some candy; an' ef you roar while you 're eatin' it, you 'll die chokin'. Evva, keep still! The idea o' cryin' jest because your ma 's broke' a leg an' your pa

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'BE HE GONE AGAIN?' INTERRUPTED MRS. LYDIA"

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Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"MA, WHO COULD FACE MR. JORDAN, THE MILL-OWNER, AND BEG SUCCESSFULLY FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC"

the law! An' as fer you, Pearl May, you be old enough to sit quiet an' think how you 're goin' to manage, now you 're orphans fer a spell. Did you say Jennie Newcomb was mindin' the others?"

The question was asked of the assembled group, but Mrs. Newcomb answered.

"Yes; they 're over to my house eatin' bread an' jelly. Children can't eat an' fret well to the same time," she announced cheerily. "But what I want to know now is, What is goin' to happen to the nine?"

"It sounds like a ball game," said Mary Eliza, giggling; but her mother silenced her with a look.

"Grandma Mullins wants to take the baby," Mrs. Moses interposed. "She says her own daughters don't think she knows how to mind a baby, an' she wants to show 'em a thing or two. But that 's only one o' the Whalans."

"Ain't there plenty more o' us knows a duty when it falls in our lap in broad daylight?" said Mrs. Lydia, sharply. "We 've all got rooms in our house an' some extry to eat, I cal'ate. I know I hev, though my own four ain't lost their appetites. We 've got to divide 'em up till Liz Whalan gits well."

"That 's all very fine," said Mrs. Thompson, a tall, angular neighbor who lived next door. "I 'd jest as soon take Pearl May, an' so would you. She 's big enough to wash dishes an' help a bit; but who wants two-year-old Melissa, or Dorrine, with cater-cornered eyes, red hair, an' temper? An' where on earth would you find the neighbor that 'u'd harbor Jerry Whalan?"

Mrs. Lydia was silent, and this miracle was witnessed by those present as a triumph for Mrs. Thompson. Jerry Whalan's reputation was second only to his father's, while Tom, his younger brother, endeavored to emulate his deeds of mischievous iniquity, which had long ago ceased to trouble his parents, who found it easier to thrust the burden of responsibility upon the board of education and the village as a whole.

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There was a pause, and the eyes of Mary Eliza dwelt in pained agony upon her mother's face. For Ma not to be equal to an emergency—Ma, who had brought them from dire poverty to comfort by becoming a beauty-doctor; Ma, who could face Mr. Jordan, the mill-owner, and beg successfully for the Sunday-school picnic; Ma to be out of resources! Surely, Fate could not be so cruel.

But Mrs. Lydia's pale-blue eyes remained listless only a moment before they flamed with resolve.

"What you say, Mis' Thompson, be true," she announced with dignity. "I 'll take the whole of 'em, 'ceptin' the baby, home with me, an' then all you neighbors can come an' get one up to seven, fer I 'll keep one. As long as Mrs. Mullins 's an old lady an' wants to keep the baby steady, we 'll let her do it. I cal'ate she wants it really 'cause it can't talk back, like the rest o' the Whalans; but certain it ain't fair to saddle Jerry on to any one fer long.

"What I think is this: we 've had a cirkerlatin' library in this town long enough to give us an idee o' things movin' on when one person 's through with 'em, an' as it 's likely to be two months afore Liz Whalan 's to home again, we 'll cirkerlate the Whalans; only, instead o' keepin' a child two weeks, as we do books, I say let 's hev the rule one week, on account o' Jerry."

There was a moment of thoughtful silence, and then murmurs of approval reached Mary Eliza's triumphing consciousness. Mrs. Lydia continued:

"Doin' it that way, first come 'll be first served; but remember only Pearl May and Dorrine be really old enough to work."

"U-m-m, but, Ma," breathed Mary Eliza, with characteristic shrewdness, "ef you run the peddlin' out o' the Whalans, can't you see Jerry 'll be left on the shelf like a Bible or a history, an' you 'll git him?"

"Hush, child! That 's only fer the first week, an' he 's likely to be kind o' awed at the beginnin', an' then he 'll cirkerlate. I thought o' that myself."

"I guess it 's fair," sighed Mrs. Moses as they rose to go, but all the others noticed that Mrs. Thompson walked home with Mrs. Lydia Jones as she escorted the eight available orphans to her house.

"Mis' Thompson 's real sociable," Lydia had remarked to Mary Eliza, who, nevertheless, regarded the remark with suspicion.

"U-m-m, but, Ma," she murmured, "she said she was all out o' the 'Dream o' Youth,' an' wanted to buy a jar an' look at your new switches; but it was really to be on hand first-off to grab Pearl May."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

PEARL MAY

As was foreordained, twelve-year old Jerry the Terrible was left in the Jones's household. He, like his twin-sister Dorrine, had red hair, freckles, and a temper, and boasted few playmates among the children in the town of Plutarch because the mothers of the place regarded his approach as they would the measles, and shooed their children into the house when he made advances, fearing scattered germs of evil, contaminating to manners and morals.

On the other hand, Jerry had always looked upon Timothy Roland Jones and Douglas Everett Jones as interesting companions, if Fate had been more kind. As it was, they had been far out of his reach, because their ma was smart and strict. Now to find himself under her roof caused him momentary alarm.

Mrs. Lydia took him by the shoulders.

"Hev you got any name but Jerry?" she demanded.

"Nope."

"Say 'Nome.' "

"Nome," he repeated sulkily.

"Well, I 'll call you Jerry Archibald, 'cause all my children has second names, an' you 'll match better then; an', anyway, it seems kind o' careless to give you only one to choose from. An', now, Jerry Archibald, there 's the cooky-jar an' the

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Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"BUT ALL THE OTHERS NOTICED THAT MRS. THOMPSON WALKED HOME WITH MRS. LYDIA JONES"

bread-tin. It ain't stealin' to take a cooky or a piece o' bread with brown sugar when you 're hungry; an' ev'ry day each child o' mine gets a piece o' pie fer supper when they 're good. An' you will, too. It 's ag'in' the rules to meddle with my business. You know I sell the 'Violet Dream o' Youth' fer ladies' complexions that I 'm awful' busy puttin' up, an' I peddle false hair, an' there 's quite a bit of 'em both about the house at times, an' them you can't tech. An' you can't go into the '98' parlor with muddy boots on. Timothy Roland 'll show you how elegant it is. Do anything you want ef it ain't stingy an' spiteful, an' ef you can't be a good boy, don't try to be a bad one."

The wicked son of the house of Whalan grinned cheerfully at this new decalogue.

"Ken I take Tim an' Dug fishin' tomorrer? I 'll bring yer a string o' fish," he said eagerly. "I know where they bite."

"Yes, o' course—it 's Saturday; but you 'll go to meetin' Sunday, an' there ain't no hooky school-days."

Jerry's face grew thoughtful; then a dull red crept to the roots of his hair and suffused his freckled face.

"All right," he agreed. "You seem on the square, an' I 'll try to serprise yer."

When bedtime came, Mrs. Lydia kissed them all good night, Jerry included.

"Say your prayers, ef you know how, Jerry Archibald," she reminded him, "an' pray fer your ma's body an' your pa's soul. An', Douglas Everett," she whispered as they started up-stairs, "you tell me ef he swears."

The following week passed without dire result even to the household of Jones, and Mary Eliza brought home many entertaining bits of gossip.

"Pearl May cries all the time to Mis' Thompson's," she said, "she 's so homesick

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seein' the chickens next door, an' she 's really only ten ye'rs old, though she looks as old as Dorrine. Melissa swallered a button to Mis' Moses's, an' Mis' Newcomb says Dorrine 's a good girl an' her temper ain't as bad as her hair, but she can't stand her cross-eyes; they make her nervous. An' when the Whalans cirkerlate, she wants Eldora, 'cause her hair 'll curl, an' she 's so pretty she can dress her up. Mis' Good says Tom 's an awful boy. He pretty near killed the cat, an' 'most set the house afire, an' he steals whole pies at a time. He 's worse 'n Jerry."

Mrs. Lydia sniffed. "You mean she thinks she 's out fer woman's right to vote, an' can't manage a boy, let alone a man," she muttered scornfully. "I know them kind. Mary Eliza," she went on anxiously, "I 'm terrible sorry I 've got to go over to Baldwinsville this afternoon on business, an' it 's Whalan day, an' the folks 'll all be here to change 'em. You 'll hev to get out o' school a bit early, fer I told 'em to come at half-past three. Remember the Whalans hev all got a number: Pearl May, 1; Eldora, 2; Dorrine, 3; Evva, 4; Johnny, 5; Melissa, 6; Tom, 7; an' Jerry, 8. That 's accordin' to how folks favor 'em, not age, leavin' out the stationary baby to Mis' Mullins.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

JERRY ARCHIBALD

"You tell Jerry Archibald when he comes home from school that I say he 's been pretty middlin' good, an' give him a base-ball you 'll find in the mission-table drawer. I promised him one ef he did n't play hooky all the week, an' he ain't."

It was late in the evening when Mrs. Lydia returned from Baldwinsville, foot-sore and weary, and she hurried up the little plank walk to her house, surprised to find the windows still alight. In the kitchen she found all four of her children awaiting her coming, their cheeks red, their eyes excited, while a background of three Whalans, tear-stained Pearl May, defiant Tom, and anxious Jerry Archibald, lurked expectant.

"Oh, Ma," gasped Mary Eliza, "I had such a time with 'em cirkerlatin'! Mis' Curtis come first, an' she said she had n't thought o' it afore, but at the library, ef you brought a book o' fiction back an' showed it was in good condition, you could renew it. I told her you could do that with any kind o' book; but she said she was sure Eldora was n't old enough to be biography or history, so she guessed she was fiction, an' she 'd renew her. An' as fer condition, she had on a pink starched dress an' her hair all frizzed.

"Mis' Newcomb was real mad, fer she wanted Eldora, an' said it was wicked to friz a child's hair that way when it would curl natural, an' you had n't said nothin' about renewin'; an', anyway, she ought to hev the prettiest Whalan, after hevin' cross-eyed Dorrine fer a week.

"I gave her Melis,—I think Melis is real cute,—but Mis' Newcomb felt too bad to care much. Mis' Thompson heard about it, an' right off she wanted to renew Pearl May. She said she cried all the time, but she worked good, too. But Pearl May would n't go, an' as Dorrine was took by that time, she would n't take no one who could n't work. I offered her Johnny—he ken fetch an' carry some—or Evva; but Evva 's awful slow, an' she would n't take 'em. She was dreadful tryin' to my manners."

Mary Eliza paused for sympathy and to catch her breath.

"Mis' Good jest grabbed Evva, she was so glad to get her; but when Mis' Anthony found that it meant Tom cirker-

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latin' to her, she wanted to renew her again, an' Mis' Good would n't hear of it. Mis' Anthony was real polite about it; but she said that after Mis' Good had talked that way about Tom 'most settin' fire to the house, she really could n't take him, fer her house ain't insured fer any mor' 'n it 's worth; but she said she 'd stop in in the mornin' an' see ef Pearl May ain't claimed."

"I won't go!" wailed Pearl May for the twentieth time. "I don't like bein' a libr'ry-book."

Mrs. Lydia Jones sat down wearily on the coal-box, and eyed the three Whalans disconsolately.

"I might hev known that it would n't work," she sighed. "You were right, Mary Eliza: it 's only the fiction gets took out o' the library, an' the intrustin' Whalans cirkerlate, an' the bad ones get left on the shelves."

At this, Pearl May sobbed even louder, Tom fidgeted, and Jerry Archibald rose to his feet and faced his accuser.

"Hev I been bad, Mis' Jones?" he challenged.

The tender light of mother-love crept into Mrs. Lydia's gentle eyes, and Mary Eliza, watching her, felt her heart grow proud and happy as Mrs. Lydia smiled at him kindly.

"No, Jerry Archibald, you ain't. That was a mean way to put it. The truth is jest this. Some folks is ignorant an' won't culturvate their hearts no better 'n their brains. They would n't know you had nothin' intrustin' about you ef they skip your forwards and prefaces at the first sight o' you. But ef I can't read yer souls as well as I might, I can take good care o' yer poor little bindin's. The three o' yer need n't cirkerlate no more; an' fer that matter, I guess the rest o' the Whalans 'll stay stationary now till yer ma gits well. They won't hev the face to give the others up ef I keep three o' yer here. Pearl May is worn out slavin' beyond her strength, an' she stays here to rest, an' I guess Tom can behave himself ef you can, Jerry Archibald. But ef he stays here, I 'll call him Thomas Leander."

Mrs. Lydia rose to her feet.

"Mary Eliza, you kind o' cheer up Pearl May. She can sleep with you, an' Pansy Viola can come in with me. Jerry Archibald, now that I 've got three Whalans to mind, Thomas Leander had best sleep with the boys, fer he 's strange, an' I 'll hev to trust you to sleep on the couch in the parlor. An', Jerry Archibald, you listen to me: ef you want me to think you 're better 'n some o' the Christians o' this town of Plutarch, jest you remember that that couch cost $9.98."

Jerry picked up the wood-basket.

"I 'll git some wood fer the mornin'," he muttered. "You 're awful good, Mis' Jones."

Mrs. Lydia wiped her tired eyes.

SIN

BY WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS

WHO lie with me, no rest may find;
Who eat with me, no nourishment.
They flee; I follow close behind,
Till soon their way to mine is bent.

They drop; I drink their life away,
I kill the things that gave me birth;
Then spurn them as ignoble prey,
And laugh at all their souls are worth.

Both Love and Hate are slaves to me,
Shame is my diadem, Death my rod;
And this my task, while worlds shall be—
To ruin man and frustrate God.

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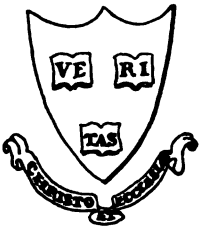
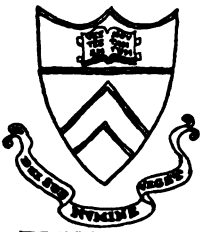


HARVARD

COLLEGE MEN AND THE BIBLE



PRINCETON

A GREAT AWAKENING AMONG THE STUDENTS OF AMERICA

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

IT is a matter of importance and peculiar significance that there has been of late a great revival of interest in the study of the Bible among the undergraduates of our colleges and universities. This has been mainly due to a concerted effort of the International Committee representing the Young Men's Christian Association of Canada and the United States. Of this Committee, Mr. Cooper has been and still is the Secretary, in special charge of the Bible work in educational institutions. In conjunction with this work, a federation is in progress with students of foreign lands, the development of which Mr. Cooper has recently inspected. This world-wide movement, which, outside of North America, includes 80,000 college men in eighteen different countries, will be the subject of other articles by Mr. Cooper to appear soon in THE CENTURY.—THE EDITOR.

IN the autumn of 1903, a West Point cadet, addressing a large company of his fellow-students, uttered the following significant words: "The cadets at West Point know comparatively little concerning the English Bible. The students of North America are planning to increase twofold the number of men studying this book the present year. We men at West Point should have a part, and we *will* have a part, in this enterprise." In less than two weeks there were two hundred cadets at West Point studying the English Bible. This number has been maintained and increased each subsequent year, and at present, despite the fact that these men have less than forty-five minutes to themselves each day, 260 students are meeting weekly for a practical study of the Bible. Colonel Larned, the dean of the West Point faculty, in speaking of this work said: "Judging from the results at the United States Military Academy, I am inclined to believe that this student uprising for the study of the Bible is one of the most profitable and strategic movements of our times."

YALE

WIDE SCOPE

THIS awakening of new interest in the Bible at West Point was coincident with one of the great significant and influential enterprises in college life during the last decade. It is an undertaking of wide scope, including, last year, 539 institutions of the United States and Canada, which reported 32,259 college men who continued in their attendance upon voluntary Bible classes for two months or more. The following report of attendance in Bible classes at a few institutions of varying types reveals the extensive character of this awakening:

NUMBER OF STUDENTS ATTENDING BIBLE CLASSES, 1908–09, AND NUMBER OF NORMAL CLASSES FOR THE TRAINING OF STUDENT TEACHERS

	Students	Classes
Yale University	673	7
University of Toronto	600	7
University of Texas	525	
Pennsylvania State College	500	3
Cornell University	458	2
Iowa State College	450	3
Tuskegee Institute	450	3
University of Illinois	426	2
University of Nebraska	400	
Harvard University	335	3
Princeton University	314	3
Dartmouth College	300	4
Vanderbilt University	250	1
Stanford University	223	1

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STUDENT LEADERSHIP

THE work has been noteworthy because of its student leadership. It is peculiarly a student propaganda. Last year more than three thousand college men were engaged in leading voluntary Bible classes in the institutions of the United States and Canada, while hundreds of other students were actively interested in the organization and development of the work. The success of this student leadership emphasizes afresh the fact that the supreme influential force in college life is the college man. The student who lives upon the campus and engages in the same activities with his fellow-students is the deciding factor relative to any great change in the life of an institution.

ALL CLASSES OF STUDENTS

DURING the year 1904, seventy representative members of Greek-letter fraternities gathered in a room at the University of Michigan. The meeting had been called by a college man of that institution to consider the relation of the study of the Bible to the fraternity-house life of the university. After the nature and method of the study had been presented to the men, this student, who was at that time captain of both the foot-ball and base-ball teams of the university, said: "I have been at the University of Michigan for more than three years and, as you know, I have engaged actively in college life. I have never been known particularly as a religious man, yet I have come to appreciate that especially in fraternity life some of us must face seriously the problems and the temptations of our college days. It appears to me that these problems can be considered in connection with a sane and intelligent study of the Bible. I confess that I know little of the book myself, but I am determined to begin its study, and if there is no one else to do it, I will lead a group of athletic men in my own fraternity-house." The result was the formation of groups for the study of the Bible in fourteen Greek-letter fraternities at the University of Michigan.

It is significant that from this beginning in one institution there has grown a continent-wide interest in this book among fraternity-men. Last year 4939 members of Greek-letter fraternities were studying the Bible with much interest and seriousness in voluntary groups in their chapter-houses.

When Professor Henry Drummond made his first visit to America, he addressed the students in professional schools in New York City. He wrote home to a friend in England that he had never seen a crowd of men who were more severely driven by their daily schedules, or men who were surrounded by fiercer temptations of every sort. As this plan for the study of the Bible increased in its comprehension of different classes of students, it was said that professional men would not be interested, nor would they have time to engage in such study. But it is of real interest to note that in the city of New York at the present time 115 professional students are meeting every week in little groups, using a series of studies upon the social and political teachings of Christianity. The interest among this class of students in New York is paralleled by a similar awakening among men in professional schools in other large cities.

Last college year three hundred and eighty-two North American institutions reported the following facts concerning the popular standing of the Bible among leaders in college life:

REPRESENTATIVE STUDENTS ATTENDING BIBLE CLASSES—COLLEGE YEAR 1908-09

Prize and Scholarship Men	885
Editors of College Papers	696
Class Presidents	795
Members of College Glee Clubs	1383
Members of 'Varsity Base-ball Teams	1271
Members of 'Varsity Foot-ball Teams	1445
Members of 'Varsity Track Teams	958
Members of 'Var. Basket-ball Teams	535

At the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis the chairman of the Bible study committee is the first ranking midshipman at the academy. Through his leadership, 340 midshipmen are meeting weekly in Bible groups, while thirty-five of their number are acting as teachers, receiving instruction for their work from an officer of the faculty.

At the University of Wisconsin the student who has been specially influential this year in the Bible campaign is probably

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the leading student in the university, being one of the most prominent men in the crew and on other athletic teams. An alumnus of Cornell, writing from Ithaca, recently remarked that last season in every Greek-letter fraternity at Cornell there was a group of men studying the English Bible. He added that this study was becoming a popular and permanent interest of undergraduate life. For two years an employed Bible secretary has been giving his entire time to the voluntary Bible work at Yale, while at Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Michigan, the University of Illinois, and other institutions, the equivalent of one employed man's time has been devoted to this student interest. The development of this activity among the large State institutions of the South and West is also of striking importance. In 1908–09, ten State institutions in those particular regions reported an actual attendance of 3678 students in voluntary Bible classes, the superintending agency being the college Young Men's Christian Associations. This fact is a cause for reflection as one realizes that in most of these State universities no study of this nature is furnished in the curriculum.

BIBLE STUDY LITERATURE

THE introduction of Bible courses, reference-books, and literature suitable to student life and conditions, has had marked influence upon this movement. Many a college man, quite regardless of his beliefs, would study this book if he really knew how to begin. A committee of scholars was formed a few years ago for the special purpose of preparing outline courses adapted to student life. The demand for these books has increased continually during the last ten years, and in the college year of 1908–09, 41,799 books for the study of the English Bible, prepared by college professors and Bible experts, were purchased and used for systematic work among students.

Reference-libraries containing well-chosen books relating to subjects treated in these courses have been formed in 260 different institutions of the United States and Canada especially for the use of student teachers. These courses cover a wide range of subjects, and include books relating to all parts of the Bible, as well as courses dealing with the practical application of Christian principles to modern life.

FACULTY COÖPERATION

THE assistance and advice of members of the faculty have been indispensable adjuncts to the success of this study. A council of thirteen prominent Bible scholars is supervising the preparation of biblical literature. In addition to this council, seventy-five college presidents, professors, and alumni are associated with different student sections, and assist in the intelligent and practical development of this vital branch of education. Last year, in 398 institutions, there were 1498 faculty men reported to be coöperating actively in the conduct of voluntary Bible study. Members of college faculties trained in 251 normal classes the hundreds of students who lead the groups. These men have brought to the movement the same logical, intelligent processes of study used in the securing of knowledge in other branches of collegiate education. This cause will depend increasingly upon the assistance of mature scholars both for teaching and for training teachers and for general counsel.

There was a time when it seemed proper for a college man to apologize for the study of the English Bible. This attitude has been very largely changed by the breadth of view which has characterized this interest in the colleges. In the majority of the larger institutions where literally hundreds of men are members of these groups, well-nigh every variety of belief is represented and in many cases a goodly percentage of students in the classes do not profess any religious opinion. I found this fact interestingly demonstrated at one large Eastern university. One of these classes was formed in a house where were living seven students who were accustomed to meet often for friendly discussion. Three of these students claimed to be pantheists, a fourth was an agnostic, there was one Christian, one Jew. As the last man could not easily be catalogued, he was called a vegetarian. I discovered that these men had been discussing almost everything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, but did not know the first thing concerning the tenets of Christianity as outlined

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in the Bible. This group of men began with real interest to study the Bible together, using as an outline one of the courses specially prepared for students.

THE PROMOTION OF FRIENDSHIP

THIS study is, moreover, closely associated with the sympathetic forces of college friendship. An educator who has given his life to students, in speaking to some undergraduates recently, said: "The man who has gone through college, and at the end of four years has not gained one true friend into whose face he can look and seriously say, 'I am thine,' and then hear the answer, 'Yes, friend; and I am thine,' that man has lost one of the chief assets of his college career." Charles Kingsley was once asked the chief secret of his success. He answered simply, "I had a friend." When Henry Drummond died, among his effects were found a great pile of small, soiled bits of paper containing scraps of experience, prayers, confessions—just half-open windows into the lives of hundreds of men. These bits of paper had been given to him in connection with his meetings with students. George Adam Smith called his life "a healing confessional" into which multitudes of students had crept to tell the story of their souls, and then had gone away strengthened and refreshed. Every group formed for this study is another chance for the expression of such sympathies.

Recently, at one of our universities, I met five men who were among the most representative students in the senior class. They told me that in their freshman year a certain upper classman had asked them to meet with him in his room for an hour once a week to take up a certain line of Bible study and to talk over personal and college problems. These men affirmed, however, that the class hour was only a small part of the value of this study. The upper classman became their friend. His interest extended to their entire life; he gave up his pleasures and at least one vacation because of his sincere interest in different members of the group. For two years this class was conducted in this fashion, and after the teacher was graduated, these five men, who held at least four of the highest positions in the gift of the undergraduate body, were each in turn conducting similar groups. It is indeed true that this uprising of students finds its secret not simply in discussion of abstract principles, but also in the deep appreciation of those vast opportunities and privileges of a great college brotherhood. The ideal of these little groups is expressed in the words which appear in one of the courses:

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

The practical results of this college man's endeavor are variously apparent in nearly every institution in the United States and Canada.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE

THE educational value of this study is inestimable. Students have turned naturally and eagerly to a sensible and modern use of the Bible, knowing their ignorance of it. Readers of this magazine will remember the article by President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University, published in THE CENTURY for May, 1900, in which he described the astonishing and lamentable results in certain examinations of students in Bible subjects. It is true that, as a certain professor in New England has said, this student ignorance of the Bible has been wide-spread and "complete." Many instances of this limitation of Biblical knowledge are still to be found. Indeed, there is still only about one fifth of the student population of the institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada now engaged in this regular and systematic study. The movement for bringing the Bible to thinking men is really just beginning, and the needs, problems, and opportunities are equal to the present accomplishments. It is certain, however, that this present wide-spread tendency of college men to know the facts of the Bible will be increasingly

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evident in the realm of general education. The increasing use of the Bible in the regular courses offered in the college curriculum is already generally noticeable. An understanding of the best English literature will be a part of the profitable resultant. Clear knowledge is being acquired concerning the meaning of the Christian religion. At one institution no fewer than three hundred students were studying the Bible last year with the general topic, "What is Christianity?" A successful principle of real scientific study has been well grounded, namely: the endeavor to find out exactly what the Bible says. The securing of this actual knowledge is having a decided influence not simply in changing certain opinions of students which have been too often based on second-hand testimony, prejudice, or inherited beliefs, but also in affording a clear and satisfying conviction relative to conduct and religion.

THOUGHTFUL HABITS

In the last analysis, perhaps the most abiding benefit of college life is that influence which is crystallized into habit during these formative days. The college man may forget his college enthusiasms and his emotions. Much of the "college spirit," whatever that may be, of undergraduate days evaporates in contact with the practical and serious world. Habits of these early days, however, are persistent and usually permanent in after-life. These Bible studies now used by students are arranged with a view to assist college men in the formation of habits of daily study and meditation. As a reminder of the things that are most worth while, this habit has become valued by thousands of students. I was greatly impressed to find that one of the most representative leaders in an institution in the Middle West was rising at five o'clock in the morning in order to spend an hour a day in thoughtful meditation and study relative to one of these student courses. His room-mate said to me: "I attribute the splendid equilibrium and balanced judgment of this busy man to this thoughtful habit which he has practised for more than two years."

If chosen men could never be alone
In deep mid-silence open-doored with God
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done.

LIFE IN ITS TRUE PERSPECTIVE

To get the faculty of seeing things in right proportion is a real ideal for college life, and here study of the Bible is of use. A few years ago, the students of Japan, in a large conference, sent a cable message to a student conference in the United States which read, "Japan leading the Orient, but whither?" Frederick Paulsen in his "Introduction to Philosophy" presents the figure of a traveler coming down from a high mountain. At the base of the mountain he is lost for a time in the foot-hills; the mountain is temporarily obscured from view. Finally he moves away from the foot-hills into the plain, and again the great mountain returns to his vision, and becomes more clearly outlined as he travels away from the smaller hills. There are many currents in our modern life which tend to turn the student from the main stream of his right mission. He is quite likely to miss the invisible but very real world of spiritual values. Lord Beaconsfield said, "The man who is formidable is the man of one desire." It is no small task, however, for college men to achieve the ability to subordinate desire to desire according to right relative urgency and importance. A fanatic has been defined as a man who doubles his enthusiasm when he has lost his aim. There is such a thing as energy without liberty, efficiency without real power. There is a special demand among students for that "peace of mood" which makes possible the seeing of life whole. The ability to take one's latitude and longitude, the fine art of being able to accent one's life correctly, to deal with tendencies before they become hardened into conditions—these are some of the invisible accompaniments of this modern movement of college men. The truth of Wordsworth is very real for college men in these times:

The world is too much with us; late and
soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers.

This perspective of real values is being gained by students through a quest for great principles in the Bible, studying for a whole year certain large topics in books or characters. It is one thing to com-

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mit to memory certain verses or passages; it is quite another thing to study the Bible in the great sweep of its universal principles and personalities. Students are learning to discriminate, to analyze, to discover the central meaning of Bible truth. There has too often been a tendency to confine Bible study to the securing of a chain of mottos or brief texts taken from their context. But our times call not so much for formulas and creeds as for clear ideas in relation to practical living.

Yet while it is true that doctrinal discussions are less popular among thoughtful men to-day, it is also true that there is a very earnest search on the part of students for those leaders who are able to interpret religion in the vernacular of the twentieth century. Mr. Chan Po Ling, a very representative scholar and teacher of the city of Tientsin, China, recently accepted Christianity. He expressed to me his ambition to spend several years in becoming so proficient in the knowledge of the elements of Christianity, through the study of the Bible, that he might be able to translate into the Chinese language the central meaning of the Christian religion.

It is doubtful whether there was ever a greater demand than at present for truth that contributes to reality in life and service. Governor Charles E. Hughes, speaking to a company of men interested in this work, said: "As students come down to New York City the questions which we place before them are not simply, 'What is your college?' or 'What is your nationality?' or, 'To what church do you belong?' The questions of greater moment to-day are, 'Will you lie?' 'Will you steal?' 'Can we trust you utterly?'"

This tendency of student life of North America to go direct to the heart of the great truths is manifest in the method and spirit of this study of the Bible. In many institutions these small groups of men are discussing questions like these: "What is the true test of religion?" "What is the character of God as revealed in the Bible?" "What is the teaching of Christianity in relation to the use of wealth?" "What is the nature and the consequence of sin?" "How can we assist in bringing about higher moral standards in this institution?"

MORAL VALUES

THE moral and ethical life of college communities is being invariably affected wherever this practical study is introduced. There is probably no environment in which sham and pretense are more quickly and unerringly detected than among college men. The influence of the Bible, therefore, which has always brought into individual living the element of reality, is counted supremely valuable here.

Recently, a certain athletic leader was walking across the campus of a State University, when a bystander, who was watching him, said to one of the students, "What is the reason for the unquestioned leadership of that man among these three thousand students?" The student thought for a moment and replied, "It is not simply because he is a great athlete, nor is it because of his social and intellectual leadership; but I reckon we all stand for that student in this university because we are dead sure he is the real thing." At West Point a few years ago some one asked the question, What is a Christian? One of the men in the group replied instantly, "Oscar Westover." To that student, at least, Christianity was not a creed, but a personality; not a method, but a man. A college man told me that the greatest thing which he carried away from his four years in college was the vision of something he saw in his old college president's face at a time when the president was returning to his home after the death of his daughter. No stronger argument would be needed for the value of the study of the Bible than the presentation of the plain fact that it brings about this genuineness of character to which college men pay homage.

Already the power of this study is being felt in decisions at college as to life work. In its presentation of wide, unexplored fields of knowledge of the great careers of the pioneers of civilization it is assisting students to right plans for life work. It was reported that virtually every senior graduated at Yale last year had had, in considering the choice of a vocation, the benefit of the voluntary Bible classes led by Professor Henry B. Wright, the general subject of the study being "The Will of God and Life Work."

The influence upon the will which the Bible has always exerted is peculiarly im-

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portant as a corrective of the natural tendency to an easy-going, drifting purpose attendant upon student life. Mr. Huxley once said that the true value of all education lies in its power to make a man do the thing he ought to do when it ought to be done, regardless of whether he feels like doing it or not.

As a force for creating moral reserve, this uprising is generally gratifying. The coach of one of our large athletic teams said recently that in his judgment there was a time in every great foot-ball game when the decisive factor of success or failure was physical reserve. A moment occurred when science and technical skill were quite powerless, and only that physical reserve which had been stored up through long months of practice decided the issue. In other words, no regiment in face of the enemy can make up for lack of discipline on the parade-ground. Last year 12,280 men were reported as practising daily habits of study and meditation in connection with this movement. One cannot but believe that the present daily habits of thousands of college students are to be strikingly effective in producing moral and spiritual reserve in the great crises of after life.

THE IDEA OF SERVICE

ONE of the most practical features of the present uprising of students lies in the fact that the Bible is being transferred from the region of dogmatic and theological conceptions to the realm of real life. The book is being rediscovered not simply as a store-house of mysterious and sacred information, but as a means leading to successful and normal human life. The Bible is taking its place among the serviceable books of the world. It is proving itself to be the first book for conduct, which Matthew Arnold asserts composes three fourths of human life; the simplest thing to know and the hardest thing as regards doing. A student coming out of one of these Bible groups was recently overheard to say to a friend, "I feel as though I had much to do in the world."

Students are more and more appreciating that the objective of Bible study is not simply to give spiritual thrills and religious ecstasies. The Bible is something more to college men than a book of comfort and a solace for the "sick and sorry." Furthermore, it is not considered enough to be able to say that 500 men are enrolled in the Bible groups of a certain institution or that twelve million Bibles were distributed last year by Bible societies, or that this book has been translated into more than 500 languages and dialects. It is not the final test of its value that a comparatively few scholars in Germany and the United States and Canada have found the vast intellectual and literary riches of this book. A greater question is now being asked and answered by educators and students, namely: How can educated men discover the Bible as a means to life service? This utilitarian view makes it the chief uplifting force in the college world. The students of Princeton are going out from these Bible groups to various kinds of social service through the community. Last year, one of the prominent institutions in the Far West was virtually revolutionized in its moral sentiment through the influence of one of these small bands of students who gathered weekly to discuss some of the problems of college life.

EXTENSION AMONG STUDENTS OF OTHER LANDS

THE influence of this North American student uprising has already extended to other nations. Last year 80,000 college men in eighteen different countries were engaged in studying this great book of the nations in an intelligent and voluntary fashion. National secretaries giving their entire time to this far-reaching enterprise are now leading the work in five countries, while national councils of scholars are devoting their thought to the preparation of literature appropriate to the needs of these respective lands. It would be difficult to predict the future results which must accrue from this world federation of college men around the Bible.

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THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

BY LE ROY TITUS WEEKS

ON a flaunting flag the red-wing swings,
("Onk-o-lee!")
And he dips and sways, and tilts his wings
To the rollicking south wind as he sings,
"Ka-lonk-o-lee!
One, two, three,
Nestlings hid where none can see.
Ka-lonk-o-lee!"

In a button-bush or a tussock deep,
("Konk-o-lee!")
Is the sly little nest where his babies sleep,
While sheltering reeds their vigils keep.
"Ka-lonk-o-lee!
Blithe and free,
With June and sunshine I agree.
Ka-lonk-o-lee!"

Oh, the blue is bluer when he comes,
("Lonk-a-lee!")
The bee in the maple blossom hums,
The field and the lark again are chums.
"Ong-filla-re,
The waking lea
Is sweet with the breath of Arcady.
Ong-kulla-ree!"

The flags are aflame with his epaulet—
("Klong-kulla-ree!")
That sparkle of red on a jacket of jet.
Oh, he is the summer-time's gay cadet!
"Ka-lonk-o-lee!
The spring 's a-glee,
From the Hudson down to the Oconee.
Ka-lonk-o-lee!"

As sweet as the lover's sweetest theme
("Glong-go-lee!")
Are the shadowy pools in the loitering stream,
Or the pond where the water-lilies dream.
"Ka-lonk-o-lee!
To Pan and me
The reeds have willed their melody.
Ka-lonk-o-lee!"

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When they meet for a sing in the wooing-time,
("Onk-o-lee!")
'T is the gurgle of water in joyous rhyme,
Or the golden peal of a tuneful chime—
"Ka-lonk-o-lee!
What a jamboree
We 're having up here in the sycamore-tree!
Ka-lonk-o-lee!"

RELIGION FOR MEN

NO man who has at heart the interests of his country and his race, whether he be associated with any formal religious organization or not, can be indifferent to the conservative influence of the Christian church. If it were only, as Matthew Arnold said of the Established Church in England, an immense association for doing good, and not also a refuge and uplift for the spirit of man, organized Christianity would be entitled to sympathetic interest in the friendly hope that it may realize its best achievements in the cultivation of human character. How much more intimate and acute should be the solicitude of the church itself that it shall demonstrate to the world its reason for existence in its beneficent influence upon the lives of men outside as well as inside its doors!

In the shifting conditions of modern life, thoughtful minds are pondering the best ways of adapting church machinery to new problems. One of the features of the present awakening of religious interest is the demand for a replenishment of the churches with the masculine virtues. The demand is not premature. The census shows that in most of the denominations the women outnumber the men nearly two to one. The Christian Scientists, naturally enough, lead off with the largest percentage of women; in that communion the "mother" element might be expected to prevail. The highest percentage of men is found in some of the Lutheran divisions, which may be explained in part by the fact that all the children, male and female, are required to learn the catechism and be confirmed; but it is doubtful whether the proportion of adult males in actual service of the church is larger among the Lutherans than among the other sects.

Various explanations of this disproportion of sex are offered. It is sometimes intimated that the types of religion presented by the churches are more adapted to the feminine than to the masculine mind; but if that were true, it would still be questionable whether it was a cause or a consequence. Some light is thrown upon the question by the fact that the church is not the only field of activity in which we find a large preponderance of women. Public education is largely in the hands of women; they are giving to the fine arts far more attention than men, and among our philanthropic workers they are in a heavy majority. The spiritual side of civilization seems to be committed quite largely to their care. The reason is that the men are so much engrossed in the development of the material side of civilization that they find little time for these higher pursuits. The consequences of this neglect by men of the superior interests of their lives we have been reaping in the appalling infidelities and dishonesties which have recently been uncovered. It is true that the men have been dropping out of the churches and losing their interest in religious matters, and it does not look as though this were working well. In the quarters where this tendency has been

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most shown, there has clearly been a marked decrease in masculine morality. It begins to be questionable whether sound character is likely to be sustained apart from the spiritual ideals.

If it be evident that the men need religion, it is not less evident that religion needs the men. God made mankind in his image, male and female; the feminine qualities represent one side of the divinity that is in us and the masculine qualities another; and the complete revelation requires both. A church which is two thirds women cannot fully represent this divine life; it cannot make a true impression of the great realities of religion upon the community in which it stands. There can be no doubt that the church has been greatly enfeebled by this withdrawal of a large number of men from active participation in its life.

It is the discovery of this fact that has awakened the wide-spread interest now finding expression in the brotherhoods springing into vigorous life in all the Christian denominations. The Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the Protestant Episcopal Church has long been an efficient organization, and the healthy growth of that communion is due in large part to this agency. But all the other denominations are now rallying their men for similar service; in great conventions, East and West, the men of the churches are coming together to envisage their tasks and shoulder their responsibilities. Some of the most enthusiastic gatherings which have recently taken place in this country are these assemblies of men, stirred by the religious motive, and eager to find ways in which they may promote the work of the churches. For the most part their action has been entirely rational; they have not proposed much new machinery; they have usually sought to know how they might apply their own power more efficiently to the machinery already in operation.

One interesting line of development and one which promises to aid in restoring the balance of men in the church is the Big Brother movement, which has the object of helping the boy in the formation of character, by winning his friendship and comradeship and guiding him through the perilous days of adolescence. Such service is of incalculable value to the boys, to the churches, and to the nation. It does not matter much where the man finds his boy; if he finds him in his own house it will be a good thing for the boy and the man—for, as Mrs. Stowe said, "There are times when the open expression of a father's love would be worth more to a boy than church or sermon." But men who have no boys of their own can find others with whom they can establish such relations. A boy gets so many hard knocks and so much neglect that it is not hard for a man with wit and good will to win his loyal friendship. A little interest in him quickly awakens his self-respect, while the loan of a good book may stimulate his ambition and change the whole current of his life. It is well to respect the unknown possibilities of the young, and to treat them as though each might rise to some surprising height.

THE PRACTICAL WAY IN LARGE PHILANTHROPY

A SIGNIFICANT story is told of Senator Leland Stanford's educational foundation, which, it may be remembered, was a long time in reaching its practical consummation—so long indeed that the trustees who had been chosen to assist in the execution of the scheme were in an open revolt of impatience. One of them related that after they had come to despair of living to participate in the enterprise, the Senator came to him and asked, "Doctor, have you any suggestion to make about the trust?" "Yes, Senator, I have," was the reply. "It is this: in all such philanthropic undertakings there are two important stages: first, to give the money, and, second, to let go of it." The Senator saw the point, and the affair was pushed to its fortunate conclusion.

The History of Philanthropy, which is yet to be written, will record of the colossal gifts which, since the days of George Peabody, men of large wealth have made to this country, that the same practical business sense which has resulted in the accumulation of these fortunes, has presided over the plans for their redistribution. Unregulated benevolence is perhaps as malign an influence as ever affected society, and by reason of its sentimental exercise here and abroad we have to-day to cope with the proletariat of many other

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countries besides our own. In the approach of various peoples to one another through large migrations the world becomes more and more like a system of interlocking machinery, to be studied in the large. America is contributing much to the solution of Italy's questions of internal policy. Canada is interested in the education and the physical fiber of the sixty thousand of our Western farmers who annually go across the border. Denmark's lessons of intensive farming are repeated on American soil. The day of the isolation of races is passing—more quickly, indeed, than the isolation of sections of our own country. To grapple with world-wide problems it is necessary not only to have large means, but to take every precaution that they be not misdirected. The establishment of great "foundations," having definite objects and buttressed by modern methods, first of investigation and then of distribution, has become a settled and admirable policy among men and women who desire that their great wealth shall be of use to mankind. They have learned both the delight of giving the money and the wisdom of letting it go.

One of the most practical features of this procedure is that it leaves to others the destination of the funds involved. As no captain of industry has accumulated wealth save by the planning and toiling of many others, so he knows that it would be folly to circumscribe to his own present horizon the needs of the future, or to lay down rigid conditions for those who are to execute his trust. His chief purpose must be to enlist the perpetuating wisdom of those more familiar with the situation which he may wish to ameliorate. The situation, the horizon, will change, but the underlying principles will remain the same, and while he must trust to agents and their agents and their successors the distribution of his vast means, he may well reserve to himself one fundamental condition—the most salutary in benevolence—that everything shall be done to give opportunity, and nothing to impair the self-reliance, of those who receive.

CONCERNING LITERARY OVER-PRAISE

THERE is a certain type of jeremiad that has revived at short intervals as far back as we can remember: it is the lament of the decline in literary standards. It is written in great distress of mind over the number of books that are not literature and the number of readers that do not know the difference. Now these lonely cries of the consciously cultivated—of whom, when you come to think of it, there are not a few—are as a rule entirely harmless; and the commiseration for the "half-baked" on the part of gentlemen who are presumably completely baked is no doubt a necessary stage of American "culture." But there is need of protest against the spirit of certain recent articles which try to account for the low standard of current literary criticism by imputing corrupt motives to the critics. Because a reviewer praises, they argue, it follows that he is bought. No man, they say, would voluntarily praise such foolish books. Publishers, editors, and critics are all in the sordid conspiracy—a gloomy picture indeed.

If this were so, what a corruption fund for unsound criticism must have subsisted through the ages! To go no further back than 1830, there was Macaulay writing furiously of the way of reviewers with a book:

> Sometimes the praise is laid on thick for simple-minded people. "Pathetic," "sublime," "splendid," "graceful," "brilliant wit," "exquisite humor," and other phrases equally flattering fall in a shower as thick and sweet as sugar-plums at a Roman carnival. . . . Extreme poverty may, indeed, in some degree be an excuse for emphasizing these shifts, as it may be an excuse for stealing a leg of mutton. But we really think that a man of spirit and delicacy would quite as soon satisfy his wants in one way as in the other.

At about the same time Scott was writing in his diary:

> I have very little respect for the dear publicum whom I am doomed to amuse like Goody Trash in Bartholomew's Fair with rattles and gingerbread; and I should deal very uncandidly with those who read my confessions were I to say I knew a public worth caring for or capable of distinguishing the nicer beauties of composition. They weigh good and evil qualities by the pound. Get a good name and you may write trash.

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Get a bad one and you may write like Homer without pleasing a single reader.

We need all the evidence we can get as to the very respectable antiquity of commonplace. The bewailers of decline date human nature from too recent a period. They are forever comparing us with an invidiously selected set of ancestors, forgetting how many mediocrities there must be tucked away in moss-grown churchyards. We are entitled to the comfort of recalling now and then that writing has always been something of a trade and reading something of an infirmity. So used are we to scoldings for having arrived in the world too late.

And of all needless assumption this view of over-praise as arising from corruption seems the last absurdity of the motive-grinder. Consider the colossal system of bribery that this would involve. If praise were paid for at ordinary freight rates, millions would change hands. Many a reviewer has a vocabulary like a bill-board; yet he is seldom a wealthy man. Praise, of course, to a reviewer is the line of least resistance. To damn indiscriminately is dangerous; to praise indiscriminately is probably the safest form of human carelessness. However humble an author may be, he never quarrels with the man who negligently calls him a great one. Reviewers are generally in a hurry and, as a rule, haste makes praise.

Nor is the praise of an unworthy author at all comparable, as Macaulay thinks, to stealing a leg of mutton. It is comparable merely to selling one as venison, and the man who takes it for venison is in nine cases out of ten just as happy with his purchase. Not that we would extenuate the sin of over-praising. We would merely avoid the mistake of exaggerating the damage that it does. The language of literary praise, like that of the circus poster, has become too conventional to be accused of insincerity. When superlatives become as thick as blackberries, even a running reader will learn to make allowances. A literary magazine which always made a point of writing of mutton in terms of venison once confessed that the most useful information about books was, after all, to be found in its advertising columns. When puffery is carried to this point, it can no longer be called insidious. And those who invent a scheme of wholesale corruption to account for the prevalence of amiable reviewers, are strangely ignorant of the nature of the breed. They are as a rule round-eyed, innocent, and artless.

From the point of view of style, much may truthfully be said in praise of the current American literary output. The average of good writing in this country was never higher, as comparison will show. The danger is that it is being so well rewarded through competition as to deaden the ambition of our writers. To meet this, in the good-humored era of President Taft, we need the firm, frank, broad-minded judgments of skilled and disinterested critics, who shall be relentless in pointing out the weaknesses and defects of a period deficient both in large imagination and in dramatic constructiveness. In this respect we are worse off than in the period after the Civil War. We must have our Lessing to reincarnate the principles of criticism, and recall our authors to what they are not, before we can expect them to rise into the altitudes of greatness, to which all the complacent praise of the day can never elevate them.

A NEW SERVICE OF CONGRESS TO ART

IF there were no other evidence of the progress of art in America, it could be inferred from the enlightened attitude toward it which increasingly is found in the debates and the action of Congress. The "provincial" view has well-nigh disappeared, partly because it is recognized that the cultivation and promotion of art are of great importance to the outlying portions of the country. The great cities have their collections of paintings and sculptures, but where are the art-museums of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Colorado, or Montana? In time this lack will be supplied and there will be a refluent wave toward the cities. Even now some of our best artists have come from the remote States, often bringing to a jaded or in-and-in-bred art-world imagination and a fresh look at things.

Thoughtful legislators perceive that such sections of the country are to be benefited even more than others by a liberal attitude toward the arts. This conviction

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operated strongly in favor of the removal of the duty on works of art more than twenty years old—a policy which is daily enriching the country by the wholesale importation of enjoyable objects. It dictated generous provisions for the security of artistic property in the copyright bill of 1909, and now (if, as expected, the Senate shall ratify the fortunate action of the House of Representatives) it will lead to the establishment of a National Art Commission which will substitute trained artistic advice for the amateur or haphazard judgments which are responsible for much governmental bad art. Where there is one self-seeking artist, there are twenty that are disinterested, and this great majority may be relied upon, as in the case of the New York City Municipal Art Commission, for devoted, self-sacrificing, and useful public work. It is a pleasure to acknowledge the good work of Congress in providing for such expert advice in matters of art related to the government.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS" OF MICHAEL

MICHAEL: Would I wo-r-rk? Well, now, would I!

Uncle Willie's Cannibals

MY Uncle Willie knows a lot of things
'Bout sharks, en funny songs, en kings,
En bears, en cannibals 'at eat
Us en each other up, like we was meat.

En I don't think that 's nice a bit, en I 'd
Bite off their stomachs soon 's I got inside,
I would; but uncle says to bite
Folks' stomachs *in*side is n't real polite.

En once my uncle took a *choo-choo* car
Clear to the place the cannibal cities are,
En they was cookin' dinner in a pot,
En somethin' smelled inside it, boilin' hot.

En uncle showed me just the way they look,
Because he 's got their pitchers in a book,
En skin is all the clo'es a cannibal needs;
But this was winter, so they wore their beads.

En uncle had forgot to take his gun,
En he was scared, en so he run en run,
En jumped right down a well, en then they took
En pulled him up it on a big fish-hook.

En then he run right up a grea', big tree,
En they clumb up, en he jumped in the sea,
En run right under water on the bottom;
En was so tired he almost wisht they caught him.

Yes, sir, he almost could n't breathe, he said,
So he jumped out en hid behind the bed,
En crossed his fingers, en he said, "No fair!"
En *even then* they chased him out of there.

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En then he run, en run, en run so fast
He beat 'em 'most a mile, until at last
He come to where the pot was, en he hid
Right in the pot en then put on the lid.

En then the cannibals come en he peeked out
En there they was all gathered round about,
Boy cannibals en girls en real old women,
En uncle says they looked like goin'
swimmin',

'Cept that they had their napkins in their
chin
En knives en spoons all ready to pitch in.
En then the cannibal chief walked up, he did,
En stuck his fork in, en pried off the lid.

En then that cannibal chief he was so *mad*
En ast my Uncle Will what *right* he had
To git in there, en said for half a pin,
Blame if he would n't call a p'liceman in,

En let my uncle cool off in the coop
Fer spoilin' their nice, vegetable soup;
En uncle was so 'shamed he 'most was sick,
'Cause these was cannibals from Battle
Crick!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

A Kind of Gothamite

IN January you will find
Him taking in Palm Beach's pleasure
Far from the madding Northern wind,
At peace and leisure.

In February he will loll
In California's fervent plenty;
And March in Mexico and *dol-*
Ce far niente.

April in Asheville, zephyr-fanned;
May, June, July—Europe, and transit;
August—Tuxedo, Newport, and
At Narragansett.

September on the Lenox links;
Hunting October and November
In Canada; the South, methinks,
For drear December.

Yet he to whom these lines refer,
The errant subject of this ditty,
Will always, *always* register
From New York City.

Franklin P. Adams.

Drawn by Robert L. Dickey

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS

CHANTICLEER: Hush, biddies! Don't be impatient. Let 's wait until he gets them *all* planted.

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An Interrupted Narrative

WITHIN a tavern nigh to York
I met a Jack whose leg was cork,
Whose nose was red and hale.
"Ah, Jack!" I cried, "you 've lost your leg
In some romantic cruise. I beg
You tell it in a tale—
A rattling, battling, sword-and-gatling
Pretty naval tale."

(He led me fondly to the bar.
"The facts *is* curious," said the tar.)

"It was a dark and stormy night,"
Began that fascinating wight;
He winked and wagged his jaw.
"But ere this story I intone,
Could I request ye for a loan
Of jest a quid to chaw?
A blackish, brackish, plug-tobackish
Naval quid to chaw?"

(I gave tobacco to the wight,
Suggesting, " 'T was a stormy night.")

"No ship could live in such a gale,"
Resumed the sailor blithe and hale.
"But ere I quite begin,
Excuse the tone of me request
If I 'm so bold as to suggest
A pint or so of gin—
A flowing, glowing, joy-bestowing
Pint or so of gin."

(The pint of gin to him I fed.
" 'No ship could live,' I think you said.")

"I would of sure been drowned, except"—
He sipped his gin, he paused, and wept,—
"I only ask, alack!
Won't some one spare a dollar bill
To help poor, stranded Jack until
His gallant ship gits back?
His battered, tattered, tempest-shattered
Gallant ship gits back?"

(I gave the cash, though somewhat vexed.
"I left you almost drowned. What next?")

"The storm raged on; I did n't care
Because, you see, I was n't there.
To tell the honest truth
I 've never sailed the ocean-track.
I am by trade a steeple-jack,
A trade I learned in youth—
A reckless, speckless, break-your-neck-less
Trade I learned in youth."

("What has this yarn," I then did beg,
"To do, sir, with your wooden leg?")

"I tell it, sir, to illustrate
How well I might have missed my fate
If I had went to sea.
I lost me leg, which you inquire,
By falling off St. James's spire
'Way back in '83.
Which same I should n't, would n't,
could n't
If I had went to sea."

(I left that Jack whose leg was cork
And took the trolley back to York.)

Wallace Irwin.

Words without Songs

I. THE SHEPHERD BOY

I TE-E-ND my-y she-e-p, so so-o-ft and white,
Where shi-i-nes, where shi-ines the su-un so
bright
Whe-re shi-ines the su-un so-o-o bright! (*bis.*)

And the-e-re dwells o-one, dwells o-one,
whose eye
Doth gle-e-am with a-ir so shy—
Doth gle-e-am with a-ir so-o-o shy! (*bis.*)

She is-s my-y staaar, my guiding r-a-y,
Who le-e-ads, who lea-ads me o-on my w-a-y!
(*repeat*)
No-o-r w-ill she-e let
me str-a-ay!

II. THE BOLD BRIGAND

DEEEEP-P in ther fo-o-rest gloooomy,
Wh-ere dar-r-rkness lo-oves to dw-ell,
to dwe-ll, to dwell,
Where da-r-kness lo-oves to dw-ell,
There luuuu-rks a seee-cret cav-ern—
The ho-o-o-ot ow-l kno-o-ws it well!—
Ah—kno-hows it we-ell,
He kno-ows it we-hell,
He kno-$^{o-o-}$ws it we-e-hell—
Ther Ho-$^{o-o-}$-ot
Owl kno
w
s
it
WELL!

III. SERENADE

AH-H-H! Mahay-den, swee-eet and fa-air!
Tho-o-ow dre-heem-est whi-ile I looove thee!
o-ve thee! thee!
^{o} ^{v} ^{e}
I I L^{o} Ye-e-es, ah, Lo-ve thee!
Ye-he-hes, I love thee,
Lo-o-$^{o-}$ve thee!
hone!
Lo-ve but thee a-$^{lo-}$
L-o-v-e thee-ee, lo-$^{o-o-o-o-o-o}$ ve thee!
Lo-hove bu-t theehee al-o-o-ne!
Lo hove-bu-hut-thee-hee a-$^{l-o-h}$ne!
Bu-u-t thee-hee a-lo-hone!

Tudor Jenks.

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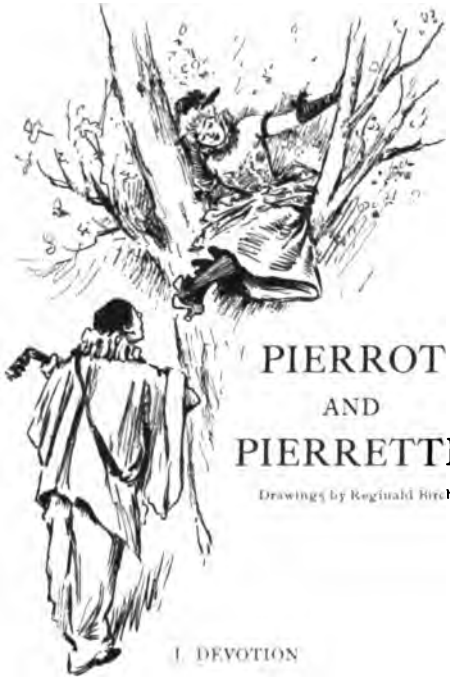

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

Drawings by Reginald Birch

I. DEVOTION

III. SYMPATHY

II. DISDAIN

IV. DESPAIR

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A CUP OF TEA

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE REACTION IN RUSSIA

A REVIEW OF EVENTS SINCE THE "BLOODY SUNDAY" OF JANUARY, 1905

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Author of "Siberia and the Exile System"

FIRST PAPER: REVOLUTION AND COUNTER-REVOLUTION

THIS paper, and the two which will follow, are in the nature of a continuation of Mr. Kennan's notable contributions in the last thirty years to the world's knowledge of political revolution and official oppression in the Russian empire. His first series for THE CENTURY (begun in May, 1888, and continued with little interruption to April, 1890) made a revelation of conditions with respect to the exile of convicts to Siberia which startled Christendom. In May, 1890, he described in THE CENTURY the treatment that had been accorded his papers by the Russian censorship; in September and October, 1891, he continued the general subject; and in that year The Century Co. published the magazine papers in two volumes with the title, "Siberia and the Exile System." In 1893, he had a discussion in this magazine on the subject with the secretary of the Russian legation in Washington. The present papers will describe the remarkable acts of revolution and official repression which have disturbed Russia in the six years following upon the disastrous crisis in the war with Japan.—THE EDITOR.

IT is a significant fact that for more than a hundred years every outbreak of revolutionary activity, and every period of progressive reform, in Russia, has been preceded by a more or less disastrous foreign war. The liberal movement of 1815–25, which culminated in the famous conspiracy of the "Decembrists,"[1] began soon after the invasion of the Empire and the capture of Moscow by Napoleon; the great national awakening which led to the emancipation of the serfs and the estab-

[1] So called from the month in which the conspiracy reached its culmination and was crushed.

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lishment of elective provincial assemblies (zemstvos) followed the defeat of Russia by the Allied Powers in the Crimea; the fierce revolutionary outbreak of 1879–80, which developed into terrorism and ended in the assassination of Alexander II, came directly after the costly and comparatively fruitless war with Turkey; and, finally, the great popular uprising of 1905, which forced Nicholas II to sign the so-called "Freedom Manifesto" and convene the first Duma, began while the disastrous struggle with Japan was still in progress, and reached its culmination shortly after the conclusion of the humiliating treaty of peace in Portsmouth.

In January, 1904, it was not easy to foresee that the impending war between Russia and Japan would end in the complete triumph of the Asiatic power; but it was perfectly safe to predict that if it should so end, Nicholas II would be forced either to make a sweeping and radical change in his methods of government, or to deal with the most formidable revolutionary movement that his country had ever known. In the latter part of 1904, when it began to seem probable that Japan would be victorious, the Czar had a last chance, perhaps, to unite the nation, and inspire it with loyalty and patriotism, by giving it parliamentary institutions and allowing it to participate in the government of the Empire; but instead of taking this course, he persisted in ignoring the wishes and aspirations of his people, paid no attention whatever to the rising storm of discontent, and continued to prosecute an unpopular and disastrous war until he had furnished the motive and prepared the way for the great national uprising of 1905. All the world now knows that this uprising developed into revolution, and that the Czar, influenced partly by fear and partly by the reasoning and advice of his prime minister, Count Witte, issued a manifesto in which he proclaimed civil and religious liberty and ordered the election of a Duma to share with him the rights and responsibilities of government. Inasmuch as this manifesto has never been abrogated and the representative assembly thus created is still in existence, most readers suppose that the Russians are now living under a limited monarchy; that they have a charter of rights, if not a formal constitution; and that their representatives in the Duma exercise independent legislative power and have some real control over the actions of the Czar's officials. As a matter of fact, however, this supposition is almost wholly erroneous. The autocratic power of Nicholas II has not been limited; the Freedom Manifesto, as a charter of rights, is the most illusory and worthless document that an insincere and shifty monarch ever signed; and the third Duma, which is now in session, is virtually powerless to enact any important laws of its own framing, and has no more control over the actions of the Czar's officials than a debating society would have over the phenomena of the weather.

What, then, has happened in Russia since the triumph of the revolution? How did the people lose the power that they apparently had when they forced the Czar to establish a parliament and guarantee freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom of association, and real inviolability of personal rights? The answer to this question involves the story of a badly managed revolution, a successful counter-revolution, a bloody campaign of official terrorism and vengeance, and a gradual return to the discredited and hateful administrative methods of the past. A part of this story has been given to us by Mr. Kellogg Durland, in "The Red Reign," and another part has come to us, in fragmentary form, by cable; but the more or less unconnected and unexplained telegraphic reports of pogroms, assassinations, executions, barricade-fighting, bomb-throwing, volley-firing, arson, pillage, and destruction, have seemed like momentary flash-light glimpses of the storming and sacking of some great city in the night, and have given us little accurate knowledge concerning the sequence, interrelation, and historical significance of events, or the nature of the final outcome. I purpose, therefore, to retell briefly the first part of this story; to explain, if I can, the defeat of the Russian people in their latest struggle with autocracy; and then to bring the record of the Russian reaction up to date, and show how the return to the old repressive methods has affected civil and religious rights, the Duma, the courts, the press, the schools, the prisons, and the exile system.

The Russian revolution of 1905 began

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on the 22d of January with the tragedy of "Bloody Sunday." It is not necessary to describe again, even with the later and more accurate information now available, the shocking events of that momentous day; but, in view of the crimes and atrocities of the revolution that followed, emphasis should be laid on the fact that in this, as in hundreds of previous cases, it was the government that first set the example of illegality, violence, and bloodshed. West-Europeans and Americans, shocked by the crowded Russian record of assassinations, executions, expropriations, murders, tortures, outrages, and pogroms, have often said to me, "There must be a substratum of elemental and brutal savagery in the Russian character. No other people in Europe shows such fierceness, ruthlessness, and cruelty in its conflicts, its revenges, and its crimes." But it is not the Russian character that is primarily at fault, nor is Russian savagery to be explained, as one of my friends has suggested, by the brutalizing influence of the Tatar domination during the middle ages. The Russians have been demoralized, and to a certain extent depraved, by the injustice and cruelty of the government under which they have lived. Recently, in discussing this subject, one of the leading newspapers of St. Petersburg said: "What Russia most needs is a mental and emotional atmosphere *saturated with the spirit of justice.*" Instead of this, however, the government has created an atmosphere saturated with the spirit of injustice, and on Bloody Sunday it gave an illustration of its demoralizing methods by deliberately killing hundreds of unarmed, orderly, and peaceably disposed citizens in the streets. Late in December, 1904, the working-men of St. Petersburg, to the number of 140,000, declared a gen-

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eral strike as a protest against what they regarded as the intolerable conditions of their daily life. They did not resort to violence, nor did they behave at any time in such a way as to necessitate the interference of the police. On the contrary, their meetings were so orderly that the government did not prohibit them or attempt to break them up.

COUNT WITTE, WHO AS PREMIER PREPARED THE "FREEDOM MANIFESTO" OF OCTOBER 30, 1905

On Sunday, January 22, 1905, at the suggestion of Father Gapon, a priest of the Orthodox Church, they undertook to march to the Winter Palace for the purpose of laying their grievances before the Czar, and presenting to him in person a petition which Father Gapon had helped them to prepare. They formed themselves into eleven great processions, and started on converging lines toward the Palace Square, carrying portraits of the Czar, church banners, and ikons as evidences of their loyalty and their peaceable intentions. Father Gapon himself, in ecclesiastical robes and with a cross, walked at the head of the largest procession, which was made up of more than 50,000 men, with many women. The marchers, however, never reached their destination. Troops, which had been posted in all parts of the city, attacked the processions without warning, and dispersed them with rifle-fire, killing hundreds and wounding more than a thousand.[1]

The popular excitement caused by this

[1] The number killed outright is variously estimated at from 300 to 1000.

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Drawn by Harry Townsend. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

FATHER GAPON HEADING THE PROCESSION ON "BLOODY SUNDAY"

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unprovoked massacre was wide-spread and intense. Labor-unions and revolutionary societies in all parts of the Empire issued hundreds of thousands of appeals, proclamations, and addresses, in which they denounced the government as weak in war and strong only in its ability to oppress; taunted it with the behavior of its troops in running away from the Japanese in Manchuria and in shooting down unarmed men in St. Petersburg; and called upon the people to unite in a national demand for the discontinuance of the war and the summoning of a representative assembly.

The first response, in the shape of revolutionary action, came from Poland, where the consciousness of tyrannical oppression was most acute and where the character of the people was most fiery and impulsive. Political strikes and street demonstrations began in Warsaw only five days after the tragedy in St. Petersburg, and when, on the 29th of January, the socialistic organizations of the city attempted to hold anniversary memorial meetings in honor of certain revolutionists who had been hanged by the government in 1886, the troops were ordered to disperse all crowds with rifle-fire, and one hundred and thirty-three persons were killed or wounded in the streets.[1] The agitation soon extended to Lodz and other industrial towns, and in less than a fortnight all Poland was in a blaze of insubordination, and troops were everywhere being called out to disperse crowds and break up street meetings with rifle-fire.

The revolutionary movement was most energetic and most vigorously supported, at first in the Caucasus, in the Baltic Provinces, and on the frontiers of European Russia, where the population was not ethnologically Slavonic. The pure-blooded Russians in the central provinces were comparatively slow to act; but in Riga, Libau, Mitau, Reval, Tiflis, Batum, Poti, and Kutais, the whole population seemed to join in the protest against "the existing form of government," against the shooting of people in the streets, and against the further continuance of the war.

From a photograph by C. A. Bulla

P. A. STOLYPIN, NOW RUSSIAN PREMIER

In Riga, sixty thousand workmen declared a political strike, and enormous crowds gathered in the streets, with cries of "Down with the government!" "We want a republic!" "Give us a representative assembly!" Troops were soon called into action by the local authorities, but the people did not give way until more than a hundred of them had been killed or wounded. Two or three days later, when the dead were buried, forty thousand mourners followed their bodies to the cemeteries.

In the central part of Russia, the manifestations of discontent soon became almost as general as on the frontiers, but in the agricultural and manufacturing provinces the agitation took the form of agrarian riots and industrial strikes, which were so wide-spread and persistent that the government could not successfully cope with them. The terrorists, too, again became active, and on the 17th of February, 1905, less than a month after Bloody Sunday, they succeeded in killing with a bomb the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Serge, who was then Governor-General of Moscow.

[1] Ninety-three killed and forty wounded was the government's official report, but the number of victims was undoubtedly much larger.

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The revolutionary movement from its very beginning had the support of three powerful classes: first, the "intelligensia," consisting mainly of cultivated professional men and the representatives of the people in the zemstvos, or local assemblies; second, the large and more or less organized body of factory operatives in the cities; and third, the overwhelmingly greater but

From a photograph by A. Pasetti

GENERAL D. F. TREPOFF, WHOSE ASSASSINATION WAS ATTEMPTED IN 1905, AND WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 15, 1906

much less enlightened body of agricultural peasants in the country. Against it were arrayed, secretly or openly, the influential court nobility; the church; the greater part of the bureaucracy; and a comparatively small number of reactionary merchants and landed proprietors whose political attitude was determined mainly by selfish considerations. The army and navy were divided, but a majority of the officers and men in both services supported the Czar and autocratic government.

As political strikes, street demonstrations, armed conflicts, and agrarian disorders became more and more prevalent, and the revolutionary movement gradually developed in extent as well as in energy, the Minister of the Interior, Bulygin, and the notorious General Trepoff (then governor-general of St. Petersburg and virtual head of the "National Defense") redoubled their efforts to restore order by means of coercion and intimidation. In the early months of the year, hundreds of factory operatives and peasants were killed by the troops and thousands more were arrested, imprisoned, or exiled; but the severest repression only increased the destructive violence of the movement. In April and May, the "fighting bands" of the Social Revolutionists made one hundred and sixteen successful or unsuccessful attempts to assassinate government officials; agrarian disorders—arson, robbery, pillage, and not infrequently murder

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PROFESSOR PAUL MILYUKOV PROFESSOR SERGE A. MUROMTSEF

IVAN PETRUNKEVICH PRINCE TRUBETSKOI

—extended over sixty-two *uyezds,* or administrative districts; strikes paralyzed manufacturing industry everywhere; and Poland again burst into a flame of insurrection. In dozens of towns there were fierce conflicts between strikers and troops, and in Lodz, the working-men erected and fought behind ten street barricades; organized a procession of fifty thousand mourners, with hundreds of black or red flags, to escort the bodies of their killed to the cemeteries; and when, on their way back, they were again attacked by the troops, they fought, and continued to fight at intervals, day and night, until their total aggregate loss, in killed alone, was more than four hundred.

In many parts of the Empire, the insurgent people had to fight also with organized groups of reactionists. Soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke Serge, the supporters of autocracy, with the approval and apparently the coöperation of General Trepoff, tried the experiment of

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fighting terrorism with terrorism. In all the larger and many of the smaller towns, there began to appear bands of reactionary partizans who called themselves the "True Russians," but who soon became better known to the country and to the world as the "Black Hundreds," or the "Black Companies." They comprised less than three per cent. of the male population, and would not have been at all formidable if they had not had the support of the police and the troops. With that support, however, they eventually succeeded in terrorizing the country, and played an important part in the tragedy of the counter-revolution.

On the 19th of August, just two weeks before the signing of the treaty of peace in Portsmouth, the Czar promulgated a law providing for the election of a national Duma; but as this law contemplated an advisory council rather than a controlling legislative assembly, the people regarded it with indifference as a sham reform, and did not relax their efforts to obtain real and effective participation in the government of the Empire.

A few weeks later there came another concession. Early in September, with a view to propitiating a large class of influential educators, and gaining the support, perhaps, of a still larger body of uncommitted students, the Czar issued an ukase conferring the right of self-government upon all universities and higher institutions of learning. This, like the law providing for a Duma, was a step in the right direction; but it was taken too late, and its only practical effect was to provide a large number of lecture-halls where liberal and revolutionary meetings might be held in safety. All through the stormy days of September and October, the universities and higher technical schools served as headquarters for the anti-government parties.

About this time the Bureau of Censorship broke down and went out of business, and for months thereafter the Empire was flooded with hundreds of thousands of leaflets, pamphlets, brochures, and books, nine tenths of which were of a socialistic or revolutionary character. In this extraordinary revival of forbidden literature THE CENTURY MAGAZINE had a modest share, inasmuch as its articles by the present writer on "Siberia and the Exile System," which had been under the ban of the censor for more than fifteen years, were published in three or four different translations, and ran serially in two magazines.

In the month of October, 1905, the revolutionary struggle culminated in the most extensive political strike and the most overwhelming popular movement ever recorded in the world's history. It originated with an apparently insignificant convention of railroad employees, which assembled in St. Petersburg for the purpose of considering a proposed revision of the regulations concerning railroad pensions. While this convention was in session, an unfounded report reached Moscow to the effect that, by order of the government, some of the delegates from the Moscow and Kazan Railway had been arrested. Their comrades along the line promptly protested by declaring a political strike. Other roads of the Moscow system joined in the protest; the strike spread rapidly from one road to another; and in less than ten days, seven hundred and fifty thousand railroad employees were idle, and trains ceased to run on twenty-five thousand miles of track. This gigantic strike not only tied up all the railroads of European Russia, but extended even to those of Siberia, central Asia, and the Caucasus, so that the whole vast Empire was left without any means of rapid transportation. Then suddenly it seemed to occur to the liberals and revolutionists everywhere that this was the time to bring absolutely irresistible pressure to bear upon the Czar and his ministers, and, without any preconcerted plan or arrangement, nine tenths of the whole population of the cities, towns, and larger villages went on strike.[1] Telegraph- and telephone-lines ceased to work; electric lights went out; street-cars stopped running; newspapers suspended publication; the postal service came to an end; and even such classes of men as lawyers, druggists, bank clerks, and clerks of the circuit courts, stopped work as a means of showing their sympathy with the revolutionary movement. Great crowds of excited people assembled in the halls of

[1] It is estimated by Mr. E. Maievski that this political strike extended to perhaps a thousand places, and according to Prince Ukhtomski it included seven million workers. ("The Popular Movement in Russia at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century," Vol. II, Part I, p. 83. St. Petersburg, 1909.)

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the universities and technical schools; speech was freer and bolder than it had been before in centuries; and the watchwords everywhere were "Don't accept the Czar's Duma! Demand a constitutional convention!" So universal were the excitement and exhaltation of spirit that in Odessa more than a thousand school children organized a street demonstration of their own; and when they were attacked and cruelly beaten by the police, they fled to the university, and there held a political meeting at which speeches were made by fourteen-year-old boys. A part even of the bureaucracy took the side of the people. On the 27th of October, eight hundred employees from the various ministries and departments of the government assembled in one of the halls of the St. Petersburg University and adopted resolutions calling for the election of a representative assembly with full powers, "upon the basis of a universal, equal, direct, and secret ballot." City councils, zemstvos, marshals of the nobility, and representative meetings of manufacturers, all united in urging upon the government the necessity of taking "immediate measures to satisfy the economic and political demands of the people," and Count Witte, who was then President of the Council of Ministers, seconded their efforts by making a special report to the Czar, in which he said: "The excitement which now prevails in many different classes of Russian society is due to a lack of harmony between the ideals of those who think and the external conditions that control their lives. Russia has outgrown the existing form of government, and is struggling toward a just form, based on the principles of civil liberty. . . . The desires of the people must be satisfied by some sort of guarantee of right governmental order."

To the arguments of the premier and the tremendous pressure of events the Czar was finally compelled to yield, and on the 30th of October he issued the Freedom Manifesto, which had been prepared by Count Witte, and which granted, in words, at least, everything that a reasonable nation could possibly expect. Not only did it "extend to the people the immutable foundations of civil liberty, based on real inviolability of person, with freedom of conscience, speech, assembly, and association," but it declared that no law should be enforceable without the consent of the Duma, and that the representatives of the people should "actually participate in the supervision of the legality of the acts of officials."

Never, apparently, was a revolution brought to a triumphant conclusion by a people more united in its determination to have liberty, and never did a change of government seem more likely to be permanent; but never, unfortunately, were appearances more deceptive. When it became necessary to decide on the next step, the people were not united; the Czar had no intention of making his officials carry out the reforms promised in the Freedom Manifesto, if he could possibly avoid doing so; and General Trepoff, the court nobility, the provincial reactionists, the police, and the True Russians of the Black Companies, had planned and organized a counter-revolution, and were all ready to strike the first blow at the critical moment. Their weapon was that distinctively Russian combination of assault, robbery, arson, pillage, and murder—the pogrom.

The Freedom Manifesto was received, of course, in all parts of the Empire with enthusiastic manifestations of triumph and satisfaction. Liberals, Social Revolutionists, and people of all the anti-government parties, paraded the streets with flags, or assembled, in crowded meetings to congratulate one another and celebrate their victory. But the celebrations and street demonstrations were soon turned into tragedies. In hundreds of cities, towns, and villages, from Siberia to the borders of Poland and the Baltic Provinces, the Black Companies, reinforced by thousands of hoodlums and roughs, and supported by the police and troops, attacked the processions, set fire to the buildings in which the celebrations were being held, and beat or shot the revolutionists to death by the hundred. The barest possible description of the counter-revolutionary pogroms in Russia would completely fill an entire number of THE CENTURY, including all the advertising pages. In the city of Tomsk, in western Siberia, the Black Companies, carrying national flags and portraits of the Czar, surrounded the theater and the office building of the Siberian Railway, where meetings of celebration were being held, set fire to them

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both, and then, protected by a circle of police and troops who drove away the fire-brigade, beat or shot the inmates as the latter were driven out by the flames. General Azanchefski, the governor of the province, lived only two hundred yards from the burning buildings, but did not interfere or show himself, and the local bishop of the Holy Orthodox Church, who was asked to come to the aid of the suffering and dying, categorically refused. As for the troops, they not only encircled and protected the Black Companies, but fired at the liberals and revolutionists who showed themselves at the windows. In this pogrom, hundreds of persons were beaten, maimed, or killed, and sixty charred bodies were found in the ruins of the two buildings.[1]

One of the most terrible of the counter-revolutionary pogroms was that of November 1 in Odessa, where the True Russians were inspired with racial hatred of the Jews, as well as political hatred of the revolutionists. In this pogrom, as in almost all others, the Black Companies were aided by the police and the troops, and together they committed atrocities equal to those of the Turkish bashi-bazouks in Bulgaria. Houses were sacked, women outraged, children thrown from second- and third-story windows, and men beaten or shot to death by the hundred. The campaign of riot and murder lasted four days, and in that time, according to the official reports of the police, more than five hundred men were killed, sixteen hundred and thirty-two houses were sacked, and property to the value of $1,335,000 was destroyed.

The attitude of the Czar's officials toward this pogrom is shown by the fact that when Neihardt, the *gradonachalnik*, or governor of the city, was met and greeted by a mob of True Russians and hooligans who were coming back from a murderous raid in the Jewish quarter, he returned their greeting cordially and said, "Thank you, brothers!" A little later, in the midst of the massacre, when he was asked by some of the terrified Russian inhabitants of the city for a police guard, he replied: "I can't do anything for you. You wanted 'freedom'—now you 've got the Sheenies' freedom." General Kaulbars, to whose incompetency and inaction Kuropatkin attributed the loss of the battle of Mukden, was in command of the troops in Odessa at the time of the pogrom, and in a speech that he made to the police officers of the city he said: "We might as well call things by their right names; in our hearts we all sympathize with this pogrom."[2]

Murderous attacks of this kind were made by the Black Companies and counter-revolutionists, with the aid or under the protection of police and troops, in Sebastopol, Bielostok, Minsk, Kaluga, Kursk, Vladimir, Tula, Yaroslaff, Kazan, Novgorod, Archangel, Yekaterinoslaff, Kieff, Rostoff-on-the-Don, and more than a hundred other towns. Nearly four thousand persons were killed outright, and more than ten thousand wounded.[3] And all this slaughter of unarmed people immediately after the promulgation of the Czar's Freedom Manifesto, and without a word of remonstrance or objection from the Czar himself! I have no means of knowing what Count Witte might have done as Prime Minister; but Nicholas II was certainly in a position to say something, even if he was too irresolute to do anything. But he kept silent for days and weeks while Black Companies, with the aid of his police, with the protection of his troops, and often with his portrait in their hands, beat unarmed people to death with clubs, shot them to death with revolvers, or burned them alive, in more than a hundred cities and towns, from Tomsk and Archangel to Odessa and Kieff. One might conjecture that he already regretted his weakness in signing the Freedom Manifesto and hoped the Black Companies would stamp out "sedition," restore the old order of things, and so terrorize the population that nobody would even dare mention the "in-

[1] "The Popular Movement in Russia at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century," edited by L. Martoff, P. Masloff, and A. Potresoff; Vol. II, Part I, p. 100. St. Petersburg, 1909. This work is not a revolutionary campaign document, but an impartial historical study, which thus far has not been confiscated or prohibited by the censorship. The facts above cited, moreover, and many that are still more dreadful, were published in the "Siberian Gazette" and other papers, and are notorious.

[2] "The Popular Movement in Russia," &c.; Vol. II, Part I, p. 102.

[3] "The Popular Movement in Russia," &c.; Vol. II, Part I, pp. 103-104.

"Half a Year of Revolution in Russia," by Victor Obninski, p. 42. Moscow, 1906.

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violability of person" which he had solemnly guaranteed. But such a conjecture would be inadmissible, because it would conflict with his declaration that "The happiness of the Russian Czar is indissolubly bound up with the happiness of the Russian people, and the sorrow of the people is the sorrow of the Monarch." [1]

Before the end of November, 1905, there were many threatening indications that, in spite of the triumph of the people in extorting from Nicholas II a charter of rights and the promise of a parliament, reactionary tendencies would eventually prevail. The failure of the Czar to stop the counter-revolutionary pogroms showed that he sympathized so strongly with the aims of the reactionists that he was willing to condone even the most shocking of their methods, and in a fight with the Czar and the reactionists, plus the army and the police, the people, even though they were overwhelmingly in the majority, could hardly expect to win. The people, moreover, had no clearly thought-out plan of operations and no capable leaders. There were plenty of able men in the ranks of the liberal nobility and the intelligensia —such men as Prince Dolgorukoff, Prince Trubetskoi, Count Heyden, Professor Muromtsef, and Messrs. Shipoff, Nabokoff, Milyukov, and Petrunkevich; but none of them seemed to have popularity enough to exert directing or commanding power in the nation as a whole. The control of affairs, therefore, fell largely into the hands of social revolutionary committees and councils of labor delegates, who showed far more ability in rousing the people than in thinking for them or directing them. These committees and councils, moreover, made a serious mistake in trying to bring about radical economic and social changes before they had made sure of civil liberty. By so doing they alienated tens of thousands of employers and others, who would have fought with them against the reactionists, and even against the Czar, on the question of freedom alone.

Then, unfortunately, the revolt of the people, in some of its phases, could not be stopped when it was desirable to stop it; and the continuance of agrarian disorder, especially, alarmed the whole class of landed proprietors, and led tens of thousands of them to transfer their allegiance from the party that was struggling for freedom to the party that was trying to reëstablish the old autocratic and bureaucratic régime. Owing largely to a general failure of the harvest in European Russia, the condition of the agricultural peasants became almost intolerable; and taking advantage of the revolutionary movement and the consequent relaxation of authority, they rose en masse against their landlords and created a veritable reign of terror in more than twenty provinces. The disorders extended, in the autumn of 1905, to one hundred and sixty-one administrative districts, comprising nearly the whole of the "black earth" belt. Throughout this great area, the peasants not only made violent seizures of grain and other food-stuffs to satisfy their hunger, but beat or murdered landlords and their representatives, plundered country houses and estates, killed blooded horses and cattle, cut down old park trees, burned sugar-mills, starch-mills, and other agricultural manufactories, and devastated the country generally. More than two thousand estates and country houses were ravaged or burned, and property was destroyed to the value of thirty-one million rubles ($15,500,000). The promulgation of the Freedom Manifesto and the triumph of the revolution had no effect whatever upon this revolt of the peasants, which was as irresistible as a Chinese inundation, or a forest fire with a thousand-mile front. It went on, with little abatement of violence, for months, and of course drove tens of thousands of landed proprietors into the ranks of the reactionists.

Meanwhile revolutionary agitation and disorder continued to prevail almost everywhere, in spite of the fact that the object of the revolution had apparently been attained. In St. Petersburg, the Council of Working-men's Delegates, which acted as a sort of central revolutionary committee, made a series of injudicious, if not absolutely impossible, demands, which it tried to enforce by means of another great political strike;[2] in Kronstadt, Kieff, Yeka-

[1] Second paragraph of the "Freedom Manifesto."

[2] Among these demands were the removal of all troops and police from the city; the organization and arming of a militia to be recruited from the people; the abrogation of the law of reinforced defense, the law of extraordinary defense, and all other exceptional laws; the calling of a constitutional convention; and the establishment of a republic.

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terinodar, Pyatigorsk, and more than twenty other places there were revolts of troops, often of disciplined battalions; in the Baltic Provinces and the Caucasus the revolutionists were everywhere driving out the Czar's officials and setting up local governments of their own; and the whole country, from the point of view of the government, seemed to be drifting into a state of anarchy.

Under these conditions, Count Witte, the premier, was forced to adopt some definite and resolute course of action. On one side he was subjected to great and increasing pressure by the reactionists and the Czar, while on the other side he could neither get helpful support from the liberals of the intelligensia, nor persuade the working-men and the Social Revolutionists to act with moderation and reason.[1] In this ministerial and national crisis, he made up his mind, apparently, to cast in his lot with the Czar and the reactionists —at least to the extent of reëstablishing social order by means of vigorous repression; and on the 14th of December, 1905, chiefs of police throughout the Empire were ordered by telegraph to "arrest all instigators and leaders of political or agrarian anti-government movements and hold them in prison pending the receipt of further instructions from the Minister of the Interior." If the counter-revolutionary pogroms of the Black Companies be regarded as the first stage of the reaction, this ministerial change of front was the second. Stern and pitiless repression then became the rule, and the Russian revolution entered upon what Milyukov has called its "descending phase."

On the 15th of December, the St. Petersburg Council of Working-men's Delegates and the social revolutionary committees issued what afterward became known as the "Financial Manifesto," in which they asked the whole population to refrain from paying taxes, to withdraw in gold all savings and other deposits from banks, and to demand payment in gold of all salaries and wages. The government replied to this manifesto by suppressing seven daily newspapers in which it appeared, and by arresting and throwing into prison every member of the Council of Working-men's Delegates, which was virtually the central executive committee of all the socialistic and revolutionary parties.

This was the beginning of the end. The strikes and disorders that followed culminated in the famous Moscow insurrection, where there was a decisive trial of strength between the revolutionary and counter-revolutionary forces. As the army, in this struggle, stood by the government, the revolutionists, of course, were defeated. Unarmed or badly armed men cannot stand long against regular troops equipped with such weapons of destruction as those now in use. The revolutionists kept up the fight behind barricades for nine days, —December 22 to December 31,—but the government swept the streets with artillery and machine-guns, and the insurgents were eventually routed and dispersed. The killed numbered 1059, including 130 women and 86 children, and many thousands were wounded. So far as the probability or possibility of success was concerned, this ended the Russian revolution.

Then followed the campaign of official terrorism and vengeance, with extension of martial law to more than two thirds of the country; with wholesale arrests in forty or fifty provinces; with punitive expeditions (which were worse than Hun or Tatar invasions) in Siberia, the Caucasus, and the Baltic Provinces; and with imprisonment, exile, hanging, shooting, and torture, of innocent and guilty, almost everywhere, from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg and from the Arctic Ocean to the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan.

The spirit in which these reprisals were conducted may be inferred from some of the official proclamations made to the people, and some of the instructions given to leaders of punitive expeditions. For example, General Bauer, one of the "pacificators" of the Caucasus, issued a proclamation to the people in which he said: "Every violation or evasion of orders will be punished with the destruction and annihilation of the whole village, and no discrimination will be made between innocent and guilty. . . . If a single weapon is withheld, if a single crime is committed, if a single recruit refuses to serve, or if a single duty is left unfulfilled, I will send

[1] It is said that he repeatedly asked Prince Trubetskoi, D. N. Shipoff of Moscow, and other well-known liberals, to take portfolios in his ministry; but none of them were willing to do so. Whether they distrusted him, or whether they did not want to assume responsibility unless they could have control, we have no means of knowing.

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troops not to seize weapons or enforce orders, but to destroy the village to its very foundations."

General Rennenkampf, another of Kuropatkin's incapable officers, gave the following notification to a Siberian village in the trans-Baikal: "If any attack is made upon persons accompanying me, upon the gendarmes, or upon the railway guards, all persons arrested and thrown into prison, as well as all persons responsible for them, will be put to death within an hour."

General Min (afterward assassinated) gave the following instructions to the commanding officer of the Semenofski Life Guards, a regiment which he detailed to "pacify" the line of the railway between Moscow and Kazan: "Act without mercy, and take no prisoners. Destroy with fire or artillery every house from which a shot comes."

It is not surprising that, in carrying out the threats of such proclamations and in executing such orders, the troops—and especially the Cossacks—committed atrocities so ghastly and horrible that I cannot bring myself to describe them, nor ask THE CENTURY to print them. They were such things as might have been done by fiends from the worst imaginable hell. One is appalled at the very thought of the great tidal wave of blood, tears, and agony that rolled over Russia during that year of revolution (1905) and the subsequent months of "pacification." Statistics are not a suitable or adequate measure of suffering, but they may perhaps convey some idea of the number of the sufferers. In the revolutionary year in conflicts with the troops and the police, 14,654 men were killed and 18,052 wounded; and in the first eight months of pacification 6867 men were condemned by military courts, a large proportion of them to penal servitude or death, besides the immense number shot by military "pacificators" and punitive expeditions without any trial at all. The number imprisoned or exiled without judicial sentence is estimated by the best Russian authorities at 70,000, including a large number of men who had been in the service of the government. In the Ministry of the Interior alone, twelve thousand employees were discharged for alleged political untrustworthiness.

Although the counter-revolution thus triumphed, all that had been gained was not yet lost. The Freedom Manifesto and the law providing for a national Duma were still in existence, and in due course of time elections for the representative assembly were held. After the result became known, but before the new parliament met, M. Durnovo, Minister of the Interior, resigned and was succeeded by P. A. Stolypin, a man of courage and strong character, who had been governor of the province of Saratoff, but who, in St. Petersburg, was not very generally known. The Duma, in which there was an overwhelming majority of liberal and radical members, assembled in the Taurida Palace on the 10th of May, 1906, and organized by electing as presiding officer Professor Serge A. Muromtsef of Moscow, an influential liberal and one of the leaders of the newly organized Constitutional Democratic party. With the meeting of the first Duma, began another epoch in Russian history. The revolution had failed. Would the Czar, relieved from pressure, allow to be realized any of the reforms that he had promised to the people when he regarded his throne as endangered?

(To be continued)

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COMPENSATED

PROVIDENCE MAKES A MINOR ADJUSTMENT

BY ALBERT HICKMAN

A STORY IN THREE PARTS: PART II

THE scene of this story is the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the characters are two yachting parties. One of them, on the schooner *Gloria*, consists of Mr. Sneed, his wife and daughter, an ultra-conventional and worldly family, and two guests, Miss Roche and Mr. Spiers. The other party, on the *Rorqual*, a ninety-foot gasolene boat, is made up of Mr. Simpson, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Kimborough, and the host, who is represented as speaking. In the first part of the story, printed in the May CENTURY, Mr. Kimborough, who is an accomplished pianist, being convinced of the unworthiness of Mr. Spiers, a pretentious and mediocre musician, as a suitor for the affections of Miss Roche, by a practical joke succeeds in placing him in a ridiculous light in her eyes. The manner of the further discomfiture of Spiers is set forth in the present part.—THE EDITOR.

AND after dinner Mr. Spiers, again under the guidance of Providence and in the midst of cigarette smoke, worked toward the piano and his own destruction, and Mrs. Sneed egged him on with great pride and with sidelong glances at us. It was uproariously evident that this was intended to be an exhibition.

Still, mistrusting the barometer, I slipped on deck for a moment, and stepped from the companion-hatch full into the middle of October. The picture of the gray gulf had been carelessly washed out by a chilled and over-early twilight, and the lightest *wisp* of very soft rain sifted on the cockpit-awning. Besides the *Gloria's* bulk and her towering spars, there remained in all the world three things: the uncertain loom of the wooded and rocky bank to the southward, to starboard a somber shadow that was the nearest of the pinkies, and to port the trails of the *Rorqual's* lights shaking across the calm; for there came also the least breath of air drifting in over the unseen islands from the outer gulf. I found the captain forward, already in oilskins, staring under the *Gloria's* riding-light into the mysterious northeast.

"What do you think of it?" I said.

"I think there 's goin' to be big trouble—an' me an' the cook left aboard. He"—with a profane inclination toward the saloon—"sent the other four to Leith with the *Now-an'-then"* (I inferred this meant the motor-boat) "to get full to-night an' bring a little lettuce an' ice out in the morning."

"How does she lie at anchor?"

"Like nothin' you ever saw. Range? Why, man, she goes round an' round it like a bull-calf round a picket. But it 's started to rain, and we 'll pray that 's all it 'll be.—28.80 in July!" he murmured as I left. That portentous glass was vexing his soul also.

Below, Mr. Spiers had attained to the piano-stool and was visibly improvising a prelude. The prelude contained brief portions of the overture to "Semiramide" —*ritenuto;* Handel's Largo—*allegretto;* a few rough impressions of Madame Chaminade; a careless handful of sad and Oriental minor chords culled from the extensive works of P. Tschaikovsky; and a hazy, draped figure of San Toy and the memorable year 1900. In any case, it showed a large acquaintance with music.

I slid in beside Miss Roche. On the other side was Mr. F. B. Kimborough, and the expression of the Man with the Iron Mask would have been bright and vivacious beside his. It was no lack of interest, only hopeful ignorance. Have you ever watched an up-country lawyer on an admiralty case trying, with an open-scale

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chart, to work a grounded ship into a plowed field? In the midst of his sermon on artistic temperaments I think Mrs. Sneed was disquieted, but now she might search that childlike face and be reassured. While Mr. Spiers considered, he said earnestly that it was the best yacht piano he had ever heard (which the Sneeds smiled upon as a piece of unnecessary boasting), and as that gentleman returned to work he fell once more into a deferential silence.

Now, from the opening of Mr. Spiers's performance it was evident that he valued at its full the emotional effect music and a little mystery might have on impressionable ladies of twenty. So he supplied as much sheer music and as much mystery as he was able. He played a passage that came from somewhere in Schumann's "Kreisleriana" (he had assuredly been taught it in class), then Tschaikovsky's "Troïka en Traineaux," then the Humoresque in G. Inbred fatalism does not live in the air of eastern Canada. The steady recurring Oriental phrasing and the bland freedom from all ambition they neither sympathized with nor understood. Hence the mystery and the awed silence of the Sneed family: but the young lady with the intent blue eyes leaned forward and considered.

"Do you know much about music?" I asked in a pause.

"Not a thing in the world," she said; "but I know what I like."

Mr. Spiers proceeded into the heart of a silky nocturne, and the surroundings began to tell—billowy green upholstery against the San Domingo mahogany; and the coffee had been undeniably good. I think even Miss Sneed relaxed a little. The nocturne had been played before by many young ladies at many graduating recitals and raised no great heat. It was not that Mr. Spiers did it badly, but there was very little to do. He was gracefully leading up. Here he played a sonata that I did not know, but it struck me that there must be something seriously wrong with it. However, I waited, and uselessly searched Mr. Kimborough's half-hidden face. It was set like a plaster cast of Innocence, and I thought, "How much longer may this miracle continue to be?"

Mr. Sneed was smoking in the tolerant belief that the appreciation of what they called classical music was a painful but inexpensive pose—at least, so I took it; Mrs. Sneed was in gracious possession of a wizard by which we were being overpowered, which is the sum of social success; Miss Sneed was stiffened against the cushions, watching the situation like a cat; and Mr. Spiers went forward into Chopin's A♭ Major Ballade and stepped cheerfully out of his depth. There are things harder to play than the A♭ Major Ballade, many things, but to interpret with any degree of decency there may not be a dozen harder in the world. It may be made into a meaningless and irrelevant jumble, and to take out of it quite all there is in it needs a musician of the very first rank. And they know it, and so you find it on their programs in the place of greater music.

Within the first thirty bars he broke down a little, and later a little more; but he knew that we would never know, so he went on freely and outraged that ingenious composition. It was the artistic temperament—pure inspiration—turned loose; but it brought up the color in Miss Roche's brown cheeks. Toward the ringing end of it he fell over himself and paused visibly, but endeavored still, laboring, to make us believe it was all written.

"What did he do?" the girl asked Mr. Kimborough in the least whisper as he finished.

"Caught a crab, I think," said that worthy. Mr. Spiers paused with one hand above the keyboard and looked at him in saddened reproach before he forged into the next classic.

"What is that?" demanded the girl in the early stages.

"Rubinstein's Study on the Wrong Notes," informed Mr. Kimborough, softly, and I saw the littlest smile flicker for an instant. The girl stared at him wide-eyed.

"You 're a mean sneak!" she whispered when the music stopped.

"How?"

"I believe you 've played the piano ever since you were a little boy. I don't believe you can do anything else."

"I 'm a bird on a treasure-hunt," he said smoothly. And before she could warn Mr. Spiers that gentleman dropped his hands on the four lower E♭'s and fell into—the A♭ Major Polonaise. Even then she rose, but collapsed under a stare from Mrs. Sneed. Mr. Kimborough stiffened and shifted his feet. His re-

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pressed eye sought mine and indicated great strain.

There is not necessarily any impropriety in not being able to do a thing; but it is highly improper to pretend you can do it better than an archangel when you are reasonably sure the people about you will not know the difference. Besides, it is dangerous: for the theory of probability may fail you, and some one may be present. Or, if not, it is a crime, for it lowers the people's conceptions of archangels. Or, worse still, if they do not consider the archangel at all, it gives them a poor idea of a classic, and a classic is much more sacred than an archangel, for it is the best work of a man and will affect all men for all time, and an archangel is only a functionary.

Now, it would be painful, and, more important, it would be useless, to tell truly how Mr. Geoffrey Spiers played the A♭ Major Polonaise; for, after all, it has lifted up very many human hearts for very many years. The first notes, those E♭'s, he smote viciously. The second of those little runs in thirds, ye pianists, he blurred; the third little run he sketched; the fourth he missed, while the troubled audience considered what it might be about. He fell feverishly on that slowing rhythm that leads it all up to the dominant and steadies it all down to that majestic polonaise time, and before he had attained to the first version of the main theme that great polonaise took him by the neck and led him away. And it used him with extreme cruelty. Under the mighty discipline his nerve forsook him, he passed out from under his own control, and his speed increased until he went away like a brakeless automobile on a twenty per cent. grade. On that bellowing three-octave run from A up to B♭ he never struck the critical top note once. He struck A; he struck B; he even struck C (when I saw Mr. Kimborough's neck grow red), and once he struck the wood of the piano. In the midst of the movement in E his left wrist must have fainted, for he played largely with his right till it recovered, which amazingly marred the effect. Toward the last he rocked on his stool and sweat freely, and in the extreme thundering finish he depressed within certain seconds, I think, more notes that had no harmonic relation to one another than I had ever heard before. In a reminiscent conference, long after, Mr. Simpson said he was not a judge of music, but it sounded aboard the *Rorqual* as if an electric piano-player had short-circuited.

Mr. Spiers left the Sneed family patently bewildered, but impressed beyond English words, and in the succeeding silence he moved modestly to another seat. Miss Roche was rose pink.

It was Miss Sneed's automatic voice that broke through.

"Thank you so much: that was beautiful!" she said. "Do you play?" I recovered to find that this last was addressed to me, and managed to say quite decently that I did not.

"Do you?" to Mr. Kimborough.

"I do," he said.

"Oh, won't you play—that is—if you don't mind playing after Mr. Spiers."

"Yes," urged Mr. Spiers, to be encouraging, "do!"

"I will," said the pianist. It had the full-measured intonation of the response in the marriage service. The cryptic smile flickered between Mrs. and Miss Sneed, and Mr. Kimborough arose as a wooden man.

For you to comprehend this next scene in all its graded clarity, it is necessary to understand that in that instant his mood changed to the mood of exhaltation in which I said I had seen him do wonderful things. He put on the unseen mantle of the prophet and was detached from all minor ends. It was a time when you heard small things, like the drip of water off the trunk-deck.

"Madam," he said, with the least inclination toward the amused Mrs. Sneed, "your piano is out of tune. May I tune it?" and from his hip pocket he untangled a full-sized professional tuning-key that I knew lived ordinarily with his shaving gear and pajamas. The smiles faded as fades the sun under the edge of a rising thunder-cloud, and in their stead came signs of great amazement.

"Why, certainly—of course—yes, Mr. Kimborough," she said as soon as she was able. The two faces reddened up like blowing peonies, Mr. Sneed's traveling cigar stood still, Miss Roche gazed at her shoes, and Mr. Spiers smiled a loose-lipped, foolish smile. The pianist saw none of these things, and I watched the pianist. He opened up the top of the piano, he

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reached into inaccessible places, and the front came off, and at the same time the cover, in his other hand. From the obscurity below proceeded a click and the lower front panel fell forward against his knees. All these were piled on the carpet. Then, with the deft assurance of a steamfitter, he whirled off four thumb-nuts, and the entire action came out and stood on its end, where small but seemingly important parts of it were jiggled familiarly, and three little springs were bent into place. Then he lifted up that glittering complication, threw it back, screwed it home, and proceeded to tune the piano casually, as a violinist, looking mostly at the polished carlines of the deck above.

It was altogether a most unconventional operation, and I judged from side glances at Mrs. and Miss Sneed's painful expression that they were certain it was not the proper thing. But they bore in silence and telegraphed heated questions at me that concerned themselves with Mr. Kimborough's sanity, or whether he might be a Maritime Province piano-tuner. I failed to see, and I imagine they settled on the latter. And in the silence the pianist put back the cover and the front. He left out the lower panel, that the tone might be fully unmuffled, he discarded the stool, he selected a powerful chair, and he sat on it before the impassive keyboard. And throughout these operations he seemed quite unaware of himself or of us, which requires large individuality and detachment.

Then, preludes being in fashion, he began. Sitting solemnly erect, he struck middle C with his right thumb, paused, and slowly played the scale of C major with one hand, high-fingered, like a child. The blazing audacity of this should have informed the meanest intelligence, but Mrs. and Miss Sneed smiled one more covert and derisive smile, which doubtless prevented their seeing, if they could have seen, that in measured time and weight those notes might have been struck by a regulated machine, but by no man they had ever known. He went up again on C major as slowly, but with both hands, and each pair of notes sounded as one bell. It was his rebuke to Mr. Spiers, and I think Mr. Spiers took it. He was looking at the carpet. Then the pianist's right hand started at middle C again and went up on the chromatic scale slowly, but increasing speed, always increasing speed. (The smiles were fading.) He came down in a wind-swept cascade,—German fingering,—but you heard each note like a falling pearl. (The smiles were dead.) He went up again,—French fingering: the shadow of his hand had another shape,—and the driven keys rose up behind in a following wave as even as in the wake of a ship. Then, as his arm swung across the keyboard once more—English fingering this time—and back in any fingering that seemed to him desirable, with the speed of a falling star, his left hand rose and joined in that single scale, and the two rode down in glittering alternation: but to the listening ear it was always the same, soft, and as even as rain falling in a calm. Then came chromatics that swung apart, chromatics at outrageous harmonic intervals, and finally a storm of chromatic octaves that blended into cannonading and drifting thunder. Always erect, effortless, his body hardly moving, it was rather like the work of some extraordinary machine built to express human emotion without the use of human words—and he stopped.

The sound of dripping on the deck came back, and the whole Sneed family drew breath as if to marvel, but they were late. He had begun again on arpeggios and involved runs, interwoven, and in the midst fell thundering chords that miraculously fitted in and made a sort of stately melody of their own, through many modulations, till the whole was permitted to die down, and the runs thinned to one trill that lived for a little in the treble and ended with a pop on a note an octave higher, as though it had been a bubble and had burst.

So far this had been nothing but refined mechanics, and his foot had never touched a pedal, but the girl looked at me with amazed eyes.

"It 's the most wonderful thing I ever heard in my life," she said. She barely breathed the words, but he waited, with his hand above the keyboard. Again the Sneeds seemed about to speak; but there was something in the air, and they forbore. Appearing to consider, he let the pause endure till the dripping on the deck-planks became painful, and he reduced the imperial females of the Sneed family to extreme misery, so that they shifted noiselessly and uncomfortably in their seats. I

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presume nothing like this had ever happened to them in their lives.

When he began, everybody seemed greatly relieved. Why he should have chosen Beethoven's Sonata in C minor—what is ordinarily called the "Pathetic Sonata"—I failed to divine.

He opened it with restrained magnificence, and the first ponderous bars breathed mystery and momentous things to come. He overlaid it with such clean repose that the thundering first chords left no impression of noise. They drew instead the picture of a most awful calm, and it seemed as if a vast, overshadowing curtain were being parted and rolled back. I suddenly remembered the outer silence, and a light began to break, so I followed in spirit. In the middle of the first movement it pleased him to become facetious, and, without moving a muscle in his face, I truly believe that on the outer point of the sand island he dug up that jetsam flat and those sea-boots for them once more, with astonishing detail. I do not for a second think that he made all this clear to the Sneed family, for people of their religion are difficult to convince, but they developed expressions that seemed to indicate grave doubt.

Then he broke into the measured words of the *adagio,* and at once it was clear why he had chosen the sonata. He was using it as a most lofty sermon. There is a pleasing irresponsibility about music that enables you to deliver many admirable maxims without seeming unnecessarily disagreeable. And this is by no means imagination.

What it may have intended to say to the Sneeds and Mr. 'Spiers I have, of course, no method of knowing; but I think it was something like this, though this has all the rhythm and poetry left out:

Do not have too great a dignity, most especially if you have never done anything to attain it: it will assuredly end in extreme abasement. Great possessions alone are the least of little things, for this world forgets even the names of its palaces unless there lives a just man or a good woman within. It is utter unwisdom to set up false standards and forget the true light. The unnecessary complication of beliefs is a fearful thing and will multiply your troubles as the sands of the sea, and your imaginings and your heartburnings will pass as of no value. Never forget that the true universe lies wholly outside these things. (Here, that everything might be seen strictly in its proper proportion, he brought through it all the sound of deep and far-away breakers and the rustle of sun-warmed leaves, and it seemed as if, nearer at hand, pure-minded men were building a city, intent on some great end. Then the words continued.) All the old and sweet simplicities are as they were and always will be, and the established laws are as inexorable as when they were devised for the preservation of all good. (For fear this might not be clearly understood, the music said it all over again an octave higher, so that everybody suddenly looked at everybody else, and as suddenly away.) Insincerity, sang the notes, is a terrible thing, because it makes you most truly unhappy, and for so long that your picture of what happiness may be is utterly dimmed, and the one little satisfaction you have left in the world is in thinking that nobody else is happier than you, which is very pathetic and would make it a very miserable world indeed. ("Miserable world indeed" breathed itself over again, lower down, very softly, twice. Then everything began and repeated itself with great slowness, but with great sureness from the first, so there could be no mistaking its import, after which it proceeded toward the end of that part.) But, though you may not believe it, people do not truly go yachting for the sake of San Domingo mahogany and lockers with leaded-glass fronts. There is another reason altogether, which does not involve any one admiring you, or even seeing you, or the altering of the course of a single penny of money. No one can hear these things and doubt their sincerity, so perhaps it might be better if you believed them all. He stopped again, with that audience held in a spell, only long enough for the sound entirely to die out of the strings before he began the last movement.

And this he made into the very direct story of the oncoming of a storm and of its fury and its passing, and with it there seemed to come great discontent, and some fear, with the falling of certain obscure things that had stood before; but in the diminishing end it seemed better, after all, that they had fallen, and the spirit was joy rather than sadness. He made it alto-

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gether very significant, which is more than I had ever succeeded in thinking of the last movement of the C minor before.

From that second until he finished we seldom moved.

First, patiently, he considered the afflicted atmosphere: artificial with the breath of New World snobs, overladen with half-broken faith in things that were largely unworthy, smoking with great jealousy, and strained with little and eternal suspicion. He smiled the least shadow of a smile and undertook to change it. Think of carrying fairies into Craig Street for Mr. Sneed to see! Yet, with Schumann's help, he did, and Mr. Sneed saw and, I think, was astounded. And the sound of little footfalls among new leaves had not quite gone before he brought children, in the flesh, velvet-skinned and shy, with their troubles and all their ambitions —Erster Verlust, Traümerei, and some others—until you dropped away from your matter-of-factness, softly backward into the era of dreams that were pure gold and questioned very seriously how nearly proper the gilded monuments you called your present-day standards might be. Here, fearless of his hold over the Sneed family and Mr. Geoffrey Spiers, he lowered the atmosphere, thinned the heat, laid bare the naked trouble, till every questioning note came out, and his enthroned detachment and tempered restraint carried him through and held each waiting ear on the fall of the next key, till the allaying harmonies let down the tension at last and he had things fully his own way. It was wholly superb. In this mood he played one thing more, the trio from Schubert's Second Scherzo, in D♭.

Then temperately he began to build up. He did it with the old standards and led his listeners through wonder and amazement, through the recollection of their lost loves and the best that was in them, till he thralled them in transcendent grandeur at the finish. When he evenly laid out the heaven-inspired harmonies that open the Pilgrim's Chorus—he was using the Liszt transcription—I saw Mr. Spiers start. It had reached home somewhere; and when the pianist, sitting rigid as bronze, came back to the theme for the last time, with the great rhythm booming steady and enormous and slow as the swells from deep water on the outer beaches, and the violins whimpering behind, Mr. Spiers's hand moved over his eyes, as though to shade them from the light—and I think he forgot us—and Mr. Sneed sank low down in his chair and scowled at nothing, straight ahead. Of Miss Sneed it is but fair to say that she sat like a glazed doll, though her mother's face had lost half its hardness and all its cunning. As for the girl on the transom by me, except that I could see her breathing quickly, she was not moving so much as by a hair's-breadth, and her fascinated gaze lay on the rippling keys.

Here, that our feelings might be relieved, he drifted through two Chopin studies, the F minor, as though you passed where the wind moved among poplar-trees over an unseen brook, and the G♭ Major (octave), where somebody's heart danced with almost too much joy, and then the curious little pathetic repeat at the end, so that it seemed there must always be something pathetic at the end of everything. Then three Chopin waltzes, light as blown foam, with the notes whirring under his balanced hands until it was evident that if they went a little faster your exhilarated brain would fail to follow at all; and then the Fantaisie Impromptu, but not as it is played at graduating recitals. A rush of soft-voiced notes that mounted and fell, grew, always hurrying, as though in preparation for something of overshadowing importance, rose till they sang and ran above many blaring chords that slowed into two portentous, breathless, *largo* bars, so that your heart might be fully prepared for that abused melody, and then the Fantaisie Impromptu of the salons. It was slow and full of reminiscent deviltry and it showed us the surface armor of every serious thought he ever had. It was polished, as restrained as everything else—I suspected when the restraint would depart —and suggestive of anything you might want suggested. In the middle of it he laughed himself,—Miss Roche's cheeks were blazing,—and I was sensible of an overwhelming desire for the dawn dimming the London lights somewhere east of the park.

The next failed to help matters much in this direction. It was the A♭ Major Ballade, but it was long past having any reference to Mr. Spiers. However, throughout its length he never lifted his eyes from the

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carpet. Here came out the pianist's command of many voices. They were distinct, and as unassuming as the voices of children, and they said things with shocking directness. I don't know what the others felt, but through the scent of certain broken and fading violets I felt pure silk that clad the warmth of mature youth, and heard and saw startling voices and eyes that came from far behind the veil, until I was called away from this to see Mrs. Sneed staring and holding to her chair as the theme expanded, till it suddenly dropped away and left her in the midst of very soft music, a self-conscious, fat lady looking about her to see who might have seen. But toward the end she forgot again, her mouth drooped, and she gave herself over to wonder at least and I imagine to whatever else she might be capable of feeling.

At the end of this followed a fifteen-second silence in which the pianist stared into some country that lay beyond the keyboard, and then this amazing series, unbroken:

Rubinstein: Kammenoi Ostrow.

Rubinstein: Grande Staccato Étude de Concert.

Schubert-Liszt: Erlking.

Chopin: Sonata in B♭ minor.

In the first movement of the Kammenoi Ostrow his right hand might have been some incredible machine, and in the second the girl beside me watched the high C♯ that struck with electric promptness and could no more conceivably be missed than a planet could swerve from its appointed way. In the Staccato Étude and the Erlking it went beyond all machinery and could only be the human hand, trained through many undoubting years by a man's full will and controlled by the slow-earned breadth of the human mind—the wonder of the world. I, being a man, remember struggling to conceive, even then, what it might be that held me altogether enwrapped, and remember judging that more than half of it must be the overshadowing repose that considered all things aside as, effortless, it led on the notes, to call out every burning association, to rake up every half-forgotten sympathy that is woven into the golden tissue of the sacred days gone past. The same sound of moonlit seas; the smoke of spring fires; the whoop of wind overhead; the sustained sigh of pine forests, long unseen; the dry rustling of ripe wheat in another country; the piled-up clouds of heartbreaking summers; the crescendo clicking of an oncoming cab-horse's hoofs in silent London streets—all as clear-cut as this; warm and sincere lips across immeasurable gulfs that it is better not even to think about, and the death of some one among the others, your own flesh and blood, and so the passing of great hopes. But with the wind-swept closing of the Erlking the depth was not yet reached. With the least pause he opened Chopin's great sonata, and when he attained to the Funeral March the whole world lay under the shadow of a sorrow that no one strove to mend till that beautiful voice took up the hymn of the assurance of joy, and all things to come, and your blinded, steadfast faith came back, through tears.

My silly tears were real, better to admit, though no one saw, and in front of me the girl's shoulder was shaking and the dark blue eyes were filled. What the others might have been doing I do not know, for I did not see them.

The pianist sat very formally erect, with tight lips, and moved his chair a fraction of an inch. Up to this moment it had all been the fullness of remembered days without one word of great ambition and the hope of the days ahead. Now it was coming.

He smote the middle C♯ with his closed fist and the following chord with the full weight of his hands. Everybody started at the crash, and, without looking, I saw Mrs. and Miss Sneed's released eyes stare at me, wondering if this might be another little joke. But it was no joke. Instead it was the Second Rhapsody; that each great pianist had played; that many great musicians had laughed at—because they could n't play it to save their scholastic souls; that Anton Rubinstein used to use to lift up his rocking audiences out of their seats and on their feet and break them into cheering as he finished. Even in the stately metronome-beat of the Lassan, Mr. Montgomery Sneed began to shift on his chair, and later, with the restrained tempo ever coming on and the new voices shouting in the chorus, I watched the color mantling up in the neck of that graven image, his daughter. Also a change came over the pianist. The rigidity let down a little, and the restraint that had cloaked him for an

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hour fell away only enough to leave you not quite sure that it had. But the moral effect, like the moral effect of any little departure from all fully consistent things, was enormous.

No man may describe the Second Rhapsody, or the stars in heaven, or the eyes of the girl he loves. Of the pianist it is sufficient to say that his tempered fingers fled down the glittering pathway with the brazen assurance of a pianola and the golden irresponsibility of a boy; and when, after the wavering octaves ran apart and massed into the final growing peal of preparatory thunder, and he romped into the theme once more and through other miraculous octaves that whirled like driven snow and blended into the succeeding crashes at the end, Mrs. Sneed, tottering with excitement, stood up and started to come forward, and Mr. Sneed, chewing a cold cigar, followed behind, with Miss Sneed in the rear. The pianist, half turning, said, "Sit down, please!" and the Sneed family lowered itself, abashed, in a row on the nearest seat, while he wheeled back and cleaned the pathway for the A♭ Major Polonaise.

It was a wholly fitting climax: the portentous introduction; the towering majesty of the main theme; all the blood of youth in the vast, insistent phrases blaring out from the strained vitals of that piano; the disposed breathing spaces; the magnificent preparation, and the sonorous oncoming of the main theme again; the great four-sharp melody clanging above the growing roar of the bass whipped by his amazing left hand, while I shivered, unashamed, and the girl beside me trembled on her seat. And when the theme came back for the last time, that screwed-down piano rocked in its place and the wine-glasses chattered in their racks over my head.

So he finished, and as he rose, everybody rose with him. The Sneeds and Mr. Spiers, stuttering, were coming on, but the girl beside me, whose eyes glistened, spoke first.

"I did n't know there was such a thing as music in the world," she said, "and I don't believe any one else in the world can play like that! Won't you shake hands? There are some things I think I can do better than any one, too." The pianist looked at her curiously, and gravely stretched out a hand.

"Yes," he said; "that is right. We can all do something better than any one else. One of the things you can do is say what you mean—and we can't all do that."

He bowed the stiff bow, and Mrs. Sneed, incapacitated, came on again, trying to cram words into a fitting phrase. The pianist's hand went up as the hand of an archbishop.

"Listen!" he said. Mrs. Sneed checked. Rain, as it fell in the beginning of the deluge, lashed unevenly on the deck above, and borne down through the sounding mainmast by my head came the measured slat of a throat-halyard that no zephyr would move. Then rubber boots scuffed heavily across the deck, and an indistinct voice overhead said: "I think the white pinkie 's gone, sir. I don't know, sir, but I think so, sir."

"Gone! Of course she 's gone!" whooped the voice addressed, as from the sky or the main-rigging.

"Gone where?" inquired Mr. Sneed in the pause. I caught up my cap from a transom, and fled up the companion-stairs on the pianist's heels. The hatch was being slid open from the outside, and, as we thrust out our heads, fumbling with the door handle, the cap went also to join the white pinkie. And perhaps it did, for when we reached the deck of the cockpit that little ship, carrying a jumbo that might have been a lady's lace handkerchief in the rain, and a treble-reefed mainsail, slid past like a phantom close under the *Gloria's* stern, slashing the seas and sailing almost into the teeth of the wind. Her cockpit, lighted dimly by an unseen cuddy lantern, lurched within ten feet of my eyes. One shadowy figure lay stretched to windward, straining on a jib-sheet, and another crouched under the lee coaming with a hand on the jumping tiller. In one moment, in the direct light of the lantern, I saw an untroubled French face, bearded and rain-beaten, and in the next it was gone, and I was left wondering why he chose to blind himself with the light. But the explanation was at hand, for in a dozen seconds light and pinkie had vanished, and I turned to see that even the *Rorqual's* tungstens were almost smothered in the gloom. So, as he could see nothing, he had given up trying, and was bound up to windward, steering by the rain in his eyes, under the mercy of

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Heaven. Some one dropped on deck from somewhere, and I heard the rub of oilskins as he came aft.

"God help 'em!" he said. "I wonder where they 're going." This was the captain. A voice proceeded from under the shadow of a tied-down Cape Ann hat close by my right shoulder, and, by elimination, I judged this to be the cook.

"I think they 're goin' up under the lee of those islands, sir. I don't know, but I think so, sir."

"It 's a sort of crime," grunted the captain to me, "to let those fellows come out with the ground-tackle they have—one little home-made grapnel that 'll only hold on rock bottom, a couple of thirty-pound fishing anchors, and thirty fathoms of line too small and mostly too old. The Lord looks after 'em, but the government ought to help. However, for our size we 're not much better—maybe worse. There 's another of 'em preparin' to leave us. She has n't dragged yet, but she 's taken warning by the white fellow. Watch 'em get away: it 's very pretty an' quiet, like a man-o'-war comin' to anchor; but she 's got three aboard. They think it 's too far to le'ward to be healthy; an' they 're like the big black gulls—they know."

The light of a barn lantern with a corrugated tin reflector flared suddenly almost within hand-reach and introduced two figures that labored on a dancing, rain-swept bow. The light fanned down to a blue spark, then blazed and threw their dilated shadows across a reefed and slatting mainsail beneath which one man stood at attention. In a dozen seconds the workers ceased, a little jib slid up by magic, filled with a jerk, and that pinkie also paid off and plunged up the wind. As she drove past, a lighted hand held the lantern overside, and a boy, white-faced and spray-mantled, lay outboard over the windward bow and threw armful after armful of eel-grass to leeward like forked hay.

"Blast that stuff!" said the captain.

"Garden o' the Gulf," commented the cook, pretending not to look into the northeast. The captain stared at the void where the pinkie had vanished.

"She had half a ton of it on her anchor, did y' see?" he said. "I s'pose our mud-hook has gone to by-by in a sea-cow's private hay-field an' is liable to wake up mostly any time. Then we 're due to leave immediately. How far is it to the rocks—a quarter of a mile? With this little draft of air, that should take nearly three minutes. Won't those Oregon pine sticks look nice in the gray dawn lyin' up against the scrub spruces on the bank, an' the little green crabs crawlin' over the cushions, an' the sculpins livin' inside the piano? *But* we 'll have the lettuce an' the ice. F'r the Lord's sake, don't forget that!" and he spat widely down the wind and looked into the zenith, where the *Gloria's* spars towered a hundred feet in the dark. "Peter," he said, "you an' I better get the sail on her an' follow the pinks up to windward. Run and put the mainsail on, will y'!" This enormous sarcasm passed unheeded except that by the little glare from the riding-light we could see the cook's wet smile as he patted the fifty-eight-foot main-boom.

"But what are you going to do?" I inquired.

"God knows," he said, "unless you can lend us some men—an' then have n't y' got a platinotype of this acetylene-lighted palace, drawin' nine feet of water, beatin' round this hole in the dark in a gale of wind? No, Mister, we stay here—until we leave; an' then, as I said, God knows. Oh,"—his voice lowered,—"*now* we 're saved!" Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers barged out of the companion-hatch done up in expensive yachting oilskins.

"Blowing fresh!" said Mr. Spiers to the captain. The cook addressed the pianist and me aside.

"He learned that from me," he said proudly, "or I think he did, sir. I 'm always sayin' it. He don't know the difference between a fresh breeze an' a typhoon. So long as the deck 's kept level and his hair stayed on, he 'd say it like that—'Blowin' fresh'—like that. He 's awful nautical." The owner and this guest did not seem to have inspired proper respect in the crew.

At this instant the third pinkie fled past us to windward, a little, troubled shadow over a rocking wake, except when she cut for a second through the white, outflung light from one of our ports. The last we saw of her was when her gaff swooped under our jib-boom and a cloud of soft-wood sparks from her cuddy stove rose over our bows like spray and drifted aft, fighting it out with the rain.

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"It 's gettin' lonely, sir," said the cook. The captain stared after the sparks.

"That was the *Sea Serpent,* from Souris," he informed us. He had been born in these parts. "But she don't look very fierce to-night. The other black one is from Georgetown,—she 's got no name,—and the little white fellow is a Frenchman from Petit de Gras."

"It 's giving them fits, is n't it?" said Mr. Spiers, joyfully, leaning against the rain. "I wish another would come along for the sake of a little excitement." The captain viewed him with an explicit eye.

"You 'll get excitement enough before daylight," he said, and he unfolded to Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers the precise manner and quantity of excitement he looked forward to; and, as his feelings were overloaded, he explained fully, once more, how he thought they might have got along without the lettuce and the ice, and was altogether so eloquent and convincing that when he finished, Mr. Sneed was running about in the cockpit asking what could be done and Mr. Spiers had fallen back into silence. And the beginning of that great northeaster played in the *Gloria's* rigging as an evening breeze plays in the awakened strings of an Æolian harp, and outboard the *Rorqual's* faint lights marched solemnly about over the unseen deep, the only visible thing in that overwhelming darkness. As for the deluge, it drifted across the *Gloria's* deck, first to starboard and then to port; for that ship, conformably with announcement, had begun to range around her suffering anchor. The captain looked at me.

"You remember what I told you about the bull-calf an' the picket," he said. "Now we start." And we started. The first result followed close. Together we had been watching the even swing and return of the *Rorqual's* lights, because there was nothing else to watch, when suddenly they paused, held steady, and moved slowly up the wind. I saw Mr. Sneed's bewildered eyes when he said, "Is your boat going, too?"

Now, excepting only the *Flying Dutchman,* I had never heard of anything afloat that moved up the wind without some urgent reason, especially when at anchor. If this phenomenon appears to take place in another ship it is largely probable that your own ship is going down the wind instead. I was on the verge of submitting this theory when I was struck on the chest by the captain, going forward.

"Come on," he roared, "we 're off!" and disappeared over the crown of the trunk-deck. The cook and I, following the sound of rubber boots, arrived in time to hear a mighty splash under the starboard bow and a brief run of chain through the hawse-pipe. I faced an extra sheet of water that tasted salt and fell over some one fitting brakes to the windlass.

"Here, tally on!" he said, "and we 'll get that anchor up and clean the grass off it. I knew we 'd start, so I had this one ready to let go, but I did n't know we 'd start so quick." On one side the captain and I, and on the other the cook and Mr. Kimborough pumped frantically in the dark, while the *Gloria's* bow dipped in the rising sea, and the steel forestay overhead boomed under the stroke of each following gust that came in, a little heavier, from the open gulf. The captain grunted across the windlass-brake:

"This is going to be a snoozer, summer or no summer."

"Started in just like the August gale, sir," chimed the cook from the other side.

"You shut up and go down and get a lantern." As the cook went, Mr. Spiers was ordered in to sweat in his place. No two-hundred-pound anchor of my acquaintance ever came like that, and I said so; but whatever it was, brought up hard at last, and the captain hung outboard with the lantern.

"Look, will y'!" he gasped. "God's wonder it came at all. We got the whole Ramp's Channel middle-ground." On the ultra-violet trail of a curse that was designed to embrace the whole eel-grass family he cast himself over the bow on to the bobstay, where the tops of the seas washed his legs to the hip, and tore at the cartload of that sleek seaweed that swung from the hawse-pipe to the water. We ripped at it from above with a pike-pole and two boat-hooks, and it hissed in the wind like many serpents and drifted astern, until in the woven center we found the anchor, fouled on the stock beside. The captain cleared it with one deft twist of his arm, and as he rose over the rail we let it go once more. Then for half a minute we waited; then breathed more freely. The *Gloria* was

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holding. But the captain spoke as a man without faith.

Aft, in the shelter and glare of the companionway, we found Mrs. Sneed and the two young ladies listening to the whole mighty performance aloft, the shouting of the wind in the stays, the steady pound of the main-throat-halyard, and the clank of a threshing burton block against the shrouds, all coming down through the uneven roar of the rain. Mr. Sneed was moving distressfully about in the cockpit, Miss Sneed looked scared and white and Mrs. Sneed's voice shook.

"Is there any danger?" she inquired thickly.

"No, Madam," said the pianist. Miss Hilda Roche had put on a sou'wester and a full-length oilskin coat, new and glaring yellow. Here was the final touch. I watched the wet, brown hands, fascinated, while they buttoned the last buttons; then she came out.

"You poor things," she said in her big voice to the pianist and me, "you 're awfully wet," and she felt our shoulders; "but I 'm a fool—you 're soaked through a dozen times. Why did n't they give you oilskins?" I am certain that up to that moment neither the pianist nor I knew whether we had on oilskins or not. "I 'll go and get them for you now," she said, "they 'll keep you warm, even if it 's too late to keep you dry." And she would have, but at that moment a slow voice out of the darkness remarked: "I think we 're goin' again, sir. I don't know, sir, but I think so, sir." The captain leaped and swung the lantern over the stern. Eel-grass again, but this time standing eel-grass, waved in the troughs of the seas. The full curse had come upon us: the *Gloria* was over the edge of the flats. He looked aloft in the dark as though expecting heaven to open and show him a way out.

"Maybe they 'll catch on the bank of the channel," I said, to be encouraging.

"They would n't catch on the brass rim o' hell with that stuff under them," he whooped. Mr. Kimborough prodded me in the ribs and whispered hoarsely:

"The fight is now on. The Lord has seen fit to take up my sermon where I left it off." Then the captain seized me by both shoulders.

"I don't know what y'r big gasoleners are worth on a pull," he said. "D' y' think you could tow us against this?" I said I was sure of it. The little two tons of metal in each engine contains a concentrated fury of which the steam-bred man is studiously unaware, and I had faith in the *Rorqual*. Her great anchors were handled by electric windlasses and she was as nearly a two-man boat as any ninety-footer could be. This I told in a forty-second council of war, while we hung to the boom-shears. They would need Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson and the *Rorqual's* cook, all of them, to help deal with the *Gloria's* anchors and the lines, and then their hands would be overfull. Could Mr. Kimborough and I handle the *Rorqual* alone?

"Not and handle the line," I said. "We 'll need some one to steer." The girl had been listening with bowed head.

"I could steer, could n't I?" she said.

Why not? The captain shouted at me:

"She brought us from Cape Chatte to Fame Point like a quartermaster." Then turned the shout in her direction: "Good stuff! Of course you can steer, if you can ever get there. Now jump!" (I do not think this is the way captains of yachts usually talk to the owner's guests, but the spirit of the Lord was breathing in the *Gloria's* rigging, and certain apparent distinctions seemed less apparent.)

While the pianist was leading the *Rorqual's* gig in from the boat-boom, the girl dived into the saloon, and I saw her worming into a scarlet sweater, and as she came back, buttoning up again and graphically explaining to Mrs. Sneed in the companionway, I heard that scared and outraged woman say something about "chaperon," and the girl waved a hand at the roaring sky, and laughed, and came on, running.

"I 'm ready," she said to me. We should need three pairs of oars, and Mr. Spiers, being the least useful thing in sight, was to come also.

"Get in," she commanded, "and help me down." Her voice was as level as an organ tone. The cook jabbed into the dark with a boat-hook, fighting off the shadow of the curveting gig, and from the invisibility to windward came the suggestive hiss of an extra large sea. Mr. Spiers paused, and the pianist sprawled in among the thwarts. The captain showed symptoms of great strain.

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"For God's sake hurry up!" he said, staring astern; and at the word Miss Roche slid blindly over the rail, and the gig and the pianist caught her miraculously in mid-air.

"Lend him a hand!" roared Mr. Kimborough, referring to Mr. Spiers. The captain lent him a hand, two hands, under his arms, and dropped him in what seemed to be the right direction. He gasped like a frightened child as he disappeared, and we heard the clatter of upflung oars in the boat and knew that the aim had been true. I watched my chance and tumbled in on the forward thwart, the painter, windborne, snapped aft over my shoulder, and we were swept astern. For ten furious minutes, lashed by water, blended salt and fresh, we fought to windward toward the place where the *Rorqual* should be, found her uncertain lights at last, and gained on them a foot at a time, while the girl bailed, till we were under the polished, rolling white sides and a line fell across my arms. I knotted it into the painter and let go, and was aware that some one was hoisting the accommodation-ladder out of the way and had thrown a pilot-ladder over the side in its stead—which was great wisdom. Up this, while the gig reared, the girl went like a sailor.

"That 's the dandiest row I ever had in my life," she said to me as soon as I reached the deck. Then I fell into Mr. Simpson's arms.

"Welcome home, Pop!" he bellowed in my ear. "Now y' know what a sock feels like in a washin'-machine. What y' got, a shipwrecked crew?"

"No," I said, "but they 're going to be unless we can stop it," and while Mr. Anderson and the pianist fled toward the windlass I unfolded the plan. He followed down into the engine-room, where he recited in a loud voice:

"Society item: Foremouth Witness. 'Durin' the recent typhoon our genial fellow-townsman, H. Simpson, Esq., was the means of savin' from destruction in North Harbour the palatial yacht *Gloria, of* Montreal, *as* well as the life of her owner, Mr. Montgomery Sneed, *and* his family. We understand Mr. Simpson is to be knighted. Welcome back, Sir Henry.' I could n't be wetter if I was drowned. Produce y'r orders."

(To be concluded)

SLEEP

BY O. W. FIRKINS

SLEEP, born of Night, is the soul's night, that dips
In hues Lethean all that heals and harms,
Makes mute each hope, to rest each passion charms.
Press goblets to the passive drinker's lips:
They move not. In the miser's finger-tips
Insert the gold: they close not. No alarms
The bared blade wakens. In each other's arms
Lover and loved, in shadow and eclipse,
Forget each other. Sleep disarms the brave,
And heartens tremblers; it unknits the thews
Of Samson, Nero's breast to mildness woos;
Chieftain and thrall it levels like the grave;
Unkings the monarch, and unchains the slave;
And, deadening all, all kindles and renews.

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From the pastel portrait by Kené Gilbert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SISTERS

A FRENCH PASTELIST: RENÉ GILBERT

RENÉ GILBERT is one of the foremost of the younger school of Parisian pastelists. He completed his Beaux-Arts studies in the studio of Cabanel, and, shortly after quitting his master, achieved his first great success in the Salon of 1888 with his "Teinturier des Gobelins," an oil-painting now in the permanent collection of the Petit Palais. In the next year's Salon he exhibited "L'Aquafortiste," an excellent portrait of his father M. A. Gilbert, himself an etcher, engraver, and artist.

Gilbert now found himself a young and prosperous painter in oils. He looked ahead to a long career in that happy medium, but, chancing to be on a little voyage of discovery, he found himself in the museum at St. Quentin, where he was fascinated by the collection of pastels by Quentin Delatour. As he studied them, he felt himself becoming more and more subjugated by their contagious charm. Why was it, he wondered, that the French painters were everywhere deserting the crayon for the palette? As a result of that visit to St. Quentin, René Gilbert put down the palette and brush—perhaps forever.

Almost his first work in the new medium, the "Ravaudeur de Tapis," was bought by the French government for the Luxembourg Museum. From that time on he devoted himself entirely to portraits in pastel. The Rothschilds were almost from the beginning his enthusiastic patrons, and he has painted many of their portraits, perhaps the most notable of which is the tender and graceful likeness

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From the pastel by René Gilbert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LADY SASSOON

of Aline, Lady Sassoon, late wife of Sir Edward Sassoon, and daughter of Baron Gustave de Rothschild. Another very sympathetic portrait of his is that of Mme. Segond-Weber, the tragic actress who succeeded—where it was thought impossible for any one to succeed—in replacing that great artist, Madame Dudlay, at the Comédie Française.

More a draftsman than a colorist, M. Gilbert's pictures have a certain stamp of restraint and authority—a stamp that we feel, perhaps, a little more strongly in his portraits of men and women than in his naïve and charming studies of children. These pastel portraits of children have, however, contributed greatly to his success and popularity.

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From the pastel by René Gilbert. Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A DAUGHTER OF THE PAINTER

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From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., of the pastel by René Gilbert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MME. SEGOND-WEBER OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

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THE CREATORS: A COMEDY

BY MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Helpmate," etc.

XXXII

FOR six months Jane concentrated all her passion on her little son. The Brodricks, who had never been surprised at anything, owned that this was certainly not what they had expected. Jane seemed created to confound their judgments and overthrow their expectations. Neither Frances Heron nor Sophy Levine was ever so possessed by the ecstasy and martyrdom of motherhood. They confessed as much. Frances looked at Sophy and said, "Whoever would have thought that Jinny—" And Sophy looked at Frances and replied: "My dear, I did n't even think she could have had one. She 's a marvel and a mystery."

The baby was a link binding Jane to her husband's family. She was a marvel and a mystery to them more than ever, but she was no longer an alien. The tie of the flesh was strong. She was Hugh's wife, who had gone near to death for him, and had returned in triumph. She was glorified in their eyes by all the powers of life.

The baby himself had a powerful attraction for them. From John's house in Augustus Road, from Henry's house in Roehampton Lane, from the house of the Levines in St. John's Wood, there was now an incessant converging upon Brodrick's house. The women took an unwavering and unwandering interest in Hugh's amazing son. (It was a girl they had expected.) First thing in the morning, or at noon, or in the early evening, at his bedtime, John's wife, Mabel, came with her red-eyed, sad-hearted worship. Winny Heron hung about him and Jane forever. Jane discovered in Sophy and in Frances an undercurrent of positive affection that set from her child to her.

John Brodrick regarded her with solemn but tender approval, and Henry, who might have owed her a grudge for upsetting his verdict—Henry loved her even more than he approved. She had performed her part beyond all hope; she linked the generations; she was wedded and made one with the solidarity of the Brodricks.

Jane with a baby was a mystery and a marvel to herself. She spent days in worshiping the small divinity of his person, and in the contemplation of his heart-reading human attributes. She fretted herself to fever at his untimely weaning. She ached with longing for the work of his hands upon her, for the wonder of his eyes, opening at her for a moment, bright and small, over the white rim of her breast.

In his presence there perished in her all consciousness of time. Time was nothing to him. He laid his diminutive hands upon the hours, and destroyed them for his play.

You would have said that time was no more to Jane than it was to the baby. For six months she watched with indifference the slaughter and ruin of the perfect hours. For six months she remained untormented by the desire to write. Brodrick looked upon her as a woman made perfect, wholly satisfied and appeased.

At the end of the six months she was attacked by a mysterious restlessness and fatigue. Brodrick, at Henry's suggestion, took her to the seaside. They were away six weeks.

She came back declaring herself strong.

But there was something about her that Henry did not like. She was, if anything, more restless; unnaturally (he said) abstracted when you spoke to her; hardly aware of you at times. John had noticed

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"IT WAS JINNY WHO LAY THERE, JINNY, HIS WIFE"

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that, too, and had not liked it. They had all noticed it. They were afraid it must be worrying Hugh. She seemed, Sophy said, to be letting things go all round. Frances thought she was not nearly so much taken up with the baby. When she mentioned it to Henry he replied gravely that it was physical. It would pass.

And yet it did not pass.

The crisis came in May of nineteen hundred and six, when the baby was seven months old. It all turned on the baby.

Every morning about nine o'clock, now that summer was come, you found him in the garden, in his perambulator, barefooted and bareheaded, taking the air before the sun had power. Every morning his nurse brought him to his mother to be made much of—at nine, when he went out, and at eleven, when he came in, full of sleep. In and out he went through the French window of Jane's study, which opened straight on to the garden. He was wheeled processionally up and down, up and down the gravel walk outside it, or had his divine seat under the lime-tree on the lawn. Always he was within sight of Jane's windows.

One Sunday morning (it was early, and he had not been out for five minutes, poor lamb!) Jane called to the nurse to take him away out of her sight.

"Take him away," she said. "Take him down to the bottom of the garden, where I can't see him."

Brodrick heard her. He was standing on the gravel path contemplating his son. It was his great merit that at these moments, and in the presence of other people, he betrayed no fatuous emotion. And now his face, fixed on the adorable infant, was destitute of all expression. At Jane's cry it flushed heavily.

The flush was the only sign he gave that he had heard her. Without a word he turned and followed thoughtfully the windings of the exiled perambulator. From her place at the writing-table, where she sat tormented, Jane watched them go.

Ten minutes later Brodrick appeared at the window. He was about to enter.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "*Not* you!"

He entered.

"Jinny," he said gently, "what 's the matter with you?"

His voice made her weak and tender.

"I want to write a book," she said—"such a pretty book!"

"It 's that, is it?"

He sighed, and stood contemplating her in ponderous thought.

Jane took up some pens and played with them.

"I can't write it if you look at me like that," she said.

"I won't look at you; but I 'm going to talk to you."

He sat down. She saw with terror his hostility to the thing she was about to do.

"Talking 's no good," she said. "It 's got to be done."

"I don't see the necessity."

"It 's not one of those things that can be seen."

"No; but look here,—" He was very gentle and forbearing,—"need you do it quite so soon?"

"So soon? If I don't do it now, when *shall* I do it?"

He did not answer her. He sat looking at her hands in their nervous, restless play.

Her grave eyes, under their flattening brows, gazed thoughtfully at him. The corners of her mouth lifted a little with their winglike, quivering motion. Two moods were in her, one of the brooding, tragic eyes, one of the mysterious, mocking lips.

"It 's no use, dear," she said. "You 'll never turn me into that sort of woman."

"What sort of woman?"

"The sort of woman you like."

He waited in silence for what she would say next.

"It 's not my fault; it 's yours and Henry's. You should n't have made me go away and get strong. The thing always comes back to me when I get strong. It 's *me,* you see."

"No, Jinny; the whole point is that you 're not strong. You 're not fit for anything creative."

At that she laughed.

"You 're not, really. Why, how old is that child?"

"Six months. No, seven."

"Well, Henry said it would take you a whole year to get over it."

"*I* thought I should never get over it. We were both wrong."

"My child, it 's palpable. You 're nervous to the last degree. I never saw you so horribly restless."

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"Not more so than when I first knew Baby was coming."

"Well, quite as much."

She gave him a little look that he did not understand.

"Quite as much," she said. "And you were patient with me then."

He maintained a composure that invited her to observe how extremely patient he was now.

"And do you remember afterward, before he came, how quiet I was and how contented? I was n't a bit nervous, or restless, or—or troublesome."

He smiled, remembering.

"Can't you see that anything creative—everything creative must be like that?"

He became grave again, having failed to follow her.

"Presently, if this thing goes all right, I shall be quite, quite sane. That 's the way it takes you just at first. Then, when you feel it coming to life and shaping itself, you settle down into a peace."

Now he understood.

"Yes," he said, "and you pay for it after."

"My dear, we pay for everything—after."

She leaned back in her chair. The movement withdrew her a little from Brodrick's unremitting gaze.

"There are women—angels naturally—who become devils if they can't have children. I 'm an angel,—you *know* I 'm an angel,—but I shall be a devil if I can't have *this*. Can't you see that it 's just as natural and normal—for *me?*"

"It 's pretty evident," he said, "that you can't have both. You were n't built to stand the double strain—"

"And you mean—you mean—"

"I mean that it would be better for you if you could keep off it for a while—at any rate, while the child 's young."

"But he 'll be young, though, for ages. And if—if there are any more of him, there 'll be no end to the keeping off."

"You need n't think about that," he said.

"It would be all very well," she said, "if it were simpler—if either you or I could deal with the thing; if we could just wring its neck and destroy it. I would, if it would make you any happier; but I can't. It 's stronger than I. I *can't* keep off it."

He pondered. He was trying painfully to understand the nature of this woman whom he thought he knew, whom, after all, it seemed, he did not know.

"You used to understand," she said. "Why can't you now?"

Why could n't he? He had reckoned with her genius when he married her. He had honestly believed that he cared for it as he cared for her, that Jinny was not to be thought of apart from her genius. He had found Henry's opinion of it revolting, absurd, intolerable. And imperceptibly his attitude had changed. In spite of himself he was coming round to Henry's view, regarding genius as a malady, a thing abnormal, disastrous, not of nature; or if normal and natural for Jinny, a thing altogether subordinate to Jinny's functions as a wife and mother. There was no sane man who would not take that view, who would not feel that nature was supreme. And Jinny had proved that, left to nature, to her womanhood, she was sound and perfect. Jinny's genius had had, as he put it, pretty well its fling. It was nature's turn.

Underneath all his arguments there lurked, unrecognized and unsuspected, the natural man's fear of the thing not of nature, of its dominion, coming between him and her, slackening, perhaps sundering, the tie of flesh. Through the tie of flesh he had insensibly come to look on Jinny as his possession.

"What would you do," he said, "if the little chap were to get ill?"

She turned as if he had struck her.

"Ill? Why could n't you *tell* me he was ill?"

"But he is n't; I was only—"

"Does Henry say he 's ill?"

"Henry? Oh, Lord, no!"

"You 're lying. I 'll go to him and see—"

She made a rush for the window. He sprang after her and caught her. She struggled in his arms.

"Jinny, you little fool! there 's nothing—nothing! He 's bursting with health."

"What did you mean, then?"

"I meant—supposing he were ill—"

"You meant to frighten me?"

She sat down, and he saw her fighting for her breath. He knelt beside her and took her in his arms, murmuring inarticulate things in his terror. At his touch she turned to him and kissed him.

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"Hugh dear," she said, "don't frighten me again. It 's not necessary."

All that week, and for many weeks, she busied herself with the child and with the house. It was as if she were trying passionately to make up for some brief disloyalty, some lapse of tenderness.

Then, all of a sudden she flagged; she was overcome by an intolerable fatigue and depression. Brodrick was worried, but he kept his anxiety to himself. He was afraid now of doing or saying the wrong thing.

One Saturday evening Jinny came to him in his study. She carried a dreadfully familiar pile of bills and tradesman's books.

"Is it those horrible accounts?" he said.

She was so sick, so white, and so harassed, so piteously humble, that he knew. She had got them all wrong again.

"I did *try* to keep them," she said.

"Don't try. Leave the things alone."

"I *have* left them," she wailed. "And look at them!"

He looked. A child, he thought, could have kept them straight, they were so absurdly simple. But out of their simplicity, their limpid, facile, elementary innocence, Jinny had wrought fantasies, marvels of confusion and intricate complexity.

That was bad enough; but it was nothing to the disorder of what Jinny called her own little affairs. There seemed at first to be no relation between Jinny's proved takings and the sums that Jinny was aware of as having passed into her hands. And then Brodrick found the checks at the back of a drawer, where they had lain for many months, forgotten, Brodrick said, as if they had never been.

"I 'm dreadful," said Jinny.

"You are. What on earth did you do before you married me?"

"George Tanqueray helped me."

He frowned.

"Well, you can leave it to me now," he said.

"It takes it out of me more than all the books I ever wrote."

That touched him, and he smiled in spite of himself.

"If," said she, "we only had a housekeeper."

"A housekeeper?"

"It 's a housekeeper you want."

She put her face to his, brushing his cheek with a shy and fugitive caress.

"You really ought," she said, "to have married Gertrude."

"You 've told me that several times already."

"*She* would n't have plagued you night and day."

He owned it.

"Is n't it rather a pity that she ever left?"

"Why, what else could the poor woman do?"

"Stay, of course."

He had never thought of that solution; if he had been asked, he would have judged it unthinkable.

"Supposing," said Jinny, "you asked her very nicely to come back, don't you think that would save us?"

No, he never would have thought of it himself; but since she had put it that way, —as saving them; saving Jinny, that was to say,—well, he owned, would n't it?

"I say, but would n't you mind?" he said at last.

"Why should I?" said she.

In the afternoon of the next day, which was a Sunday, Brodrick appeared at the house in Augustus Road. He asked to see Miss Collett.

She came to him, as she used to come to him in his study, with her uplifted, sacrificial face, holding herself stiffly and tensely, half in surrender, half resisting the impulse that drew her.

He curtly laid before her the situation.

"If you were to come back," he said, "it would solve all our problems."

She reddened, suspecting, as was her way, significance in everything that Brodrick said. Did he, she wondered, recognize that she, too, had her problem; and was he providing for her, too, the simple and beautiful solution? It was possible, then, she argued inwardly, that in some way that was not any other man's way—in some immaterial and perfect way—he cared. There was, after all, a tie. He desired, as she had desired, to preserve it in its purity and its perfection.

Putting all that aside, it remained certain that she was indispensable.

There was a deepening in the gray shallows of her eyes; they darted such light as comes only from the deeps. Her upper lip quivered with a movement that was

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between a tremor and a smile, subtler than either.

"Are you sure that Mrs. Brodrick would n't mind?"

"Jinny? Oh, dear me, no! It was her idea."

Her face changed again. The light and flush of life withdrew. Her sallowness returned. She had the fixed look of one who watches the perishing under her eyes of the beloved dream.

"And you," she said, as if she read him, "are not quite sure whether you really want me?"

"Should I ask you if I did n't want you? My only doubt was whether you would care to come. Will you?"

He looked at her with his intent look. It bore some faint resemblance to the look he had for Jane. Her light rose. She met his gaze with a flame of the sacrificial fire.

"I 'll do whatever you want," she said.

That was how Gertrude came back to Brodrick's house.

Once again, with immutable punctuality, the silver-chiming clock told out the hours—fair hours made perfect by the spirit of order moving in its round. It moved in the garden, and the lawn was clean and smooth; the roses rioted no longer; the borders and the paths were straight again. Indoors, all things on which Gertrude laid her hand slid sweetly and inaudibly into their place. The little, squat god appeared again within his shrine; and a great peace came upon Brodrick and on Brodrick's house.

It came upon Jane. She sank into it, and it closed over her, a marvelous, incredible peace. At the turning-point, when everything depended upon time, when time was all she wanted and was the one thing she could not get, suddenly time was made new and golden for her. It was given to her without measure, without break or stint.

Only once, and for a moment, Gertrude Collett intruded on the peace she had made, looking in at the study window as she passed on soft feet through the garden.

"Are you happy *now?*" she said.

XXXIII

SHE moved with such soft feet, on so fine and light a wing, that but for the blessed effect of it, they were hardly aware of her presence in the house. Owing to her consummate genius for self-effacement, Brodrick remained peculiarly unaware. The bond of her secretaryship no longer held them. It had lapsed when Brodrick married, and Gertrude found herself superseded as the editor grew great.

For more than a year Brodrick's magazine had had a staff of its own, and its own office, where Miss Addy Ranger sat in Gertrude's seat. Addy no longer railed at the impermanence and mutability of things. Having attained the extreme pitch of speed and competence, she was now established as Brodrick's secretary for good. She owed her position to Jane—a position from which, Addy exultantly declared, not even an earthquake could remove her.

You would have said that nothing short of an earthquake could remove "The Monthly Review." It looked as if Brodrick's magazine, for all its dangerous splendor, had come to stay; as if Brodrick, by sheer fixity and the power he had of getting what he wanted, would yet force the world to accept his preposterous dream. He had gone straight on, deaf to his brother-in-law's warning and remonstrance; he had not checked one flight of his fantasy, or changed by one nervous movement his high attitude. Month after month the appearance of the magazine was as punctual, as inalterable as the courses of the moon.

Bold as Brodrick was, there was no vulgar audacity about his venture. The magazine was not hurled at people's heads; it was not thrust on them. It was barely offered. By the restraint and dignity of his advertisements the editor seemed to be saying to his public: "There it is. You take it or you leave it. In either case it is there; and it will remain there."

And strangely, inconceivably, it did remain. In nineteen hundred and five Brodrick found himself planted with apparent security on the summit of his ambition. He had a unique position, a reputation for caring (caring with the candid purity of high passion) only for the best. He counted as a power unapproachable, implacable to mediocrity. Authors believed in him, adored, feared, or detested him, according to their quality. Other editors admired him cautiously; they praised him to his face; in secret they

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judged him preposterous, but not absurd. They all prophesied his failure; they gave him a year or at the most three years.

Some wondered that a man like Brodrick, solid, if you like, but, after all, well, of no more than ordinary brilliance, should have gone so far. It was said among them that Jane Holland was the power behind Brodrick and his ordinary brilliance and his most extraordinary magazine. The imagination he displayed, the fine, the infallible discernment, the secret for the perfect thing, were hers; they could not by any possibility be Brodrick's.

Caro Bickersteth, who gathered these impressions in her continuous communion with the right people, met them with one invariable argument. If Brodrick was not fine, if he was not perceptive, if he had not got the scent, Caro challenged them, how on earth did he discern Jane Holland? His appreciation of her, Caro informed one or two eminent critics, had considerably forestalled their own. He was the first to see; he always was the first. He had taken up George Tanqueray when other editors would not look at him, when he was absolutely unknown. And when Caro was reminded that there, at any rate, Jane Holland had been notoriously behind Brodrick's back, and that the editor was, notoriously again, in love with her, Caro made her point triumphantly, maintaining that to be in love with Jane Holland required some subtlety, if it came to that; and, pray, how, if Brodrick was devoid of it, did Jane Holland come to be in love with *him?*

It was generous of Caro, for even as sub-editor she was no longer Brodrick's right hand. To the right and to the left of him, at his back, and perpetually before him,—all round about him,—she saw Jane.

The wonder, to Caro, was that she saw her happy. It was Jane who observed to Caro how admirably all of them—she, Addy Ranger, Gertrude, Brodrick, and those two queer women, Jane Brodrick and Jane Holland—were settled down into their right places, with everything about them incomparably ordered and adjusted.

Jane marveled at the concessions that had been made to her, at the extent to which things were being done for her. Her hours were no longer confounded and consumed in supervising servants, interviewing tradespeople, and struggling with the demon of finance. They were all—Jane's hours—severely and equitably disposed. She gave her mornings to her work, a portion of the afternoon to her son, and her evenings to her husband. Sometimes she sat up late with him, working on the magazine. Brodrick and the baby between them divided the three hours which were hers before dinner. The social round had ceased for Jane. She was freed from the destroyers, from the pressure of the dreadful clever little people. What remained to her of time belonged indisputably to her husband's family and to her own friends —to George Tanqueray, to the Protheros, to Nina Lempriere. She seldom went to see them; she could not afford to lose time in going and returning. If they wished to see her, they had to come to Putney.

The editor was more than ever identified with the group, now that his house had become their meeting-place. There Tanqueray came, always without his wife, and let loose his boisterous irony; there Nina darkened, or shot forth her troubled and uncertain flame; there Laura brought the light, kindled, under Nina's eyes, at Owen Prothero's fire.

Arnott Nicholson hovered about these scenes, still seeking a place in Brodrick's magazine, and finding none.

It was the sensitive Nicky who first perceived and pointed out the change in Jane. She moved among them abstractedly, with mute, half-alienated eyes. She seemed to have suffered some spiritual disintegration that was pain. She gave herself to them no longer whole, but piecemeal. At times she seemed to hold out empty, supplicating hands, palms outward, showing that she could give no more. There was, she seemed to say, no more left of her.

Only Tanqueray knew how much was left—knew of her secret, imperishable resources, things that were hidden profoundedly even from herself; so hidden that, even if she gave him nothing, it was always possible to him to help himself. To him she could not change. His creed had always been the unchangeableness, the indestructibility, of Jinny.

Still, he assented, smiling, when little Laura confided to him that to see Jane Brodrick in Brodrick's house, among Brodricks, was not seeing Jinny. There was too much Brodrick. It would have been

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better, said Laura, if she had married Nicky.

He agreed. There would never have been too much of Nicky. But Laura shook her head.

"It is n't a question of proportion," she said. "It is n't that there 's too much Brodrick and too little Jinny. It 's simply that Jinny is n't there."

Jane knew how she struck them. There was sadness for her not in their reproaches, for they had none, but in their recognition of the things that were impossible. They had known how it would be if she married, if she surrounded herself with a family.

There was no denying that she was surrounded, and that the circle was drawing rather tight. And, planted there in the middle of it, she was more than ever under observation. She always had been; she had always known it; only, in the beginning it had not been quite so bad. In the days when she did her best, when she was seen by all of them valiantly struggling, deplorably handicapped—in the days when, as Brodrick said, she was pathetic, allowances had been made for her.

For the Brodricks as a family were chivalrous. Even Frances and Sophy were chivalrous; and it had touched them, that dismal spectacle of Jane doing her sad best. But now she was in the position of one to whom all things have been conceded. She was in for all the consequences of concession. Everything had been done for her that could be done. She was more than ever on her honor, more than ever pledged to do her part. If she now failed Brodrick at any point, she was without excuse. Every nerve in her vibrated to the touch of honor.

Around her things went with the rhythm of faultless mechanism. There was no murmur, no perceptible vibration at the heart of the machine. You could not put your finger on it and say that it was Gertrude; yet you knew it. Time itself and the awful punctuality of things were in Gertrude's hand. You would have known it even if, every morning at the same hour, you had not come upon Gertrude standing on a chair winding up the clock that Jane invariably forgot to wind. You felt that by no possibility could Gertrude forget to wind up anything. She herself was wound up every morning. She might have been a clock. She was wound up by Brodrick; otherwise she was self-regulating, provided with a compensatory balance, and so long as Brodrick wound her, incapable of going wrong. Jane envied her her secure and secret mechanism, her automatic rhythm, the delicate precision of her ways. Compared with them, her own performance was dangerous, fantastic, a dance on a tight-rope. She marveled at her own preternatural poise.

She was steady; they could never say she was not steady. And they could never say it was not difficult. She had so many balls to keep going. There was her novel; and there was Brodrick, and the baby, and Brodrick's family, and her own friends. She could not drop one of them.

And at first there came on her an incredible, effortless dexterity. She was a fine juggler on her tight-rope, keeping in play her golden balls, which multiplied till you could have sworn that she must miss one. And she never missed. She kept her head; she held it high; she fixed her eyes on the tossing balls, and simply trusted her feet not to swerve by a hair's-breadth. And she never swerved.

But now she was beginning to feel the trembling of the perfect balance. It was as if, in that marvelous adjustment of relations, she had arrived at the pitch where perfection topples over. She moved with tense nerves on the edge of peril.

How tense they were she hardly realized till Tanqueray warned her.

It was on a Friday, that one day of the week when Brodrick was kept late at the office of the "Morning Telegraph." And it was October, three months after the coming of Gertrude Collett. Tanqueray, calling to see Jane, as he frequently did on a Friday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, found her in her study, playing with the baby.

She had the effrontery to hold the baby up, with his little naked legs kicking in Tanqueray's face. At ten months old he was a really charming baby, and very like Brodrick.

"Do you like him?" she said.

He stepped back and considered her. She had put her little son down on the floor, where, by an absurd rising and falling motion of his rosy hips, he contrived to travel across the room toward the fireplace.

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Tanqueray said that he liked the effect of him.

"The general effect? It *is* heartrending."

"I mean his effect on you, Jinny. He makes you look like some nice, furry animal in a wood."

At that she snatched the child from his goal, the hot curb of the hearthstone, and set him on her shoulder. Her face was turned up to him, his hands were in her hair. Mother and child laughed together.

And Tanqueray looked at her, thinking how never before had he seen her just like that—never before with her body, tall for sheer slenderness, curved backward, with her face so turned, and her mouth, fawnlike, tilting upward, the lips half-mocking, half-maternal.

It was Jinny shaped by the powers of life.

"Now," he said, "he makes you look like a young mænad; mad, Jinny, drunk with life, and dangerous to life. What are you going to do with him?"

At that moment Gertrude Collett appeared in the doorway.

She returned Tanqueray's greeting as if she hardly saw him. Her face was set toward Jane Brodrick and the child.

"I am going," said Jane, "to give him to any one who wants him. I am going to give him to Miss Collett. There, you may keep him as long as you like."

Gertrude advanced, impassive, scarcely smiling. But as she took the child from Jane, Tanqueray saw how the fine lines of her lips tightened, relaxed, and tightened again, as if her tenderness were pain.

She laid the little thing across her shoulder and went from them without a word.

"He goes like a lamb," said Jane. "Two months ago he 'd have howled the house down."

"So that 's how you 've solved your problem?" said Tanqueray, as he closed the door behind Miss Collett.

"Yes. Is n't it simple?"

"Very. But you always were."

From his corner of the fireside lounge, where he seated himself beside her, his eyes regarded her with a grave and dark lucidity. The devil in them was quiet for a time.

"That 's a wonderful woman, George," said she.

"Not half so wonderful as you," he murmured.

"She 's been here exactly three months, and, it 's incredible, but I 've begun another book. I 'm almost half through."

His eyes lightened.

"So it 's come back, Jinny?"

"You said it would."

"Yes. But I think I told you the condition. Do you remember?"

She lowered her eyes, remembering.

"What was it you said?"

"That you 'd have to pay the price."

"Not yet; not yet. And perhaps, after all, I sha'n't have to. I may n't be able to finish."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I 've been so happy over it."

Of a sudden there died out of her face the fawnlike, woodland look, the maternal wildness, the red-blooded joy. She was the harassed and unquiet Jinny whom he knew. It was so that her genius dealt with her. She had been swung high on a strong, elastic, luminous wave; and now she was swept down into its trough.

He comforted her, as he had comforted her before. It was, he assured her, what he was there for.

"We 're all like that, Jinny; we 're all like that. It 's no worse than I feel a dozen times over one infernal book. It 's no more than what you 've felt about everything you 've ever done—even Hambleby."

"Yes,"—she almost whispered it,—"it *is* worse."

"How?"

"Well, I don't know whether it is that there is n't enough time—yet, or whether I 've really not enough strength. Don't tell anybody I said so. Above all, don't tell Henry."

"I should n't dream of telling Henry."

"You see, sometimes I feel as if I were walking on a tight-rope of time, held for me, by somebody else, over an abyss; and that if somebody else were suddenly to let go, there I should be—precipitated. And sometimes it 's as if I were doing it all with one little, little brain-cell that might break any minute; or with one little tight nerve that might snap. It 's the way Laura used to feel. I never knew what it was like till now. Poor little Laura! Don't you remember how frightened we always were?"

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He was frightened now. He suggested that she had better rest. He tried to force from her a promise that she would rest. He pointed out the absolute necessity of rest.

"That 's it: I 'm afraid to rest. Lest—later on—there should n't be any time at all."

"Why should n't there be?"

"Things," she said wildly and vaguely, "get hold of you. And yet you 'd have thought I 'd cut myself loose from most things."

"Cut yourself looser."

"But—from what?"

"Your relatives."

"How can I? I would n't, if I could."

"Your friends, then—Nina, Laura, Prothero, Nicky—me."

"You? I can't do without you."

He smiled. "No, Jinny; I told you long ago you could n't."

He was moved, very strangely moved, by her admission. He had not had to help himself to that. She had given it to him, a gift from the unseen.

"Well," he said presently, "what are you going to do?"

"Oh, struggle along somehow."

"I should n't struggle too hard." He meditated. "Look here, our natural tendency, yours and mine, is to believe that it 's people that do all the mischief, and not that the thing itself goes. We 'll believe anything rather than that. But we 've got to recognize that it 's capricious. It comes and goes."

"Still, people do count. My brother-in-law John Brodrick makes it go. Whereas you, Tanks, I own you make it come."

"Oh, I make it come, do I?" He wondered: "What does Brodrick do?"

His smile persisted, so that she divined his wonder.

She turned from him ever so little, and he saw a sadness in her face, thus estranged and averted. He thought he knew the source of it and its secret. It also was a gift from the unseen.

When he had left her she went up-stairs and cast herself upon the bed where her little son lay, and abandoned herself to her maternal passion.

And Gertrude stood there in the nursery, and watched her; and, like Tanqueray, she thought she knew.

XXXIV

THERE were moments when she longed to be like Gertrude, a woman with one innocent, uncomplicated aim. She was no longer sorry for her, Gertrude's passion was so sweetly and serenely mortal, and it was so manifestly appeased. She bore within her no tyrannous divinity. She knew nothing of the consuming and avenging will.

Jane was at its mercy, now that she had given it its head. It went—it went, as they said; and the terror was now lest she should go with it past all bounds.

For the world of vivid and tangible things was receding. The garden, the house, Brodrick and his suits of clothes and the unchanged garment of his flesh and blood, the child's adorable, diminutive body—they had no place beside the perpetual, the ungovernable resurgence of her vision. They became insubstantial, insignificant. The people of the vision were solid; they clothed themselves in flesh; they walked the earth: the light and the darkness and the weather knew them, and the grass was green under their feet. The things they touched were saturated with their presence; there was no sign of ardent life they had not.

And not only was she surrounded by their visible bodies, but their souls possessed her; she became the soul of each one of them in turn. It was the intimacy, the spiritual warmth of the possession, that gave her her first sense of separation, of infidelity to Brodrick. The immaterial, consecrated places were invaded. It was as if she closed her heart to her husband and her child.

The mood continued as long as the vision kept its grip. She came out of it unnerved and exhausted, and terrified at herself.

Brodrick was aware that she wandered. That was how he had always put it. He had reckoned long ago with her propensity to wander. It was the way of her genius; it was part of her queerness, of the dangerous charm that had attracted him. He understood that sort of thing. It was his own comparative queerness, his perversity, that had made him fly in the face of his family's tradition. No Brodrick had ever married a woman who wandered, who conceivably would want to wander.

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And Jinny wandered more than ever; more than he had ever made allowances for. And with each wandering she became increasingly difficult to find.

One night, when he came to her, he found a creature that quivered at his touch and shrunk from it, fatigued, averted; a creature pitifully supine, with arms too weary to enforce their own repulse. He took her in his arms and she gave a cry, little and low, like a child's whimper. It went to his heart, and struck cold there. It was incredible that Jinny should have given such a cry.

He lay awake a long time. He wondered if she had ceased to care for him. He hardly dared own how it terrified him, this slackening of the physical tie.

He got up early, dressed, and went out into the garden. At six o'clock he came back into her room. She was asleep, and he sat and watched her. She lay with one arm thrown up above her pillow, as if she had tossed in troubled sleep. Her head was bowed upon her breast.

His watching face was lowered as he brooded over the marvel and the mystery of her. It was Jinny who lay there, Jinny, his wife, whose face had been so tender and compassionate to him. He tried to realize the marvel and mystery of her genius. He knew it to be an immortal thing, hidden behind the veil of mortal flesh that for the moment was so supremely dear to him. He wondered once whether she still cared for Tanqueray. But the thought passed from him; it could not endure beside the memory of her tenderness.

She woke and found his eyes fixed on her. They drew her from sleep, as they had often drawn her from some dark corner where she had sat removed. She woke, as if at the urgence of a trouble that kept watch in her under her sleep. In a moment she was wider-eyed, alert; she gazed at him with a lucid comprehension of his state. She held out to him an arm drowsier than her thought.

"I 'm a brute to you," she said; "but I can't help it." She sat up and gathered together the strayed masses of her hair. "Do you think," she said, "you could get me a cup of tea from the servants' breakfast?"

He brought the tea, and as they drank together, their mutual memories revived.

"I have the most awful recollection of having been a brute to you," said she.

"Never mind, Jinny," he replied, and flushed with the sting of it.

"I don't. That 's the dreadful part of it. I can't feel sorry when I want to. I can't feel anything at all." She closed her eyes helplessly against his. "It is n't my fault; it is n't really me. It 's it."

He smiled at this reference to the dreadful power.

"The horrible and brutal thing about it is that it stops you from feeling. It would, you know," she went on.

"Would it? I should n't have thought it would have made *that* difference."

"That 's just the difference it does make."

He moved impatiently. "You don't know what you 're talking about."

"I should n't talk about it, only it 's much better that you should know what it is than that you should think it 's something that it is n't." She looked at him. His forehead still displayed a lowering incredulity. "If you don't believe me, ask George Tanqueray."

"George Tanqueray?"

His nerves felt the shock of the thought that had come to him just now when he watched her sleep. He had not expected to meet Tanqueray again so soon and in the open.

"How much do you think he cares for poor Rose when he 's in the state I 'm in?"

His face darkened as he considered her question. He knew all about poor Rose's trouble. He and Henry had discussed it. Henry had his own theory of it. He offered it as one more instance of the physiological disabilities of genius. It was an extreme and curious instance, if you liked, Tanqueray himself being curious and extreme. But it had not occurred to Brodrick that Henry's theory of Tanqueray might be applied to Jane.

"What on earth do you know about George Tanqueray?" he said. "How *could* you know a thing like that?"

"I know because I 'm like him."

"No, Jinny; it 's not the same thing. You 're a woman."

She smiled, remembering sadly how that was what George, in a brutal moment, had said she was not to be. It showed, after all, how well he knew her.

"I 'm more like George Tanqueray,"

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she said, "than I 'm like Gertrude Collett."

He frowned, wondering what Gertrude Collett had to do with it.

"We 're all the same," she said. "It takes us that way. You see, it tires us out."

He sighed, but his face lightened.

"If nothing 's left of a big, strong man like George Tanqueray, how much do you suppose is left of me?" she went on. "It 's perfectly simple—simpler than you thought. But it has to be."

It was simpler than he had thought. He understood her to say that in its hour, by taking from her all passion, her genius was mindful of its own.

"I see," he said; "it 's simply physical exhaustion."

She closed her eyes again.

He saw and rose against it, insanely revolted by the sacrifice of Jinny's womanhood.

"It shows, Jinny, that you *can't* stand the strain. Something will have to be done," he said.

"Oh, what?" Her eyes opened on him in terror.

His expression was utterly blank, utterly helpless. He really had n't an idea.

"I don't know, Jinny."

He suggested that she should stay in bed for breakfast.

She stayed.

Down-stairs, over the breakfast-table, he presented to Gertrude Collett a face heavy with suffering.

He was soothed by Gertrude's imperishable tact. She was glad to hear that Mrs. Brodrick had stayed in bed for breakfast. It would do her good.

At dinner-time they learned that it had done her good. Gertrude was glad again. She said that Mrs. Brodrick knew she had always wanted her to stay in bed for breakfast. She saw no reason why she should not stay in bed for breakfast every morning.

Henry was consulted. He said: "By all means. Capital idea." In a week's time, staying in bed for breakfast had made such a difference to Jane that Gertrude was held once more to have solved the problem. Brodrick even said that if Jane always did what Gertrude wanted, she would not go far wrong.

The Brodricks all knew that Jane was staying in bed for breakfast. The news went the round of the family in three days. It traveled from Henry to Frances, from Frances to Mabel, from Mabel to John, and from John to Levine and Sophy. They received it unsurprised, with melancholy comprehension, as if they had always known it. And they said it was very sad for Hugh.

Gertrude said it was very sad for everybody. She said it to Brodrick one Sunday morning, looking at him across the table, where she sat in Jane's place. At first he had not liked to see her there, but he was getting used to it. She soothed him with her stillness, her smile, and the soft deepening of her shallow eyes.

"It 's very sad, is n't it," said she, "without Mrs. Brodrick?"

"Very," he said. He wondered ironically, brutally, what Gertrude would say if she really knew how sad it was.

"May I give you some more tea?"

"No, thank you. I wonder how long it 's going to last."

"I suppose it must run its course."

"You talk like my brother, as if it were an illness."

"Well—is n't it?"

"How should I know? I have n't got it."

He rose and went to the window that looked out on the garden and the lawn and Jane's seat under the lime-tree. He remembered how one summer, three years ago, before he married her, she had lain there recovering from some illness that he knew now to be the malady of her genius. A passion of revolt surged up in him.

"I suppose, anyhow, it 's incurable," he said more to himself than to Gertrude.

She had risen from her place and followed him.

"Whatever it is," she said, "it 's the thing we 've got most to think of. It 's the thing that means most to her."

"To her?" he repeated vaguely.

"To her," she insisted. "I did n't understand it at first; I can't say I understand it now; it 's altogether beyond me. But I do say it 's the great thing."

"Yes," he assented, "it 's the great thing."

"The thing"—she pressed it—"for which sacrifices must be made." Then, lest he should think that she pressed it too hard, that she rubbed it into him, the fact

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that stung, the fact that his wife's genius was his dangerous rival, standing between them, separating them, slackening the tie; lest he should know how much she knew; lest he should consider her obtuse, as if she thought that he grudged his sacrifices, she faced him with her supreme sincerity. "You know that you are glad to make them."

She smiled, clear-eyed, shining with her own inspiration.

She was the woman who was there to serve him, who knew his need. She came to him in his hour of danger, in his dark, sensual hour, and held his light for him. She held him to himself high.

He was so helpless that he turned to her as if she indeed knew.

"Do you think it does mean most to her?" he said.

"You know best what it means," she replied.

It sank into him. And, as it sank, he said to himself that of course it was so; that he might have known it. Gertrude left it sinking. He never for a moment suspected that she had rubbed it in.

XXXV

THEY were saying now that Jane left her husband too much to Gertrude Collett, and that it was hard on Hugh.

They supposed, in their unastonished acceptance of the facts, that things would have to go on like this indefinitely. It was partly Hugh's own fault. That was John Brodrick's view of it. Hugh had given her her head, and she was off. And when Jane was off, Sophy declared, nothing could stop her.

And yet she was stopped. Suddenly, in the full fury of it, she stopped dead. She had given herself six months. She had asked for six months; not a day more. But she had not allowed for friction or disturbance from the outside. And the check—it was a clutch at the heart that brought her brain up staggering—came entirely from the outside, from the uttermost rim of her circle—from Mabel Brodrick.

In January, the fourth of the six months, Mabel became ill. All autumn John Brodrick's wife had grown slenderer and redder-eyed; her little, high-nosed, distinguished face thinned and drooped, till she was more than ever like a delicate bird.

Jane heard from Frances vague rumors of the source of Mabel's malady. The powers of life had been cruel to the lady whom John Brodrick had so indiscreetly married.

It was incredible to all that Mabel should have the power to stay Jinny in her course. But it was so. Mabel had become attached to Jinny. She adhered, with terrible tenacity. It was because she felt that Jane understood, that she was the only one of them who really knew. It was, she all but intimated, because Jane was not a Brodrick. When she was with the others, Mabel was reminded perpetually of her failures, of how horribly she had made John suffer. Not that they ever said a word about it, but they made her feel it; whereas Jinny had seen from the first that she suffered, too; she recognized her perfect right to suffer. And when it all ended, as it was bound to end, in a bad illness, the only thing that did Mabel any good was seeing Jinny.

That was in January (they put it all down to the cold of January); and every day until the middle of February, when Mabel was about again, Jane tramped across the Heath to Augustus Road, always in weather that did its worst for Mabel—always in wind or frost or rain. She never missed a day.

Sometimes Henry was with her. He made John's house the last point of his round that he might sit with Mabel. He had never sat with her before; he had never paid very much attention to her. It was the change in Henry that made Jane alive to the change in Mabel; for the long, lean, unhappy man, this man of obstinate distastes and disapprovals, had an extreme tenderness for all physical suffering.

Since Mabel's illness he had dropped his disapproving attitude to Jane. She could almost have believed that Henry liked her.

One day as they turned together into the deep avenue of Augustus Road, she saw kind, gray eyes looking down at her from Henry's height.

"You 're very good to poor Mabel, Jinny," he said.

"I can't do much."

"Do what you can. We sha'n't have her with us very long."

"Henry!"

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"She does n't know it. John does n't know it. But I thought I 'd tell you."

"I 'm glad you 've told me."

"It 's a kindness," he went on, "to go and see her. It takes her mind off herself."

"She does n't complain."

"No; she does n't complain. But her mind turns in on itself. It preys on her; and of course it 's terrible for John."

She agreed. "Of course it 's terrible—for John." But she was thinking how terrible it was for Mabel. She wondered if they said of her and *her* malady that it was terrible for Hugh.

"This is a great interruption to your work," he said presently, with the peculiar solemnity he accorded to the obvious.

Her pace quickened. The frosty air stung her cheeks and the blood mounted there.

"It won't hurt you," he said. "You 're better when you 're not working."

"Am I?" said she in a voice that irritated Henry.

XXXVI

In February the interruption ceased. Mabel was better. She was well enough for John to take her to the Riviera.

Jane was, as they said, "off" again. But not all at once; not without suffering, for the seventh time, the supreme agony of the creator—that going down into the void darkness to recall the offended power, to endure the tortures that propitiate the revolted will.

Her book was finished in April and appeared in May. Her terror of the published thing was softened to her by the great apathy and fatigue which now came upon her—a fatigue and an apathy in which Henry recognized the beginning of the illness he had prophesied. He reminded her that he had prophesied it long ago; and he watched her, sad and unsurprised, but like the angel he invariably was in the presence of physical suffering.

She was thus spared the ordeal of the birthday celebration. It was understood that she would give audience in her study to her friends, to Arnott Nicholson, to the Protheros, and to Tanqueray. Instead of all going in at once, they were to take it in turns.

She lay there on her couch, waiting for Tanqueray to come and tell her whether this time it was life or death.

Nicky's turn came first. Nicky was unspeakably moved at the sight of her. He bent over her hand and kissed it, and her fear misread his mood.

"Dear Nicky," she said, "are you consoling me?"

He stood solemnly before her, inspired, positively flaming with annunciation.

"Wait, wait," he said, "till you 've seen *him*. I won't say a word."

Nicky had never made himself more beautiful; he had never yet, in all his high renouncing, so sunk, so hidden himself behind the splendor that was Tanqueray.

"And Prothero"—he laid beauty upon beauty—"he 'll tell you himself. He 's on his knees."

The moments passed. Nicky, in his beauty and his pain, wandered outside in the garden, leaving her to Prothero and Laura.

And in the drawing-room, where Tanqueray waited for his turn, Jane's family appraised her triumph. Henry, to Caro Bickersteth in a corner, was not sure that he did not, on the whole, regret it. These books wrecked her nerves. She was, Henry admitted, a great genius; but great genius, what was it, after all, but a great neurosis?

Not far from them Louis Levine, for John's benefit, calculated the possible proceeds of the new book. Louis smiled his mobile smile as he caught the last words of Henry's diagnosis. Henry might say what he liked. Neurosis, to that extent, was a valuable asset. He could do, Louis said, with some of that himself.

Brodrick, as he surveyed with Tanqueray the immensity of his wife's achievement, wondered whether, for all that, she had not paid too high a price. And Sophy Levine, who overheard him, whispered to Frances that it was he, poor dear, who paid.

Tanqueray got up and left the room. He had heard, through it all, the signal that he waited for—the sound of the opening of Jane's door.

Her eyes searched his at the very doorway. "Is it all right, George?" she whispered. Her hand, her thin hand, held his until he answered.

"It 's tremendous."

"Do you remember, two years ago, when you would n't drink?"

"I drank this time. I 'm drunk, Jinny—drunk as a lord."

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"I swore I 'd make you drink this time —if I died for it."

She leaned back in the corner of her couch, looking at him.

"Thank Heaven! you 've never lied to me; because now I know."

"I wonder if you do. It 's alive, Jinny; it 's organic; it 's been conceived and born." He brought his chair close to the table that stood beside her couch, a barrier between them. "It 's got what we 're all praying for—that divine unity—"

"I did n't think it could have it. *I 'm* torn in pieces."

"You? I knew you would be."

"It was n't the book."

"What was it?" he said fiercely.

"It was chiefly, I think, Mabel Brodrick's illness."

"*Whose* illness?"

"John's wife's. You don't know what it means."

"I can see. You let that woman prey on you. She sucks your life. You 're white, you 're thin, you 're ill, too."

She shook her head. "Only tired, George."

"Why do you do it? Why do you do it, Jinny?" he pleaded.

"Ah, I must."

He rose and walked up and down the room; and each time as he turned to face her he burst out into speech:

"What 's Brodrick doing?"

She did not answer. He noticed that she never answered him when he spoke of Brodrick now. He paid no heed to the warning of her face.

"Why does he let his beastly relatives worry you? You did n't undertake to marry the whole lot of them."

He turned from her with that, and she looked after him. The set of his shoulders was square with his defiance and his fury.

He faced her again.

"I suppose if *he* were ill, you 'd have to look after him. I don't see that you 're bound to look after his sisters-in-law. Why can't the Brodricks look after her?"

"They do. But it 's me she wants." He softened, looking down at her. But she did not see his look. "You think," said she, "that it 's odd of her—the last thing anybody could want?"

His face changed suddenly as the blood surged in it. He sat down, and stretched his arms across the table that was the barrier between them. His head leaned toward her with its salient thrust, its poise of impetus and forward flight.

"If you knew," he said, "the things you say—"

His hands made a sudden movement, as if they would have taken hers, which lay nerveless and helpless almost within their grasp.

She drew her hands back.

"It 's nearly ten o'clock," she said.

"Do you want me to go?"

She smiled. "No; only they 'll say, if I sit up, that that 's what tires me."

"And does it? Do *I* tire you?"

"You never tire me."

"At any rate, I don't destroy you; I don't prey on you."

"We all prey on one another. *I* prey on you."

"You? Oh, Jinny!"

Again there was a movement of his hands, checked, this time, by his own will.

"Five minutes past ten, George. They 'll come and carry me out if I don't go."

"Who will?"

"All of them, probably. They 're all in there."

"It 's preposterous. They don't care what they do to you themselves; they bore you brutally; they tire you till you 're sick; they hand you on to one another, to be worried and torn to pieces; and they drag you from anybody who does you good. They don't let you have five minutes' pleasure, Jinny, or five minutes' peace. Good Lord, what a family!"

"Anyhow, it 's *my* family."

"It is n't. You have n't a family; you never had, and you never will have. They don't belong to you, and you don't belong to any of them, and you know it—"

She rose. "All the same, I 'm going to them," she said. "And that reminds me, how 's Rose?"

"Perfectly well, I believe."

"It 's ages since I saw Rose. Tell her —tell her that I 'm coming to see her."

"When?" he said.

"Some day next week."

"Sunday?"

He knew, and she knew that he knew, that Sunday was Brodrick's day.

"No, Monday—Monday, about four."

(To be continued)

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BIBLE STUDY IN INDIA

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A BIBLE CLASS AT COLOMBO, CEYLON, OUT FOR A STUDY SESSION IN THE OPEN

MEMORABLE among the vivid impressions of a recent visit which I made to the students of the East,[1] is a scene in the large government university in the city of Lahore, in northern India. An audience of five hundred Hindu, Mohammedan, and Parsee students had gathered to debate a critical question in educational circles: "Resolved that religious education should be inaugurated in the government schools of India." Seated upon the platform were English professors and Brahman teachers, with some adherents of the reform movements of the Arya and Brahmo-Somaj. No one could have looked into the faces of those students, keenly alert and highly intelligent, without feeling that in such men resides the inherent and potential hope of the new India.

I had been asked to join with a Mohammedan student in leading the affirmative side of the debate. It was surprising to note the lack of interest shown in the negative. In short, the high-caste Brahman who led the negative side whispered to me before rising that he believed in *our* side of the question, and was speaking only in order to make the debate possible. When my colleague, the Mohammedan student, cried out in great earnestness, "We are not satisfied to be graduated from these government schools merely as intellectual experts: we demand an education in religion," the assembly of students rose to their feet, and greeted the sentiment with applause that fairly shook the building.

I said to a Hindu professor who sat by me, "What is the reason for this unaccountable feeling which seems to be sweeping the convictions of these college men?"

In reply, he explained to me that the educated men of India, in their awakening to new responsibility for individual, social, and political reform, were grasping with

[1] Mr Cooper has returned recently from a special Bible mission to the Far East. In THE CENTURY for last month the reader will find a paper by him entitled, "College Men and the Bible," on the work of the International Committee, of which he is the secretary in special charge of the Bible work in educational institutions.—THE EDITOR.

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almost feverish zeal every influence which had helped to shape the progressive civilizations of the West. Furthermore, he added: "You must remember that the students of India have inherited a religious consciousness. They know the Bible as thoroughly, if not more thoroughly, than any sacred book of Hinduism. They need only leadership to make this movement for the intelligent study of the English Bible one of the most popular and profitable branches of Indian education."

This Hindu teacher struck the key-note of India's need when he emphasized the necessity for leadership.

LEADERSHIP OF COLLEGE MEN

MR. JOHN R. MOTT, Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, has said, "The schools teach the teachers, preach to the preachers, and govern the governors." Probably this remark is truer of India at present than of any other nation. The college men are decisive factors in any movement which has to do with government, industry, education, or religion. The influence of the students of the five great government schools in the cities of Madras, Calcutta, Allahabad, Lahore, and Bombay, is out of all proportion to their number. In fact, numbers count much less in India than almost anywhere else in the world. One trained student leader of strong moral fiber will counteract the evil force of thousands of illiterate, thoughtless, and vicious men.

Furthermore, in India, as in Russia, the students are the leading reactionaries. The "unrest of India" is only another term for the awakening of the student classes. Through the streets of the cities in the province of Bengal, as well as in the towns of the Bombay district, one may hear repeatedly the significant cry, "Bande, Mataram!" ("Hail, Queen Mother India!") It is the passionate cry for national leadership on the part of educated men.

A new and great hope for India exists in the fact that the students of the empire are rallying to this world movement for the practical and intelligent study of the English Bible. In the student club-houses which are being rapidly constructed about the large universities, bands of Indian students are gathering for this discussional study in a fashion similar to that carried on in the college fraternities and clubs of the United States and Canada. An experienced leader at the University of Madras said that he could engage as many men in the practical study of the Bible in that city as were represented in the membership of these student hostels.

It would be difficult to find a more fitting means for the Eastern student to discover the principles of Western religion than through these informal groups of Bible study. The style of the subject-matter is Oriental, and the Indian student is inclined to reach all his conclusions by the processes of Eastern thought. Dr. H. H. Mann, who is at the head of a large scientific school in Poona, told me that his students usually reached their scientific views in a roundabout way, often through the medium of speculation and religion.

Indeed, little knots of Indian and Ceylonese students may be seen in any college community strolling off, hand in hand, discussing earnestly some philosophical or religious question. These men join readily in small classes for discussion of the principles of religion and their application to the life and practical affairs of their country.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL

TENNYSON'S words have been true in India for three thousand years.

> The individual withers, and the world is more and more.

India has systematically suppressed the individual. Collectivism in family and state has dominated her. The Indian student has inherited a slavery to a social and patriarchal system which constantly tends to deindividualize him. This emphasis upon uniformity of type has produced a fixity and a conservatism which until very recently have been well-nigh impregnable. India has gloried in her exclusiveness, in her annihilation of public spirit defying all sudden transformation. The words of William Watson, although less true of the new India, emphasize this spirit of indifference:

> The brooding Mother of the unfilial world
> Recumbent on her own antiquity,
> Aloof from our mutation and unrest,
> Alien to our achievements and desires,
> Too proud alike for protest or assent

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When new thoughts thunder at her mossy door;
Another brain dreaming another dream,
Another heart recalling other loves,
Too grey and grave for our adventurous hopes,
For our precipitate pleasures too august;
And in majestic taciturnity
Refraining her illimitable scorn.

But although India's march has always been a slow march, and her leaders have been few, a new day seems to be dawning for the development of individual qualities. It would be difficult to realize what would happen in India to-day if a few leaders of great caliber, or even one great national personality, were to be raised up "to see life steadily and to see it whole," and then with practical aggressiveness to lead this three-hundred-million host toward unity and progressive civilization.

This student activity, promoted largely by the Young Men's Christian Associations, is bending its chief effort to the development of native college leaders. In short, the entire enterprise is at present waiting only for the training of men capable of teaching and organization. An able worker in Madras said to me, "If I could have one strong leader to give his time to this matter, we could have almost at once one thousand Indian students studying the English Bible in the city of Madras." There are at present two hundred students studying in groups, similar to the American plan, in various hostels and student meeting-places of the city. Normal classes for the training of men are being formed in the great educational cities. Biblical scholars from the schools are training the Indian students to organize and to guide their fellows in small discussional groups, with the double view of character and service.

SPREAD OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

To learn English is a craze in the East to-day. It is the open door into government position, the acme of student ambition in India. It is often a surprise to Westerners to find that the lectures in government colleges in India are delivered in English. It was my privilege to speak in most of the great student centers in the Indian empire, and in no case was I asked to use an interpreter. Indeed, it is an insult to infer that an educated Hindu or Mohammedan does not understand English.

This pride of language was amusingly displayed at one of our student meetings. It is a national habit for men to go out and come in during lectures, according to their own sweet will. The confusion which this moving about occasions is a matter of utter disregard to them. A veteran educator who lectures much in the East had learned how to remedy this annoyance. At the very beginning of the meeting he announced in a bold voice that all students who did not understand English might feel free to go out at any time. The result was gratifying and inevitable. Every student remained in his seat, feigning great interest, even if he had it not, until the very end of the lecture.

The Bible is studied in English by Indian university students. This is true of both curriculum Bible study, which usually exists daily in the Christian colleges, and also in the small voluntary classes held in clubs and hostels. While this book has been translated into the majority of the four hundred and five or more separate languages and dialects of India, college men usually choose the English version. Indeed, many students enter the Bible classes with the sole object of learning to read and speak better English. The need of these students, in some cases, of a right combination of language and biblical facts is as apparent as we sometimes find it in the West. A teacher in Forman Christian College in northern India asked in an examination-paper the question, "Describe the incident of the wise and foolish virgins as narrated in the New Testament." A Mohammedan student wrote the following answer:

It is thus related that there were ten virgins who aspired to marry a lover of them. One day the arrival of the husband from his home to a certain place was announced to take place on a fixed day at midnight. Then all the virgins took their respective candles, but only five of them took oil with them, and set out to the rendezvous. When the lover arrived there at the fixed time at midnight, the virgins who had oil with them lighted their candles, while the other virgins vainly tried to light theirs because they had no oil. The hopeless girls asked the companion virgins for oil, but their request not

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being entertained, they went to the bazaar to buy oil. On their return the door of the house was shut, and the lover had married the five wise virgins that had brought oil with their candles. The poor remnants knocked at the door, but the lover said, "I know not who you are."

This incident reveals not only the influence of Mohammedan doctrine regarding the social system, but also the honest attempt by students to become proficient in the use of the English Bible. Truly, when one appreciates that the English edition is being more faithfully read by the students of Hindustan than any of the sacred Vedas, it helps to explain the surprise of foreigners in hearing almost faultless English fall from the lips of college men in the great Indian universities.

From a photograph, copyright, 1908, by Underwood & Underwood

A TREE-DWELLING IN THE TIGER-INFESTED JUNGLES OF INDIA

BREAKING OF THE CASTE SYSTEM

THIS practical study of the Bible on the part of students is doing much to destroy the fearful system of caste which for centuries has blocked the progress of India. Hinduism has furnished to India a religion of intellectual aristocracy to be acquired only by the elect who have time for reflection and for study. The Brahman is still saluted in the street as "great king." His caste is respected as a limited company having patents in heaven. This kind of aristocracy, like most other kinds, has had a tendency to degrade the people. A double standard has arisen, one for the people and another for the philosophers. Heathenism of the most revolting type has existed side by side with philosophic idealism. If it is true that the summit of the pyramid of Hindu religion is bathed by the air of the ideal, it is also true that its foundation is surrounded with a deal of human miasma. One needs only to sail down the Ganges River any morning in the year to behold such examples of superstition and degrading rites as would be conclusive evidence against at least the results of the Hindu religion of caste.

The students of the East are learning from the Bible the great principles of Christian equality and democracy which are slowly but surely undermining the great oligarchic caste influence. Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy, who has been working for many years among the students of India, speaking of the disintegration of caste, described having seen in the city of Madras one hundred students, about equally divided among Brahmans, Mohammedans, and Christians, representing high and low grades of society, boldly dining together, with no man daring to put them out of caste.

A professor in one of the cities which I visited invited a number of Bible students to his home for a social evening. There were present both Hindu and Mohammedan university men. When refreshments were served, the professor prepared two tables, in accordance with the usual custom, since the Hindu students were not expected to touch food which had been offered to those not of their own faith. It chanced that the Hindu students ate all of their cakes, and, being still hungry, inadvertently remarked to their host that they would not object to a second helping. After investigation, the professor found that all the cakes had been served; whereupon the Hindu students, perceiving that there were still refreshments remaining

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A TYPICAL BIBLE CLASS AT COLOMBO, CEYLON

upon the tables where the Mohammedan young men had been eating, suggested that the Mohammedans' cakes would be quite satisfactory. The professor, astonished, said, "But you are Hindus." The answer came from a bright-faced Brahman of high social position: "We have changed our view somewhat in relation to this matter as we have studied together the principles of the founder of Christianity concerning his social order."

I was not a little surprised and impressed when an Indian scholar to whom I had applied for the objective of present-day caste tendencies of educated men in the East, replied in the following significant verse:

Strike hands my brother-man!
'T is yours with voice, and act, and pen,
'T is yours to paint the morning red,
That ushers in the grander day;
So may each unjust bond be broke,
Each toiler find a fit reward,
And Life sound forth a truer chord.

THE AWAKENING OF CONSCIENCE

An old, white-haired Brahman came to me in Calcutta, after a public meeting of students, and said, "Is 'stir the conscience' an intelligible use of English?" I assured him that it was. He replied: "India's conscience has been dead for centuries, at least along certain lines. The Bible will stir the conscience of India."

The men in the institutions of higher learning in India are no longer idol-worshipers. They do not countenance the superstitious rites at Benares. In short, it is doubtful whether many of the Ganges devotees themselves are consistent believers in their cult. To seem thus religious I paid a man two rupees to lie on a spike-bed. Many of the so-called devotees pose as religious for the photographer or for revenue only. There is critical concern on all sides for the awakening of a keen ethical sense in distinctions of right and wrong. Dr. John P. Jones affirms that "the root of India's present incapability for self-government is not intellectual, but social and moral." Indeed, no self-government worthy of the name can possibly result until the character of India becomes firm and steady enough for a foundation. There is a feeling among many that the greatest use of the Bible in the East is along the line of an awakening of personal, moral responsibility, for Herbert Spencer's words are applicable here, "Institutions are dependent on character; and, however changed in their superficial aspects, cannot be changed in their essential natures faster than character changes."

The awakening of India's conscientious nature is revealed in a new attitude toward social and domestic reform, especially toward marriage. Until comparatively recently it has been impossible to obtain a serious hearing before a student body upon questions concerning the home, so skeptical have been these men as to the binding character of moral laws relating

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to social conduct. Even now, to be sure, virtually all the students one addresses in the colleges are married, but the marriage relation is being set further on each year, and while students are betrothed at an early age, the educated Indians are becoming more and more averse to the early marriages of their sons and daughters.

This change of the accent of religion from ceremonial to morals and conduct is affecting not simply the physical life of students, but its bearing is seen directly in a most timely fashion in business, politics, and the general trustworthiness of men of affairs. Mark Twain, speaking of truth-telling, said:

> I never could keep a promise. I do not blame myself for this weakness, because the fault must lie in my physical organization. It is likely that such a very liberal amount of space was given to the organ which enables me to *make* promises that the organ which should enable me to keep them was crowded out. But I grieve not. I like no half-way things. I had rather have one faculty nobly developed than two faculties of mere ordinary capacity.

Those who have had to do business with certain types of people in the East might be inclined to place some of these persons in Mr. Clemens's category of successful specialists.

But it is in this very commonplace but important realm of truth-telling, self-control, honesty, and personal righteousness, that India looks for emancipation through

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STUDENTS FOR THE BUDDHIST PRIESTHOOD, AT THE DALADA MALAGAWA TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY, CEYLON

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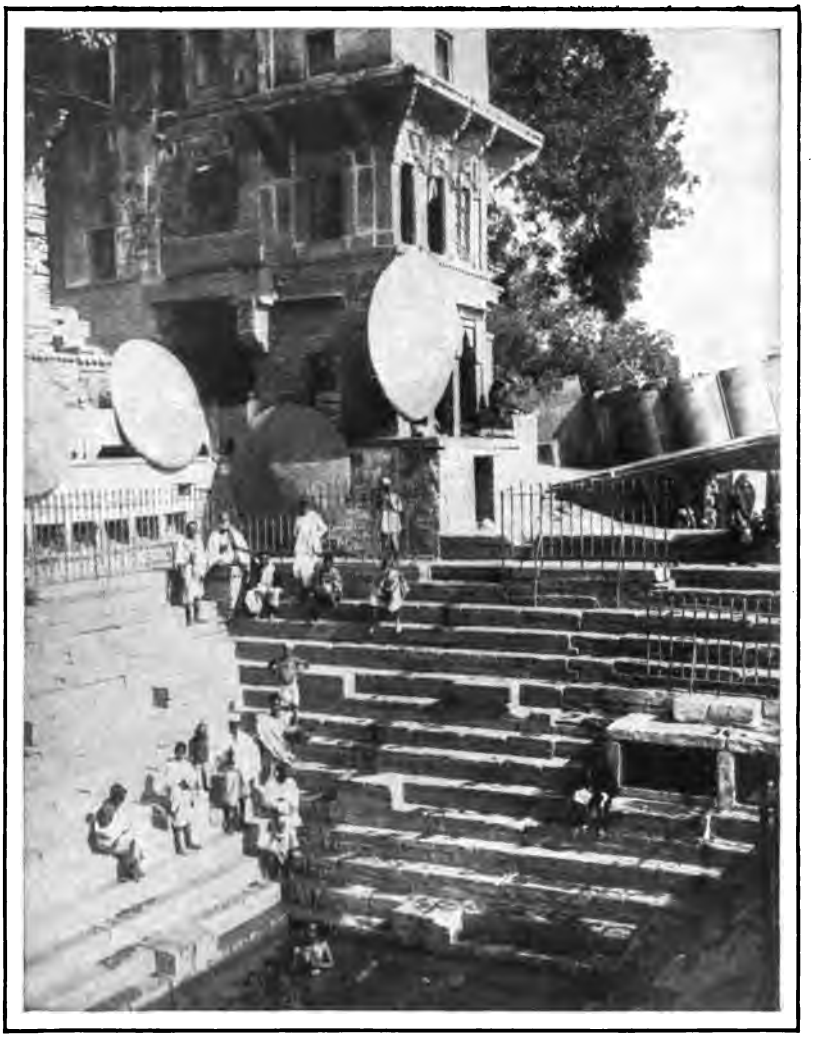

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HINDU PILGRIMS BATHING IN THE SACRED WELL OF THEIR GOD VISHNU, ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE GANGES, NEAR BENARES

the Christian's Bible and the Christian's sacrifice. The "carrier doves of commerce," which now spread their wings over every ocean and inland sea of Asia, must leave something better in the East than the germs of contagious social ills and vulgar materialism, otherwise the present unrest of the Indian may well cause grave alarm.

Something very definite is required, and this practical plan to get together groups of thinking men throughout the country to study with serious sense of obligation the high laws and invigorating ideals of the Bible, and then to send them out to fulfil their new aspirations in alleviating the conditions of their people, is one tangible and sane method by which to hasten India's real and deepest reform.

Irrigation plans will help. Palliative measures of Lord Morley will do much. The forces are indispensable which make for new learning—great railroad systems, unexcelled British justice, and modern scientific improvements; but in the East, as in the West, emancipation of mind and body without the mastery of soul is only half-freedom. Indeed, it is too often "poking the fire from the top." With the "Aryan Brown," as with the Anglo-

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Saxon, the kingdom of God is within, and final judgment of any people must be made in accordance with what the individuals of that nation are in themselves, and according to the moral and religious restraints which they put upon themselves.

An Oxford man who was conducting a most profitable work for students in connection with the government college hostels at Allahabad, told me of a Hindu student with whom he had been privately reading the Bible for over a year. He had not mentioned to the student the subject of his personal acceptance of Christianity. He had noticed, however, certain changes in the student's life. At the beginning of the second year of study, he asked his Hindu scholar what impression he had gained from his reading. He answered, "The influence I have gained is not one of thought merely; it has changed my life and my life-work."

MOTIVE TO SERVICE

THE supreme need of India at present is self-forgetfulness in a great service. Her conservatism and uniqueness have existed in a proud Oriental quietism. She has been satisfied to live in her past. In Matthew Arnold's words:

> The East bowed low before the blast,
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again.

For thirty centuries India has been turning her gaze into her own soul. Religion has been spent upon itself. Contemplation rather than action has been the objective. In short, religion in India has been a disease, another name for egoism. Men's souls have become burdens to them, as usually happens with those persons who give disproportionate attention to self-examination and introspective spiritual self-development.

India's hope to-day is in positive participation in great altruistic enterprises. She needs to make her religious and spirit-

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PREPARING HINDU DEAD FOR INCINERATION

The dead are first placed, as here, in the waters of the Ganges, at Benares, with the object of attaining heaven.

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DEVIL-DANCERS, CEYLON

ual development a product, or a by-product, of her life of service. Christianity must take to her a living faith, a stimulus to a life of deeds. Brahmanism, with its doctrines, has swept India too far out into an indefinite sea of mystical metaphysics to leave her with much practical standing-ground for every-day life. This movement for Bible study is certain to bring to thinking men the truth that neither books, ceremonies, nor men can stand before serviceableness. Even now the student life of India is rapidly evolving from the air of the monastery into the atmosphere of a community where human life and human service are touched with a new moral enthusiasm.

The fact that talk divides, but work unites, is dawning upon the student mind of India. That great army called the *Omédwár* (hopefuls) who fail to receive official positions in the government, passing their time in idleness, have become a national menace. Indeed, student education may be a bane rather than a blessing in the East if it is not speedily attached to altruistic and definite tasks.

In the city of Calcutta during a series of Bible studies conducted a few months ago by a Yale graduate who is accomplishing a great mission in southern India, great crowds of students listened for hours to the exposition and interpretation of the Christian religion. At the close of one student session 300 college men, representing for the most part the higher classes, signified their desire actively to associate themselves with a life of Christian service. One student in that number whose grandfather was a killer of missionaries broke

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up the devil-worshiping society in his own college, and is now helping to unite his fellow-students in definite, utilitarian, and Christian enterprises.

COSMOPOLITAN INTEREST

GLADSTONE said that educated men establish a telegraph of the mind. For centuries Indian students, in their supreme self-content, have been shut away from the great student world. The universal element of power in the Bible, and the world federation of college men for its study, are causing the college men of the East to lift their eyes to other student nations for ideas and ideals, for precedents and for methods. The students of India are feeling for the first time that college comradeship, based upon the solid ground of a common ambition toward high ideals and large thoughts for the betterment of humanity. It is said that there is a tacit understanding between old soldiers who have fought on the same battle-field. One feels an intellectual understanding which challenges analysis when one meets with the students of Bombay and Calcutta as truly as one senses it in Tokio, Peking, London, or New York.

This wide-spread awakening of 80,000 students in eighteen different countries to the voluntary study of the Bible is drawing large bodies of recruits from the Sons of the East, and its reaction upon these Oriental college men is of no small moment.

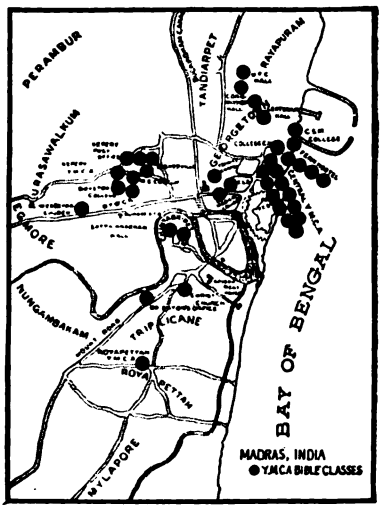

CHART OF MADRAS, INDIA

The black dots indicate the number of Bible classes in different parts of the city and suburbs.

The principles of the Bible, when once grasped, bring into thought and action general interests. Charles Studd, the English athlete, said that England was good enough for him until he began to study the principles underlying Christian happiness and Christian philanthropy. Indian students are studying with genuine interest in the New Testament the biography of the great Oriental Teacher. This study is opening the way for that breadth of sympathy with other nations which is made possible through the outgoing impulse of a great international campaign.

An American college man who has been intimately associated with the promotion of Bible interest among students of the United States and Canada is soon to sail for India, there to be the National Student Bible Secretary for that vast country. No one can measure the cosmopolitan significance of such leadership. Institutes for the inception of successful developmental and propagating agencies will be planned for all parts of the Indian empire. Indian students will be sent with increasing numbers to great national gatherings to inspect the plans of other nations and to give vent to their growing desire to escape from a mere selfish evolution and stagnant isolation. Moreover, students from the East now studying in the colleges and universities of North America are becoming interested in the exercises and methods of this study among our educated men. Plans for the training of these men are being made in order that they may go back to their country not as spectators, but as leaders in the new order of events toward what Professor Nash calls, "the eternal worth while." All of these occurrences will surely be direct influences in bringing in the time when, as Kipling says:

There is neither East nor West,
Nor border, nor breed, nor birth,
Where two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.

[Mr. Cooper's third paper of this group will be entitled "Bible Study in the Far East," and will deal with the work of the Bible extension movement in China, Japan, and Korea.]

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JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER. PAINTED BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

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THE TWO WHISTLERS

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER WITH THE GREAT ETCHER

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

ON my way to Madrid in the spring of 1885 I visited the Grosvenor Gallery in London and there saw for the first time Whistler's portrait of little Miss Alexander. It was delightful, marvelous, fascinating; and along with its subtle charm there crept into my mind that natural desire to see and know the artist. It was a simple matter to get Whistler's address from the custodian, and in a few moments I was jogging along toward Chelsea.

But with calm reflection there came a host of misgivings. I had heard much of the eccentric artist, of his sharp, ready tongue, his cruelties even to the friends he knew best, his downright insults to strangers; and drop by drop my enthusiasm trickled away and was gone. Rather sadly I stopped the cabby and drove to my hotel.

In Madrid the same resolve was born anew. Every Velasquez seemed to suggest Whistler; and so, with enthusiasm rekindled, I determined to send a letter. One was penned the night of my arrival, altered with many erasures and corrections, reread the following morning—and destroyed. My courage had failed again.

The following year, upon my next pilgrimage to London and Madrid, I went about the matter of an introduction soberly and thoughtfully. A friend of Whistler's gave me a letter,—a strong "pull" letter,—and armed with this I hastened to Whistler's studio in King Street, determined not to beard the lion in his den, but at least to salute him.

I rapped and waited. Most callers waited at Whistler's door in those days, and few were admitted.

Suddenly the door was opened, guardedly, however, and a dapper little man appeared on the threshold and eyed me keenly.

"You 're Chase," said he quickly, "are you not?"

My carefully prepared words took sudden flight, and left me standing in utter confusion. "Yes," I said guiltily. "How did you know?"

"Oh, the boys have told me about you. Come in." He tossed the proffered letter, unopened, upon a chair, linked his arm affectionately within mine, and led the way to his studio. Our *camaraderie* began at once. For some reason he dubbed me "colonel," and in a moment we were chatting like old friends.

Few hosts were ever as charming as Whistler *could* be; few men were as fascinating to know—for a brief time. For a day I was literally overwhelmed with his attentions; for a week and more he was constantly a most agreeable, thoughtful, delightful companion.

It had been my intention to hasten on to Madrid; but he would have none of it. "Don't hurry," he said calmly and with that sublime egotism he often expressed: "there are many of my paintings here which you ought to see."

He had an exhibition in Bond Street at the time, and we spent some days there together, viewing his wonderful nocturnes. Occasionally he would speak of some painting of his hung in a private home. "You go and see it," he urged; "I can't." He could not, I found. His biting tongue, his constant quarreling, had made him *persona non grata* in many London homes.

At the end of a fortnight he was quarreling with me. It was impossible, I believe, for any man to live long in harmony with him. After a brief discussion one day,—he chose to make it brief,—he said

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flatly, "My dear Colonel, I 'm not *arguing* with you: I 'm *telling* you!" It was one of his favorite phrases. This was simply indicative of his general attitude: it was Whistler or nothing in all things great and small.

I felt Madrid calling me again and determined to be off; but he, noting my preparations, was instantly the charming, affectionate host. "Don't go," he urged. "Stay, and we 'll paint portraits of each other." As usual, Whistler had his way.

He had his way with respect to the portraits, too, I discovered. It was arranged that whichever was specially in the mood was to paint while the other posed.[1] Whistler, I speedily found, was always "specially in the mood," and as a consequence I began posing at once, and continued to pose. He proved to be a veritable tyrant, painting every day on into the twilight, while my limbs ached with weariness and my head swam dizzily. "Don't move! Don't move!" he would scream whenever I started to rest a twitching muscle, or, "Not yet! Not yet!" when my protests became indignant.

At length I resorted to subterfuges. He rarely remembered his dinner engagements; so I took pains to keep the dates in mind, and, when it was time to stop, to remind him of them.

"What?" he would invariably reply. "Interrupt doing a beautiful thing like this for a vulgar dinner!" At one home he arrived at least two hours late. "How extraordinary!" he exclaimed, glaring fiercely at the gaping guests and the hostess. "Really, I should think you could have waited a bit. Why, you 're just like a lot of *pigs* with your eating."

When the portrait was finished he stood off and admired his work. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Beautiful!" I was in no mood at the time for the retort courteous. "At least, Whistler," said I, "there 's nothing mean or modest about you."

He grinned. "Nothing mean *and* modest," he corrected. "I like that better. Nothing mean and modest. What a splendid epitaph that would make for me. Stop a moment; I must put that down," and he reached hastily for his note-book.

He was forever jotting down his sayings. No more faithful Boswell—of himself—ever lived. What prompted him? Was it his abnormal conceit, or only the determination that at least when he passed away he should be understood and appreciated? Undoubtedly both. His was a bitter struggle, remember. The critics were constantly scorning him, and a good measure of the harsh judgment and galling neglect he suffered came from his own countrymen.

As for his conceit, it was self-evident. At times he was most childish about it. "What a lot you 'll have to tell about me, Colonel, when you go back!" he said one day.

"No," I replied; "for you 've done nothing, said nothing, new. You 're the greatest disappointment of my life."

"How terrible you are!" he exclaimed. "You are watching me!"

It was good to get even with him in repartee. It was rarely possible; he was as quick as a flash with his wit, and stronger than others sometimes in a brutal and unfair way. It was his delight to pick up an innocent remark and turn it back upon the speaker, or else twist it about so as to make his adversary appear ridiculous. This he did with his severest critic, the art editor of the London "Times," taking from his articles a single sentence and, by isolating it, making it seem nonsensical in every way.

The studio was frequented much by a literary light of those days who, it was generally known, fed upon Whistler's epigrams, and retailed them as his own. Everybody knows the painter's famous repartee at the expense of this man. "Oh, Whistler," he sighed one day, after a particularly brilliant sally from the latter, "why did n't I say that?"

"Never mind," said Whistler, stingingly; "you will."

There was a steady stream of creditors at the King Street studio in those days. Whistler made no effort to conceal the fact that he was deeply in debt. One day as we were busily and silently working there came a loud, businesslike rap at the door. Whistler listened attentively as one might to a key of music.

"Psst!" said he, "that 's one and ten."

[1] Chase's portrait of Whistler, painted at this time, is shown on page 218. In his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," Whistler makes this characteristic reference to it: "How dared he, Chase, do this wicked thing!—and I who was charming, and made him beautiful on canvas—the Masher of the Avenues."—THE EDITOR.

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Within half an hour there was another rap, not quite so loud.

"Two and six," said Whistler. "Psst!"

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked after a time.

"One pound, ten shillings; two pounds, six shillings. Vulgar tradesmen with their bills, Colonel. They want payment. Ah, well!" he sighed with an exaggerated air of sadness and returned to his canvas.

Then came another knock, a most gentle, insinuating rap.

"Dear me," said Whistler, "that must be all of twenty! Poor fellow, I really must do something for him! So sorry I 'm not in."

I could not take the situation so placidly, and seized eagerly the first opportunity of financial aid that presented itself. A rich American, sojourning in London, asked me what he should purchase and take back with him from the metropolis in the way of art.

"By all means get a set of Whistler's etchings. Unquestionably he will make for you a selection. I 'll speak to him," I told him, and hurried back with the good news.

Whistler was delighted, and for a day worked busily, overhauling and sorting his proofs. The selection was a splendid one, and called for a substantial payment. It was arranged that Whistler should meet the purchaser at a bank in Queen Street the following morning and receive his check.

Most men, under the circumstances, would have thought of little else; but by the next morning Whistler had wholly forgotten his engagement. He had begun a new canvas, and was completely absorbed in it. For a while I expostulated in vain.

"Come, Whistler," I said finally, "you have been away from America so long that you don't appreciate the value of time to the traveler, particularly the American traveler. You must not keep the man waiting."

"Very well," said he, laying down his brushes with a sigh. "Now we 'll go."

"Why *we?*" I replied. "I don't want to go," I protested firmly. To tell the truth, I was looking forward with a great deal of comfort to a morning all to myself.

"Oh, but you must," he said calmly, bringing my coat and hat; and presently we stood in front of the house signaling a cab.

One came up readily enough, but, after one scrutinizing look upon the "cabby's" part, drove swiftly by; another went through the same strange proceeding. I looked questioningly at Whistler,—this odd circumstance had happened before when we were together,—but Whistler was calmly signaling. At length a cabby took us in.

Whistler always carried as a walking-stick a long, slender wand, a sort of a mahlstick, nearly three quarters his own height. We were no sooner seated than he began poking his stick at the horse's hind-quarters. The animal reared, plunged wildly, and started down the street at a breakneck gallop, while the astonished cabby swore freely and tugged desperately at the reins. Whistler looked calmly ahead, and kept poking.

Butcher-boys and grocer-boys made wild leaps for safety; outraged cabbies whipped their horses out of the way just in time, burly draymen bawled curses after us, and still we went merrily on. Little wonder, thought I, in the midst of my amazement and resentment, that Whistler never gets the same cab twice.

Suddenly he began waving his cane and screaming "Whoa!" He took the astonished cabby severely to task for driving so fast upon the public highway, and ordered him back to a corner we had just passed.

Here a greengrocer's shop, with its orderly and colorful array of fruits and vegetables, had caught Whistler's eye as we whirled by. He surveyed it critically now from two different positions, the cabby meekly obeying his orders, under the belief, I presume, that it was policy to humor an insane person.

"Is n't it beautiful!" exclaimed Whistler. He pointed his long cane at one corner. "I believe I 'll have that crate of oranges moved over there—against that background of green. Yes, that 's better," he added contentedly.

We drove on to the bank, where we found the American pacing up and down in no pleasant frame of mind; but Whistler soon had him pacified, and we left him waving and smiling adieus at us.

The incident at the greengrocer's shop reads like an arrant affectation. It was

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not, however. Whistler, as usual, was merely most natural. The following morning he posted his easel at the corner and painted the shop.

Whistler's unconventionality was consistently maintained. It was part of his pose, of course. He knew that it puzzled people and made him talked about. Once at a dinner-party at which I was present he appeared without a tie. As soon as I noticed the omission I hurried up to him. "Oh, Whistler," I exclaimed in a warning undertone, "you 've forgotten something—your tie, man, your tie!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" he retorted. "Would you spoil fine linen—these lines," —he pointed to his collar and shirt-front, —"this harmony, with a flimsy bit of lawn?"

It was his custom when drowsy to go deliberately to sleep, no matter where or what the circumstances might be. At one dinner-party his gentle snore suddenly aroused his neighbor, who nudged him violently with his elbow. "I say, Whistler," he protested excitedly, "you must not sleep here!"

"Leave me alone!" snapped Whistler. "I 've said all I wanted to. I 've no interest at all in what you and your friends have to say."

One evening he was my guest at dinner at a hotel; Edwin A. Abbey was also there. Right after dinner Whistler went calmly to sleep; on the way to the theater he enjoyed another nap in the cab, and he slumbered peacefully through the greater part of the play. The next morning he blandly asked me: "What did Abbey have to say last night? Anything worth while?"

There were two distinct sides to Whistler, each one of which he made famous. He succeeded as few ever have in creating two distinct and striking personalities, almost as unlike as the storied Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. One was Whistler in public—the fop, the cynic, the brilliant, flippant, vain, and careless idler; the other was Whistler of the studio—the earnest, tireless, somber worker, a very slave to his art, a bitter foe to all pretense and sham, an embodiment of simplicity almost to the point of diffidence, an incarnation of earnestness and sincerity of purpose.

The Whistler of Cheyne Walk was a dainty, sprightly little man, immaculate in spotless linen and perfect-fitting broadcloth. He wore yellow gloves and carried his wand poised lightly in his hand. He seemed inordinately proud of his small feet and slender waist; his slight imperial and black mustache were carefully waxed; his monocle was indispensable.

For all who crossed his path he was ready with cutting speech. That apparently was his business in life—to amuse himself at the expense of others; and in this form of entertainment he spared no one's feelings and stopped at no extremes. He took no one and nothing seriously; he was sublimely egotistical, and seemed to delight in parading his conceit. He was trivial, careless, brilliantly and smilingly disagreeable.

Now view Whistler behind the scenes. He had prepared his outward blandishments with the skill and patience of an accomplished actor. For hours he had stood before a mirror, with curling-irons in hand, training carefully his hair, in particular that famous white lock, fussing and primping like a woman. He was putting on his mask. A most clever mask it was, most cleverly sustained. Very few who knew him only in public ever saw behind it, and then they saw only the man's attitude, which said: "You 've never taken me seriously; why should I be serious with you? You have never spared my feelings; why should I spare yours? You are ceaselessly sending your darts of scorn and criticism at me; now, I am returning them." And so he did in full measure.

This was merely Whistler at play. The real, genuine Whistler had been at work since early morning, working like a fiend —and, in truth, looking like a fiend as he worked. The monocle of the night before had been laid aside for an unsightly pair of iron spectacles, so heavy that they were clumsily wrapped with cloth where they rested on his nose. His hair was uncombed; he was carelessly dressed.

Some student admirers from Venice called at the studio one day and found the real Whistler at work. They had seen him previously on the *piazza,* carefully groomed for the occasion. Now they stood speechless with surprise. At length their spokesman exclaimed artlessly, "Why, Mr. Whistler, whatever has happened to you!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

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"You—you seem so different," said the young man.

"Oh," said Whistler, "I leave all gimcracks outside the door."

Among those who knew him well, Whistler made no pretense at concealing the fact that his public life was a deliberate pose. At home he doffed his mask completely. Why, then, the question naturally arises, should he bring home with him his quarrelsome spirit? Why did he choose also to war with his friends?

I have spoken of his ceaseless, earnest toil. He was the greatest putterer I have ever known. He had been a poor student, and had little schooling in art. In consequence, he had to dig diligently for everything he got. It must measure up, too, to his high, self-elected standards. So, whatever it was, a harmony of color or of contour, it was necessarily best when he got it. In consequence, there is not a mediocre touch in all his work; neither is there any semblance of the academic. It is all absolutely original, and thoroughly distinctive. His art is the unaffected expression of his convictions and impressions of the world about him, and these impressions were worth recording.

Of detail and construction he knew little and cared less. He would produce a great portrait; you might know that, but you could not feel certain that he would get his subject upon his feet. Inanimate objects—a boat, a building—he chose to depict not as they actually were, but as they appeared to him.

Many of Whistler's well-known sayings and doings have been misinterpreted, sometimes to his credit, sometimes not. His answer to the lady who coupled him with Velasquez as the world's two greatest painters—"Why drag in Velasquez?"—has been generally taken as a striking evidence of either outrageous conceit or downright flippancy. As a matter of fact it was neither. "Did you ever really mean this, Whistler?" I asked him one day.

"No; of course not," he replied seriously. "You don't suppose I couple myself with Velasquez, do you? I simply wanted to take her down a bit, that 's all." It was simply his way of checking flattery so fulsome as to be irritating.

The incident at the "White House" in Tite Street is also well known. This was the house which the architect E. R. Godwin built for him, and which was seized for his debts. When Whistler moved out, he left this inscription upon the walls: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. E. R. Godwin built this one."

While the bailiff was in possession, Whistler seized the opportunity to invite several of his friends to an elaborate luncheon at which the bailiff officiated as butler. His subversion of the situation in this way is generally cited as an evidence of his remarkable powers of persuasion. I am not discounting this faculty of his in any way. The man's power was wonderful; he could be, if he chose, a very octopus, wrapping one with subtle but forceful tentacles of suavity, agreeableness, attractiveness. But a London bailiff was not of the fine caliber to be responsive to Whistler's cajolery. The fact of the matter is, I verily believe, that he simply tipped the man to delay proceedings and act meanwhile in the capacity of a servant. In other words, he deliberately plotted the whole affair for purposes of show.

I might cite in confirmation the following instance, the facts of which I know to be true. Once he invited a distinguished American artist whom he had met casually during the day to dine with him that evening. Arrived at his club, Whistler left his guest waiting outside in the cab while he went in to ascertain if they "had anything decent to eat." He appeared shortly with a grimace of disgust. "Nothing worth while here," he said. "We 'll try another." The second club was also lacking in an attractive menu; nothing in it appealed to his fastidious palate, he averred. "Oh, well," he said finally, with an air of resignation, "we 'll go home and try pot-luck."

Arrived at his house, he ushered his guest carelessly into the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was served upon a table brilliantly lighted and most artistically decorated. Of course Whistler had had all these elaborate preparations made in advance.

Sir John Millais met him outside his studio one day, and after a brief conversation said cordially: "Jimmy, why don't you paint more pictures? Put out more canvases."

Whistler, with a meaning look and

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carefully placed emphasis, replied: "*I* know better."

"The fool!" he muttered as he came into the studio. "He spreads himself on canvas on every possible occasion—and, do you know, he called me 'Jimmy'! Mind you, I don't know the fellow well at all!"

His discourtesies, too, were deliberately affected; even his epigrams were occasionally prepared in advance, and stored up in memory to be ready for a suitable occasion. His spontaneous retorts were his best.

A well-meaning friend came to him enthusiastically one day to tell him of a pretty spot near London that would be just the place for him to sojourn in and paint. "I 'm sure you 'll like it," he said confidently.

"My dear fellow," said Whistler, "the very fact that you like it is proof that it 's nothing for me." However, he did go there, and was greatly pleased with his surroundings. He arrived safe himself, but his canvases were delayed in transit, and for one full afternoon he trotted back and forth between the hotel and the station, fretting and threatening, making life miserable for the railway guards and for every one else about him. As usual, he was the center of commotion. "Look out, Whistler," I warned him, "or they 'll find out who you are." He scowled at me in return.

Seeing that I knew him, the station-master came up to me. "Who is that quarrelsome little man?" he asked with an aggressive look. "He 's really most disagreeable."

"Whistler," I replied apathetically, "the celebrated artist."

"Oh," said he, changing his expression instantly to one of deep humility and solicitude. He approached Whistler with profuse apologies. "I 'm very sorry, sir, about your canvases," he said. "Are they so very valuable?"

"Not yet," screamed Whistler; "not yet."

Another of his well-known spontaneous retorts was his reply to the English miss, a pupil of his, who greeted him effusively one morning with: "Oh, Mr. Whistler, coming in on the train this morning the country-side was shrouded with a beautiful, soft haze; and everywhere I looked I seemed to see in the landscape one of your charming paintings."

"Yes, yes," said Whistler, with exaggerated pomposity; "nature 's creeping up! She 's creeping up!"

As my stay in London drew near its end, our quarreling increased, try as I would to avoid it. "Don't! Don't!" I cried out in desperation one day. "At least let me carry away a pleasant last impression of you."

His answer I have always remembered, since it indicated, if only indirectly, that he thought of me as a friend. "You don't seem to understand," he grumbled. "It is commonplace, not to say vulgar, to quarrel with your enemies. Quarrel with your friends," he advised fiercely; "that 's the thing to do. Now be good."

"After all, Colonel," said he one day, "the only real objection I have to you is that you *teach*. You 're just like all these others—this vulgar crowd." He waved his hand at the others present. The occasion was one of his "Sunday breakfasts."

It was on my lips to reply, "Why, you teach too, in your own way, and your own ideals." Later he became a professed teacher, opening an atelier in the rue du Bac, Paris. Two former students of mine entered his school, and when questioned by Whistler as to their previous teacher gave my name. "Ah," said he, graciously, "you could not have done better." A third student replied that he had had no teacher at all. "H-m-m," said Whistler, loudly, "*you really* could not have done better."

Another student of mine who had become an enthusiastic impressionist began a study doing a purple, pea-green, and orange kind of thing. "Mercy!" screamed Whistler, as his eyes fell upon the canvas. "Whatever are you trying to do?"

"Painting nature," she replied calmly, "as I see it. Am I not right? Should not one paint nature as one sees it?"

"Yes, yes," said Whistler; "so long as you do not see it as *you* paint it."

My stay in London had been so protracted that I determined to go directly back to America, taking the boat at Antwerp. "Come to Holland with me," I suggested to Whistler.

"Perhaps," he replied. "What inducements have you?"

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"The old masters," I suggested. "You 've seen them often; but, then, it 's different with *you*. *You 'll* take delight in seeing them over and over again."

"You 're right," said he; *"sometimes* you are. But they 'll keep. What else?"

"Our delightful companionship," I suggested. It was difficult not to be vindictive. "Should we not prolong it?"

"Oh, you 'll keep, too," he answered lightly.

"Well, there 's the international exhibit at Antwerp—new pictures by Bastien-Lepage, Stevens, and others which you ought to see."

At the last moment he decided to go, and we hastily booked our passage. It was too late to secure a state-room together, a hardship to which I was resigned. The night was stormy, and knowing how bad a sailor Whistler was, I hastened to his state-room in the morning to look him up. He was gone, and in his place I found an Englishman who wore an expression of deeply wounded dignity. "I say," said he, in an aggrieved tone, "are you not a friend of that little antediluvian who occupied the berth above me last night? Do you know, sir, that he had his foot in my face every five minutes all night long. I say, you know; he really must be somebody to behave in such an extraordinary fashion. Who is he?"

I told him. "Oh," he replied, and there was a wealth of understanding in his tone. "I wonder," he asked eagerly, "if I could meet him."

Neither Whistler nor I was in the best of humor at breakfast, and driving out from the hotel, I determined, if possible, to go through the exhibit alone. Arrived at the gallery, I decided firmly upon this course. He had already adopted the exasperating habit he had of shifting to my shoulders the entire responsibility for the enjoyment of our trip. "Now," said he, looking sneeringly about the gallery, "where are your Bastiens?"

"There 's one," I replied, "over there—his portrait of his brother. But, if you please, I prefer to see it alone."

"Eh?" he cried. "What 's this? You ask me to come over here with you, and then you adopt *this* attitude?"

"Yes," said I, "for I don't mind telling you—I 'll pay you this compliment—you have the ability to say in a single word that which I don't care to hear about these pictures."

"Come, then, you must hear that word!" he snapped. He dragged me up before the portrait, and shot out his finger accusingly at it. "School!" he hissed. Later, standing before a painting by Stevens, an admirable piece of work, he pointed his skinny little finger at a bit of detail away up in one corner of the canvas, and said, "There! One might not mind to have done *that!*"

The end of a most unhappy day found us in a railway-carriage, traveling on to Amsterdam, huddled up in opposite corners, and glaring fiercely at each other. In the same compartment sat two Germans who kept up steadily a loud and joyous conversation. To me it was most interesting and in no way annoying; but Whistler, who affected a dislike for Germans, was fidgeting with evident irritation.

"Colonel," he began presently in a shrill, rasping voice, "the good Lord made one serious mistake."

"What is it now?" I snapped.

"When He made Germans."

I have lived six years of my life in Germany, and I am fond of the Germans.

"It 's a great pity, Whistler," I replied, "that you don't understand German. It would profit you greatly to listen to the talk."

He grinned spitefully at this, and, turning, answered me fluently and at some length in German! And now he became very voluble, earnestly seeking for new topics of conversation, and diligently expressing his views in German. A gadfly could not have been more persistently and maliciously annoying. Human nature could stand it no longer, and at length I revolted. I was deadly in earnest when I said: "Whistler, I will not go on to Amsterdam with you. Frankly, I don't care to be responsible for what might happen. The next station is Haarlem, and one of us must get out there. If you wish to, I can direct you to a good hotel where they 'll put you up with a good room and bath; or I 'll get out—"

"Yes, Colonel," said he, sweetly in German; "you get out." And so I did, with a feeling of utmost relief and thorough contentment. As the train moved out of the Haarlem station and left me

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standing knee-deep in my luggage on the platform, he poked his head out of the window and screamed back, still in German: "A pleasant night to you, Colonel! To-morrow—to-morrow you 'll find out that what I said about the Germans is true."

I saw Whistler only once after this—on the following day, in Amsterdam. At the hotel in Haarlem I found the cards of some young artists from Brussels who were expecting my arrival. They were ardent young revolutionists in art, and when they learned that Whistler—the great Whistler—was in Amsterdam, only twenty miles away, their voices arose in loud acclaim. Could they be presented to him? Would I perform the ceremony? My resentment, as usual, had cooled somewhat overnight and I agreed.

At his Amsterdam hotel Whistler kept us waiting for a full half-hour. I said nothing to disturb their devotion, but I knew well what the great Whistler was doing. He was standing before a mirror, curling-irons in hand, adding endless touches to his hair, white lock, and mustache, or ironing out wrinkles in his face.

Ah, he came at last with mincing step and monocle set—the dainty, dapper Whistler of Cheyne Walk, Whistler with all his "gimcracks" on, Whistler on parade, the flippant, enigmatical, cynical, caustic Whistler of the world. And as he stood before his hero-worshipers and heard their murmur of irrepressible adoration, he half averted his face toward me and behind his handkerchief passed me a deliberate, meaning wink!

Yes, there were two distinct Whistlers, but there was only one genuine one—Whistler the tireless, slavish worker, ceaselessly puttering, endlessly striving to add to art the beautiful harmonies, the rare interpretations that his wonderful imagination pictured for him; Whistler the great artist, in other words, for that was his *real self,* which will live in all its glory when the man's eccentricities are utterly forgotten.

NESTED

ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

BY HABBERTON LULHAM

"LURED," little one? Nay, you 've but heard
Love o'er your wild downs roaming;
Not lured, my bird, my light, swift bird,
But homing—homing.

"Caught," does she feel? Nay, no net stirred
To catch the heart fore-fated;
Not caught, my bird, my bright, wild bird,
But mated—mated.

And "caged," she fears? Nay, never that word
Of where your brown head rested;
Not caged, my bird, my shy, sweet bird,
But nested—nested!

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THE GIRL GRADUATE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WE shall never know, though we shall always wonder, why certain phrases, carelessly flung to us by poet or by orator, should be endowed with regrettable vitality. When Tennyson wrote that mocking line about "sweet girl graduates in their golden hair," he could hardly have surmised that it would be quoted exuberantly year after weary year, or that with each successive June it would reappear as the inspiration of flowery editorials, and of pictures, monotonously amorous, in our illustrated journals. Perhaps in view of the serious statistics which have for some time past girdled the woman student—statistics dealing exhaustively with her honors, her illnesses, her somewhat nebulous achievements, and the size of her infant families, it is as well to realize that the big, unlettered, easy-going world regards her still from the standpoint of golden hair, and of the undying charm of immaturity.

In justice to the girl graduate, it must be said that she takes herself simply and sanely. It is not her fault that statisticians note down every breath she draws, and many of their most heartrending allegations have passed into college jokes—traditional jokes fated to descend from senior to freshman for happy years to come. The student learns in the give-and-take of communal life to laugh at many things, partly from sheer high spirits, partly from youthful cynicism and the habit of sharpening her wit against her neighbor's. It is commonly believed that she is an unduly serious young person with an insatiable craving for knowledge; in reality she is often as healthily unresponsive as her Yale or Harvard brother. If she cannot yet weave her modest acquirements into the tissue of her life as unconcernedly as her brother does, it is not because she has been educated beyond her mental capacity: it is because social conditions are not for her as inevitable as they are for him. Things were simpler in the old days when college meant for a woman the special training needed for a career; when, battling often with poverty, she made every sacrifice for the education which would give her work a market value; and when all she asked in return was the dignity of self-support. Now many girls, unspurred by necessity or by ambition, enter college because they are keen for personal and intellectual freedom, because they desire the activities and the pleasures which college generously gives. They bring with them some traditions of scholarship, and some knowledge of the world, with a corresponding elasticity of judgment. They may or may not be good students, but their influence makes for serenity and balance. Their four years' course lacks, however, a definite goal. It is a training for life, as is the four years' course of their Yale and Harvard brothers, but with this difference: the college woman's life is still open to adjustment.

Often it adjusts itself along time-honored lines, and with time-honored results. In this happy event, some mystic figures are recalculated in scientific journals, the graduate's babies are added to the fractional birth-rate accredited to the college woman, her family and friends consider that individually she has settled the whole vexed question of education and domesticity, and the world, enamoured always of the traditional type of femininity, goes on its way rejoicing. If, however, the graduate evinces no inclination for social and domestic joys, if she longs to do some definite work, to breathe the breath of men's activities, and to guide herself, as a man must do, through the intricate mazes of life, it is the part of justice and of wisdom to let her try. Nothing steadies the

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restless soul like work—real work which has an economic value, and is measured by the standards of the world. The college woman has been trained to independence of thought and to a wide reasonableness of outlook. She has also received some equipment in the way of knowledge, not more perhaps than could be easily absorbed in the ordinary routine of life, but enough to give her a fair start in whatever field of industry she enters. If she develops into efficiency, if she makes good her hold upon work, she silences her critics. If she fails, and can, in Stevenson's noble words, "take honorable defeat to be a form of victory," she has not wasted her endeavors.

It is strange that the advantages of a college course for girls—advantages solid and reckonable—should be still so sharply questioned by men and women of the world. It is stranger still that its earnest advocates should claim for it in a special manner the few merits it does not possess. When President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University tells us that "it is hardly necessary among intelligent men and women to argue that a good woman is a better one for having received a college education. Anything short of this is inadequate for the demands of modern life and modern culture," we can only echo the words of the wise cat in Mr. Froude's Pilgrimage," "There may be truth in what you say, but your view is limited." Goodness, indeed, is not a matter easily opened to discussion. Who can pigeonhole goodness, or assign it a locality? But culture (if by the word we mean that common understanding of the world's best traditions which enables us to meet one another with mental ease) is not the fair fruit of a college education. It is primarily a matter of inheritance, of lifelong surroundings, of temperament, of delicacy of taste, of early and vivid impressions. It is often found in college, but it is not a collegiate product. The demands made upon a student by her degree preclude wide wanderings "in the realms of gold." If in her four years of study she has gained some solid knowledge on one or two subjects, with a power of approach in other directions, she has done well, and justified the wisdom of the group system, which makes for intellectual discipline and real attainments.

In households where there is little education, the college daughter is reverenced for what she knows—for her Latin, her mathematics, her biology. What she does not know, being also unknown to her family, causes no dismay. In households where the standard of cultivation is high, the college daughter is made the subject of good-humored ridicule, because she lacks the general information of her sisters—because she has never heard of Abelard and Héloïse, of Graham of Claverhouse, of "The Beggar's Opera." Nobody expects the college son to know these things, or is in the least surprised when he does not; but the college daughter is supposed to be the repository of universal erudition. Every now and then somebody rushes into print with indignant illustrations of her ignorance, as though ignorance were not the one common possession of mankind. Those of us who are not undergoing examinations are not driven to reveal it, a comfortable circumstance, which need not, however, make us unreasonably proud.

Therefore, when we are told of sophomores who place Shakspere in the twelfth, and Dickens in the seventeenth century, who are under the impression that "Don Quixote" flowed from the fertile pen of Mr. Marion Crawford, and who are not aware that a gentleman named James Boswell wrote a most entertaining life of another gentleman named Samuel Johnson, we need not lift up horror-stricken hands to heaven, but call to mind how many other things there are in this world to know. That a girl student should mistake *Launcelot Gobbo* for King Arthur's knight is not a matter of surprise to one who remembers how three young men, graduates of the oldest and proudest colleges in the land, placidly confessed ignorance of *Petruchio*. Shakspere, after all, belongs to the "realms of gold." The higher education, as now understood, permits the student to escape him, and to escape the Bible as well. As a consequence of these exemptions, a bachelor of arts may be, and often is, unable to meet his intellectual equals with mental ease. Allusions that have passed into the common vocabulary of cultivated men and women have no meaning for him. Does not Mr. Andrew Lang tell us of an Oxford student who wanted to know what people meant when they said "hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt"; and has not the present writer

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been asked by a Harvard graduate if she could remember a Joseph, "somewhere" in the Old Testament, who was "decoyed into Egypt by a coat of many colors"?

To measure *any* form of schooling by its direct results is to narrow a wide issue to insignificance. The by-products of education are the things which count. It has been well said that the direct results obtained from Eton and Rugby are a few copies of indifferent Latin verse; the by-products are the young men who run the Indian empire. We may be startled for a moment by discovering a student of political economy to be wholly and happily ignorant of Mr. Lloyd-George's "Budget," the most vivid object-lesson of our day; but how many Americans who talked about the budget, and had impassioned views on the subject, knew what it really contained? If the student's intelligence is so trained that she has some adequate grasp of economics, if she has been lifted once and forever out of the Robin Hood school of political economy, which is so dear to a woman's generous heart, it matters little how early or how late she becomes acquainted with the history of her own time. "Depend upon it," said the wise Dr. Johnson, whom undergraduates are sometimes wont to slight, "no woman was ever the worse for sense and knowledge." It was his habit to rest a superstructure on foundations.

The college graduate is far more immature than her characteristic self-reliance leads us to suppose. By her side, the girl who has left school at eighteen, and has lived four years in the world, is weighted with experience. The extension of youth is surely as great a boon to women as to men. There is time enough ahead of all of us in which to grow old and circumspect. For four years the student's interests have been keen and concentrated, the healthy, limited interests of a community. For four years her pleasures have been simple and sane. For four years her ambitions, like the ambitions of her college brother, have been as deeply concerned with athletics as with text-books. She has had a better chance for physical development than if she had "come out" at eighteen. Her college life has been exceptionally happy, because its complications have been few, and its freedom as wide as wisdom would permit. The system of self-government, now introduced into most of the Eastern colleges, has justified itself beyond all questioning. It has promoted a clear understanding of honor, it has taught the student the value of discipline, it has lent dignity to the routine of her life.

> Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,

is surely the first and the best lesson which the citizen of a republic needs to learn.

Writers on educational themes have pointed out—with shivers of apprehension—that while a woman student working among men at a foreign university is mentally stimulated by her surroundings, stimulated often to the point of scholarship, her development is not uniform and normal. She is always in danger of sinking her femininity, or of over-emphasizing it. In the former case, she loses charm and personality; in the latter, sanity and balance. From both perils, the college woman in the United States is happily exempt. President Jordan offers as a plea for coeducation the healthy sense of companionship between boy and girl students. "There is less of silliness and folly," he says, "where man is not a novelty." But in truth, this particular form of silliness and folly is at a discount in every woman's college simply because the interests and occupations which crowd the student's day leave little room for its expansion.

The three best things about the college life of girls are its attitude toward money (an attitude which contrasts sharply with that of many private schools), its attitude toward social disparities, and its attitude toward men. The atmosphere of the college is reasonably democratic. Like gravitates toward like, and a similarity of background and tradition forms a natural basis for companionship; but there is tolerance for other backgrounds which are not without dignity, though they may be lacking in distinction. Poverty is admittedly inconvenient, but carries no reproach. Light hearts and jesting tongues minimize its discomforts.

That large and influential portion of the community which does not know its own mind, and which the rest of the world is always endeavoring to conciliate, is still divided between its honest desire to educate women, and its fear lest the woman,

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when educated, should lose the conservative force which is her most valuable asset. That small and combative portion of the community which knows its own mind accurately, and always demands the impossible, is determined that the college girl shall betake herself to practical pursuits, that she shall wedge into her four years of work courses in domestic science, the chemistry of food, nursing, dressmaking, house sanitation, pedagogy, and that blight of the nursery—child-study. These are the things, we are often told, which it behooves a woman to know, and by the mastery of which she is able, so says a generous writer in the "Educational Review," "to repay in some measure her debt to man, who has extended to her the benefits of a higher education."

It is to be feared that the girl graduate, the youthful bachelor of arts, who steps smiling through the serried ranks of students, her heart beating gladly in response to their thunderous applause, has little thought of repaying her debt to man. Somebody has made an address which she was too nervous to hear, and has affirmed, with that impressiveness which we all lend to our easiest generalizations, that the purpose of college is to give women a broad and liberal education, and at the same time to preserve and develop the characteristics of a complete womanhood. Somebody else has followed up the address with a few fervent remarks, declaring that the only proof of competence is performance. "The world belongs to those who have stormed it." This last ringing sentence —delivered with an almost defiant air of originality—has perhaps caught the graduate's ear, but its familiar cadence awakened no response. Has she not already stormed the world by taking her degree, and does not the world belong to her in any case by virtue of her youth and inexperience? Never, while she lives, will it be so completely hers as on the day of her graduation. Let her enjoy her possession while she may.

And her equipment? Well, those of us who call to mind the medley of unstable facts, untenable theories, and undesirable accomplishments, which was *our* substitute for education, deem her solidly informed. If the wisdom of the college president has rescued her from domestic science, and her own common sense has steered her clear of art, she has had a chance, in four years of study, to lay the foundation of knowledge. Her vocabulary is curiously limited. At her age, her grandmother, if a gentlewoman, used more words, and used them better. But, then, her grandmother had not associated exclusively with youthful companions. The graduate has serious views of life, which are not amiss, and a healthy sense of humor to enliven them. She is resourceful, honorable, and pathetically self-reliant. In her highest and happiest development she merits the noble words in which an old Ferrara chronicler praises the loveliest and the most maligned woman in all history. "The lady is keen and intellectual, joyous and human, and possesses good reasoning powers."

To balance these permanent gains, there are some temporary losses. The college student, if she does not take up a definite line of work, is apt, for a time at least, to be unquiet. That quality so lovingly described by Peacock as "stayathomeativeness" is her least noticeable characteristic. The smiling discharge of uncongenial social duties, which disciplines the woman of the world, seems to her unseeing eyes a waste of time and opportunities. She has read little, and that little not for "human delight." Excellence in literature has been pointed out to her, starred and double-starred like Baedeker's cathedrals. She has been taught the value of standards, and has been spared the groping of the undirected reader, who builds up her own standards slowly and hesitatingly by an endless process of comparison. The saving in time is beneficial, and some defects in taste have been remedied. But human delight does not respond to authority. It is the hour of rapturous reading and the power of secret thinking which make for personal distinction. The shipwreck of education, says Dr. William James, is to be unable, after years of study, to recognize unticketed eminence. The best result obtainable from college, with its liberal and honorable traditions, is that training in the humanities which lifts the raw boy and girl into the ranks of the understanding, enabling them to sympathize with men's mistakes, to feel the beauty of lost causes, the pathos of misguided epochs, "the ceaseless whisper of permanent ideals."

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FROM JERICHO TO BETHLEHEM

(THE HOLY LAND: FIFTH PAPER)

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

JERICHO has much of the peculiar fascination that belongs to an oasis. It is a tract of rich, sub-tropical fertility, guarded sternly, as if it were some precious jewel, by sterility. And the sterility is as grand as the jewel is enticing. There is nothing in the Holy Land more impressive than the country that lies about Jericho. It has a vigorous wildness, essentially and splendidly masculine, which uplifts the spirit of man. It is an ascetic, but it is also a tonic region; a place for robbers, but also for anchorites, for the activities of crime, but also for the activities of saintliness. One might easily fall among thieves in that strange but profoundly interesting turmoil of rocks and ravines and mountains. And might not one as easily be fed by ravens? The traveler, if he be at all imaginative, can almost believe it. For nature there has an impress that seems eloquent of an almighty hand. And this impress, formidable and glorious, has deeply affected the sensitive souls of men.

An extraordinary population has been drawn to the savage neighborhood of the Dead Sea, a population of anchorites, solitaries, mortifiers of the flesh, monks, and mere eccentrics; these last probably men of unstable mental equilibrium, whose imaginations have been inflamed by the combination of marvelous tradition with marvelous nature, and who have thought to be wonderful in the midst of wonder.

As one travels to Jericho, if one leaves the highway now and then for a track in the hills, one can look down from afar upon the scattered homes of these people of the wilderness. Before them, perhaps, are tiny and meandering terraces, with minute alcoves perched above beetling precipices. Some are bordered by tracts of desolation which I have heard called gardens. Very seldom does one spy out any inhabitant. But now and then a black, doll-like figure may be discerned moving among the labyrinthine rocks, leaning on a parapet, descending a staircase or ladder, creeping almost like a fly along the mountain-side with a pannier of provisions, or letting down a water-basket from on high into the trickle of the Kedron. In and about the ravine of the Kedron anchorites have loved to dwell, in the "monk's valley" which eventually merges into the Wadi-en-Nar, or "Valley of fire." All this region recalls to one's mind the history of Elijah, so full of drama, and that "school of Prophets" which, perhaps a mere name till one has "gone down" from Jerusalem unto Jericho, remains ever after in the memory a

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living reality. One has seen the place of the Prophets, and henceforth one thinks of them not as fantastic and almost impossible beings, unnatural anywhere, a sort of visitation sent down upon a heedless world, but as men belonging to their world and their time, no longer unnatural, meet children of this astounding mother at whose breast they were suckled, out of whose arms they rose, to direct and to denounce. Even religion, even the consuming love of God, must, one feels, have had in it something savage, stern, even something bitter, in such a tract of the world as this, before the teaching of Christ.

In going to Jericho I visited Bethany, where Christ raised Lazarus from the dead, and where he often retired to rest in the house of Mary and Martha. Bethany is a small village of gray houses spread out on a slope of the Mount of Olives, with some fruit-trees and olives about it, overlooked by a Russian church with a cupola and tower, where it is said that Mary met our Lord and begged him to come to Lazarus. Most of the houses are now inhabited by Mohammedans. I descended a number of steep steps in darkness to see the place called the Tomb of Lazarus, a sort of cavern excavated in the limestone, in which the Franciscan fathers occasionally say mass. I was also shown the massive ruins of the House of Simon the Leper and the House of Mary and Martha. The latter name is given to an arch and a small, rough bit of wall contained in an inclosure full of brambles, grass, poppies, and wild cactus. A pomegranate-tree also raises its head there. A bird was singing. A light breeze stirred the heads of the poppies. The cries of little, playing Mohammedans came to me from without. The authenticity of this holy place is, I believe, very doubtful. The age of the fragments of ruin is not known, nor is it established that their site is the site where she who sat at our Lord's feet, and she who was cumbered with much serving, once had their humble dwelling. Yet that small inclosure remains in my memory as a sweet and touching place, perhaps because it has been let alone—left to the poppies and the grasses instead of stiffly planted with marigolds and stocks. In it one can understand that Christ found peace at Bethany, and loved to come there from the turmoil of Jerusalem. The name, Bethany, is said by some to mean house of affliction; by others, house of dates, though the latter, in the East, could surely never be also the former.

It was after leaving Bethany, and getting into the highway which eventually descends to the plain where Jericho lies, that I for the first time saw the most touching sight in the Holy Land, the Russian peasants on pilgrimage. Hitherto I had occasionally met them in twos and threes on the long ways of the land, and of course swarming everywhere in Jerusalem. Now I saw them in small bands, on the march. The day was rather windy and cold, one of those peculiar white days that are at the same time glaring and sad. The country into which I was coming was barren; looked almost hostile in its desolation. One saw this road, obviously an important highway, and yet one could not believe that it led to any center, to any habitations of men. It seemed to be winding into the wilderness where no water is. And into the wilderness, bravely, with their strange simplicity of courage, were marching the people of Holy Russia, singing hymns in the wind, among the stones, the dust, the nakedness. These voices go straight to the heart. In their timbre is the innocence that dwells in the eyes of a young child. But in the eyes of the child one sees a touching faith and perfect confidence in this world. In the voices of the Russian pilgrims one hears faith and confidence in the world to come, when pilgrimage will be over, and feet rest among the flowers of paradise.

Before the Inn of the Good Samaritan we stopped to repose among the pilgrims. This humble and rough place of refreshment stands quite alone near the summit of a pass, with hills behind it. It is a long, one-storied building of yellow stone, with a sloping roof of pink tiles, round windows with yellow shutters of wood, and a great arched doorway leading into the paved and sparsely furnished interior. Before it are long, wooden troughs at which the horses feed, while the drivers drink coffee and smoke cigarettes. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and the near hills were full of delicate shades of pink and yellow. Far away the lofty mountains of Moab loomed through a wonder of haze. All around the pilgrims were rest-

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THE DEAD SEA AND THE MOUNTAINS OF MOAB

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ing. Most of them were old, and some very old. One man, immensely tall and gaunt, with bushy eyebrows, high cheek-bones, small gray eyes, and a flattened nose with wide nostrils, had an extraordinary resemblance to the portraits of Tolstoi. His beard flowed far over his chest, on which lay five medals. He wore a high fur hat, top-boots, and a long soldier's coat drawn in at the back. And he sat on a bit of rock, eating slowly a hunch of dark bread, which he had drawn from a bundle and which he cut with a clasp-knife. Near him were three elderly women, broad, heavily built, and loaded with bundles, and an old man whose face was muffled up in shaggy gray hair. The members of this group did not speak. They sat together, gazing quietly at this place—one of the places of their holy dreams in their own land. Now at last they were here, on the spot where the man fell among thieves, and was succored, and brought to an inn, and taken care of. There was something mystical in those old eyes, which had seen much of the weariness and the trouble of life, but which now saw the land of Jesus. The three women began to sing with the voices of children. And the old soldier forgot to eat, laid his gnarled hands on his dusty knees, and listened, moving his lips. Always along the road other pilgrims came, toiling upward like Christian up the Hill of Difficulty, bowed beneath the loads that had been carried from the interior of Russia, and seldom laid away except on the voyage over the sea, at night, and during the long stay in the holy city. Presently before the Inn of the Good Samaritan we numbered a crowd, and nearly all Russians. Bits of black bread were produced by men and women, and eaten slowly, not voraciously, but with a quiet relish. Some crossed themselves repeatedly. A few prayed. There was not much talking. Many seemed to be sunk in wide-eyed dreams. Many were very grave, but in their gravity there was no bitterness; only a sort of gentle and deep seriousness that was full of humanity. Now and then a few voices sang sweetly together. And then, the repose over, the black bread eaten, the bundles were girded on again, the big staffs were taken in hand, and onward they slowly went once more; their minds surely full of the thought of Jordan, their eyes set toward the mountains of Moab. Whenever I saw the Russian pilgrims I thought of that day when Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst.

The descent into the plain of Jericho is tremendously wild. From the turmoil of rocks one looks down, and one sees a green patch set in a great tract that is like the desert, and that stretches to the shore of the Dead Sea. This patch is Jericho. And Jericho, so often abused, spoken of as a filthy and abandoned village devoid of interest, as a collection of squalid hovels, as a place to get away from as quickly as possible, is in reality full of fascination, of a peculiar poetry. Josephus has called it the Earthly Paradise. But that was very long ago. Once the patch of green was only part of a great stretch of glorious fertility in the midst of which was a city shaded by groves of palms. From Mount Quarantana, not far off in the west, Satan is said to have shown our Lord "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." And in those days the valley of the Jordan was a highway for great caravans going from Damascus to Arabia. Now a strange peace, a delicious lethargy, has fallen upon this region. It is full of the beauty of desertion. Others may regret what one well-known writer has called "the wretchedness and ruin" of Jericho. I am unable to do so. To me, coming down upon it from the savage route that winds through the country of the anchorites, liberated after many days from the perpetual winds and from the rain that prevailed in Jerusalem, it seemed like a little paradise. It lies between eight and nine hundred feet below the level of the sea, at the edge of one of the strangest, most ghostly, and abandoned wildernesses I have ever seen—the valley of the Jordan, with its slime-pits, its hillocks crowned with sidr-trees,—those cruel trees full of thorns from one of which perhaps Christ's crown was made,—its streaks and gashes of sickly white and sickly yellow, like long and livid wounds made in the shrinking body of the earth, its orange-colored sands melting into clay, its lonely sea of death. Over all this valley there broods a strange and hectic warmth, enervating, no doubt, and perhaps hateful if one has to endure it for long, but delicious—to me at least—for a short time, after days spent in the midst of damp, and

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blown upon perpetually by cold and gusty winds.

All that now remains of Jericho is a village of tumble-down houses occupied by a population of Bedouins and negroes, with a few better habitations of stone with red roofs, three or four small hotels, a church of Holy Russia, a Russian hospice, and a serai. But this village is embraced by gardens and thickets, and wild, luxuriant vegetation that recalled to me memories of the tropics, and of the isles in the deep blue seas that are full of mystery and wonder. Again and again, as I wandered alone in the oasis where the women in dim purple and black, their heads bound by red and orange handkerchiefs, their breasts covered with masses of beads and amulets, glide noiselessly by on naked feet, carrying between their lips those wonderful mauve roses of Jericho, I thought of Haiti, of villages under the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, where life seems always a dream, at least to the Western man.

If you wish to savor Jericho, to enter into its dream, you must escape from companions and go alone, as I did, for long strolls without an aim, for slow saunters in the warm noontide and at evening between the hedges of pea-flowers, the pepper-trees, the oleanders, the tall bamboos. The drowsy air that enfolds you seems to have a definite personality, to be fraught with a definite purpose, the lulling of all energetic desires to sleep. It has caught strange perfumes into its net, captured from those half-hidden gardens of which you catch glimpses over or through the uneven and broken hedges of the *spina Christi*—gardens where the pink and white and mauve of the pea-blossoms mingle with the rose-colored flower of the oleander, with the white of the jasmine, with the vivid red of the pomegranate-blossom. And the oleander of Jericho is a tree with a thick and twisted trunk, and the jasmine, too, is a tree beneath which you can sit down to dream. Everywhere the bamboo raises its yellow-green head. It grows in masses almost as dense as the masses of thorn-bushes which, spreading everywhere through Jericho, give it that definite note of unkemptness which reminded me of the unkempt luxuriance—of course on the great, not the small scale—of the West Indian forests. An extraordinary calm hangs over the gardens, the half-hidden huts of the natives, the thickets, the groves. A voice singing among the bamboos by a trickle of water, the laugh of a negro child who divides the thorns or the jasmine flowers with its little black hands to peep at the passing stranger, the cry of a boy to his companion at the edge of Elisha's Fountain—these sounds, mysteriously detached, arise in the drowsy sunshine out of the wide and remote silence like delicate echoes, and seem to sink back into it like things governed by the necessity of languid repose. Life, as we Westerners think of it, seems removed to an immense distance. One can hardly believe in it any more. The hashish of Jericho is at our lips. A little more wandering, and it is in our brains, and surely in our hearts. At a turn in the path, under a mimosa-tree, stands a slim girl with long Arab eyes, holding loosely a great bouquet of mauve-pink roses. Her bracelets jingle, shifting on her thin, brown arm, as she gives them to you with a smile. And you remember the old name of Jericho—the place of fragrance.

But when the night comes, you remember that it was called also the City of the Moon.

Its fascination increases as afternoon wanes and the evening light takes the plain, the Dead Sea, and all the mountains: Quarantana, the Mount of Temptation forever connected with Christ; the mountains of Gilead, of Edom, Pisgah, Nebo, from which Moses beheld the land of Canaan; the magical mountains of Moab. Then indeed romance is released from its secret abiding-place and God is felt in nature.

One evening toward sunset I left my little hotel and strolled out into the road that bordered the waste. Before me was a depression full of scattered thorn-bushes. To the left the road wound on toward the village. I followed it, walking slowly. A Bedouin, wearing a rose-colored turban, passed me. Under a thorn-tree a white dog was lying asleep. I met two Greek priests, with auburn hair floating over their shoulders, sauntering near the church, which is surrounded by cypresses, and has a quantity of young, sharply green trees and shrubs in front of it. A little farther on I came upon a group of women in black, with some small children, chat-

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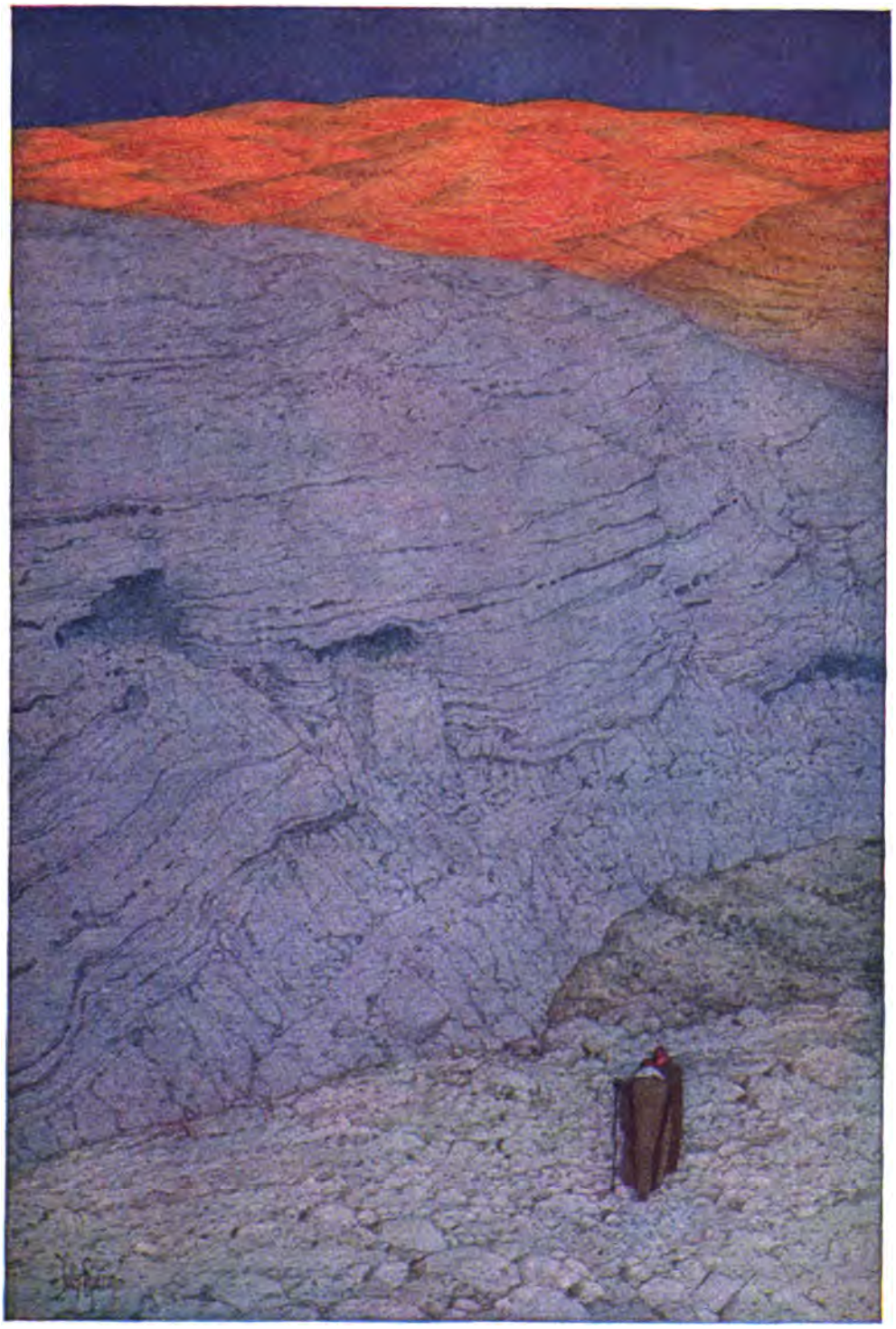

THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA

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THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA AT BETHANY

tering and laughing gaily. Just before sunset is the fashionable hour for the promenade in Jericho. From the pleasant garden of the Jordan Hotel, whose former proprietor was murdered while riding alone from Jericho to Jerusalem, came the dry sound of thrown dice. I looked, and under an arbor I saw a priest of the Latins playing backgammon with a young Syrian. The air was balmy and full of balsamic odors. In the village, among the one-storied, whitewashed, or earth-colored houses, with slightly sloping roofs made of dried earth laid on sticks, there was a stir—that is, for Jericho, home of all the languors. Goats were pattering homeward, stirring up the dust. Arabs were talking and laughing together round a cane arbor under which was a coffee-table. Donkeys were being unloaded and sacks flung aside. Boys were playing some mysterious game, squatting on their haunches in the dust. Before the serai some camels were protesting as they were forced to lie down. And the light of evening that fell upon Jericho, as the sun declined toward the mountains of Judea, made every object touching and beautiful, seemed even to beautify sounds.

As I went on through the village, going toward Elisha's Fountain, which is perhaps a mile away from the houses, I felt more strongly than ever before the peculiar charm of an oasis, which is the essential charm of Jericho. For now the great Mountain of Temptation, with its beetling precipices, and terrific masses of rock, among which is perched a white monastery, began to assume an iron aspect that is specially characteristic of heights that are lifted above the sands. And all the hills near it, with their rounded tops like huge towers, their cruel ravines, their treeless flanks, looked as if for centuries those fires which congregate among the crested dunes had beaten pitilessly upon them. And when I gained the top of a small mound I saw that this kingdom of

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THE PLAIN OF JERICHO

mauve roses, of mighty bananas, of bamboo forests, great oleanders, plane-trees, poplars, date-palms, cypresses, luxuriant vines, and scarlet and white flowers, with its limpid waters, its sunbirds, its laughing and dreaming brown people, was only a little kingdom on the frontiers of desolation. In whatever direction I looked the delicious green died away into the terrible pallors of a waterless world.

I sat for a while at the edge of Elisha's Fountain, which now looks like a neatly constructed swimming-bath. It is to this spring that the gardens of Jericho owe their luxuriance. The men of Jericho said to the Prophet, "The situation of this city is pleasant . . . but the water is naught, and the ground barren." And Elisha cast the contents of a new cruse of salt into the spring, "So the waters were healed unto this day."

Limpid and cool they shone at my feet in the last rays of the sun. But I could look only at the mountains, at the heights of Judea, very clear, in color now a soft blue, with some gashes of white, some notes of brown—and then at the mountains of Moab.

The mountains of Moab are the wonder and the glory of this land. And surely among all the ranges of the world they must stand out forever in the memory of him who has looked upon them. Their beauty is ineffable, and tradition seems to have given to that beauty a sort of consecration. From a sanctuary of Moab Moses gazed upon the Promised Land, and there he died and was buried. Before his death in Moab he made the great Covenant with the children of Israel, when God established them "for a people unto himself." Whereas the other ranges of mountains that guard the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea are stern and terrible, cruel in their fierce nakedness, the mountains of Moab seem always to hold themselves apart in a mood of exquisite reserve. Always a kind of lovely veil seems floating before them, through which, though they are often seen distinctly, they present themselves with a species of noble restraint, suggestive of a strange purity and dignity which may rightly be worshiped, but which must never be too nearly approached. And yet with this austerity there is blended a romance

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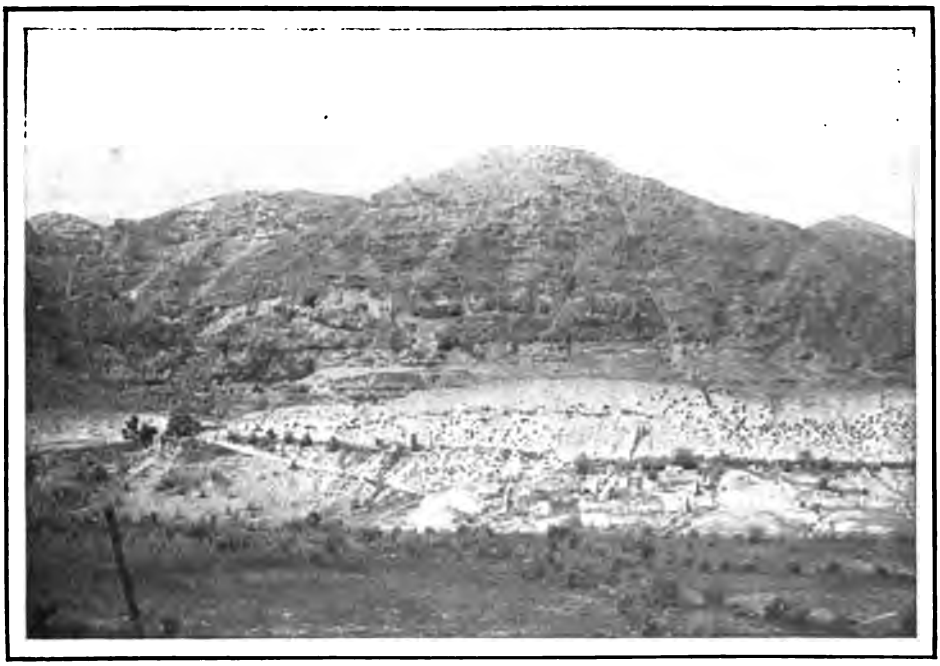
which is poignant. No other mountains are romantic as are the corrugated mountains of Moab. No other mystery is akin to their mystery, as they watch over the Dead Sea at the frontiers of the land to which "He led them forth." And as behind the blue hills of Judea the sun goes down, and the last rays fade from the waters of Elisha's Fountain, and the green cloud of the tangled oasis darkens into a somber hue, in which gray and brown are mingled with black, in which the bright hues of the flowers are swallowed up, and the cypresses come to their own, the mountains of Moab seem to retire, folding softly their veil about them, into some region unknown to man, beyond our voices and the wandering of our feet, but to which our deepest longings draw mystically near.

In going from Jericho to the shore of the Dead Sea one passes across the waste, and it is thought necessary to be escorted by a Bedouin guard fully armed. Ours was mounted upon a beautiful chestnut horse, and galloped in advance of us. The fertility of Jericho was swiftly left behind, and we were lost in a land of desolation that was terrible—a land that itself seemed utterly lost and forgotten by God. The sun shone brilliantly that day, though banks of cloud lay above the ranges of mountains. What must this region be like without the sun? Scattered over the waste are many white and ghastly hummocks, which look like manifestations of disease, as if the earth were sore afflicted and needed a healing hand. But this hand is not laid upon it. A white monastery, inhabited by monks of the Greek Church, stands up like a specter, the only habitation. Near the shore of the sea, which shelves a very little, is some scrub. In the distance on our left the lower spurs of the hills discovered an extraordinary turmoil of pallors: grievous grays, yellows, pinky whites, sickly browns and leaden hues, and indescribable tints suggestive of suffering and horror. Have you ever seen the faces of a crowd struck suddenly to panic in the glare of a strong light? So looks this land—stricken, and even sinful, but wonderful. And always there are the mountains of Moab, romantic and almost savagely pure, ranged peak on peak behind their delicate veil, brooding now above the desolate waters that seem abandoned like the earth.

By the shore of the sea we found a wattled hut with a wild-looking Bedouin outside it. And here our guard left us, I sup-



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MOUNT QUARANTANA, THE TRADITIONAL MOUNTAIN OF CHRIST'S TEMPTATION

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pose. For I did not see him—and I wanted to see him—on the further journey to Jordan. I walked for a little while by the sea. It was curled by tiny waves. The near water was pale green, the distant water dark green. On the pebbly beach a lot of driftwood was lying. There was some orange-colored sand. Not a boat was visible. There was no sign of life anywhere. I saw no birds. I compared this sea with Galilee. Galilee looks as if it lay under a hand lifted in blessing, the Dead Sea under a hand lifted in imprecation. One would fear to set sail upon it—even to voyage to the precipices of Moab, to discover the great secret.

When the waste took us again I was presently almost startled to see a living thing moving in the distance. It was a camel, quite alone, going slowly toward the Dead Sea, as if it had been driven, like the scapegoat, into the wilderness bearing a burden of evil. As I watched it, it turned its head toward us, changed its direction, quickened its pace, and began to follow us. At the same moment my Arab coachman made a furious assault with the whip on his three horses, which broke into a gallop. My companion, a Syrian, spoke to him in Arabic, received a reply, and looked very grave. "What is the matter?" I asked. He told me that the camel which was following us was mad, and that our coachman had been warned of its presence in the wilderness by the Bedouin at the Dead Sea. As we galloped on, swaying from side to side, and often looking back at the beast, which steadily, though at a considerable distance, came after us, my friend regretted that we were not armed, and said that if we were overtaken we should be in a serious difficulty. It was then I looked for our Bedouin guard and did not find him. Fortunately his absence was not of consequence to us, for the maniac in our tracks was evidently too tired to come up with us, and we reached the Jordan in safety. Once there we were among trees and, even if we had still been pursued, could very easily have got away. Our predicament might have been disagreeable and even very dangerous, for a mad camel, once its attention is fastened on any moving object, will generally pursue it untiringly till it is overtaken. I have known an instance when one followed an acquaintance of mine, who was mounted on a fine Arab horse, and overtook him after a pursuit that had lasted more than three hours. Luckily he was armed with a gun, and when he was forced to turn to bay, disabled the brute.

We came to Jordan at the spot where the Russian pilgrims bathe, but not one was there that day, and the muddy river flowed undisturbed at the foot of the dense thickets of trees, willows, oaks, poplars, and tamarisks, that crowd to its edge and in many places lean over its waters as if desiring baptism. At the ford, where the pilgrims enter the river, and where it is supposed that Christ was baptized, there is a sandy shore, and here a wooden shed has been erected, and two guards have been placed. The river makes a curve here, and vanishes to right and left of you as you face it. Wishing to follow its course, I entered a large, flat-bottomed boat, and was rowed out by an Arab into the current. Almost as soon as we had passed the bend we were in absolute solitude on the brown water. The river is not very broad, not striking, but the trees, and brambles, and rank undergrowth were full of singing birds, the bright sunshine fell on the willows, the air was cool and light, the boatman sang as he plied his primitive oars. Soon we came to low cliffs, and beyond the trees saw a maze of low desert hills, brown, pink, white, gray, pale yellow. And I made my Arab lie on his oars, and for a long while I stayed there in a silence broken only by the rapture of the birds at the edge of the sacred stream. Tradition held me captive. For I was gazing at the place from which Elijah is said to have been caught up by a whirlwind into heaven. Under the bank opposite to me there was a delicious, shadowy nook that reminded me of the Thames, of punts, and of English girls in white dresses. But those hills—how they spoke to me of the East! And Elijah had dwelt among them!

The boatman began his song once more. The chariot and the horses of fire vanished. I gave the signal. The boat swung round, and we went back slowly against the stream to the sandy place by the ford.

To the south of Jerusalem, and between five and six miles distant from it, Bethlehem lies on a limestone hill, in which are cut terraces planted with splendid olive-trees, fig- and other fruit-trees and vines.

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THE RIVER JORDAN

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ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN

From a distance the gray town looks important and prosperous. It has a background of bare hills. It lies in a stony country. From it can be seen far away the mountains of Moab. On the highroad between it and Jerusalem at Easter-time there is an everflowing stream of pilgrims, and the narrow streets near the famous old church founded by Constantine the Great's mother, the Empress Helena, are thronged by Russians and travelers of all nations. As I joined this crowd, and threaded my way between the houses strongly built of stone, with thick walls and ample doorways, and the dome-shaped roofs of stone for the construction of which the builders of Bethlehem are famous all over Palestine, I looked with interest at the natives of our Lord's birthplace.

In the Holy Land one passes from one little world to another with a swiftness that is almost bewildering. At one moment the world is Circassian, at another Jewish, at another Italian, or German, Mohammedan, or Druse. And even the native populations of the different towns in which Christianity prevails differ markedly from one another. The people of Bethlehem are distinguished by ability, energy, enterprise, and adaptability, and, I thought, looked a powerful and vigorous lot, fearless and self-reliant and perhaps almost too independent. Many of them emigrate, for they have no fear of travel and make excellent colonists. It is possible to come upon men of Bethlehem in eastern Africa and even in Haiti. Now for the first time I saw the remarkable head-dresses for which the married women of Bethlehem

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TRAVELERS FROM BETHLEHEM, NEAR THE WALLS OF OLD JERUSALEM

are famous. They are large and entirely conceal the hair. I was told that the foundation is a fez, stiffened and covered with cotton. Chains of silver on which are strung rows of silver coins ornament the front, and a great white veil made of cotton gives the finishing touch. Strongly built and active, the matrons of Bethlehem look very imposing as they go about their affairs, and I should scarcely think they live in great subjection to their husbands. That they make alarming mothers-in-law I can well believe. There is a proverb in Palestine, "Were the mother-in-law to love her daughter-in-law, dogs would go into paradise."

The Church of the Holy Nativity is entered through a doorway so small that I had to bend my head in order to pass through it. It is roofed with wood cut from the cedars of Lebanon, has double rows of yellow pillars, and is very large and very simple, and fine in its simplicity. Here and there I came upon a Turkish soldier standing patiently, gun in hand, to keep Christian dogs in order. For in this church, built on the spot where tradition places the birth of Christ, there is often brawling and fighting as in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Joint ownership is here, as in Jerusalem, the main cause of all the trouble. The church with its holy place belongs to the Latins, the Greeks, and the Armenians, and the three religions, needless to say, do not dwell together in peace. When I was in Bethlehem I saw evidence of the rights of the Armenians, for when I made my way to the cavern in which it is believed that our Saviour was born, I found it occupied by Armenian priests who were holding an elaborate service.

To reach this sacred cavern, round and over which the great church has been built, you pass through a screen into a rather gorgeous chapel belonging to the Greeks, gay with sacred pictures, and glittering with gold and silver and hanging-lamps, roofed with cedar, and paved with marble, and come to two flights of marble steps forming a half-moon. These steps are rather narrow and lead down into the cavern, which is in the living rock. When I reached them I heard a sound of chanting in a man's deep voice. I paused, and below me, in a dimness revealed by the lighted candles held by Russian pilgrims standing or sitting upon the steps, I saw

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two Armenian priests, dressed in pink, white, red, and gold vestments, with long hair and heavy beards. They also held candles and books, and were loudly worshiping before a silver star. Beside them, impassive, handsome, gun in hand, fez on head, stood an immensely tall Turkish soldier, with half-shut eyes, weary no doubt with the long sentry duty which in Palestine is the Turkish soldier's lot during Holy Week and at Easter. The loud voices of the priests ceased, and I heard boys singing. Then again the priests raised their somber chants, one answering the other. I descended softly between the Russians who, absorbed, as they always are, did not glance at me, and I, too, stood before the star. It is inlaid in marble, is of silver, and is bordered by the solemn inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." The place where it lies is called the Recess of the Nativity, and the small space before it, where people were kneeling, is called the Chapel of the Manger. The whole cavern is named the Chapel of the Nativity. Here it is believed that the Magi came with their offerings, and their altar is here. Lamps belonging to the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians burn here night and day as year follows after year. The low roof is draped, and parts of the walls are draped in blue and silver, and there is a casing of marble brought from Italy. The service was long and monotonous, but I did not regret it. The priests' and the boys' voices sounded strange and almost unearthly in the heart of this rock consecrated by the simple faith of thousands. Under the gold and silver lamps the barbaric vestments shone and gleamed as the priests moved to and fro, bowed, kneeled, or stood upright. The Turkish soldier, who was on a tiny platform of wood, stared with his heavy eyes at the star. Crouched on the rows of steps, lit by their flickering candles, the Russian pilgrims wept, crossed themselves, moved their old lips in the prayers of their church, and perhaps also in prayers that were spontaneously born at this supreme moment in their peasant lives in their own hearts. And the legend by the star held the eyes and the soul: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."

At such moments man seems to hold within him an imperative need to accept and believe. Only when the voices died away, when the priests and the pilgrims were gone, when I ascended once more into the nave of the great church, which is said to be the oldest nave in Christendom, was I able to remember that probably Christ was not born in a cave of the rock. As to the visit and adoration of the Magi, St. Matthew wrote of it, "And when they"—the Magi—"were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him." The tradition concerning the cave of the silver star is therefore probably erroneous. Be it so. But faith and worship have made the Chapel of the Nativity in Bethlehem forever sacred. For there thousands have seen the star in the East and, having seen, have gone to their own homes, carrying with them a belief made suddenly more vital, more serene, made as bright as the lamps that ceaselessly burn above those solemn words in the marble beneath the impending rock: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."

(To be continued)

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"SOME LITTLE TALK AWHILE OF *ME* AND *THEE* THERE WAS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HARRY W. WATROUS

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A GREAT STORY

BY ADELINE KNAPP

Author of "The Well in the Desert"

BRAINTON looked up with a frown as the card was laid upon his desk.

"I did n't want to see any one this afternoon, Gregory," he said half apologetically to the guardian of the outer keep. "This new make-up is proving a lot of bother." He studied the card, and concluded rather tamely, "I don't know the lady."

Gregory looked deprecating. He was, for the most part, a grim enough guardian. Few penetrated, unauthorized, to the inner sanctum of the "Great Magazine"; but now there was hesitancy in his manner.

"She had your name," was all he said in explanation. "I thought—you would see her."

Brainton looked at him in vague surprise, then arose reluctantly, buttoning his coat and tossing a half-smoked cigar into the empty grate.

In the reception-room he met his visitor and conducted her courteously to one of the numerous alcoves giving on the large apartment. She apologized, en route, for troubling him, a stranger; but, with a slight smile, half sad and wholly winning, it was a matter about which she could not decide without help, and she had come to him out of a daring ambition to have the best help available. There was nothing fulsome in this frank acknowledgment that the "Great Magazine" was really and easily first in the country. Brainton assured her, with sincere cordiality, that he was glad to be at her service, and she accepted the assurance with grave candor.

She was a charming little woman, dressed in black, plainly the garb of a widow, with big, childlike brown eyes lighting a face still soft and fair with youth. There were two faint lines between her brows that drew them to a look of half-wistful perplexity, a subtle, delicate hollow in the sweep of the cheek suggested care; but her mouth had an exquisite upward turn at the corners, above a chin of just the size and roundness to curve deliciously in the palm of her gloved hand as she leaned forward in the big leather-covered arm-chair to explain her business. She lost no time in coming to the point. She knew that the great editor's time was precious. That was the very reason his advice would be valuable to her. She had aimed high; but was not that always the best way?

She was thrown upon her own resources. A less genuine nature, Brainton was aware of thinking, would not have refrained here from a more or less voluntary intrusion of that somber garb; but the visitor made no such play. She gave the fact with perfect simplicity because of its absolute bearing upon the matter in hand. She was thrown upon her own resources, and had decided to make her way with her pen; so, first of all, she had come to him for advice. She had determined, in short, to write a great novel. Would he be so kind as to tell her how?

"Good—" Brainton began, and stopped. He could not startle those child eyes, and the rest of his ejaculation sank into silence. The one word that escaped had the sound of approving acquiescence.

Oh, he was kind to speak so cordially, the visitor said gratefully. For even if one *did* believe in aiming high, one yet hesitated to trouble busy people; but this idea appealed to her—had taken hold of her, in fact. Did he not believe that there was actual vitality in the force of an idea?

Brainton was helpless, all but stunned for the moment, by the impact of the experience upon his consciousness. His judgment was in a calm, white rage, while his sympathy persistently yearned toward the caller who sat so expectantly before him. He glanced again at her card, as if it had

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been the proverbial straw. "Mrs. Howard Thorpe Faxon," the legend read, and he reflected, in that part of him where cold reason dwelt, that the bearer of the name must be an unconscionable little idiot. Nevertheless, all his manhood burned with indignation that so thoroughly nice a bit of femininity should be pestered with the carking responsibilities of life. It argued some monstrous moral obliquity on the part of the late Mr. Faxon that he should have died when this little woman needed him so much. Brainton thought of his own wife with a thrill of satisfaction in the knowledge that *she* was all right and well looked after, and in the same instant, with the imperfect monogamy of man, even at this late date, he longed to take Mrs. Faxon to his heart, and shelter her as well. He pulled himself together with a little mental shock in the idea, and asked what sort of story she was planning to write.

She had not fully decided. That was what she wished to talk about. She had thought of a novel of Italy. Did he not think that people loved novels of Italy? And they had traveled so much. Just here the great eyes grew sadder and more wistful, but she hurried to elaborate her idea.

The hero was to be a splendid, dark, magnificent type of man, of enormous strength and magnetic quality. Did not Brainton think most women admired that type? Not that she cared for it herself. She turned abruptly from the question of her own preference, and Brainton felt sure that the late Mr. Howard Thorpe Faxon had been fair and slight and gentle-natured. She returned to the matter of the novel. Yes, the hero must be big and dark and dramatic, and he must love the heroine with an overmastering passion that should completely subjugate her. Their love must be like the power of the tornado, sweeping all before it. Did he not think that was what people liked nowadays?

Brainton's reason made another attempt to cope with the preposterous situation. He was not sure, he said tentatively, that that was really the most popular sort of love-story. It seemed to him, as nearly as he was able to judge from his own experience, that the composite which his mind often pictured as the "Great Magazine's" constituency favored, rather, what he might call the commonplace sort, dealing with the kind of love we all understand—the steady, every-day tenderness. He paused, for an exquisite flush had crept to her forehead, and her eyes were bright with understanding memory. Did he not think—would not one feel—oh, it seemed as if that would be—just a little—one *could not* write such *intimate* things. It seemed just the least bit—indelicate. Throat and brow were crimson, and again Brainton felt an unreasoning, helpless rage against Faxon. There must have been something peculiarly undeserving about the man that he had been haled thus untimely from his obvious man's job. From the anguish of his own powerlessness he took refuge in brutality.

Perhaps it might, he acquiesced, with elaborate indifference. Anything of that sort depended so much, of course, upon the treatment. Well, then, these passionate lovers, should she have them within the pale? Should they keep the traditions?

The "traditions"? The delicate, perplexed brows were bent upon him in doubt. Yes; the conventions, in fact. Should theirs be a dark and doubtful alliance, or should their troubled path lead at last to wedding bells and respectability?

Oh, candor of innocence that no sophistication can banish from a good woman's nature! The maidenhood of Howard Thorpe Faxon's widow looked out, startled, at Brainton, and he realized in his innermost soul that purity is eternal, unstainable.

Yes, indeed. She was sure their path must not lead them astray. She meant her novel to be a *happy* story, and it could not be, you know—one could not be at ease. Oh, life is so much more *comfortable*—when—when women are good. Did he not think that was true?

Yes, Brainton thought it was. Through his brain flitted a momentary vision of a life in which all men should be true and all women good. The fleet impression was one of potential comfortableness. Then his staggering reason came again to its task. He crushed back the waves of sympathy that dashed upon his heart. This woman was just a hopeless little goose. He must get the business over and get back to his work; and yet the tide rushed in again, drawn by the irresistible

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charm of her femininity. How he wanted to help her just because she was such a nice little woman! What a world it might be if more women were like her! Again he felt the man's impulse to shelter her from all that the world actually is. But she harked back to the story.

So, now, they had their chief characters, their hero and heroine. They must have adventures, must they not? She laughed happily, her short upper lip, with its deep, childish, vertical furrow, revealing a row of white, slightly uneven teeth. Brainton quite forgot that they had not yet decided upon the heroine. Unconsciously his own mind had transmuted the vision before him into the feminine element of the dawning novel. Yes, indeed, the pair must have adventures. What had she thought of?

She had not thought very definitely. That, too, was a point to be discussed. She had not yet decided how she should develop her scenes. She had read a number of different writers, trying to make up her mind. She had felt the influence of George Eliot very deeply, and of Miss Mulock; she had always admired "John Halifax" so much.

But did not Brainton feel that George Eliot was, after all, the greater writer? *Dinah Morris* seemed to her a fine, a really noble character. She should *love* to draw a heroine like that, but she was afraid her hero would not be likely to fall in love with a girl of that type. What was Brainton's opinion? He would not have her have a career, would he? Mrs. Faxon felt sure that she herself could *never* have one.

Brainton agreed in this. Such a woman as her heroine would not care for a career. She pondered the matter. No, she would not; nor for adventures, either, she was afraid. *That* was going to make the story hard. She had herself once come near to having an adventure. It turned out all right in the end; but she had not liked the feeling of it at the time. She was afraid the heroine would not like *her* adventures, though she knew she must have them.

Perhaps her adventure would do for the novel? Brainton felt a great desire to know what it had been. Everything connected with this small woman seemed to him of vivid and valuable interest. Perhaps they could use it. Might he know about it?

She laughed again her pleased child's laugh. It seemed like getting down to actual work, did it not? She had brought a note-book and pencil, and she held them in her hands, surveying them dubiously. There was really nothing to record yet, but the way *did* seem clearer, did it not? Only she was sure that the adventure, such as it was, would seem very tame and colorless. It was only that for a moment, at the time, she had thought something *might* happen; though she must admit, as she had said, that she did not like the feeling one bit.

Her face grew serious again. It was during Mr. Faxon's life. They were traveling in Sicily, and he had gone with friends up into the mountains, leaving her with other friends at Palermo. He was to join her there, but was taken sick and wired her to wait for him. Her friends *had* to go on, to make their steamer, and, left alone, she grew deeply anxious about her husband. She *could* not wait. Brainton could understand that perfectly. Faxon should have understood it, too, and should have come to her if there was breath in his body to bring him.

She had gone by train as far as possible, and then, diligence failing, had taken a private conveyance for a last step of only a few miles. Friends had told her since that that was imprudent, but at the time she had considered only her anxiety. And, after all, as it turned out, there had been no real danger; only a mistake. Three or four men on horseback had met them and stopped her driver. Had told him that the sick man was at a little hamlet farther back in the mountains. At least she so understood them, and although she protested strongly, they compelled the driver to turn the horses and follow them, she all the time dreadfully frightened, up a narrow, perilous-looking side road.

And, after all, it *was* a mistake. She had never fully understood the rights of it. The old priest had assured her that it was a blunder, but he had been very angry. No, her husband was not there. They arrived at a dreadful, tumble-down, old stone farm-house, where all the men seemed at home, and there, with no one to care for it but another man, its father, who had been left behind, was a poor, lit-

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tle sick baby in the most dreadful convulsions. There was not a woman about the place, and the poor father was desperate with grief and *so* helpless. It may be the men had brought her, thinking she would know what to do. Perhaps they had been sent for help, and had made a mistake; everything was in great confusion.

But there was no question of the baby's need. The poor little thing was blue and rigid, its head thrown back, teeth clenched, and the poor little frame rent with its spasms. She was so thankful that she knew what to do for it. She had once taken a "first aid's" course, and so she got the wee thing undressed and into a big brass basin of hot water, while the men flew about to help her as well as she could make them understand. It was all quite exciting for a few moments.

But by and by the little creature relaxed—it was such a pretty baby when the dreadful blue color faded, and its breathing became natural; and the father worshiped it. He looked like the wickedest kind of a black brigand, but he was, after all, just a poor, simple-hearted fellow who had been frightened all but to death at the baby's danger. When that was over he knelt down and kissed the hem of Mrs. Faxon's skirt, and then, in the midst of everything, another man arrived, all out of breath, with a priest on a little mule. It seems the baby had not been christened, and when they thought it was dying, one had gone post-haste for this priest.

But, oh, he was dreadfully cross! The Italian priests she had met were such gentle, kindly men! But this Sicilian father towered over the poor, cowering men, and read them the most frightful lecture, which seemed to be in some way connected with herself. He was very angry with them for having brought her; but really, poor fellows, they must have been terribly frightened, and, after all, she actually *had* saved the baby's life, she thought. The priest knew some English, and told her that the little one's mother was dead. For her part, now it was all so happily over, she was rather glad she had been at hand. The priest, though, said it had been a stupid blunder, and that the men would take her back to the right road. Indeed, when he had baptized the baby—to which she stood godmother—he rode along beside them on his mule to see that they made no further mistakes.

"Good heavens! I should hope so!" Brainton's ejaculation was one of sincere relief. What had Mr. Faxon thought of the business?

Oh, she had not told him. He would have been too much disturbed. She decided that as soon as she saw how ill he was, and later she was too much occupied to think of it. She had never felt that she did wrong in keeping it from him.

A curious change came over the small, childlike face as she said this. The features seemed to grow larger, a sudden look of strength making them appear for the instant actually massive; then she smiled. Brainton could see that it was not, after all, a genuine adventure. It had ended most tamely. She was afraid it would not do for the novel.

He considered. The interview had taken on an air of being near its close. Mrs. Faxon gathered up her note-book and pencil, thrusting the latter into its socket in her card-case. She plainly meant to depart in a moment, and she presently did take leave, asking permission to come again when she should have thought over and brought into shape all that they had spoken of. She felt as if a real beginning had been made, and she was correspondingly grateful to him. She had feared that it would be much harder to plan the novel than it actually seemed. Brainton bowed her out with the assurance that his advice was at her service whenever she felt the need of it. He would be deeply interested to watch the development of the work.

For some weeks after this he found himself often remembering Mrs. Faxon and her novel. The incident, as it receded in his consciousness, took on the aspect of a joke—one of the many experiences that gravitate naturally toward him who sits in what, to the lay mind, is apt to seem the chair of omniscience. He had known his share of odd editorial encounters, of which this was more or less one, but he had not yet reached the point of sharing it with his fellow-editors—Mrs. Faxon's personality was still too vividly a part of the memory—when he received a note from her.

This apologized for her failure to go on with a matter in behalf of which she

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had taken so much of his time. Another path had opened before her, and it seemed best for her to walk in it. After all, she seriously feared that she was not wise enough, or experienced enough, to write a great novel. There were so many difficulties in the way. She was sure she should prove better fitted for the other work that offered, but she thanked him cordially for the kindness he had shown, and remained, very sincerely his, Margaret Tryon Faxon, in small, even writing of no little firmness and great delicacy. Brainton, as he studied it, went over in memory their interview with reminiscent amusement. She was a thoroughly nice little woman, he thought, and he hoped that the new work was something pleasant that she could do without too much contact with the hard world. It was a consolation to know that she was provided for; and her letter fluttered to his waste-basket.

It was six months later that business the most sordid and disagreeable took Brainton to a police-court. It was a matter of identifying a porch-climber who had invaded the Brainton home, and of whom the householder caught a fleeting glimpse as he made his escape. The business was the merest formality, and soon over; but as Brainton turned away, glad to be done with the place, an officer brought in a drunken woman, disheveled and vociferous, from the street.

She was evidently known to the police. Two or three of the force who were about the place called her by name, and she answered with tipsy freedom. Some bystanders laughed; the woman made an effort to break away and get to them, and a scuffle took place between her and the policeman who had her in charge. Brainton was fleeing the place in mingled relief and horror when through a swing-door leading from some other part of the building Mrs. Faxon entered, bareheaded, and simply attired in a dress of dark-gray stuff.

Straight to the struggling woman she crossed, and laid a white hand upon one threshing arm. The police-officer fell back at once, lifting a fat hand to his helmet's brim, while the laughing spectators suddenly remembered other interests. There was a whispered colloquy between the two women, and the poor wretch became quiet, even making one or two wavering attempts to restore order to her dreadful habiliments. Brainton stared, incredulous, as she stood in docile silence before the judge while the arresting officer made his charge, and afterward went quietly away with the little woman in gray through the door that had admitted the latter.

"Who in the world is she?" he demanded of a grizzled police reporter whom he knew.

"Who? The little one? She 's the police matron; greatest institution in the precinct. She 's got 'em all running." More the reporter said of the same import, but Brainton scarcely listened. He presently made his way from the court-room, and in a corridor came upon Mrs. Faxon, to whom an officer was just turning over a lost child.

"This is monstrous!" Brainton cried impulsively when she had recognized him. "Why, you might better have stuck to the novel!" To his heated brain it seemed even as bad as that. The childlike brown eyes met his with the remembered candor; the puzzled bend of the brows was lightened by a half-smile.

"I think not," said she. "I was never wholly sure, even after your kindness, that I *could* have written a novel; but I know I can be useful here."

"But how can you endure it!" His voice betrayed his exasperated astonishment. "Why, I remember—you wanted even the people in your book to be good. And what you must see here—" He broke off with a growl.

"I know," she said gently; "but it 's different. I should n't want to *make* a woman—not good—even in a book. But these poor things that life has been so hard for, they have n't *meant* to be bad, most of them, and they need care—so very much. Why, they 're as helpless as this, really—" She stooped to soothe the child at her side.

"Yes, deary, some one 's going to find mother very soon. You 'll see; just be brave."

She would have passed on as Brainton stared speechless, but detaining her with a gesture, he burst forth again:

"But how can *you* help them? Why, you 're from another world. That wretch out there just now—what good could you

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do her? What could you say to her, to—why to *reform* her?"

The child-laugh came readily to the upturning lips.

"I was n't trying to reform her," Mrs. Faxon said, "though, dear knows, I would if I could. Why—I only told her that her hat was crooked—Oh!"—as a clangor sounded through the passage—"there 's my bell! I 'm wanted!" She vanished, leaving Brainton to take his mere man's way to the outer light.

COLLEGE DEMOCRACY

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY

President of Yale University

"WHAT is this that I hear," said an old lady, "about democracy in our colleges? When I lived at Williamstown at least three quarters of the students were Republicans. I confess I don't like the change."

I confess that I agree to some extent with the old lady. I would rather talk of the college republic than of college democracy. This is not because the principles of the Republican party are better than those of the Democratic party. On this point opinions differ. It is because the term republic has a fairly definite meaning both in the outside world and in its application to American college life; while the term democracy has so many different meanings that its use leads us to cross-purposes in almost every discussion, whether political or educational. To one man democracy means equality; to a second, majority rule; to a third, general participation of the citizens in the public life of a community. In this last sense the ideals of democracy coincide with those of republicanism. A republic is a place where the *res publica,* the commonwealth, is a matter of such primary and urgent consideration that individual selfishness and individual privilege are relegated to the background. It is in this sense that the American college has been and is a democratic institution.

When a freshman comes to either of the undergraduate departments of Yale, he is invited on the second night of the term to a class meeting which is addressed by leading seniors—men who have been successful in the different lines of effort which the undergraduate values, intellectual or administrative, athletic or social. These men tell the boys of the various competitions that are open before them in the world which they have entered. The editors of the "News" and of the "Literary Magazine" have their call for men who can write; the foot-ball captain and the track captain for men who can play; the glee-club manager for men who can sing; and so on through an almost indefinite variety of lines. But the burden of the addresses is essentially the same: "You have come to a community that wants men to take an interest in its interests; which is ready to honor the competent, and give the leadership to men who have proved their fitness for the leadership. We try to make the competition as fair as we can. To him who succeeds we give place and power; to him who tries and fails we give respect and the encouragement to try again; to him who sulks in his tent we give nothing. Recognition will be awarded not only by the successful men in your own line, but by the hard workers in every other line. But this is no place for the trifler who lacks the nerve to undertake anything, or for the weakling who tries to excuse his own weakness by accusations of unfairness against those who have worked harder, or for the self-seeker who attempts to gain pleasure for himself instead of showing what he can do for others."

This spirit is not peculiar to Yale. It represents the ideals and standards of our American colleges in general. It is, as I

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have said, essentially republican. It lays stress on work for the commonwealth and on the interests of the commonwealth. Whether a man regards it as democratic or not will depend upon his definition of democracy.

To the communist ideal of democracy—the idea that everybody should have an equal share in the offices and emoluments of society—it is absolutely antagonistic. It strives to guarantee, and in large measure succeeds in guaranteeing, equality of opportunity; equality of endowment and equality of result it neither guarantees nor gives. Its ethics are essentially those of the parable of the ten talents. On the man who has made the most of what there is in him it confers the most authority. With the man who has hidden his talent in a napkin it will have nothing to do. Now this is unfortunately contrary to the ideas of a great many people who regard themselves as representatives of modern democracy. If certain departments of the United States Government had had to deal with the men with the talents, their procedure would have been very different from that of the Holy Scriptures. They would have said to the man who had received the five talents: "What doest thou here with a ten-talent property, when the original bond issue was only five talents? We fear very much that the other five talents represent either extortion or water. Go thou to jail until we have had time to find out which it is by conferring with that honest man who has hidden his talent in a napkin." This kind of democracy finds scant welcome in our colleges.

Nor have they much patience with another habit which is considered by many people to be a blessed characteristic of democracy—the habit of holding frequent public meetings to decide by a majority vote what things the strong men shall or shall not be allowed to do. The leaders in the various departments of college life are given the privileges and responsibilities of leadership. The chairman of the "Yale News" decides upon the policy of the "Yale News." He does it, indeed, after careful consultation with his colleagues, and with a full sense of his responsibility to the public opinion of the undergraduate world. But in the last resort he says what he thinks, and not what a majority of his fellows think he ought to think. The athletic captain is given an almost absolute control over the movements and methods of his team. He seeks the best advice that he can get, both graduate and undergraduate,—indeed, one of the most valuable characteristics of a captain is the ability to distinguish between good and bad advisers,—but the responsibility for the choice rests with him individually, and not with those who have been behind him.

It is true that the college world exercises a strong control over the actions of its leaders; but it does this by the intangible agency of public sentiment rather than by the tangible means of special rules. To him who has proved his ability and his willingness to use that ability for public ends as distinct from personal ones, power is given with an unsparing hand. Every attempt to use that power selfishly, for the individual interest as distinct from the interest of the community, is checked in its inception. But of formal restraint there is almost none. Of meetings and votes there are comparatively few. Of the machinery which we are accustomed to regard as necessary for popular government there is virtually nothing.

Whether this system will be regarded as democratic depends upon whether we have the English or the Continental idea of liberty. If we have the Continental idea, that liberty means the opportunity to vote as frequently as possible concerning what other men should do, and the right of the majority to control the actions of the minority within as many fields of human activity as possible, then our American colleges are essentially undemocratic. If we have the old-fashioned English idea of liberty, that each man should be allowed to serve the community in his own way, subject only to the restraints of tradition and public sentiment, with as little special legislation by majorities as possible, then are our colleges democratic institutions in the fullest sense of the word.

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One More Jupe

by Louise Forslund

AUTHOR OF "OLD LADY Nº 31" &c.

Drawings by G. Howard Hilder.

PENELOPE would have been immeasurably shocked—gentle Penelope—had any one told her that her greatest pleasure in life lay in the contemplation and discussion of funerals. Yet never a newspaper came to the hands of the invalid girl that she did not eagerly turn to the death-notices, and whenever one of the village folk was buried, she could not rest until she had learned every detail of the obsequies.

"Is n't that beautiful!" she would exclaim, if something of unusual sentiment had been bestowed upon the dead. "Now, that is just what we must have at my funeral."

As a little girl dresses up her doll, so this childlike woman, now bound for ten years to her bed, unconsciously amused herself by dressing and undressing, and dressing again, the idea of her own sepulture.

But suddenly and unexpectedly there came a death in Penelope's circle that shook and startled her. It was the death of her physician and old friend, upon whom she had always depended to act in the capacity of chief mourner when she herself should be laid to rest.

Dr. Brady had been like a father to her,—a fond and foolish father, be it admitted,—coddling and spoiling her ever since the time when, an orphan of eighteen, she fell from her horse, and began that decade of sickness.

Penelope's back was injured, and she could never walk again. Through the shock to her heart, she had become subject to "smothering spells," one of which might take her off at any time. So, at least the doctor said, so the neighbors repeated one to another, and so the echoes whispered to Penelope.

Four walls shut Penelope in, with only an elderly and impecunious cousin, Mary Monk,—"mournful Mary Monk,"—as servitor and companion.

When Penelope rebelled at her fate, and vainly sought to beckon back the fleeting figure of the gay, young life she had known, Mary would say, "Don't take on now; think of the joy awaiting you in heaven." When Penelope grieved because the friends of her healthy girlhood seemed to forget her in sickness, Mary would comfort her thus, "Never mind, dear; they 'll turn out strong at your burying."

Under this morbid influence, Penelope's passionate desire not to be forgotten slowly crystallized into a determination to be laid away with so much pomp and circumstance that her funeral should stand indelibly recorded upon the annals of Shoreville.

Arrangements for that funeral at length occupied all of Penelope's waking thoughts, and even entered into her dreams. Out of her meager income—an annuity ter-

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minating with her death—she began to save money for a white satin "laying-out dress," and in a remarkably short space of time she had indeed bought sixteen yards of heavy and lustrous satin fit for a bride. Miss Deering, the village dressmaker, was commissioned to put all other work aside the moment she was informed of Penelope's demise, and cut out the gown after the very latest fashion—"advance style," if possible.

All these forlorn years the white satin lay in the bottom drawer of Penelope's black-oak dresser, reverently wrapped in blue paper; and all these years Penelope's propensity had grown until she could with difficulty be restrained from denying herself food and medicine in order that the shell of herself might go down to the grave with dignity and splendor—aye, actually with the beating of drums; for in the little book in which she had made a careful record of the funeral expenses, ten dollars was allotted for the services of the Shoreville band.

Fifty dollars had been set aside for a floral piece from New York, a "Gates Ajar" elaboration in violets. The sum of four hundred dollars was to be spent upon the casket, and Mary Monk was to take every cent of ten dollars for a crape veil with which to cover her grief-worn face.

Over this little account-book, which was kept for convenience under the invalid's pillow, Mary found Penelope brooding on her return from Dr. Brady's funeral.

"I 've cut out the forty dollars for the pall-bearers' rings, Mary," she announced, glancing up, "and put it to your credit for a black-silk dress. Now the doctor 's left us, you 'll have to be chief mourner, and I 'd feel mortified, lying all decked out in white satin, with a moss-rose in my hand, and my chief mourner wearing alpaca." Two bright red spots burned on her wan cheeks as she added: "You 'd better run right over to Miss Deering's and get her samples. And while you 're about it, you might as well take my satin along."

"There, there," Mary broke in soothingly—"there, there, child; we 'll have everything ready in ample time, don't you fret. And although I ain't the doctor, I 'll do my best to be a credit to you."

She placed her bonnet on top of the lamp-chimney, and with her hat-pins in her mouth continued eagerly: "It was the most solemnest funeral, Penelope. Mrs. Brady she—"

"Don't talk about it," cried Penelope, sharply, but with a break in her voice and the smart of tears in her eyes.

Mary stared at her. Not talk about a funeral! Not tell how the widow broke down at the grave! Not—

"I guess you been lonesome this afternoon." Mary stepped to the bed, and vigorously shook up the pillows. "Did you miss me?"

"I miss the doctor," the girl half whispered, her lips quivering.

Penelope had lips which with more color would have been beautiful. Penelope had teeth which, were she to have smiled more frequently, would have made her smile famous. Penelope's eyes of burning blue were luminous eyes, which sparkled and deepened, shone and were shadowed; and Penelope's face, between two braids of pale-gold hair, seemed like the face of a child.

But the sense of economy which dominated her life for the sake of the pageant to come at the end of it had drawn over Penelope's bed an unbecoming patchwork quilt of orange-and-blue calico, had arrayed her slender frame in a coarse, unbleached nightgown, and had twined pink strings about the ends of the golden braids.

What was the use of "prinking up," Penelope had always argued, for a superannuated physician and mournful Mary Monk?

"I miss the doctor," repeated Penelope. "I miss him so!"

Mary leaned over her, patting her face, and comforting her with the assurance that it would not be long before she would meet her old friend "on the other side."

A long, shuddering sigh shook Penelope. She motioned Mary to raise the shade and open the window. She had become suddenly aware of an unreasonable revolt.

"Lift me up and let me look out," she ordered shortly, ignoring Mary's solicitude as to whether the light might not hurt her eyes.

Propped up on the pillows, through her front windows she could catch a glimpse of the great outdoors, and the tops of the trees that lined the village street. The

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maples were golden and red with the bloom of the spring that comes before the leaves burst out. The chatter of some children passing below—their chatter and laughter—reached up to the sick-room.

Once more Penelope was seized with a repugnance toward her prospective "release" and the "streets of gold"— a sinful frailty to be sternly disciplined.

"Cousin Mary, bring me the white satin."

The woman knelt before the dresser and opened the drawer.

"This here Empire style is going to be dreadful becoming to you," she observed with complacent gloom. "I said as soon as them short-waisted things come in, 'Won't it be nice,' I says, 'if only Penelope is took while they 're the fashion!' "

Again Penelope stirred uneasily. She hastened to change the subject.

"Did you find out anything more about the new doctor?"

"I see him," returned Mary, with a grimness decidedly uncomplimentary. "He sat with the family at the funeral, and I took pains to go to him at the grave and tell him I was nurse to Dr. Brady's most long-continued and celebrated case." She paused to make a wry face. "He may be all they say he is—a big New York nervous specialist just come out here for a rest; but, if looks and manners count for anything, I would n't have him doctor even a cat for me. He 's got iron-gray hair, and he wrinkles up his nose, and he 's got written all over him, 'I 'm a bachelor, I am, and no female womenfolks needs to be running after me."

"Did n't he seem interested in my case?" asked the sick girl in hurt tones.

"All he says was, 'Indeed?' and then he give me a look that come out on the other side of my backbone, and turns away. Manners! Well, he won't never die of manners. And I hear, too," went on Cousin Mary, "that he ain't going to give half-rates a call to the 'reg'lars,' neither, like the old doctor done. According to that, Mrs. Carroll says she can't afford to keep on with that asthma of hern. 'Be it patent medicine or Christian Science,' says she, 'something has got to be did.' "

Penelope paused in her task of untying the blue-wrapped parcel to sigh:

"Well, he probably won't have time to make much out of me, at any rate. Come to think of it, Mary, as he 's such a pirate, I 've a good mind not to call him in at all until I get to smothering again." She unfolded the paper, and brought a flash of white satin to view. "The money I save on his bill," she ruminated, "could go for pearl trimmings on this. White satin and pearls are—"

Mary interrupted with scandalized protest. "Get along without a doctor! No, no, Penelope! I believe in saving as much as anybody; but you 're a dying woman, and you 've got to be took care of. And I expect, anyhow," she added less belligerently, "that Mrs. Brady won't be waiting for your say-so. She 's sure to send the new man over here first thing in the morning."

Penelope did not argue the question. She had begun to examine the satin for time-stains. Carefully she went over each yard, while the light from the window streamed full upon her wasted and shrunken beauty and over the lustrous surface of the goods. There was not a spot or stain to be discovered.

Penelope announced the fact with child-like triumph, still fingering the beautiful material and loath to let it leave her hands.

"Mary," she suggested at length, "you go get your samples, as I bade you, but don't take this along just now. Ask Miss Deering, instead, if she won't please lend me the April fashion-books for an hour or two."

"Law, child!" replied Mary, smiling tolerantly, "how you do love to keep your hands on that satin! And I don't blame you, neither; but it 'll be ten times beautifuller made up. Shall I tell Miss Deering that you 've decided to pick out a pattern and have it put right through, so that you can see the dress all finished before you go?"

Penelope nodded assent, but closed her eyes quickly lest Mary might see that she also winced. Her eyes remained closed until she heard Mary's lumbering step upon the stairs, and knew that she was alone.

She was still propped against her pillows, where she could watch the tree-tops and the robins as they hopped from branch to branch; and although Mary had shut the windows for fear of a draft, the twitter of the birds penetrated into the room

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—the twitter of the birds and all April's poignant song of early spring.

Penelope brought her gaze back to the unmade gown—the gown which was to her what other girls' party gowns and graduation frocks and wedding-dresses are to them, and in Penelope's heart, the very citadel of her long resignation, there broke out a storm of rebellion.

No, after all, she did not want that gown made up. She did not want to wear it yet. "O God," she whispered, "not now, not now! Give me April and give me May, and let me see one more June!"

At that, the very birds seemed to cease their twittering, and Penelope, shocked and frightened at her temerity, began to seek a cause for her mutinous yearnings. It came to her, as she pondered, that for three days now—in fact, since her "bad turn" at the news of the old doctor's death—she had been totally free from pain. That, then, must be the reason she desired to live, and see the young spring bloom into the flush of sturdy summertime. Could it be really true that she had passed three whole days unracked by physical suffering? She sighed with wondering gratitude, her lids fell over her eyes, and presently she slept. She slept softly and dreamed.

In the dream she heard the door-bell down-stairs ringing, and she fretted because there was no one to answer it. The bell rang again; she called at the top of her voice for the visitor to enter. But apparently whoever it was—the minister or the grocer's boy or the drug clerk—did not hear, for still the bell kept ringing.

Then in Penelope's dream a miracle happened. Spurred by the insistent jangling of that bell, she put one foot out of bed, then the other; then painlessly and easily she glided into the hall, down the stairs, and to the door. She turned the knob. There was no one in sight; but upon her threshold lay a large, fragrant bunch of roses.

Penelope awoke with a start. Some one was knocking on the door of her bedchamber. The door stood ajar, and through the crack she could see the dark outline of a masculine figure—her pastor's, of course. How kind it was of him always to come after a burial service to tell her the substance of his sermon! And how he must have extolled the virtues of her good, old doctor to-day!

To her astonishment, however, Penelope found herself shrinking from the prospect before her. "Come in," she said faintly.

But it was not the old clergyman in his rumpled broadcloth.

Instead, a younger man, with clipped, brown beard and shrewd, rather kindly eyes behind his gold-rimmed glasses, pushed open the door, and stood hesitating slightly on the threshold.

"Pardon me," he ventured. "I am Dr. Prentice, and Mrs. Brady told me, if no one answered the bell, I was to walk right up-stairs."

Even before he spoke, Penelope had recognized the doctor by the iron-gray hair and the "wrinkling up of the nose" described by Mary Monk; but the sick girl took quick exception to the rest of Mary's rather unfavorable report.

To her mind, the new physician, though perhaps not handsome, according to conventional standards, was nevertheless trim and compact, and gave a sense of power and efficiency, like the speckless steel and brass of an electric motor.

There was nothing slovenly or at loose ends about him. As he drew off his gray gloves, Penelope noted the immaculate condition of his strong, firm hands, and involuntarily compared them to the old doctor's often grimy fingers, with their blunt and broken nails.

With a sudden, painful self-consciousness, Penelope became acutely alive to all the makeshift deficiencies of her own costume and environment. Why, why, she protested inwardly, had she ever permitted Mary to brush all the curl out of her hair? Surreptitiously she poked the string-wrapped ends of her braids under the pillow, while she blushingly extended her hand and murmured a confused greeting; but the orange-and-blue quilt and her own coarse, unfrilled garment still shrieked aloud their infamies.

With a futile impulse to conceal them, she spread out the folds of white satin, and drew it up close about her slender throat, the rich, creamy breadths forming a pleasing contrast to the red which still dyed her face from brow to chin.

The doctor regarded it approvingly, reaching out a hand to finger the costly

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material as he took the chair at the bedside to which she had motioned him; but his next words indicated that his was less an esthetic than a pathological interest.

"Ah, that 's good," he commended. "I always say that when my men patients want to smoke, and the ladies begin to fuss with their clothes, the need for me is about over. And what 's this to be?" he asked, still fingering the heavy texture. "Something finer than a mere tea-gown or negligée, I 'll wager."

Penelope glanced up, wounded and indignant at such flippancy. Did he not know?

"That," she said stiffly, "is to be my laying-out dress."

"Your *what?*"

"My laying-out dress—what I shall wear in my coffin. I know the time will not be long now, and so I am preparing to have it made up."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the doctor.

He released his hold upon the goods as though there were contamination in its touch, and, springing to his feet, took a turn or two across the room. Finally, he paused again at the foot of the bed to ask frowningly:

"Did Dr. Brady know anything about this—this idea of yours?" He indicated the unfortunate white satin with a gesture of disparagement.

"Dr. Brady? Of course he did; he helped me pick out the gown from the samples himself. He felt it would be such a comfort to me."

"H'm." Prentice turned a hasty exclamation of some sort into a cough. "The old doctor appears to have been decidedly versatile."

"He was the best doctor that ever lived," averred Penelope with emphasis. "He has kept me alive for ten years."

The flicker of a smile at this implied depreciation of his own powers came into the new incumbent's eyes. He resumed his seat at the side of the bed, and asked for a history of her case.

Penelope brightened up. It was long since she had had a new auditor to listen to the story of her ten years' martyrdom, and she plunged with zest into the telling, detailing the progressive stages of her malady, and dilating upon its unusual features with unmistakable pride.

"It 's incurable, of course," she concluded at last, with an unconscious imitation of the old doctor's pitying head-shake; "merely a question of how long my vitality can withstand these repeated attacks. Perhaps my call may come to-night; perhaps—"

"Let me listen to your heart," interposed Dr. Prentice, brusquely. "Go on talking. I can hear you."

"Perhaps—" But Penelope's voice died away as she watched the iron-gray head as it hovered close to her breast.

"Pretty bad, is n't it?" she asked with obvious pride when he had raised himself up.

He gave a non-committal mutter for answer, and before she was aware of his intention, had slipped his deft, practised hand under her back and down the length of her spine.

"I will not be examined!" she cried out in a frenzy of childlike terror. "I will not! I will not! The last time the pain nearly killed me."

"That is all," he said calmly as he withdrew his hand. Then, stepping to the window, he threw up the sash, and breathed deep of the soft, spring air. "This room is stifling," he grumbled; "enough to make a well person ill."

Penelope was panting, half sobbing with relief at her escape.

"Did I hurt you?" He turned to her with one of his penetrating glances.

"No; but you would have, terribly, in just a moment. If you want to know anything about my case, you can find it in the account Dr. Brady wrote of me for the 'Medical Record.' The copy with it in is down-stairs on the parlor table under the family Bible. There 's a whole page and a half about it."

"I will do that," he nodded, and went toward the door.

"Won't you please close the window before you go?" she asked with a new timidity.

"No; fresh air is better for you any day than medicine. You don't know what you need."

His tone seemed rough to Penelope, but the effect was mitigated by a sudden, unexpected smile—a smile so attractive that after he had gone the girl could not be sure whether his visit had pleased or offended her the more. The moment he had disappeared, though, she drew the ends of

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her braids from under the pillow, tore off the pink strings, and flung them on the floor.

Presently the gate clicked, and a moment later she heard the sounds of a conversation between Mary and Dr. Prentice, her nurse's voice rising steadily in pitch as the colloquy proceeded. Penelope strained her ears to catch what they were saying; but was unable to follow either the low rumble of his resolute tones or Mary's shrill vehemence. At last, though, she heard him give a final admonition or two and leave the house, and with an effort she raised herself sufficiently to catch a glimpse of him as he passed down the lane.

How well he walked, she meditated; with how fine a poise of his head! He was a bachelor, they said. She wondered involuntarily, as women will, how it came that he had never married.

She was still gazing after his receding figure when Mary burst into the room, bristling with antagonism as a result of her late encounter, and clutching a pile of fashion-books to her bosom as though to shield herself from actual bodily assault.

"He would 'a' took these away from me!" she panted, hugging her burden even tighter. "He had the audacity to sail into me for going after 'em. Sick folks must n't be got ready to die, he says. They had ought to be kept bright and cheerful. Such a doctor as he must be! I tell you, Penelope, it was a sorry day for this village when we got saddled with a specimen like that.

" 'This is a house of mourning,' I says short, just that way," proceeded Mary; "and what answer do you think he give me? 'Well, make it somethin' else, then,' he snaps. 'Open the windows, and let in the sunlight; open 'em wide. And try to entertain your patient,' he says; 'keep her amused; get her to laughing.' Why, he even says to me, he says: 'Don't you think, if you made the effort, Nurse, you could be a good deal more cheerfuller than you are?' I s'pose he wants me to caper and kick up my heels, and go around grinning like a Chessy-cat.

" 'P'raps you think,' I says to him, I says, 'that I ain't got nothing else to do but run over the house a-opening of windows,' I says, 'not to speak of it giving that poor child her death of cold at this time of year. And as for entertaining her,' I says, 'let me tell you that I, for one, ain't no circus.

" 'The silver cord is loosed,' I says, 'and the golden bowl broken, and windows was made to be shut.' "

But Penelope, absorbedly twisting the ends of her long braids about her fingers in an attempt to bring back the old curl, was paying small heed to the scolding tirade.

"Mary," she interrupted, "don't stop to talk now, please; I want you to run on an errand to the store before it closes. Get five dollars out of my purse, and buy me two yards of baby-blue ribbon for my hair, and a nice, fine, lace-trimmed nightdress. Be sure to get short sleeves, and ask them to let you have one of those rainbow shoulder shawls on approval."

Mary sat down, her breath coming faster than before, her fashion-books falling unheeded upon the rag carpet, her mouth open, her speech for the moment paralyzed.

"Hurry up, please. There is no reason why I should look like a fright simply because I am going to die."

Although her color ran high, she kept an unfaltering gaze on her nurse. Slowly Mary recovered the use of her tongue.

"Be you a-taking into consideration," she questioned solemnly, "that them things has got to come out of the funeral expenses?"

"Well, what of it?" replied Penelope, with a defiant toss of the head. "It 's only one less carriage."

Her stand thus taken, Penelope closed her eyes tight and affected slumber. This was a trick she had when she did not care to argue with her nurse; but Mary, in the present instance, was beyond argument. True, she growled something about "perishing vanities," and selling one's birthright for a "mess of pottage"; but since Penelope steadfastly declined to answer or to raise her lids, there was in the end nothing to do but set off for the store.

All the way, though, Mary grieved over the dwindling glory of the funeral at which she was to figure as chief mourner, and sought to discover some means whereby she could bring that carriage back into the line behind the hearse.

"This ribbon," she announced sourly on her return, "they had to cut, and so of

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course it 's a dead loss; but I asked leave to bring the nightgown back and get the money, in case you did n't like it. Seems to me," she urged craftily, "it 's awful poor value, to say nothing of the waste when you probably won't wear it more than a couple of times at the outside."

She hesitated a moment, then, unable to restrain her pique, burst out angrily:

"I know it 's only that new doctor what 's putting such extravagant notions in your head. And he ain't worth it, Penelope, he ain't worth it. What do you think he said to me about good, old Dr. Brady and that beautiful article in the 'Medical Record'?"

Penelope shook her head without special show of interest. She was busy opening the parcel brought from the store and examining its contents.

"He says," Mary stubbornly persisted —"he says that Dr. Brady should have writ novels and story-books and such, and left medicine alone. 'His forte,' says he, 'was fiction.'

" 'Well,' I says, and if I had n't been so mad, I could hardly have kept from laughing in his face, it was that ridiculous, 'maybe you mean to tell me,' says I, 'that that article is no more or less than a printer's lie, and that Penelope hain't never been sick at all. How do you explain,' says I, 'that everything Dr. Brady foretold about the course of this disease has come to pass, just as if he had been the Prophet Elijah himself?'

" 'I s'pose,' says he, puckering up his black brows at me that way he has, 'it would be utterly useless to attempt to enlighten you on any of the modern theories of the power of suggestion.'

" 'Yes,' I says, 'I 've been mother and nurse and everything else to Penelope for ten year' now, and I guess I don't need no suggestions from nobody, modern or otherwise, as to what to do for her.'

"Power of suggestion, indeed!" she sniffed disdainfully. "I 'd power of suggestion him, if I had my way!"

Penelope, however, was smoothing out the creases from the night-dress with almost the same loving admiration that she had been wont to bestow upon the satin.

"There will be no need to take this back, Mary," she said. "I think it is very pretty, indeed, and well worth the money—quite a bargain, in fact." The carriage was irretrievably gone!

Nor was this by any means the last disappointment Mary was called upon to suffer; for as soon as Penelope discovered that the new doctor was coming of his own accord about every other day, continuing, it may be mentioned, despite Mary's prediction, the same lenient arrangement as to terms which had been granted by Dr. Brady, there were further dippings into the sacred fund.

"Mary," observed the girl, for instance, one evening when the village band was passing the house on its weekly summer parade, "don't you think they play dreadfully out of tune at times? I don't believe they 'll add anything to my funeral, after all. I guess I 'll cut that item out, and fix up this room some instead. I 've been wanting a white marseilles bedspread for a long while, and those old, patched curtains at the windows are a positive disgrace."

Mary could only congratulate herself that the silk for her promised mourning gown had already been cut into, and that it, as well as Penelope's white satin, was being made up. Otherwise, she shuddered to think what might have befallen them, in view of the way Penelope kept steadily stealing from the grandeur of the cortège. Yes, *stealing;* no other word would do for Cousin Mary.

The funeral money once encroached upon, how the hoardings of years did fly! The coming of Dr. Prentice seemed almost to have wrought a revolution in Penelope's nature. She ordered a new scarf for her dresser and a pincushion embroidered in forget-me-nots. Indeed, scarcely a day passed that she did not suggest some purchase; and toward the end of the month she even began to inquire diffidently what might be the cost of manicuring and "beauty treatment."

"It would be a real charity to help that little Frazier girl along," she asserted. "They say she has n't many customers, and my hair is falling out shamefully."

Mary pursed up her lips and pondered over the turn of affairs. What difference could it make to one who walked in the valley of the shadow of death whether she had locks like the glory of Absalom or was as bald as old Uncle Billy Perkins? She could only conclude that Lucy Frazier

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must have offered Dr. Prentice a commission. Probably he was getting money from all the tradespeople whom the invalid had taken to patronizing in her riot of prodigality.

Thereafter, whenever the physician called, he found Mary stationed in the sick-room, silently and watchfully clicking her needles; but in justice she had to admit that she never heard him even so much as hint that Penelope needed anything to add to her comfort. Indeed, Penelope seemed often piqued that he remarked so little the various changes which had been effected.

Nor was there any cessation in the reckless expenditure. Penelope ordered new covers for the furniture in her room; bought fresh rag carpet, all made, without waiting for the willing and anxious Mary to cut and sew the rags already stored in the attic; had a new strip laid in the hall also; and then—bless my soul!—insisted on a new stair carpet, and ingrain at that.

By this time, out of the original ten, there was only one carriage left to follow the hearse, left in common decency for Mary, while the "Gates Ajar" floral tribute had dwindled to a single bunch of immortelles.

Then Penelope, declaring that the front porch needed a new floor, actually began to diminish the elegance of her coffin.

"Did n't you hear the doctor say he tripped on a loose board this morning?" she retorted when Mary, expostulating, demanded to know why anybody should fix up their premises for the benefit of a stingy second cousin who was wearing himself thin with disappointment because somebody had n't died long ago?

"Dr. Prentice—" began Penelope.

"Pooh!" cried Cousin Mary, all out of patience. "It 's Dr. Prentice this and Dr. Prentice that! If you was n't a dying woman, I 'd say you was setting your cap for Dr. Prentice."

Penelope looked so startled, and turned so white, that Mary was conscience-stricken. She plied her needles silently for some time, watching the patient out of the corner of her eye, and dropping an amazing number of stitches for careful Cousin Mary. Penelope had drawn down the forbidding screen of her eyelids; but she could not hide the tears which sparkled on her lashes.

Mary questioned whether she might not have brought on a turn for the worse with her idle chatter. A turn for the worse now would probably mean the end, too. The girl had been so strangely well throughout April and the first half of May that it must be a bad sign. When very sick folks got better all of a sudden, it meant that Death was waiting at the foot of the bed.

To-morrow or next day perhaps—She started as Penelope seemed to answer her unspoken thought.

"Mary, did n't Miss Deering promise you our dresses to-day?"

Penelope's voice was bravely steady. The two undried tears were all the sign she gave of the ordeal through which she had passed; for, as a blaze of scorching light, Mary's heedless outbreak had revealed the truth to her.

She knew at last the reason for that growing rebellion of hers against her bondage to this sick-room, for the vague stirrings and yearnings that had troubled her heart during the last month; aye, even for the rekindling of the spirit of Eve—the world-old desire of the woman to please and be beautiful.

Yes, she knew. She flushed crimson as her startled mind brought up the question, Did he know as well? The beating of her heart almost stifled her. She could have cried aloud in her agony of shame as she saw herself on the edge of the grave beckoning with her shadowy, death-gray fingers to Life and Love.

"Hurry, Cousin Mary!" she cried feverishly. Then, dominating her own selfishness, she added in more gentle tones:

"Please don't forget to tell Miss Deering how glad I am that she has got her voice back."

Mary forbore to make any comment, although she told herself that this would be no less than giving a direct compliment to that abominable Prentice, who had treated the dressmaker's laryngeal infirmity. She even refrained from expressing her opinion that Miss Deering's spells of talking for weeks at a time only in whispers had been due to sheer contrariness, and to no trouble requiring the services of an expert.

Merely reiterating that she personally would not employ Dr. Prentice for a sick cat, Mary put down her sewing and has-

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tened on her way. In truth, she must have posted to the Main Street and back without even stopping to tell the neighbors that Penelope's persistently postponed end was finally at hand, for in less than twenty minutes she reappeared at the bedside.

Moreover, she wore an air of agitation and fright. Her face was pale, her eyes were dilated, while she puffed and panted under the weight of the parcel she carried, although, in truth, it seemed rather a small bundle to contain the two funeral gowns.

"Show me the dress!" said Penelope, almost harshly, too overcome by the ordeal before her to note the change in her cousin.

Mary did not answer; but her lips twitched with nervousness.

"Cousin Mary, I want to see my dress."

"I ain't got your dress," she replied. Her tone was tragic. "I got mine—just my black silk; that 's all!"

Penelope stared, at last observing the woman's perturbation.

"Why, Mary," she said gently, "don't feel so upset. I don't mind if Miss Deering happened to finish yours first."

In fact, she breathed more freely, as one who has received a respite. But Cousin Mary dropped heavily into a chair, half weeping.

"Penelope, the dressmaker has gone raving crazy!"

The sick girl stared at her, shocked and incredulous.

"Yes, raving crazy! Now, see what your lovely new doctor has been and done!" Mary plunged on in a rush and tumble and confusion of words difficult to understand: "She went at me like a wild cat when I says as I had come for the funeral dresses. She did n't talk in no whisper, neither, I tell you. The doctor he got her voice back, but he 's turned her as crazy as a loon; that 's what he 's done.

" 'You 're a wicked woman, Mary Monk!' she screeches at me right the first thing.

" 'And wicked, why?' says I, who got religion when my dresses was up to my knees.

" 'Wicked,' says she, 'because you let Penelope buy a laying-out dress, and encouraged her in them funeral notions of hern,' says she. 'Yes,' she goes on, a-banging her fist on the table, so her scissors they jumped and the spools went a-rolling all over the floor, 'you 're a terrible wicked woman, and I 've been a wicked woman, too. But now,' she says, says she, 'find that laying-out dress, if you can. I 've gone and hid it away,' she says, 'where the devil himself can't find it, and it ain't never going to be worn in nobody's coffin, and not to nobody's funeral, neither,' says she. 'No, sir! Not if I 'm shut up in jail for it!' "

"Why, of course she 's crazy! Dear, good Miss Deering!" Penelope was appalled. The smaller tragedy of her own loss was forgotten in the great calamity which had befallen her lifelong neighbor.

Mary's breath was still coming hard, while she swayed her bulky form back and forth in the rocking-chair.

"Did n't I tell you at the start, Penelope, that Shoreville 'd rue the day that doctor come to town?"

Penelope had hitherto ignored the accusation against the doctor, but now her eyes flashed.

"Don't be absurd, Mary!" she retorted sharply.

Mary waved a challenging forefinger. "Wait until I finish," she said darkly. "I did n't tell you nothing about it before, but the very day Dr. Prentice made his first call on Ann Deering, I happened to go over afterward with the ribbon for your sash. She could n't do no more than whisper and wheeze, but she showed signs even then of having her head turned.

" 'Mary Monk,' says she right in my ear, 'do you know what Dr. Prentice calls you? He says you 're nothing more or less than a murderer. A murderer, he calls you,' says she.

"Now, as little use as I 've got for Dr. Prentice, Penelope, I might have knowed he never slandered me like that."

Feeling that some comment was expected from her, Penelope nodded. She could scarcely restrain her impatience for Mary to come to the end of her tale.

" 'A murderer!' says I, all taken aback as anybody would be. 'How so?' says I.

" 'You 're a-killing Penelope,' she whispers. 'Dr. Prentice says,' says she, 'the job was well started for you by another hand,' she says, 'meaning, I suppose, old Dr. Brady,' says she; 'but now he says that you 're a-sticking in the last knife.'

" 'Oh, you need n't get mad at me,' she

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Drawn by G. Howard Hilder

"'YOU 'RE A WICKED WOMAN, MARY MONK!'"

goes right on as plausible as you please. 'I did n't say it about you. Dr. Prentice he said it.'

"Then she swings around as cool as a cowcumber, and picks up her tape-measure. 'Mary,' she says, 'as this is going to be your funeral dress, and your Sunday dress, and your church-sociable dress for life, I 'd advise you to have it made ample full, with a tuck under the hem.' "

"Was that all?" urged Penelope once more.

"All? I should say not!" replied Mary, and again the forefinger came into play. "But just see what a cute one she was, Penelope. She went right on making up them dresses, and never showed she was out of her head again by so much as a-rolling up of her eyes at me until to-day. I suppose, though, that there doctor was a-filling her with his pizenous medicine all the time; for just now, when I come in all a-steaming, and told her you had to have your dress right away, or else you might never see it alive, she blazed right out like a sky-rocket.

" 'Mary Monk,' says she, 'you ought to be tarred and feathered and drove out this town!'

"But I did n't lose my temper. I just set my lips tight and says real dignified:

" 'Where 's Penelope's laying-out dress?' I says.

" 'Penelope,' she answers, 'ain't got no laying-out dress. Penelope 's got a dress,' she goes on with a wild look in her eyes, 'and it 's a lovely dress, too, if I did make it; and when Penelope 's ready to get up

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and sit on her front stoop like any ordinary Christian, then Penelope can have her dress, and not before. Then,' says the crazy thing, 'Penelope can have her dress, and no dressmaker's bill with it, neither.' "

By this time Mary's voice was so surcharged with the tears of impotent disappointment that Penelope could scarcely follow her; while the sick girl had not only sheltered her eyes with her lashes but had also covered her face with her thin and trembling hands.

After a moment or two Penelope spoke. Her voice was weak, her tone curiously baffling.

"Miss Deering seems to be crazy only in regard to Dr. Prentice and me, does n't she? Did she say anything else about us?"

"Oh, mercy, yes! She claims that she wormed it out of Dr. Prentice that old Dr. Brady was just a plain hypnotizer, and that he went and started the whole village of Shoreville to join in a conspiracy to keep you flat on your back until we 'd killed you off between us. Not that the old doctor meant to do it. Oh, no! Even she was n't barefaced enough to say that. She puts it that he hypnotized himself, too. 'But he done it just the same,' she says; and with that"—Mary warmed again to her subject—"Miss Deering she folded her arms across her chest like a soldier, and she hollers out:

" 'I for one ain't in the conspiracy no longer. And I hope I shall be forgiven, Mary,' she says, 'for even letting you have the black silk.'

"Then I tell you I did n't wait for no more. I grabbed my bundle off the table and run. I never even looked back. I run all the way home.

"Ain't it awful," she concluded, with a portentous shake of the head, "what things, betwixt the dressmakers and the doctors, can happen to a body's clothes nowadays?"

Penelope did not reply. She kept her hands over her face. Mary, glancing sharply at her, saw that her patient's ears were pink, and so concluded that the shock over her loss had at least not proved fatal. Why, though, did she not cry out, go off into hysterics, or break into unreasonable reproaches against Mary herself?

Her silence was both uncanny and disconcerting. Mary fidgeted uneasily for a moment or two, coughed perplexedly, and rattled the medicine-bottles on the table; but failing to obtain any response from the bed, turned at length to her own affairs.

She picked up the parcel which she had snatched as a brand from the burning out of the dressmaker's destructive clutches, and, frugally preserving the string, slowly unfolded the paper.

Then came a wail of distress which effectually aroused Penelope from her preoccupied reverie, and brought her eyes open in a startled stare.

"Oh, the sly thing! The sly thing!" stormed Mary, too outraged and indignant to think of the consequences of her outbreak upon the invalid. "Look what she 's been and done, Penelope! If she ain't gone to work and put bright-red satin piping down all the seams! Asking the Lord to forgive her, indeed; and putting red satin piping on a funeral dress!"

In spite of Penelope's efforts to show a properly commiserating spirit, an irrepressible giggle burst from her twitching lips—an expression so unusual and contrary to the girl's ordinary bias that Mary was abruptly recalled to the responsibilities of her position.

"Here, here," she adjured sharply. "Don't you go to having no high-strikes now, and maybe bringing on the smothering. You must n't do it, Penelope; not anyhow while the funeral is all sp'iled and up in the air this way; for goodness knows how long it 'll take me to rip out all this here red satin."

"Mary, go for the doctor," said Penelope, with a sudden defiant flash in her eye. "And don't you ever dare say 'funeral' to me again!"

Mary could scarcely believe her ears. She gaped incredulously, opening and shutting her mouth like a fish; but Penelope repeated her injunction with so imperative a gesture that before she could think of anything fitting to say she found herself out of the room and started on her errand.

It seemed to Penelope, waiting alone, tempest-tossed between her old, accepted beliefs and this dawning, new hope, which she yet dared hardly formulate to herself, that Mary would never return with the man to whom she looked for her sentence of life or death. But at last the two came in together, the physician's face somewhat

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perturbed, almost stern, Mary's manner curiously subdued—in fact, she was sniffling.

With unwonted deference she placed a chair by the bed, and then, assured that she could be of no further assistance, went softly out and left the doctor and his patient alone.

Drawn by G. Howard Hilder

"A HARBINGER OF JUNE,—OF MANY, MANY JUNES TO COME"

Penelope lost no time. She fixed her childlike, brave, blue eyes upon the penetrating, brown ones bent above her pillow, and asked directly:

"Is Miss Deering crazy?"

"No."

"Was Dr. Brady entirely mistaken?"

He hesitated.

"You told Miss Deering. Why don't you tell me?"

"I found her sewing on that infernal white satin, and I let professional etiquette go hang."

"When may I get out of bed?" demanded Penelope.

He smiled, and lifted her wrist to feel her pulse.

"Don't be disappointed," he exhorted cautiously, "if you are not entirely well in a minute. You 've been going down

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hill for ten years, remember; you may be some time coming up. It was for that reason I have delayed telling you the truth. I wanted to avoid a shock, and bring you to the realization by degrees."

He released her wrist with a nod of satisfaction. "Perhaps," he granted indulgently in response to her eager insistence—"perhaps if you are very good and take things easy, we shall have you not only out of bed, but out of doors before next week." He paused at the door as he arose to take his leave. "How would you like it," he asked, "if some bright afternoon I should come around and take you for a ride in my automobile?"

Penelope failed for once to listen to his footsteps on the stair or turn on her pillow to gaze after his departure. Her rapt eyes were looking off down a vista of white, shell road under green, overhanging branches and beneath a blue, blue sky; she was seeing once more her lush Long Island meadows, and was following in imagination the lanes leading to the bay.

"Next week!" she murmured blissfully. Next week she was actually to go forth! In an automobile! And with Dr. Prentice!

How the people would stare as they passed! Every one would say:

"Penelope is well! Now, what do you think of that? And it 's all owing to that new doctor. He 's a smart one, I tell you."

Yes, great credit would be his; and how proud she would feel of him as she rode by at his side. A soft blush crept up into her cheek, which deepened as she pictured how the gossips would be sure to arch their brows.

"He 's never taken any other Shoreville girl out since he 's been here," they would exclaim. "Wonder if he and Penelope—"

She closed her eyes and sought to take it all in. Could it be really true that her long years of preparation for the grave were only a chimera, a nightmare; that she was in truth a living woman in a living world?

Her lids fluttered up to disclose eyes shining with impatience. She could not wait to prove the reality of that world. She was alone, with no one to interfere. She would know now—now.

Penelope did not creep out of bed, or gingerly seek to measure her strength in any way. She sat up straight, gathered her last extravagant purchase—a silk negligée—about her, shut her eyes tight, and made one leap.

She caught at the jamb of the window and stood there, too dizzy to see, staggering, almost faint, but—upright on her feet and free from pain!

Then she laughed. She laughed and cried as she swayed back and forth. After a moment the courage came to her to steady her vision and look out upon her growing, tangled, bud-choked, and bloom-full garden.

Again she laughed and again she sobbed. Then, to make sure she was not dreaming, she closed her eyes and opened them quickly, as if to surprise this glad new life stealing over her.

Penelope remembered her prayer that she might see one more June, and here was a harbinger of June,—of many, many Junes to come,—reaching half-way down into May to tell her that her prayer had been more than answered!

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TRACK-ATHLETICS

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD OLYMPIC GAMES IN AMERICA

BY WALTER CAMP

Author of "Book of College Sports," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. B. FALLS

THE GREEK OLYMPIC GAMES

IT would perhaps seem a strange statement to make that those athletic games which heralded the earliest features of track-athletics, and were known as the Olympic games, required almost as great sacrifices from spectators as from contestants.

For a month a general amnesty of peace was declared, in order that spectators might come and go in safety; and spectators traveled in state. As the season of the festival was during the period of the year when both heat and dust were excessive, the journey was often fatiguing; and as the contests continued throughout each day for several days, it can be easily imagined that the strain was severe. Spectators sat from sunrise to sunset. Often even before daybreak every point of vantage in the stadium and its vicinity was occupied, and it is said that it was a matter of respect to the god of the festival that no spectator should wear his hat; and what food he partook of was carried with him.

At first the Olympic games consisted merely of a match of runners over a course of 600 Greek feet, and was confined to a single day. Up to the fourteenth Olympiad a single race prevailed. Later, new contests were introduced, though at first the games were still confined to a day. Then a double race was introduced. Longer races began with the fifteenth Olympiad, while wrestling contests and the pentathlon were introduced with the eighteenth Olympiad. The increase to five days began in the seventy-seventh.

The pentathlon came into great favor. It contained five events: leaping, throwing the discus, hurling the javelin, running, and wrestling. Superiority in three out of the five constituted a victory. The leap was a standing long jump with weights.

The most brutal contest of all was the pancratium, a combination of boxing and wrestling which would have done credit to the most severe rough-and-tumble fighting ever known. It consisted of a contest carried on until one or the other of the competitors confessed himself beaten, and while a certain refinement was added by the rule forbidding striking with the clenched fists or using the teeth, the ordinary means of victory was to dislocate the limbs of an adversary, to suffocate him by throttling, or in any other way so to injure him as to render him incapable of continuing.

AMAZING PROGRESS IN FIFTY YEARS

LONG before the story of the tortoise and the hare there were tests of speed and endurance. In the early days, before organizations were dreamed of for the purpose

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of furthering contests of this kind, we find stories of all sorts of special wagers based upon differences of opinion as to the speed and endurance of man and beast alike.

Few of the old records that come down to us can be verified, but during the last fifty years organized athletics have appeared, and with them have come method and accuracy as to timekeeping and distance, so that it is possible to compare the man or youth of to-day with those who went before him, and in almost all feats of the kind that may be grouped under the title of "general athletics" the men of to-day have proved themselves far superior to those of earlier days. Captain Webb's achievement of swimming the English Channel still stands as a challenge, and still is being attempted in vain. But in running, jumping, and weight-throwing, the particular sports in which frequent and annual tests under similar conditions are made, the comparisons show a wonderful improvement. Picture the dismay that would have come over the partizans, say, of Parmeley of Princeton, who was the intercollegiate champion hammer-thrower in 1877, if the judges had told them that they would permit him to throw twice, once from his first mark, and then again from the point reached by that throw, and then would bring an unknown man who would stand at Parmeley's original mark and in one cast overthrow the point where this champion had landed the hammer after his second effort! Still greater would be their astonishment when Flanagan, with a double whirl, would send the hammer not only twice Parmeley's throw of 75 feet, 10 inches, but would add thereto a distance of 32 feet, 8 inches for good measure. How would the pioneers in American athletics have felt if they had been told that another stranger would agree to clear a greater height in a single standing jump than their champion could mount with a run? Or that their broad jumper might add as a handicap his own entire height to the distance he could cover, and that the stranger would clear that entire distance with ease. Or that any of their runners would be given handicaps of a tenth of the entire distance, and still run every chance of being defeated. Yet all of these phenomenal achievements have been performed by recent champions against the records of those who first won honors on the cinder-path and the turfed field.

Drawn by C. B. Falls

A HAMMER-THROWER

Although professional running and various unique matches of one kind or another date back a long way, there was only sporadic interest in them in America until this form of athletics was taken up at the English universities. Oxford was the first to organize an athletic club. This was half a century ago. Cambridge followed Oxford's lead within a few years, but it was not until the Oxford Athletic Club had been organized fourteen years that the first dual meet between the two universities took place. This meeting was held on the cricket grounds of Christ Church College. Ten years later the first American intercollegiate contest was held at Saratoga. Just as base-ball[1] attached itself to the boating interest, so did track-athletics; for this first meeting was only a side-show to the intercollegiate boat-race. These contests, however, soon resulted in the formation of athletic associations at Harvard and Yale, but the Intercollegiate Association itself was not formed until three years later. Then, in 1876, was organized the association that was to become the basis of college track- and field-sports.

EARLY DAYS OF TRACK-ATHLETICS

It was also in this year that the New York Athletic Club gave an annual meet

[1] See Mr. Camp's paper in the April CENTURY entitled, "The American National Game."—THE EDITOR.

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to decide the amateur athletic championship of America. This was the beginning of what has now become the Amateur Athletic Union, a giant organization of American athletic clubs, ably managed, and including a majority of athletic clubs. The interest in college and club meetings grew rapidly. In 1873, only three colleges competed; the following year, eight; and the next year, thirteen. The labor of organizing, however, seems to have reduced the number of competing colleges, for in the succeeding year there were only six. Since then the number has kept up to a dozen or more.

At the first field-games of the Yale Athletic Association, which were held at Hamilton Park on May 4, 1872, a three-legged race and a consolation race appeared on the program. In 1876, the events consisted of 100-yard dash, 120-yard hurdle, 440-yard dash, half-mile run, one-mile run, one-mile walk, running high jump, running broad jump, and putting the shot. In the course of time the 220-yard dash was added, and after a dozen years or so the one-mile walk was abandoned. Before the formal organization of the association in the intercollegiate contests there were seven-mile walks, three-mile walks, and three-mile runs.

The pole-vault came in in 1877, as did throwing the hammer. In 1880, the tug of war was added, which continued for several years. The two-mile bicycle race was also added, and later the bicycle racing was given a meeting to itself.

Before the first inter-university sports in England in 1864, professional exponents had monopolized track contests, and they had been so associated with betting and so overshadowed by pugilism, and what one writer has called its tendency to ruffianism, as to keep gentlemen out of them.

Two years after the first inter-university sports, the Amateur Athletic Club was formed. It was not long before this club reached a very high position in the sporting world. Then, however, abuses came in that became such a scandal as to render some action essential. In behalf of the amateurs, the presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge associations invited a conference of athletic clubs. This conference resulted in the foundation of the Amateur Athletic Association in April, 1880, and in England this is now the governing body in all athletic matters, meetings being held under its rules and the championship contests being conducted under its supervision.

Thirty-six years ago this July, the shores of the Lake at Saratoga had hardly finished echoing the opinions expressed by Yale and Harvard rowing men reflecting upon each other over the outcome of a boat-race in which these two crews had fouled and permitted Columbia and Wesleyan to bear off the honors of the regatta, when interest was transferred to quiet Glen Mitchell. Here as an offshoot to the regatta was held the intercollegiate track-meet. Yale had sent in her two base-ball stars, Cortez Maxwell and A. B. Nevins, the former for the hurdle-race and the latter for the 100-yard dash. Some balm was poured upon the wounds of the disgruntled rowing men by the performance of these two. Both were active, natural athletes, Maxwell long and lithe, Nevins short, thick-set, and powerful. Both were in good condition from base-ball, but entirely unfamiliar with track events. Nevins got a bad start in the hundred. With his over-abundant energy at starting he slipped and fell, but was instantly off, and succeeded in overhauling his competitors and running in 10½ seconds, a very remarkable record, considering his start. Maxwell showed similar ability as compared with the other contestants in the hurdle-race, for he ran away from them all, though his time in comparison with that of Nevins was not so remarkable, for it took him 20½ seconds to cover the course.

Cornell, although making no showing that year in the boat-race, gave evidence of its later ability in distance-running by winning the mile through the efforts of E. Copeland, who succeeded in finishing the distance in just 1½ seconds less than five minutes. Downes of Wesleyan won the three-mile run, and his club-mate Eustis won the seven-mile walk. It is a matter of comment that in those days the crowd took little interest in the hurdles and sprints, but were enthusiastic over the distance runs and the seven-mile walk!

In 1876, Wakeman of Yale reduced the hurdle record to 18½ seconds, where it remained untouched for six years, to be supplanted by Jenkins of Columbia, who topped the flights in 17⅗ seconds. Mean-

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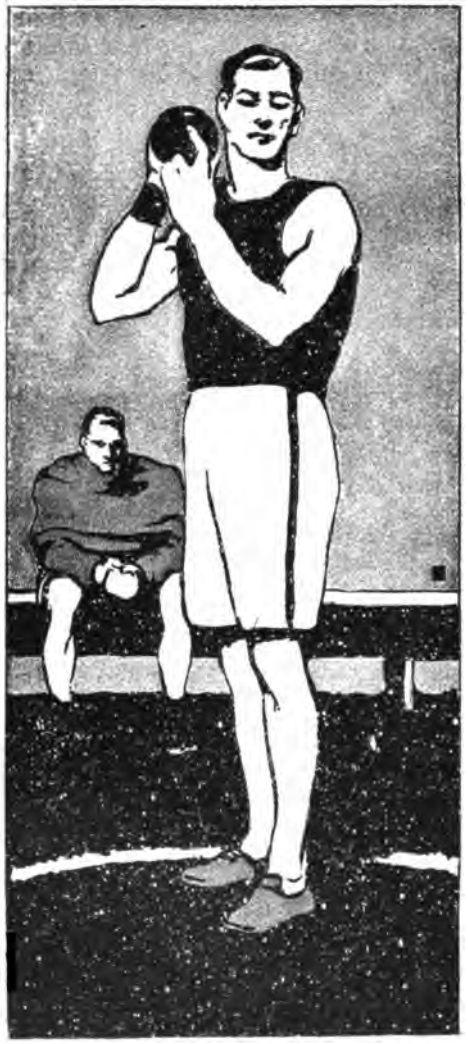

Drawn by C. B. Falls

SHOT-PUTTING

time, in 1877, Lee of the University of Pennsylvania brought the hundred yards' time to 10⅕, but the mile-run record was still undisturbed, the winner in that year taking 5 minutes, 33½ seconds to get home. In 1878, 1879, and 1880, appeared some men whose names were later to mean much in intercollegiate sport. In 1878, Morton Paton of Princeton won the mile run in 5 minutes, 4¾ seconds. In 1879, John E. Cowdin of Harvard won the hurdle in 19⅖ seconds, and Evert J. Wendell the 220 in 24⅖ seconds, while the following year T. DeWitt Cuyler, of Yale, set a new mark of the times by covering the mile in 4 minutes, 37⅗ seconds, a record that stood until 1887, when Harmar of Yale reduced it to 4 minutes, 36⅘ seconds.

COMPARISONS WITH PRESENT RECORDS

SUCH were the early days of track-sports. Think what havoc the champions of to-day would have created at a meeting of the seventies! In the hundred the man of to-day, Dan J. Kelly, would be almost ten yards ahead with his 9⅗ seconds, while in the hurdle-race, Kraenzlein, for instance, with 15⅕ seconds, would be finishing while Maxwell would be only about at his eighth hurdle, with his 20½ seconds. In the 220-yard dash, Wendell, with his 24⅖ seconds, would be thirty yards behind Kelly and Wefers, with their 21⅕ seconds. Stevens of Williams, who won the quarter-mile in 1876 with 56 seconds, would be short of the 400-yard mark when Maxey Long, with his 47⅘ seconds, was breasting the tape. Green of Princeton, who won the half in that same year with 2 minutes, 16½ seconds, would not have come around the last turn in time to see Lunghi finishing with 1 minute, 52⅘ seconds. The man who could just reach 5 minutes in the early seventies in the mile would be almost lapped in another turn of the quarter-mile track by Tommy Conneff, with 4 minutes, 15⅗ seconds. Pryor of Columbia, who won the running high jump in 1876 with 5 feet, 2½ inches, would have been unable even to hold Ray Ewry, doing this work without a run at the height of 5 feet, 5¼ inches, while Sweeney, with his 6 feet, 5⅝ inches, could give Pryor a handicap of over a foot and be perfectly safe.

Willoughby of Pennsylvania, who covered 18 feet, 3½ inches in the broad jump, would be nearly 6 feet, 4 inches short of Meyer Preinstein's record of 24 feet, 7¼ inches. Mann of Princeton might take almost two of his 30-foot, 11½ inch puts to reach Ralph Rose's 51 feet, while Parmeley of Princeton, the first hammer-thrower in the intercollegiate, with 75 feet, 10 inches, as stated in the beginning of this article, could probably take a running throw from where his first throw struck and throw again from there and not come anywhere near the 184 feet, 4 inches of Flanagan's single throw.

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IMPROVEMENT IN RUNNING

WHEN a trained runner covers 100 yards in ten seconds, he is covering nearly eight feet at every step. When he gets into his stride, and after he once makes his speed, he is traveling very nearly at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

For years one used to hear old tales of the celebrated American Indian Deerfoot, who is said to have run the hundred yards in 9½ seconds. As trained runners worked on it more and more, skepticism about Deerfoot's ever having accomplished this grew greater. Year after year the athletes tried, but ten seconds seemed to be the limit of their speed. What professional sprinters could do was more or less shrouded in mystery because of the handicap system, the difference in tracks, and the unreliability of timing methods. However, there is no question but that professionals were getting down below the 10-second mark, though it is doubtful whether they ever did any better than 9⅘ seconds until perhaps Donaldson, the South African, who is said to have shaded this to 9⅗ in a race against Arthur Postle.

In 1890, John Owen, Jr., of Detroit, won the 100-yard at the meet in 9⅘ seconds. This was only the beginning. After that, up to 1902, 9⅘ was equaled at championship meets by B. J. Wefers in 1897 and by G. M. Sears in 1901.

With all the record-breaking that was being done in other lines, it was nevertheless a fact that there were very few of the followers of track-athletics who believed that under legitimate timing and fair conditions it was possible for any runner to cut another fifth of a second off this record and bring it down to 9⅗ seconds. Now, it must be remembered that in order to get the benefit of this reduction of ⅕ of a second in the timing of the stop-watches, it would be necessary for a man who made that record to beat the man making 9⅘ seconds some 6 feet, and 9⅘ seconds was and still is remarkable running for 100 yards. Yet in 1902, at the intercollegiate meeting held at Berkeley Oval, Arthur J. Duffy of Georgetown, later declared a professional by the Amateur Athletic Union, accomplished that wonderful feat in a meeting containing five men, notable among them the Harvard runner Schick, and it was in defeating this man that Duffy secured his record. I was present at the games and saw the race won and the watches timing the event. In the line-up at the start Schick was nearest the pole, and Duffy was the third man from Schick, next to the outside. The start was a good one. In fact, photographs show it as particularly good. Duffy and Schick are both shown going off the left foot, well-balanced, and each caught his stride almost instantly. If anything, Schick and Cadogan of California had a shade the better of Duffy. At thirty yards Duffy had passed Cadogan, but Schick was still in advance of him about a foot and a half

Drawn by C. B. Falls

HIGH HURDLES

Drawn by C. B. Falls

THE BROAD JUMP

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or two feet. Between that point and seventy-five yards Duffy overhauled him and went to the front. Knowing Schick to be a remarkable finisher, Duffy made a supreme effort, and I do not think I ever saw a runner come so steady or strong to the tape as he did on that day. Those of us who knew Schick and Duffy realized from the way in which the race was run that it must have been fast; for while no man living can judge pace to the fifth of a second, when he has seen a runner repeatedly hold 9⅘ seconds, he can appreciate what is likely to happen when runners of that character get a good start and race the entire distance at the very limit of possible speed. A moment's look at the watches, and E. J. Wendell ran up to congratulate Duffy on having succeeded in accomplishing what was believed impossible—reducing the 9⅘ still another fifth of a second.

No other man at that time had been credited with such a record, although there were stories to the effect that, in 1895, Donovan, a professional sprinter, had covered the distance in 9⅗ seconds. Since this record-breaking of Duffy's, Dan J. Kelly has also covered the distance, according to the accredited amateur records, in 9⅗ seconds, accomplishing this at Spokane, June 23, 1906.

THE QUESTION OF EXPENSE

SOMETHING of the cost of these sports is well worth notice. Track-athletics make the greatest drain upon the athletic treasury of all of the so-called major sports, with the possible exception of rowing. The expenditure on field and track in the beginning is considerable. The cinder-track upon which the race is run is a piece of elaborate construction. It is built up from a solid foundation, with some eight inches of combined loam and coarse cinder, until the top is finished off with fine screenings slightly mixed and rolled and packed until a fine, springy surface is obtained, into which the spikes of the runner bite, holding with firm, but not too rigid, grip.

The field and stands for the spectators are always a part of the original outlay. It is generally found advisable, in case the track is not in some kind of inclosure or the stands do not surround it, to protect with a barrier the ends where the wind would be most severe up and down the track. This is for two reasons, first, to prevent interference with the work of the runners, and, secondly, to lessen the blowing of dust, which is particularly disagreeable both to competitors and spectators.

Nowadays a track-team in any one of our large universities may turn out from 150 to 200 candidates, and in this respect a track-team carries more men throughout the season than the other sports on account of the great number of events. Hence it is a sport that distributes itself among the men more largely than almost any other. It also offers opportunity for men of varying degrees of size and physique, another excellent feature.

I have a letter from one of the Rhodes scholars, a man who has made a study of athletics here, and who is, therefore, competent to view with appreciation the conditions in England. He explains fully why there is not the slightest danger of anything like professionalism in a university like Oxford. It is because Oxford is not a university for poor men. It caters openly to a single class in society, the men of leisure and cultivation. A man who is an amateur athlete in England is enthusiastic enough about sport to pay for it and to pay heavily. It requires a comfortably lined pocket to keep up one's end. The track-sports are run on the same principle. Money is needed for uniforms, for the use of fields for college athletics, for entrance fees to pay for the prizes for every event in scratch and handicap meets. As this Rhodes scholar says, it is impossible for a poor man to meet these demands. This is not a defense of the aristocratic side, but this state of things simplifies matters beyond all complaint.

With us in America the desire is to see that athletics are equally open to the poor man and to the rich man. The theory which has been generally carried out is that going into athletics to represent a university or school should not be a drain upon any man's purse, nor should it, on the other hand, in any way advantage him financially. This theory is made clear by the action regarding the training-table. With us, when a man is sent to the training-table, he pays a fixed amount, which is presumably what he would have to pay for himself and what he had been

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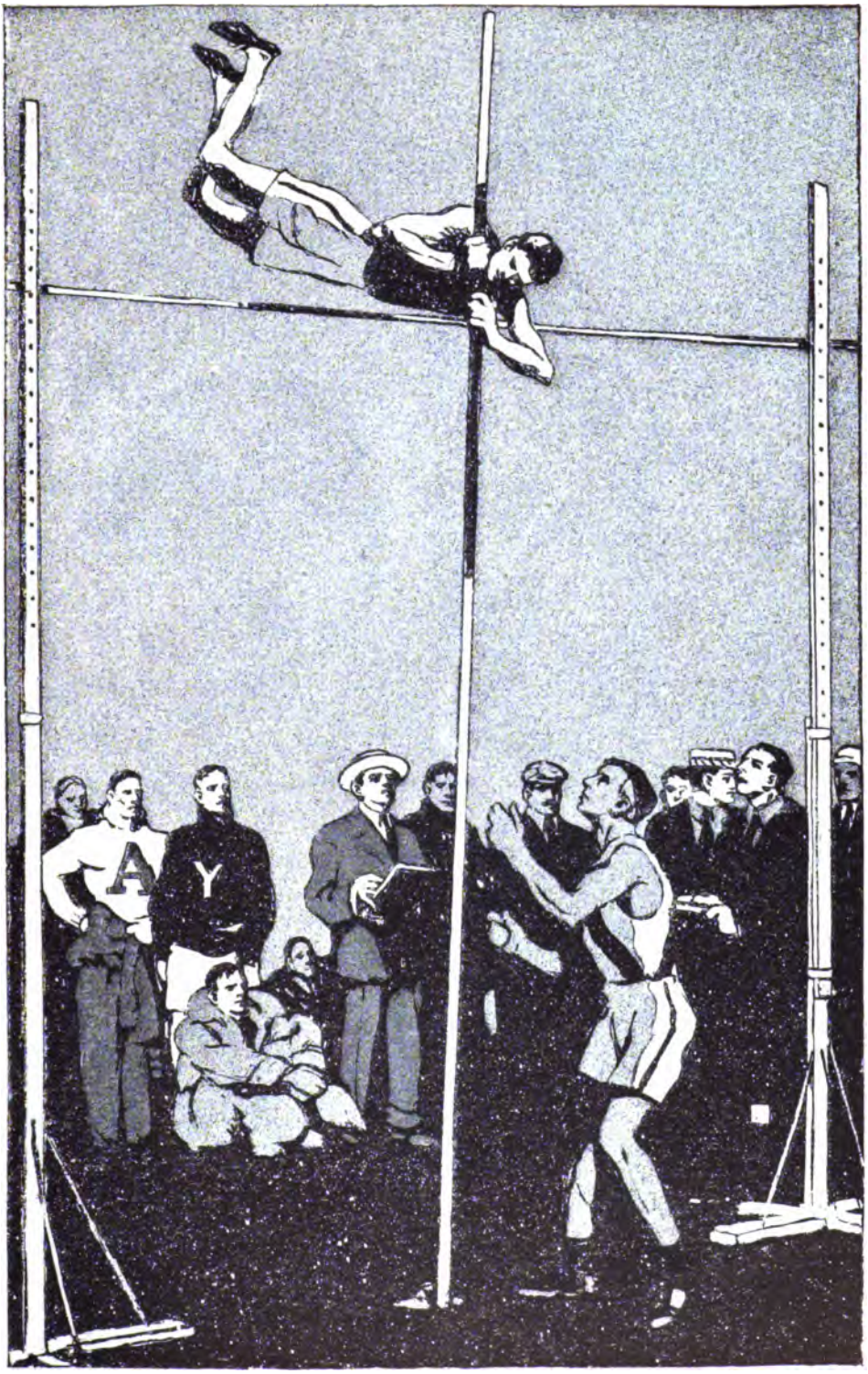

Drawn by C. B. Falls

THE POLE-VAULT

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paying before he went to the table. The association pays the difference, as the training-table is usually more expensive than ordinary living. His traveling expenses and the cost of his uniform are paid by the club or association. Thus it will be seen that athletics are not expensive to a poor man, provided he can find the time.

OFFICIALS OF AN ATHLETIC MEETING

ANY one attending a track-meeting is immediately curious about the number of men not in uniform who are within the inclosure. That any athletic meeting must have a referee, a starter, timekeepers, and judges, the ordinary layman appreciates, but a large meeting like the intercollegiate has, in addition, four inspectors who assist the referee, and to whom are assigned certain places and duties in order that they may report to him any violation of the rules. For instance, these inspectors in a race that is at least once around the track are stationed at the four corners where fouling is most likely to occur, and they report to the referee any violation of the rules. There is also a scorer and five assistants. These scorers keep a record of the starters and point-winners, record the laps made by each competitor, and call them aloud when tallied. There is one clerk of the course, to whom competitors report, and he gives each his number for the event in which he is entered, and notifies him before the start of each event. In fact, his duties are those of getting the contestants off at the proper time for each event. He has five assistants, and there are also a recorder and an announcer.

The track-events have four judges, two standing at each end of the tape. These men take the winner, a second, third, and fourth, and in case of disagreement the majority shall decide. Their decision as to the order in which the men finished is final, and without appeal. There are three timekeepers timing each event, and if two of the watches agree and the third disagrees, the time marked by the two is accepted. If all the watches disagree, the time marked by the watch giving the middle time is accepted. But if there are only two timekeepers, and their watches do not agree, the slower time is accepted.

There is one starter, who has entire control of the competitors when they reach their marks. He is the sole judge as to when a man goes over his mark in false starts. He sends the men off with a pistol-shot, and the timers start their watches on the flash of the pistol.

In field-events there are eight field judges and measurers. These men measure, judge, and record each trial of each competitor when the contest is for distance or height.

The referee is expected, when appealed to, to decide all questions the settlement of which is not otherwise provided for in the rules. In the case of a race being run in heats and the lack of contestants to make more than one heat, he has the power to see that the race is run in one heat. In all cases requiring more than one heat, he sees that no second man is debarred from a chance to qualify in the finals. It has been lately proposed that the referee shall have power to overrule the judges at the finish, but this has not been legislated, and it is doubtful if it ever will be.

A GREAT RACE

THE most remarkable race ever run in this country between college- and athletic-club men was that between L. E. Myers, the noted champion runner of his day at a remarkably large number of distances, and Henry Stanford Brooks, Jr., of Yale. We have the word of W. B. Curtis, in his time the greatest authority in the country on track-athletics, that in order to defeat Myers, as Brooks did, it was necessary for the latter to run the last ninety yards of this 220-yard race against a fresh breeze in 8½ seconds.

Great interest had centered in this race. Brooks had once defeated Myers.[1] Brooks

[1] After this race, Brooks, whose home was in California, was of course pressed to give Myers a return race; but as he was leaving for his home that was impossible. The following letter from Myers shows the sportsmanship of the man, who, though eager to wipe out his defeat, yet appreciated the man who had beaten him.

New York, June 16, 1882.

MR. H. S. BROOKS,

Dear Sir: Mr. Duffy has just telephoned me your answer to his letter offering a cup for a match race of 220 yards between us. I am extremely sorry that you cannot meet me for some time, in fact I am really disappointed that my friends as well as myself cannot have

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Drawn by C. B. Falls

THE 100-YARD DASH

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SPRINTER. BY CHARLES A. LOPEZ

had been doing some excellent work, but there were very few in the country, knowing the quality of Myers, who believed that the college-runner could even hold the club-runner. Derickson, a mate of Myers, was also entered in this race, and before the race it was assumed that he would drop out and leave it for Myers and Brooks to settle without a third party. Derickson, however, remained in, and drew the pole. Myers was next to Derickson, with Brooks on the outside. The race was started around the curve on the track, so as to leave the last ninety yards straight-away. The turn is rather ugly, and it is absolutely necessary for a man who does not get the pole either to run at least three yards farther than his opponents on the inside or drop behind and thus enter the straight-away seven or eight feet to the bad. The men got off at the crack of the pistol, Derickson not starting any too well, and Myers a bit slow, as though possibly he expected Derickson to hold the pole for him. At any rate, soon after the start, Derickson dropped out, thus giving Myers the pole, and Brooks, who had made an early effort at the start to outstrip his competitors and so get the pole, owing to the combination, found it impossible, and though not level with Myers, wisely dropped back, and according to the judgment of every one who witnessed the race, including Mr. Curtis mentioned above, turned into the straight no less than eight feet behind Myers. It certainly was

"revenge" as the French say, but at the same time I do not wish you to think that I am anxious to goad you into a match race, for although defeated, and the defeat was a crusher for me, I have to acknowledge your right to say when and where you will next meet me, as you are now the champion at the distance. Allow me to say also that my defeat is a great deal easier to bear being as it is at the hands (or feet rather) of a gentleman than it would otherwise be. You are certainly to be admired for your pluck and although my clubmates were everyone hurt at heart and in pocket by the result of the race, there is not one of them but has spoken of you in the nicest terms. You see we had come to think that college athletes could not run without spraining an ankle or dislocating an arm.

Wishing you a pleasant trip home and hoping that we shall meet again in the fall on the cinder path, I am, Yours very truly,

L. E. Myers.

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supposed, and especially from the former performances of Myers, that there was no man living who could make up that eight feet on him in the ninety yards remaining. No sooner, however, had they turned into the straight than Brooks put on a pace not only phenomenal for a short distance, but wonderful in its sustained effort. He closed on Myers steadily, reducing his lead inch by inch as they fairly flew down the straight. Twenty-five yards from the tape he had cut down five feet of the lead, Myers, having still a yard, but evidently entirely unaccustomed to the feeling of hearing his man creeping up on him under these conditions, had been making a superhuman effort, and just after passing the twenty-five yard mark he wavered, Brooks still coming as strong as a lion, and in the next ten yards they were almost level, Myers still leading by a few inches. In that final two or three strides, however, Brooks, as steady as a rock, gathered in every inch of distance, and broke the tape ahead of the supposedly unbeatable Myers, the latter staggering and falling over the line!

Brooks had another opportunity at Derickson, whom he met in the 100-yard race at the intercollegiate meeting. Derickson was a man who was accredited fully equal, in the timing of those days, to 10¼ seconds, and probably would have been 10⅕ by modern timing, and there were many who were sure from clocking him that he could come to even figures. Brooks had hardly been tried out at that time in a short race, and there was a heavy wind blowing in the face of the sprinters. His time was turned in in that race as 10⅕ seconds, but he beat Derickson, a thoroughly sound 10⅕ man, by no less than three yards, while in the 220 on that day, after losing nearly ten feet by a wretched start, he later caught up with the pack before they had traveled fifty yards. His stride measured at that time, when running in his full pace, close to nine feet.

CHILDREN

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

OH, little people from the hills of Dawn,
What set a-straying hitherward your feet,
Still rosy from your wanderings on her peaks,
Still dewy from her vales of asphodel,
And all the lucence of God's unvexed morn
Still shining in your confident, clear eyes?

Was it some new-spied flower farther down
The western slope, whose gaudy tints allured?
Some nodding, dusty daisy whose frank glance
Outvied the breathless, stirless purity
Of asphodels that, like unnoted stars,
Slow whiten on the windless fields elysian?

So soon the dust upon the tender feet
That slow and slower trudge, the straining eyes,
The reaching hands, grown tired of plucking now,
Yet clasping to the end some wayside weed.

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AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF POE

The miniature of Edgar Allan Poe from which the above is made, and which has not before been published, was painted from life by J. A. McDougall, in New York City, about 1846, three years before the poet's death. The artist was a friend of Poe and of other literary men of that time. The portrait was given as a wedding present by McDougall to John A. Crockett, from whose widow, now living at Newark, N. J., we have obtained permission to reproduce it.—THE EDITOR.

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WOMEN AND THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

WOMEN have been declared to be born smugglers—possessors of a turpitude that recognizes no wrong in defrauding a government. Armed with arguments in defense of my kind, I prepared to discuss the question with the Collector of the Port of New York, but at my first suggestion of our reputed delinquencies, Mr. Loeb interrupted me:

"That is an idea to which I will not assent," he said emphatically. "Women by nature are not smugglers. Moreover, the average traveler is honest."

"Men are my authority for the statement," I urged. "Husbands, at any rate, are always telling stories of the cleverness and delight of their wives in outwitting officials."

"I have heard them joke," the Collector replied, "putting their wives under the ban of an odious stigma. For such men I have only contempt."

Although, with his vindication, my own carefully prepared line of argument was rendered unavailable, leaving me in mid-air, as it were, without the support of a leading question. It served to call out the following story.

Not long ago a second-class passenger came in who was known to have been the purchaser in Europe of valuable optical instruments; but he declared nothing, and nothing was found in his baggage. In his party, however, were two women, his wife and her friend. Suspicions were excited and the women were examined. The optical instruments were found concealed about the waist of each—heavy loads indeed to carry on consciences as well as on waistbands. The officials were in a dilemma. The man could not be arrested for he had not smuggled. The women had; but could *they* be imprisoned? One carried a nursing baby, the other was burdened with a sick child. Considerations of pure humanity set them free.

Had I not been bent on defending women, I might have told the Collector a story in which the tables were more adroitly turned on an unsuspecting husband. He was a retired general, a martinet in discipline, and overscrupulous regarding even the shadow of laxity in the performance of his own obligations. "No smuggling was to be permitted," he told his wife, and before leaving Paris he insisted on her making a full list of every dutiable article in his possession. Unknown to him, she bought several yards of Venetian lace. How to hide it was a problem until she thought of ripping the lining of his overcoat, and hiding the lace inside. She regarded her cunning as a tremendous joke, and to this day he does not know how she laughed to herself when wearing that very same coat on the dock, he drew himself up to his full military height, and with free conscience pointed

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to a tray containing "all his purchases." No idea of anything so serious as defrauding the Government has ever entered her frolicsome mind.

Much has been said and written about the hardships of the customs, and especially about that stumbling-block to the many—the hundred-dollar limit allowed to travelers. By some this limit has been designated as a "premium on falsehood," and against its harsh enforcement the cause of the school-teacher and that of the impecunious women has been urged—women who go to Europe for educational purposes, for study and travel, and a general widening of horizons; women whom the instinct of the feminine must now and then, thank Heaven! tempt into the purchase of an object of vanity, else the world with all its virtues would be a dreary place. Naturally enough they do want to bring back with them some other visible token of their experiences—objects like photographs, embroideries, and bric-a-brac. Upon these women, conscientious, eager to learn, hungry for improvement, and alive to all that means progress, the law presses hard. This point, too, I suggested.

"Yes, but these are the very women," interrupted the Collector—"school-teachers and women of average means—who are the most conscientious about paying, although they are the women who can least afford to do so. They give almost no trouble to the officers."

Again I glowed. This was surely a tribute.

"Our interest," the Collector went on, "does not lie in a consideration of trifles, but in the collection of duty on merchandise. Only a small proportion of the Government's revenues is derived from the traveler. In November, 1909, only two hundred thousand dollars was collected from travelers on the docks, while the sum from other sources amounted to eighteen millions." Why, then, I thought, as the Collector finished, make it so difficult for the travelers, since so small a percentage of revenue is gained by taxing them? As he did not frame the law, however, I did not feel justified at the moment in urging the point.

For the benefit of those who do not understand why and when the hundred-dollar limit came into existence, it may be as well to explain, that until 1897, and under what was known as the Dingley Law, travelers were allowed to bring into this country clothes and appointments "suitable to their station in life," a woman in the world being known to have requirements in the way of dress differing from those whose walk in life lay in less resplendent circles. This privilege was at once abused. Clothes representing great sums, though destined for shops, were brought in and declared as personal possessions. Having had no duty paid upon them, these clothes were sold at enormous reductions, thus defrauding the honest shopkeeper, who having fulfilled his obligations to the Government in the way of dues, found himself unable to compete in trade with his dishonest rivals. The tricks and wiles resorted to by these dishonest importers were astonishing. I myself remember crossing with two ladies whom the other passengers humorously named the "pious Señora and her daughter." They dressed in quiet gray, kept to themselves, and when in their steamer-chairs were always deep in their prayer-books. On the docks they were discovered to be smugglers for one of the largest dry-goods firms of this country!

During those years, too, I know well that many a respectable woman, endowed with sufficient refinement to be considered deluding, was approached by different firms, and a journey to Europe offered her, with all expenses paid, if she would bring back with her the newest models. Nothing was required of her, in return for her Parisian holiday, except an ability to "bluff" it out successfully with the customs officers here. It was abuses like these of the "suitable to the station" clause which led not only to scandals, but to a demand from the honest retailers of merchandise for some such law in their protection as had been enacted for that of the manufacturers. In accordance with this demand, the hundred-dollar limit was established as the best way of solving the difficulty.

The difficulty has not been solved, however, as is proved by the startling disclosures published of late. Within two years two million dollars has been lost to the Government on two hundred trunks known as "sleepers," containing supplies for dressmakers and milliners, and in these cases the Grand Jury has brought in some forty indictments.

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But it is because of these same disclosures that those designated by the Secretary of the Treasury as "honest travelers" have been made to suffer much, and to wonder why the rights of shopkeepers alone should be considered. Denying the traveler the privilege of buying abroad helps the shopkeeper, not the Government. Thus, to compel a woman to buy a gown in New York, or to pay a French price, plus the duty to the Government, would result in benefiting only the domestic dressmaker, who, once having a monopoly, would double the price, the Government not being benefited by a dollar. The question is confusing, and the impulse of the traveler to demand rights equal to those of the tradesman is from their point of view more or less justifiable. Take for instance the rights of the American resident abroad to come in custom free, which until the summer of 1909 was not disputed. Advantage of this clause was taken by dishonest merchants, and apartments in Paris were hired for six months or a year, that the lessees might bring in merchandise. In September, 1908, out of a total of twenty-six thousand dutiable declarations, six thousand were those of "foreign residents"—an absurd proportion. So, in 1909, a new regulation was made. Only those could be considered foreign residents who had lived for two consecutive years abroad. Unaware of any change in the law when her purchases were made, this took by a painful surprise many a straightforward woman who was a taxpayer on the other side, and who, with mind at rest, had come expecting that the old law was in operation. One woman whom I know, having had on her arrival the new ruling suddenly sprung upon her, gladly offered to do "her duty to her country," and pay what was demanded—gladly, because she thought that $30 might cover her fine, as it had done years before on exactly the same amount of expenditures. What was her surprise to discover that a sixty per cent. tax was to be collected on all her foreign purchases, including even a Christmas present given to her by a friend. She had to borrow the money from a fellow-traveler, and was so greatly embarrassed that even the inspectors were sympathetic, for they are not all adamant.

The inspector, indeed, is often a kindly and considerate person to whom justice is not always done. He is not, as is too often forgotten, the enactor of laws, but a servant pledged to their enforcement. Moreover, for the protection of the traveler, there is a clause in the "Notice to Passengers," issued by the Treasury Department, and distributed on board of incoming steamers, requesting that "any discourtesy or incivility on the part of custom officers should be reported to the collector at the custom-house, the deputy collector or the deputy surveyor at the pier, or to the Secretary of the Treasury." Every reputable hotel proprietor, both here and abroad, makes the same kind of request, and most of us are ready enough with our complaints. People at restaurants even make complaints, defending themselves by saying that what they pay for they must have. Disagreeable and conspicuous as some of these people are, they *do* complain, and the fault is remedied by those in authority. The proprietor is given a chance. Very much the same chance, it would seem, should be given the customs department; and yet what most of us do, is only to talk to every one except the authorities. Over the tea-cups, about dinner-tables, in the newspapers, and in railway-carriages abroad, we hear things regarding the horrors of our custom-house inspectors, and the crimes of "that band of border robbers on our docks," that make the listener shiver. The reputation of our country has in this way been made to suffer in the eyes of older civilizations, and we have become a byword for all that is barbarous in the enforcement of our custom laws.

And yet the Government stands ready to remedy abuses and to redress wrongs—even more ready than the directors of important hotels. Records are kept in the custom-house by which any inspector can be identified at once; the traveler has only to give his or her own name and that of the incoming vessel. We have also the names of the inspectors on our baggage. Our obligation, then, is, for the sake of our national reputation, as well as for our own advantage, to make report of incivilities through official channels. It is neither just, patriotic, or quite loyal to go about complaining in public places, throwing discredit on our legal institutions.

The law hits us hard; there can be no

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question about that. "Outrageous," says one woman. "Making me pay duty on two simple dresses, and all those scandals about sugar and cheese. Just read them!" "In no other country am I forced to suffer such indignities," says another. "They never question me in Europe. They take my word. Here they treat me as already a thief, and as if I were not entitled to my own clothes. What do they know about them?" It is unpleasant, at times worse than unpleasant, all that we go through at the customs, especially when we discover inspectors declaring our dresses to be new simply because they are clean. It is horribly disagreeable to have our things hauled over and out, poked among and held up to public view. As a stranger in Europe I suffer none of these things. There I am treated with the greatest civility, though in justice to my own country I must confess that for their own people they make things disagreeable enough, dragging out everything at the station, opening market-baskets, dumping the contents of newly washed linen on dusty counters, respecting no privacies. Every one, too, who comes up to Paris from the country, whether a native or not, is questioned. There you can carry in ten fresh eggs to a sick friend, but not twelve, and a pheasant would involve you in a law-suit.

Automobiles, too, going in and out of Paris on afternoon drives, are stopped at the city gates, and the petrol is measured while you wait. The official comes out of his sentry-box with a yard-stick, thrusts it down into the tank, talks to the chauffeur, for a Frenchman must talk, while both men bring out of their pockets colored slips of paper, whereupon there is more talk, followed by a visit of the two men to the sentry-box, and a consultation with other officials, the chauffeur generally being forced to pay. Then and then only can you go on. Here nobody would stand it, but there nobody makes an outcry, because it is the law. Evading the law is another matter. Stories are told even in France. I remember an incident of two men who came in with cigars. One so wadded his clothes with them that he appeared twice his size, and found it so difficult to move that his friend had to help him to his feet. Smuggling has no geographical habitat: it is indigenous to the heart of man.

In France, however, distinctions are made between the honest and the dishonest traveler, and during the autumn of 1909 the foreign papers published a long series of instructions from the chief of the bureau in Paris to his subordinates, admonishing them to greater consideration and courtesy, more discretion, and the exercise of a finer intelligence, in the discharge of their duties. The old-time barbarous methods were condemned, and recognition was made of the fact that the habit of traveling had grown, and that custom methods must grow with it—a point that before long must be generally recognized in our own country, together with that other self-evident fact, that by travel all countries are mutually benefited, reciprocity having a larger significance than a mere interchange of fiscal rates.

We American women find the customs law peculiarly oppressive because it is almost the only law with which most of us ever come into contact. We go about our tasks at home, live out our days and die, without a thought of legal obligations. We are proud of our freedom, too, when we travel, glorying in it, boasting of personal liberty as the very breath of our national existence, demanding, because of it, the overthrow of so many social traditions abroad that our less-favored sisters on the other side regard us with awe and envy. Then we start home. One day a steamship steward knocks at our stateroom door, hands us the Government's printed form of declaration, and the "Notice to Passengers." Suddenly, for the first time in our lives, we find ourselves "bump up against" the law. Some of us cannot understand it. We tremble; our hearts beat. We have consultations with friends and strangers. Blood-curdling stories are told. We can think of nothing else, talk of nothing else. Where have we packed our new things, where our old? Will they dig out everything? Will they believe us? Those little presents we have brought in—are they presents until we have declared them? And so on and so on until our last days become a nightmare compared with which seasickness is a paradise. Neither is there any man to protect us with any of those liberal "interpretations" which stand most of us in stead. We must go through the ordeal, as we go through death—alone!

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Somebody seeing our distress—a distress which no official can picture, counsels us to declare nothing, that the inspectors do not really want to know, nor yet to have too much bother put upon them, and I remember the story of two conscientious girls told in confirmation. After reading the "notice," they shut themselves up to think. Every trifle was entered on the list. When they arrived on the dock neither could remember where the things had been packed. The bewildered inspector, obliged to examine each declaration, spent six hours in rummaging, while the young women caught cold.

Collector Loeb looked astonished when I told him of this incident, which happened before he went into office, and declared that now such a thing was not possible. Neither need any one, when once the trunks are out of the hold, be subjected to long waits. The officers' purpose is expedition, and only those travelers are detained whose declarations do not conform to the law. Women unaccustomed to business, as he recognized, are often confused, but the other day a man who came in with a full list of his family's purchases paid eight thousand dollars' duty and was off and away in half an hour. "Many women do not even read the notice," he went on to say. "They have told me so. Yet the wording is simple." He showed me a declaration made by a man of affairs to prove how it should be done. Opposite all the articles declared with their prices, the various rates established by law had been added in official ink. On wearing apparel the rate ranges from fifty to sixty per cent. In deducting from the hundred-dollar limit, duty is charged on the highest-priced articles—on a fur muff, for instance, as against a brass candlestick. Much trouble would be saved if before one's departure from Europe the dutiable articles were packed together, and a full list made, and if the notice could be served on outgoing vessels, since many on their first return voyage are caught unaware.

"As for the offering of bribes," Mr. Loeb continued, "the acceptance of which is punishable by dismissal, the influence is corrupting to the whole service. The inspectors who examine trunks have other important examinations to make. Foreign vessels do not arrive every day, and in the interim the inspectors must be busy about other duties. Ten dollars offered to-day by a thoughtless traveler makes possible the acceptance of the ten times ten offered by dishonest importers to-morrow."

Some women are noble enough to accept the law smilingly. "My father gave his life to the making of laws for this country," said the daughter of a distinguished senator, now dead, "and my business is to respect those laws. I pay my duties gladly, happy to do that much for the Government which protects me." Meantime, others of the honest rebel, though if we are honest, "we must obey," as the old-time child-song has it. There is no escape from the law as long as it stands. Sophistries are not possible. The law is there before us in black and white, inexorable, compelling. To point, in a defense of our rebellion, to greater frauds practised by those at which the law's administrators have long winked, is neither fair nor dignified. This thing only we can do—agitate the question if we will, urging calmly and soberly just and sufficient reason why the law should be altered in our behalf. Thus, for instance, since the hundred-dollar limit has not proved a full protection to the Government, it would seem that a larger limit might be allowed to those of us who have no intent to defraud the merchant. A limit of three hundred or even of five hundred dollars would in no way affect the rich, able to pay on extravagances, while it would be an enormous boon to women of limited means. The loss to our Government on these revenues would amount to so little as to be almost inappreciable, and the trade of the retailer would hardly be affected.

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THE·WOMAN·HE·MIGHT·HAVE MARRIED

BY DEBORAH JOY

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

NELSON had not seen Emily for eight years,—centuries it seemed, —not since her wedding, in fact. She had written to him when he married Sylvia, and he to her on the birth of her daughter. Again she wrote after his first boy was born; after that there was silence.

CONSTANCE

Nelson knew that Emily had been living abroad ever since her marriage, so when he and Sylvia planned to take the boys to France for his sabbatical year, he and Emily had started a very brisk correspondence, he asking and she giving practical, helpful advice.

"Emily 's just the one to teach us economy," said Nelson, looking up from a letter received that day from Paris. "She has learned from experience, and you know how careless and extravagant we always are. Now, though she has twice as much income as we have, she 's been living quietly in *pensions* in France and Italy, and she knows how to manage money—and people, too. She is so clever."

Happy-go-lucky Sylvia had never appreciated Emily, so Nelson said. "How can you expect me to like her?" Sylvia asked. "In your eyes she possesses all the virtues—especially those I lack."

And Nelson had always answered: "Why, Sylvia, she 's just what you admire—clever, refined, and yet so practical; a wonderful little woman."

"There," exclaimed Sylvia, "I knew I 'd hate her. A practical paragon! That settles it."

"She 's been making use of her opportunities, and has learned a lot. You know you 've always been jealous—" But he got no further, for Sylvia had disappeared, banging the door after her.

Nelson was rather a sentimentalist, and enjoyed it. Half-consciously he let a halo grow about Emily's head that he never beheld when he saw her, though it was interesting to dream about. She appeared in a rosy glow of youth and undergraduate days, "his boyhood's friend." Sylvia, in her frank, merry way, rather scorned all this. And this Emily of whom she had heard ever since she finally consented to marry Nelson stood for the dark moments of her cheerful young nature when she began to doubt Nelson's right to the high place she had given him.

"Every man has seen, and some have known, the one woman who is the unattainable—the ideal," Nelson had once ventured; but he got no further in his flight, for Sylvia had again banged the door.

EMILY, so Nelson learned when they arrived in Southampton, was in a small town in northern France, waiting for her

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husband, who was to join her in a few months on their way to Germany, where they had planned to spend the next few years of their expatriated existence. He was a professor, as Nelson was, and had been doing some excavating in Syria.

"Why can't we take a small house together in Normandy for these two months before we go on to Paris?" wrote Nelson to Emily. "It would be such a tremendous pleasure to see you again, and I want you to know Sylvia. You could teach her so much from your manifold experience. Our children, too, should know each other. Think how interesting it would be to see them together!"

And so, after a few more letters and Sylvia's reluctant consent, they arranged to meet Emily and go to a tiny town called Mascaron, where they could spend "two happy months refreshing old memories and learning to know and appreciate one another better."

"Incidentally," said Nelson to Sylvia, "we 'll save a good deal, living in this cooperative way. Then, too, the economies we 'll learn will help us in Paris. Why, we 'll save so much, Emily says, that we can do all sorts of jolly things this winter." He quoted Emily constantly now, and found fresh wonders in each letter.

Emily met them half-way down from Cherbourg. Sylvia saw a short, bustling, rather pretty young woman, followed by a child, coming toward Nelson with her hand outstretched and her eyelashes "positively flopping," thought Sylvia. But they were very pretty eyes, Sylvia had to admit.

She greeted Sylvia calmly, but graciously, looked the boys over rapidly, and took in Norah, the Irish nurse, even to her rough, red hands. Sylvia was immediately aware that her clothes were conspicuously American and that the boys were rumpled and dirty. "But could any one be neat after a night on one of those miserable channel boats?" thought Sylvia, resentfully—"any one less than an Emily?"

On the rest of the way to their destination Emily and Nelson gathered up the threads of their old friendship, Emily relating some of her experiences in Paris, and beginning to give her advice early, it seemed.

"Yes, you can't be too careful, they are so sharp. And as for paying what they ask, you must never think of it."

Nelson was leaning forward eagerly, talking excitedly, and explaining his plans for "these two happy months," while Emily smiled into his eyes, intimate and possessive. Sylvia, sitting back in a corner of the carriage trying to keep Teddy, the younger boy, from stepping on Nelson's feet and scraping off the shoe-polish, felt very far away from home and Nelson, and very unappreciative of her privileges. "She is undoubtedly pretty and animated," she thought. "Nelson seems to admire her more than ever. Maybe he 'll really—for he never *really* did before—regret not having married his ideal. Oh, dear! I wish we 'd not come abroad!"

"Put the children by the window," suggested Emily, "then no one will want to get into this carriage. I always do that with Elly."

Nelson, in fear of being crowded and interrupted, tried to tip the guard so as to have the carriage to themselves.

"Don't think of giving him a franc! You 'll spoil him. Americans always do. Two sous are all they ever dream of getting."

Nelson meekly put his franc-piece back into his pocket. He looked across at Sylvia and smiled at her vaguely, then turned back to his conversation with Emily.

"Yes, it was a French pension. No Americans ever came there. Every one was French, and so Elly speaks with an excellent accent. I should n't care to live at a pension where Americans go. They spoil it so.

"Yes, eight years," Emily went on in a quick, businesslike way. "Of course we had to live economically—a professor's salary divided in two—I learned to count the pennies."

"Just what we want to learn," said Nelson, laughing eagerly. "We have to live economically, too—even more so than you. We have a larger family and a smaller income. You 'll have to teach us."

"I wish," thought Sylvia, "Nelson would n't look as if he 'd like to eat her. He is so funny when he 's eager."

Mascaron is a delicious, little, gray town away up on high bluffs gazing over the sand marshes to that wonderful Mont-Saint-Michel swimming in a heliotrope haze. There are many bell-towers there, with clocks that strike the hours and all

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the quarters, as Sylvia soon learned, and a crooked, dropping-down-the-hill rue de la Constitution, where you can buy any thing from marvelous antiques to a white brandy which makes the peasants crazily drunk in the cider season.

Nelson's family, guided by Emily, walked a short distance to a little hotel, where at small iron tables on an open piazza some French people, tourists like themselves, were eating a delicious *déjeuner*.

The boys were eager for their luncheon, having had a very scanty breakfast at Cherbourg, Sylvia was hardly less so, and Nelson was ravenous. He was stepping forward gallantly to pull a chair out for Emily from one of the unoccupied tables when she hurriedly stopped him.

"We must find out their prices first, and make our bargain with Madame. It 's very foolish to sit down without knowing how much they charge."

"But," said Sylvia, "the children are starved, and maybe the other hotels are 'way up the hill. This will have to do."

"Emily will arrange everything, Sylvia. She has had so much experience," said Nelson, and with that disappeared after Emily in search of Madame. Madame, it seemed, was in the kitchen, and was about to bring out and serve a very brown and savory-looking goose, with apples decorating the dish and with the most beguiling odor.

Madame seemed rather indifferent to Emily and Nelson. She was not, really, but she finished her carving of the goose deliberately, and finally asked what she could do for them.

Nelson's French was the academic sort: he could do everything but speak it. He felt very grateful to Emily; but after five minutes of the bargaining, he began to feel more than hungry. What difference did a franc or two make, any way?

Madame was calm and determined. So was Emily calm and determined; and she won out: a reduction of three sous apiece was made on the children and the nurse!

"What did I tell you!" was Nelson's air when he came back and beamingly told of Emily's cleverness.

"Poor Madame!" thought Sylvia. "She loses all around, for the children are simply starved by this time, and will eat the napkins if the soup does n't come soon. In any case, they 'll eat more than any of the other guests here."

After déjeuner Emily decided that it was best for her and Nelson to begin to look about for a house. "The sooner, the more economical, you know," said Emily.

"Sylvia had better stay behind with the children," said Nelson.

"Dear me!" thought Sylvia.

"And Elly can play with the boys," Nelson went on, "Norah will look after her, and that will leave you free for the whole afternoon, Emily."

"Dear me!" again thought Sylvia. She watched them start off up the hill toward the ivy-covered tower for a delightful exploring afternoon. But Sylvia was game, a true little sport. She was willing to play fair and to acknowledge most of Emily's virtues and to give Nelson his full share and more of independence, but it took a good deal of philosophy and courage to turn back to the children and cheerfully help Teddy disentangle his string and stick horse and to try to bring confidence into the suspicious eyes of little Elly, all the time knowing that Nelson was wandering through romantic old streets, by green, poplar-bound meadows, or in old, mossy gardens with his ideal.

NELSON came back to the hotel glowing with enthusiasm over Emily's ability. "We saw only two houses, and have n't bargained yet—"

"Indeed!" murmured Sylvia.

"What, my dear? Oh, well, I am a bit tired. We walked all the afternoon. I should think Emily would be dead. I suggested a carriage, but Emily said we 'd much better walk, for if we drove in to look at a house, the landlady would at once think we were able and willing to pay a large price, and that would be giving a wrong impression. She is so careful. While we think in dollars, she has learned to think in francs. We *must* learn to take care of money as she does. Such a marvelous head! Such judgment! Now, Sylvia, if you could only get her to—"

But Sylvia had slipped through the door, not banging it this time.

Emily, in the meanwhile, was bargaining for rooms. "It 's better to stay here near the station, for it 's no distance at all to carry the trunks." And she drove a good bargain, too.

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Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"NELSON WAS WANDERING THROUGH ROMANTIC OLD STREETS . . . WITH HIS IDEAL"

When at last the untiringly cheerful little *garçon* and a mere wisp of a boy had carried their five big American trunks up the two flights, Emily warned Nelson: "Only two sous apiece. They won't expect more, remember," Nelson obeyed with alacrity, but Sylvia hid in her room. "Nelson, how could you!" she reproached him.

"Nonsense, Sylvia! Emily knows," answered Nelson, sharply.

The next morning they took Sylvia to see the two houses they had found available. Sylvia had no doubts at all as to which she wanted. "Why, of course, the garden makes all the difference in the world. The children must have some playground, and that other house has no place for them anywhere."

"But this is very expensive. Madame wants a hundred and forty francs a month for it. The other 's only a hundred and twenty," said Emily.

Sylvia thought it over rapidly. "Why, that 's only twenty-eight dollars a month! We get almost five times that for our house at the university. And, besides, this is worth the difference of twenty francs. See its size and the dear garden!"

"Well," said Emily, "I think I can make her come down a bit. A hundred and forty is much too much."

And she did. One hundred and thirty-five francs was the price finally agreed upon.

"As if one dollar would make up for the difference to one's self-respect and the terrible time it took," thought Sylvia.

THEY decided to take possession of the gray old farm that same afternoon. So Emily began at once to interview the few competent *bonnes* to be found, and Constance, a white-capped, toothless old peasant, agreed after a scrimmage to come down a franc. Only twenty-nine francs a month! Sylvia blushed, and rushed into the house to hide her indignation. And when their trunks were brought up from the little hotel, and with puffings and pantings carried into the different rooms allotted to them, and when the two garçons stood waiting with their caps in their hands, and Nelson, with Emily's eye upon him, gave to each the permitted two sous, Sylvia ran out of the doorway where she had been witnessing the scene and brazenly plumped two two-franc pieces into the palms of the astonished and delighted peasants. Emily looked coldly disgusted, and shook her head. "You 'll spoil them. Americans always do."

Nelson also shook his head at Sylvia, and looked a bit startled. Sylvia rather enjoyed frightening Nelson, and he had

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always rather liked it, too. But now he turned to Emily apologetically and begged her not to fatigue herself with any more of their affairs, but to take a stroll about the farm to see the romantic little vine-clad cottage he had discovered. Sylvia watched them depart thoughtfully. Being a reasonable, civilized little thing, she made up her mind to see the situation to its end, no matter what the end. It was a curious situation, and Sylvia appreciated its potentialities. For two months Nelson would have in most intimate domestic surroundings the companionship of the woman he might have married. In the every-day household happenings, breakfast, the long afternoons, the quiet gatherings about the family reading-lamp, "Surely," thought Sylvia, "there will be a good time for comparisons—the ideal and the real."

EMILY accomplished wonders. She arranged for milk for the children, and found where fresh eggs were to be obtained. She drove wonderful bargains at the market, and they lived on artichokes, Camembert cheese, game, and salads which were melting marvels.

Nelson would expatiate on all this and add: "But the point is that she has learned it all herself because it 's right, and she believes in doing the right thing. She has much more money than we have, and yet she saves twice as much. I wish you could learn her methods," sighed Nelson.

"Do you really, Nelson?" asked Sylvia. "But, you see, Emily 's had so much experience. She knows. In time I may learn all sorts of things, too."

And she soon learned something, a method new to her experience, and it set her thinking. Sylvia had never been very prompt in anything, and in the matter of breakfast she was always the last one to appear; but after a certain morning Sylvia decided to reform. She missed too much fun by being late. On this certain morning, as she came along the narrow hallway leading to the *salle-à-manger,* she heard Emily saying in a cooing voice: "Let me do that for you. I can't bear to see a man pour his own coffee. I should never dream of letting *my* husband—" She stopped short as Sylvia quietly opened the half-closed door and met her eye.

"—Have more than two sous?" broke in Sylvia. "How clever you are!" she added, laughing gaily.

Nelson looked up bewildered, and Emily flushed angrily. Sylvia sank gently into a chair and smiled cheerfully at the boys. Nelson, still looking vague, sent for a fresh napkin. "Constance," he began in his painstaking French, "a napkin like this I cannot use. It is too soiled."

"Yes, Monsieur; but the other madame," said Constance, looking at Emily, "says the napkins are to be changed only once a week, Monsieur."

"But it 's our linen, I think, Constance," answered Nelson, in a low, deprecating tone, "and I dislike sticky things."

"That 's all very well, Nelson," interrupted Sylvia, "but Emily says we all share in expense of the wash, and it 's most expensive here. Is n't it so, Emily?"

"Oh, yes," Emily began in her positive way. "In the pension in Paris napkins were changed only once a week, and we did very well."

"And the bed-linen? These customs are so interesting, are n't they, Nelson?" Sylvia looked innocently expectant.

"Once in two weeks. It 's the custom, you know, and we did n't expect anything else," Emily finished in her authoritative tone.

"Americans do spoil things so!" murmured Sylvia, glancing sorrowfully across at Nelson. Emily looked at her sharply; but Sylvia turned a bland; childlike smile to Elly, who was clamoring for cream. "Beaucoup, beaucoup, maman!" while Emily emptied the pitcher over the oatmeal.

Nelson, feeling guilty, unfolded his fresh napkin. "Constance, will you, if you please, give me some cream."

"C'est tout, Monsieur," piped Constance, with a wink at Sylvia. They were great friends, and she understood things in her quick French way. Nelson looked ashamed of himself, and asked apologetically, "May I have some hot milk, perhaps?"

But the milk was exclusively for the children, it seemed, and Nelson drank his bitter coffee silently.

Sylvia and Emily were planning a trip to Villedieu. Emily was wonderful at planning. She kept a very complete system of cash-account for the household and general expenses. All items were passed

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upon by her and carefully recorded in a little book, and at the end of their visit all was to be divided up and paid per capita. Also, she attended to all the expenses of the frequent trips they were now making to near-by towns. Presently Nelson heard Emily say, "I won't go on any more if they are to be as expensive as this Mont-Saint-Michel trip."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"SHE DROVE WONDERFUL BARGAINS AT THE MARKET"

"Why did you think it expensive, Emily?" asked Nelson, anxiously arousing himself from his study of the table-linen. Nelson had thought that trip the most successful of all.

"In the first place, I think it silly to go second-class; third in the country is perfectly comfortable. Then the extravagant dinner. It 's absurd to spend so much when we could take along something from home—so much more economical and just as good."

There was silence for a moment, then Sylvia looked up from her coffee. "Yes, I agree with Emily. It is ridiculous to go second class. And as for the luncheons, we could easily take a bundle, and Nelson could carry it. He loves to carry bundles."

"But," said Nelson, ignoring Sylvia's suggestion, "that 's part of the fun. Those quaint *auberges,* with the carafes of cider always on the table, and the good food. Still, it 's to be as you say, Emily," he added gallantly.

"Of course. Emily 's had experience," said Sylvia; "she knows."

But Nelson soon grew tired of carrying bundles of food. Picnics are all very well once a spring or twice a summer, but when it came to three times a week, Nelson drew the line. So gradually the trips grew less and less frequent, and the pleasures narrowed themselves to simpler and simpler things. "But, Nelson, see how we 're economizing," said Sylvia, encouragingly. "Why, we 'll save so much that in Paris we can do all sorts of interesting things, Emily says."

Nelson looked at her thoughtfully. But she ignored the look, and went on:

"Won't you go to market with us today? Emily does drive such wonderful bargains! She 's so shrewd with these peasants! They rather hate us, I admit; but we *never* pay what they ask."

Nelson stared before him and frowned as he thought of his one experience at the market. It had not been pleasant, for he had been made to feel outcast and despised —un-American, to say the least.

"She 's *never* wasteful," Sylvia hurried

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on. "We never have a thing left over in the kitchen, not even a drop of cream."

Bitter coffee! Nelson winced at the recollection.

"Living in pensions (cheap ones) is such a training!" Sylvia went on enthusiastically. "It makes one realize how extravagant Americans are in their habits—fresh napkins daily, and all the rest of it."

Nelson shuddered, rose, and started to leave the room, but Sylvia followed, still expatiating on Emily, and as he reached the haven of his own room she called to him: "Oh, by the way, Emily says if your old peasant friend from the Route Martian brings the cider while we are out, you 're to give him only two sous. It 's all he expects, remember," she added as Nelson quietly but firmly shut his door.

OCTOBER opened rainy and cold. Day after day it grew more and more dreary. Even the simple, near-by excursions had to be abandoned. The old farm got damper and damper. The little fireplace in the salon could hardly cheer even warm-hearted Sylvia.

Emily spent most of her time reading German now. Nelson tried to begin some winter work. He seemed as gallant to Emily as ever, but was he as interested? Sylvia doubted it. They would still recall the "old days," and again Emily's eyelashes played an important part. "Was he bored?" Sylvia wondered. "If he is, I 'm going to make him admit it," she declared to herself.

Finally, one specially dreary day, he wandered into Sylvia's room, sighed several times, looked cynically at some photographs pinned on the wall, pulled his nose, and aimlessly wandered to the window to look out at the dripping rose garden, the dripping wall, the dripping fir-trees, the dripping sky. Again he sighed, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. He hastily withdrew them, and glanced guiltily at Sylvia; but she was busy sewing, with her back to the light. Nelson softly put his hand back into his pocket, and slowly and carefully drew out a black, shining snuff-box with a beautiful portrait head done in mother-of-pearl on the cover. He looked at it lovingly and excitedly. It was a secret he had not dared to share with any one, a delicious secret. For yesterday, when life had seemed too bleak, too barren, too forlorn to endure longer, he had stolen out into the rain, hidden behind the wall, and had almost skipped down the lane, out of the gate, and away up the road to the village. There he had boldly and audaciously entered the antique shop into which he had often gazed with longing eyes till Sylvia had sternly called him away, and had had a wonderful, reckless afternoon, a quiet debauch of extravagance.

Besides the snuff-box, he had bought a pair of Louis XIV candlesticks, which were now in hiding at the bottom of his steamer-trunk, some charming old seed-pearls,—he had not yet decided to whom to give them,—and a slender Empire coffee-pot. "Sylvia will have to be on time now to pour my coffee with it. I can't bear to pour my own coffee." He laughed almost fiendishly to himself.

But how joyous had been the recklessness of spending his long withheld money! How comforting to feel the impossibility of bargaining! Indeed, he did not know how. Instead of suspicious or contemptuous glances, how pleasant to be beamed at by the smiling shopkeeper! How soothing had been the respectful bow, the opened door! And it had been gratifying even to hear madame, who joined her husband at the shop-door to gaze after this good customer, murmur, "Les Américains sont toujours très riches et gentils."

"What is it, Nelson?" said Sylvia, looking up. "You look as if you had something on your mind."

"Oh, no," answered Nelson, hastily, "I was wondering what to do, that 's all."

There was a pause while Nelson watched Constance in huge sabots and a big cotton umbrella slowly pick her way along the streaming lane. "Cathedrals all used up," he went on musingly, "I know every walk within ten miles, but I 've got to go to some place or do something."

"Where 's Emily?" asked Sylvia, softly. "I thought you were talking to her."

"Yes, I 've been talking to Emily," he went on gloomily, "I talked to her yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. I—er—she might be a bit tired of it by this time."

"Oh, no, I 'm sure not,"—Sylvia seemed most comfortingly convinced—"She said this morning that we might practise our

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French on her whenever we choose, so long as we did not speak it to Elly. Elly has such a perfect accent."

"I did n't mean French," Nelson answered snappishly. "She might be tired of me—my conversation—the house—the whole confounded place."

"Don't worry, Nelson. Really, Emily says she has saved a great deal, and is quite content to wait here for her husband. He comes the middle of November, you know."

"November!" Nelson's voice sounded shrill. "But I must get on to Paris before November. I 've lots of work to do. I ought to be there very soon; I really should be there now. November—good Lord!"

"Emily says things are much less here than in Paris. She is so thoughtful for these little things." Sylvia's voice sounded almost devout. "Such a head! Such judgment! I wish we might learn to manage—"

But Nelson had disappeared through the door, banging it violently behind him.

SYLVIA'S eyes were dancing that evening when the three gathered about the dinner-table. She looked prettier and gayer than ever. Nelson wondered at her spirits. How could she keep them so crisp and fresh in this everlasting dampness?

"Nelson," began Sylvia, briskly, breaking through his gloom, "you must get Emily to show you her bookkeeping. She has a wonderful system, and explained it to me this afternoon; but I 'm so stupid that I could not understand it at all. But it 's wonderful, nevertheless. Do get it, Emily, and show it to Nelson. He 'd appreciate it, I know."

Emily smiled indulgently, and serenely took out her little book from the desk and began explaining to Nelson her ideas on system, illustrating it with examples from her accounts. It seemed rather a complex system to Nelson. In the division of the expenses the grown-ups were counted as whole units, and the children were to be half. "And Norah," said Sylvia, "is a half, too, I suppose."

"Oh, no," answered Emily; "I counted her as a whole."

"But Norah never had any of the artichokes," mused Sylvia, "or any of the cheese, or game, or any of the wine."

"The wine is Nelson's separate account," said Emily, hastily; "he ordered it."

"Well," Sylvia went on thoughtfully, "it 's not quite right to put Norah in the half-fare class, either, for she never had any of the children's fresh eggs, or the ice-cream, or the *petits fours,* or any of the luxuries. But, for all that, it 's a wonderful system, is n't it, Nelson?"

Emily smiled calmly, and they went on over the items separately and particularly.

"Yes, yes," Nelson kept saying, "it 's splendid, very nice, splendid; but don't trouble to go into every detail, Emily, please." He was clearly bored.

"Oh, it 's no trouble," Emily assured him, graciously; "I pride myself upon being businesslike. I prefer to show you everything now, so that you 'll understand, and there 'll be no discussion when we separate in November."

November again! His heart sank. November was two weeks away—two whole, long weeks. The rain dashed against the window-panes. He shivered slightly, and looked about the dim, little dining-room and thought of warm, glowing fires in bright, comfortable rooms, many lights, many friends, a full pocket, a light heart, gay companions.

"This weather is rather trying," he said, turning politely to Emily. "Don't you find it so?"

Emily, who was putting away her little book, said she had been so busy getting her accounts settled that she had not noticed the weather particularly.

Nelson moved restlessly and sighed. At that very hour the theaters of Paris were filled with gay, interesting people. "About all of us have colds now," he persisted meekly; "being shut in this way is rather depressing."

"It will be much better soon. They say November is beautiful here."

"I think," began Nelson, firmly, "that we had better get on to Paris before November."

Emily turned to him in amazement. "But, my dear Nelson, we agreed to stay till November at least; why, you would n't think of going before the month is up?"

"Why, Nelson," broke in Sylvia in a shocked tone, but with twinkling eyes, "all the arrangements have been made."

Nelson began hurriedly, "Well, the

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boys should get acclimated before the cold weather—"

"Oh, the boys are all right; they enjoy the puddles," Sylvia spoke soothingly.

"And I think Sylvia is getting a bit restless," Nelson went on hurriedly. He was brazen now.

Again Sylvia broke in, again soothing and comforting: "I 'm learning so much from Emily's wonderful experience that I 'm perfectly happy."

"And we can be just as economical in Paris, Emily." Nelson persisted desperately.

"Believe me, Nelson, it 's much more sensible to go to Paris in November. The winter rates begin then, and we could live quietly here till Fred joins us."

Live quietly! Nelson felt the clinging cord gathering slowly but surely about his neck.

"I vote to stay—stay till November at least." It was Sylvia's voice. Nelson turned to her a look of dying despair. She was watching him expectantly, and smiled at him gaily, almost impudently, almost jeeringly. Sylvia had failed him—for the first time she had failed him.

He turned to Emily with a tiny flare of his old faith. Maybe, as of old, *she* would understand him, would appreciate his desperation.

She, like Sylvia, was watching him, too, but with a difference. "The rent has been paid in advance, you remember." She was cold and distant.

It was the last tug at the cord about his neck. A silence followed in which, from the distance, came wailing the chimes—only nine o'clock!

Nelson drew himself together, glared fiercely about his prison, at the two women hemming him in. "I don't want to stay. I won't stay!" he declared intensely. "I 'm sick of it. I 'm bored to death! Yes, rent or no rent, economy be hanged! I 'm going to Paris this week!" Nelson abruptly left the table. "I 'm sorry, Emily; you won't look at it my way, but I mean it," he muttered obstinately.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'I 'M BORED TO DEATH! YES, RENT OR NO RENT, ECONOMY BE HANGED! I 'M GOING TO PARIS THIS WEEK!'"

"My dear Nelson," Emily returned severely and icily, "your ways of looking at things are quite different from mine, after all, I see."

Nelson walked toward the door. Sylvia looked across at Emily. "He 's an American; he spoils things," she murmured.

Emily's eyes glittered. "There are different kinds of Americans. Some spoil everything; some do not. Some are sensible and considerate; others selfish and extravagant."

Nelson looked at her a moment. "Yes," he answered slowly, "there are different kinds, and I 'm afraid I 'm the other kind —not yours, Emily." And he disappeared through the door, not banging it this time.

"WELL, Sylvia dear," said Nelson, putting down his account-book, which he had

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been balancing, and gazing out of the window of the jumping, jolting little train which was leaving Mascaron and Emily far behind them—"well, dear, as far as I can make it out, these two months have cost us about twice as much as I had counted on. We seem to have lost all around. In the household expenses and the extras I paid more than my share; in the left-overs, kerosene, Constance's wages, and the rent, I paid the whole thing. It was easier to arrange it that way, I thought. Instead of learning economy and self-restraint, I never felt more desperately anxious to spend, spend senselessly, extravagantly. Instead of a friend, I 'm afraid Emily almost hates me; and, do you know," he added confidentially, "I 'm rather disappointed in her, too. Yes; I 've lost all around."

Sylvia smiled a moment. "But I have n't," she said.

CHILD OF EARTH

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

MY father was an anchorite—
His soul to me he gave;
My mother was a Zingara,
Light as the dancing wave.
The mystic vision starward turned—my father's legacy;
The scarlet passion's vagrant lure—my mother calling free.
Within my cell I hear her song;
Within my lover's arms
I hear the prayers my father said
To ward from evil charms.
My father's voice cuts through the dark and lights a pathway home;
My mother's laugh rings down the world, and hearing, I must roam.
Poor, haunted mortal thus to be
Possessed of natures twain—
A Gipsy heart, a monkish soul,
In conflict hot and vain!
My father's lineage was proud: stern Duty was his name.
My mother men called Pleasure: ah, none cared from whom she came!

FEARS

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

HE of the hero-heart strode forth, dauntless and brave;
Nothing knew he of fears in fire or storm or wave
Until Love came:
Then fears leaped forth in wave, in lightning flame;
The world was full of fears, Ossa on Pelion piled,
When Love looked up and smiled.

She of the woman's heart fared forth, nor bold nor brave,
Fearsome of life's wild whirl, fearsome of wind and wave,
Until Love came;
Then courage leaped to life with lightning flame;
Fearless she faced the fears, Ossa on Pelion piled,
When Love looked down and smiled.

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Owned by the Hon. John K. Carter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE—XX

PORTRAIT OF MISS C——. PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT

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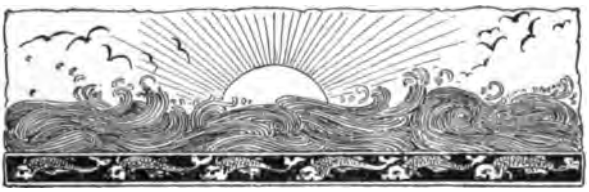

BIRD-FLIGHT AND AIR-NAVIGATION[1]

BY T. R. MacMECHEN AND CARL DIENSTBACH

Authors of "The Aërial Battleship," "Fighting in the Air," "The Dirigible of To-day"

AIR-NAVIGATION has made its greatest advance toward actual mastery of the elements through a discovery by Professor Ernest Huebner, the German naturalist, that migrating birds never cross the seas and oceans except on storm-currents and sometimes on the storms themselves. His investigations also show that the bird determines from the wind's direction when to start on its single flight overwater. Storm-paths and ballooning experience have both shown that these currents have tremendous velocity, and a sustained directness that guides the bird to its destination. Huebner found that bird-flight is not affected by temperature, sunshine, rain, snow, or ice; nothing but a sudden blizzard from an adverse quarter, or a fog, compels the bird to seek refuge on islands or the nearest mainland. In Germany, these facts have given the key to air-navigation, and there it is believed that air craft will soon navigate with the aid of the storm's force, which before had been thought necessarily to interfere with air-travel.

The tiny German redbreast, a typical bird of passage, which migrates across the Baltic in October, was the subject of Professor Huebner's investigations, which were carried on at Stralsund, in Germany, on the Baltic, where many parks, ponds, and gardens enabled observers to check closely the bird's movements. From 1899 to 1901, the stations were on Rügen Island. In October of 1902, five stations covered forty-three miles east and west of Stralsund, and one on the promontory of Thiessow, where redbreasts arrived from over the sea. Other stations were on Rügen Island, and in the forests of Elmenhorst, Abshagen, and Schillemmin, all west of the city. In 1903, more comprehensive observations were conducted with Stralsund as the center of a cross, the north and south arms of which had twelve, while the east and west arms had eight stations.

It was found, by a rigid comparison of the birds' movements with the weather-map that their flights were invariably started by winds emanating from two kinds of air-wheels, which meteorology distinguishes as cyclones and anti-cyclones, working together. Cyclone is simply the scientific name for the atmospheric disturbance commonly called a storm; while the anti-cyclone, or mass of high air-pressure, may also be described as an aërial merry-go-round, cooling and clearing the atmosphere by scattering whirling winds that drive clouds, moisture, birds, and balloons from its vicinity. In another region, a low pressure will start an eddy that becomes a widening whirlpool, and drains the atmosphere within an area of hundreds of miles. Ballooning experience has recently established the fact that air flows with increasing speed from a high toward a low pressure, wherever these foul-weather or fair-weather storms are carried from west to east by the prevailing planetary drift in the Northern Hemisphere.

BIRDS NAVIGATE THE CYCLONES

DURING the whole period of observation, the redbreasts never came from over the

[1] See also "Over Sea by Air-Ship" in last month's CENTURY by the same writers.

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From specimens in the American Museum of Natural History

AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER

This bird flies in storm-currents from Nova Scotia to South America.

GERMAN REDBREAST

Though no larger than a canary, it crosses the Baltic in a cyclonic current.

Baltic except with the storms themselves, or on high winds blowing from anti-cyclones in Scandinavia toward storm-centers in southern Germany or France. In the second instance, the bird virtually coasts with increasing speed from a high to a low air-pressure. But as surely as that great autumn storm, the "Fall Low," set across the Baltic, countless thousands of redbreasts arrived almost simultaneously with the storm. It was obvious that the winds had carried the birds over the water at high speed. Though as small as a canary, the redbreasts at no time seemed fatigued by the distance of this single flight, for if the storm-current ceased immediately after their arrival, the birds continued to fly about in the ordinary winds; but if, on landing, the storm-current continued in their vicinity, they at once stopped flying and sought shelter. To the air-navigator this proved that the birds do not employ the strongest winds except for the purpose of traveling long distances.

What is true of weak birds like the redbreasts is equally true of strong birds, as shown by Professor C. C. Trowbridge of Columbia University, who for fifteen years has noticed that hawks in autumn migrate on winds from a northwest quarter. It is well known that north and northwest winds are directly due to storm-centers to the eastward. With these winds, the hawks drift southeastward to the coast-line of Connecticut, and continue their flight along the shore. The birds pass westward flying against the wind to New York and New Jersey, where they can again fly southward, with the aid of the favorable wind. Fifty years ago, Professor John Wise, the balloonist, sailed out over the ocean on the upper current, and returned to land on the lower current. In January, 1910, the French aviator Paulhan, in an aëroplane, used these currents between Santa Catalina Island and the California coast. Professor Trowbridge noticed that the southward flight of hawks stopped suddenly when the storm-current ceased. After a week of southerly winds or a calm, a second wind from the northwest always brought a second flight of many hawks. A wind from the same quarter for three days rarely produced a flight on the third day. It was found that the wind not only changed the line of the hawks' flight, but was the immediate cause of their travel. The birds migrated only on days when the wind was favorable. When the wind blew more or less across the line of travel, the hawks made decided deviations in the course of their southward journey, which usually began after September 5, and lasted from fifteen days to a month.

That winds control flight has been shown by the fact that birds that do not usually fly over water are sometimes carried far seaward. October 11, 1900, five hawks came aboard the steamer *Curitiba* five hundred miles northeast of Florida. The following day two more hawks arrived. October 10, at 8 A.M., the weather bureau at Cape Hatteras gave the wind as north, 28 miles an hour; and October 11, north, 11 miles an hour. Records at

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Cay Lobos Lighthouse, Bahama Islands, show that from August, 1900, to May, 1901, specimens of migrating birds were caught on every night that the wind was favorable to the direction of bird-travel at that season. On the nights of October 20 and November 20 the wind was from the northeast. March 15 and 21, and April 15 and May 13, during the northbound spring travel, the greatest variety of birds passed the light. On three of these dates the wind was from the southeast.

AIR-SHIPS WILL TRAVEL WITH CYCLONES

CYCLONIC currents being navigable, human intelligence, with its superior equipment, eventually should far surpass the bird's capabilities. Even at present, German air-ships fly with increasing speed from the vicinity of a high to that of a low pressure. The air-pilot understands that his ship, when meeting a storm, can travel with tremendous speed on the side of the cyclone that is moving directly toward the air-ship's destination; for since German air-ships now receive wireless weather-bulletins that fix their positions in reference to the movements of the air, they should at least equal the ocean ship, whose navigator "rides the cyclone," as using its storm-currents for fast sailing is sometimes called in maritime navigation. The air-ship has the advantage of being immersed in the element that it is navigating; therefore its wireless equipment, which furnishes news of the winds, should be more serviceable at times than even its own high-powered motors. That the redbreast arrives at its destination on the cyclone shows that such a frail creature's motive energy enables it to avoid being spun around in the center of the storm's eddies. A balloon, without engine or rudder, cannot be prevented from traveling in a circle or a semi-circle, and coming back on its course, unless directed by a master pilot. Yet the air-navigator's near mastery of the cyclone is foreshadowed by the fact that a few balloon pilots already understand the meteorological laws of the air.

In the international race for the Bennett Cup in 1907, Major Henry B. Hersey, Inspector of the United States Weather Service, in deliberately navigating cyclonic currents, steered his balloon for 756 miles in a course, which he said, before starting, he would follow, and did not deviate from calculations intended for a 1400-mile flight across Lake Michigan and down the St. Lawrence valley, ending at the ocean. From St. Louis he coasted north on a lower current flowing from high pressures in the south and east toward a storm-center then starting from British Columbia across southern Canada. As the balloon slowly rose, the approaching influence of the high eastward drift caused it to describe a curve to the northeast. In Illinois, when on a line with Chicago, this bird-like pilot required no wireless bulletins to notify him that the storm-center had traveled east, and was then nearly north of his position. To keep abreast of it until well north of the lakes, he suddenly changed the course to east by

From a photograph by Herbert K. Job

A HERRING-GULL

Aeronauts have studied the poise and flight of this bird in arriving at the principles of air-navigation

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quickly ascending into the east drift, where he flew at a speed of forty-three miles an hour over Chicago, Lake Michigan, Lake St. Clair, passing between lakes Huron and Erie and out over Lake Erie. The sun was sinking, a time of day when sea and lake breezes blow strongly inland, and

A GERMAN MARINE GUN WHICH CAN BE USED AGAINST AIR-SHIPS

The position of the gun shows the extreme elevation at which guns on men-of-war can be fired into the air.

Major Hersey dropped into this breeze, and was blown back to land; but at the western end of Lake Ontario, lack of ballast forbade further flight over water.

In the same race it was proved that while cyclones were controlling the lower air-currents, direct travel in the upper levels was not interrupted. Oscar Erbsloh of Germany and H. H. Clayton, the American meteorologist, steered a calculated course toward New England by remaining in the currents just under a mile, but lost their direction while crossing the Alleghanies, and landed on the New Jersey coast. Their rivals, Alfred Leblanc, the French pilot, and Edgar W. Mix, who accompanied Leblanc, drifted almost directly east in the currents above a mile, and landed on the ocean's brink, only six miles from the German victors.

FLYING FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO SOUTH AMERICA

THE distance traversed by the redbreast, though great for the bird's size, is trifling when compared with the thousands of miles covered in a single flight by birds hardly larger. The exhibit that attracted the greatest attention at the Aëronautical Exposition at Frankfort, Germany, in the summer of 1909, was the large map of the Northern Hemisphere, showing a broad, red ribbon down the middle of the Atlantic Ocean from Nova Scotia to South America. That ribbon marked the 2500-mile migratory flight annually made by the American golden plover. Air-navigators from all over the world gazed with wonder at this map, because it indicated that the bird flies all that distance directly across the mighty west-to-east drift of the air. This was regarded as an "eye-opener" as to what air-ships may soon accomplish. The plover's movements have been closely traced by field naturalists of the United States Biological Survey from their Northern haunts to Guatemala, assisted by hundreds of ornithologists all over the country. Every spring and autumn their reports give records of when the birds are first seen and when they disappear from each locality. Also, lighthouse-keepers provide records of the birds while they are flying along the coasts and over the water. Wells W. Cooke of the Biological Survey, in the official report of 1905, states that plovers start from Nova Scotia, and take a course over the Atlantic for the easternmost islands of the West Indies, 1800 miles away, and 600 miles more to the eastern coast of South America. The Bermudas, 800 miles from Nova Scotia, are the only land along the route. When the winds continue to be favorable, they fly past the Bermudas, and, indeed, are often seen by vessels 400 miles or more east of those islands. On sighting their first land

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From a German photograph

A CAPTIVE TARGET BALLOON HIT BY A SHELL

The trail of smoke left by the shell is produced to indicate its trajectory, so that the aim of the gun may be corrected, if necessary, at the next fire. This device is expected to facilitate accurate fire in a fight between air-ships.

in the Antilles, the flocks often do not pause, but keep on to the larger islands farther south, and sometimes to South America. There the flocks again disappear, and later their arrival is reported in Brazil and in the whole prairie region of the Argentine Republic almost down to Patagonia, where they remain from September until March. Returning, they cross the Gulf of Mexico to Texas, and thence overland at a more leisurely pace to their breeding-grounds at the arctic circle

The aëronautical staff of the University of Göttingen has recently adopted the observations of F. W. Lanchester, the English engineer, an accepted authority on aërodynamics, that plovers, turnstones, or curlews, and more especially redbreasts, cannot fly thousands of miles by their own exertions. Though their power to rise is greater than that of larger birds, they meet with much greater resistance in flying fast, even folding their wings to become smaller; and flying in leaps and bounds, as

A GERMAN FIELD-PIECE FOR FIRING AT AIR-SHIPS

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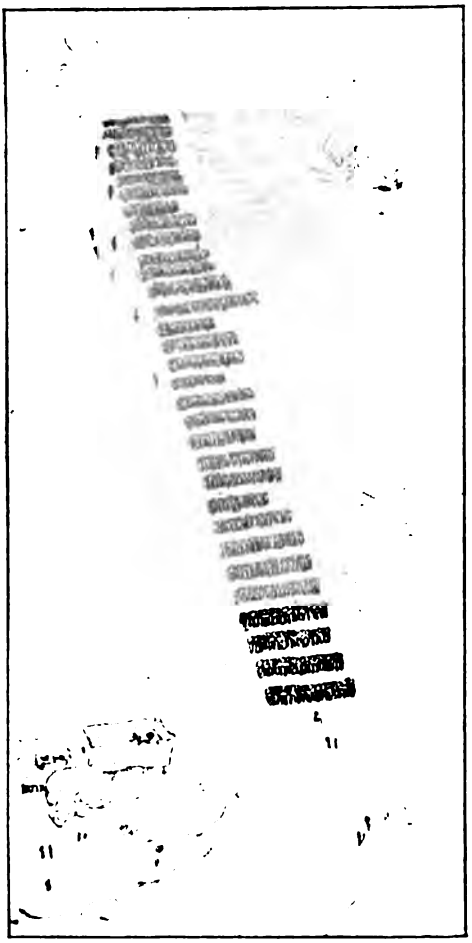

Redrawn from a book issued by the Aëro clubs of Germany

A REGIMENT OF MARCHING SOLDIERS AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AIR-SHIP

This picture shows that soldiers in formation will prove an easy mark to air-ship artillery.

seen in the wavering flight. Lanchester says that no bird can fly more than fifty miles an hour by its own energy, and therefore that tremendous migrating speed is made only on the swiftest winds. Apparently the plover is not on the wing much longer than twenty-four hours, and is compelled to make the highest speed over the ocean. Above a mile, even at the wind's normal speed of thirty-six miles an hour, the plover, which is built like a race-horse, can fly at least seventy-six miles an hour between Nova Scotia and South America, and much faster in storm-currents.

Measurements of moving clouds, and by the sighting of pilot balloons and kites, have established beyond dispute that while at the ground the wind usually blows fifteen miles an hour, it increases at the rate of three fifths of a mile for every 330 feet above the earth. C. Dixon, the English authority on bird-flight, says that, since the dotterel, which breeds in arctic Euro-Asia and winters in Africa, is scarcely ever seen during its spring travel, ornithologists believe that this flight of 2000 miles is performed without rest between sunset and sunrise. "If the dotterel starts from its African haunts, say, at 7 P.M., it would reach the arctic moors, by flying 200 miles an hour, at about five the following morning." Herr G. Gaetke, the German naturalist at Helgoland, has recorded that plovers and curlews travel 22,000 feet, or four miles, in one minute.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the winds at great heights have carried balloons with tremendous speed. In 1857, John Wise, in his balloon Atlantic, traveled seventy miles an hour. During the siege of Paris, a balloon drifted from Paris to Norway in one night. That the instinct of birds enables them to base their migrating flights on the highest winds also gives promise of remarkable speed for air-ships driven by motors, and steered by pilots advised by wireless, and having a perfect understanding of the wind situation. "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming."[1] On Helgoland, that "semaphore-station" of bird-travel, there is a saying, "Time gone by, birds gone by," which means that if certain birds are not seen at their usual time, they have passed unnoticed, and will not be seen that season. Still, it has been noticed that when the barometer was falling there was a rush of birds; hence in many countries it has been possible to foretell the weather by watching the birds.

THE BIRD AS A METEOROLOGIST—HE PICKS WINDS TO GUIDE HIS FLIGHT

On their voyages over the open sea, there is nothing but the winds to guide the birds. How this may be done, has been shown by N. E. de Cyon, a French scientist, in a careful experiment disproving that a mysterious sixth sense of locality resides in the

[1] Jeremiah viii, 7.

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From "Aëronautics"

THE ZEPPELIN III SWOOPING AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN

This manœuver, photographed during the Frankfort Aëronautical Exposition, in 1909, foreshadows the tactics of an air-ship in time of war.

ear of the birds. The ears of a young homing-pigeon and the nostrils of another were tightly sealed, cocaine being applied to prevent the bird from feeling the cotton wad. Care was taken that the breathing should not be interfered with. A third pigeon was left free. Blindfolded, the pigeons, in a dark basket, were transported 300 miles to a strange place. All flew briskly away. In a few hours the free bird, and scarcely later the deaf bird, arrived at their haunt. Two days later the pigeon that had its nostrils closed reached the cote. It was nearly starved, but its nostrils were open. The bird, bewildered, had failed to find its way when the air could not strike its nose. Evidently the bird gets its bearings from the air itself, for it cannot see far enough for guidance. Its nostrils first catch the wind. The delicate membranes, acting as barometer, hygrometer, and thermometer should instantly register any change in the moisture, the temperature, the weight, or the vibration of the current. This should enable the bird to tell when the wind is no longer uniform. Now, an air-navigator, with his still imperfect knowledge of the air, has learned that any change in moisture and temperature means a sudden shifting in the direction and speed of an air-current. It is evident that the bird does not lose the wind in which it wants to travel. The tattler, the sanderling, the turnstone, and the pintail annually travel from islands in Bering Sea, over the Pacific, to the Hawaiian and Fanning Islands, a distance of 2200 miles, which must be made in a single flight. The slightest deviation in the course at the point of departure would make the birds miss the Hawaiian Islands. Of course the birds must make their way over the ocean with the precision of a rifle-bullet and at tremendous speed.

The plover needs the same localizing faculty to accomplish the feat of crossing the strong west-to-east planetary drift. This could not be done unless navigable lanes were opened by the cyclones. They are the switches that shift the aërial trackage. Many balloonists have learned that this switching of the air-currents is as systematic as any railroad terminal yard. Cyclones completely control the winds up to a mile. While the lower winds veer almost directly toward the storm's path, the planetary circulation above a mile is deflected only a few degrees from its regular course. Up beyond two miles the air-drift is too strong for interference. Cyclones happen all the year in temperate latitudes; but in the tropics tempests generally occur at the time of the plover's great flight in late August; therefore the air is carried toward the equator at tremendous speed. The currents between one and

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Drawn by W. T. Benda Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE SWOOP OF AN AIR-SHIP WHILE FIRING MACHINE GUNS AT ARTILLERY

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two miles, in which the bird often flies, are turned south; those underneath a mile are flowing southwest. Abreast of the Bermudas the bird can drop into the winds nearer the earth. These are being pulled more directly toward the storm as it approaches the ocean. A descent shifts the traveler's course more toward South America. In other words, a voyager would then be flying in air that was being drained with great rapidity toward the storm-center. If the cyclone were met in the gulf, it might be used for a fast-turning movement into the Antilles, which are the bird's stepping-stones to the continent. If a cyclone arrived at the ocean ahead of the bird, it could stay aloft in the currents above a mile, where the storm had less effect, dropping into the trade-winds afterward. Then the remaining short stretch of tropical sea having no adverse winds, the sturdy plover would be independent of the assistance of favorable winds. This is exactly what an air-ship will do when navigating between the two Americas.

BIRDS AS TEACHERS OF AËRIAL WARFARE

THE bird's art in mastering the air has become vitally important in creating that new element in international politics—air-power. Aërial battle-ships must not only be perfectly navigated to gain strategic positions to the windward of an enemy, but practice has shown that birds even point the way to aggressive tactics in aërial warfare. Herr Gaetke says:

> The way birds descend from the sky is striking; many precipitate themselves with a rushing sound like a sky-rocket and with almost incredible speed. First, a black dot is seen; almost at the same second, it shoots past in the form of a bird. On turning the head, the bird is noticed quietly skimming over the ground or resting. In the darkness, at the Heligoland lighthouses, birds are sometimes impaled on lightning-rods, and found skewered through the breast and back.

A hawk, attacking a chicken, folds its wings while high above the ground, and drops like a bullet on its prey, for the same reason that tigers and lions, after stealing upon their victims, pounce on them in one irresistible leap. These tactics prevent flight or defense. Animals that are the natural quarry of birds of prey seem to have a dread of any object hovering above them. Instinct evidently warns them that the suddenness of such an attack is almost always overwhelming. Mr. Dienstbach suggests that the swoop will be the most effective feature of the tactics of aërial warfare.

The Wrights, Paulhan, and Latham have found that while descending from great heights their flying-machines involuntarily swoop. One of Paulhan's passengers recently said that coming down was "awful—like shooting the chutes." The more conservative Wrights have tried to check this speed of descent. To avoid swooping, Orville Wright made a spiralized descent when ending his highest flights over Potsdam in the summer of 1909. But the high-fliers, Paulhan and Latham, make a practice of swooping from great altitudes. Paulhan, who is less of the daredevil than the far-seeing aviator, found that the very force of the plunge sends the aëroplane up again when the rudders are manipulated near the ground, lifting the machine's front edges.

In swooping, an aëroplane's supporting planes, instead of being driven at an inclination against the air, cut downward like a knife. In cutting swiftly through the air, the machine does not yield except in the direction of its flight, any more than a knife yields sidewise in cutting through cheese. Birds that swoop have no advantage, for an aëroplane, driven on a downward slant by propellers, would of course develop greater speed than a body falling by its own weight. Then, a swooping aëroplane might attack like a dirigible bullet from the height of a mile while flying a horizontal distance of two miles. In thirty seconds it could descend on men at the ground before they realized that they were the objects of attack. During the entire descent one machine-gun could fire four hundred shots a minute. In France, machine-guns have been mounted on the military Antoinette aëroplanes. Near the enemy, bombs may be released at the instant the flying-machine makes its upward sweep. In the recent exhibitions at Los Angeles, Lieutenant Foulois threw counterfeit bombs with deadly aim from a height of 200 feet.

Though an aëroplane's swoop will be irresistible, the attack cannot cover much

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space, owing to its essentially limited capacity for carrying ammunition. A squadron of aëroplanes would be nearly as easy to hit with volleys as a covey of ducks with a shot-gun. Many aëroplanes might get into one another's way. Therefore, the greatest damage may be inflicted by the air-ship, because of its capacity for mounting twenty or more machine-guns, in addition to light cannon, bombs, and torpedoes. In 1909, it became known that Krupp had invented a light, semi-automatic cannon, with a caliber of one and two thirds inches, and sixty shots a minute, for arming the Zeppelin air-ship, from which it was successfully fired; and that Krupp had also acquired the rights to the Unge aërial torpedo and tube, the invention of a Swedish artillery officer. This torpedo can be launched with an initial velocity of 164 feet a second, quickly increasing by the law of fall to 656 feet a second, making the missile strike like a shell. In the same year the invention of the Maxim "silencer" stopped the noise, and extinguished the flash of firearms, thus permitting large gas-inflated air-ships to carry guns and make the most destructive swoop.

THE ZEPPELINS BORE THE AIR

VISITORS to the Frankfort Aëronautical Exposition in 1909 were astonished at seeing the Zeppelin air-ship dipping its bow and rushing down to land in half the time of the non-rigid Parseval air-ship, which had to descend in spirals. On another occasion, over Lake Constance, the Zeppelin plunged so rapidly that spectators believed they were witnessing a disastrous chute. Though it does not cut through the air like a knife or an aëroplane, a rigid air-ship can bore the air like a punch. A needle-like Zeppelin, when permitted to fall headforemost from a great height, would plunge like a bullet, if its weight were only slightly heavier than its buoyancy. A round balloon often falls with fatal rapidity when it becomes only a little heavier than the air it displaces. A Zeppelin, driven on a downward slant, can be made to behave like an aëroplane. The air-ship might swoop so suddenly toward the ground that an enemy would be annihilated by the end-on fire from some twenty machine-guns, which could be mounted in small sponsons around the larger Zeppelin's waist of 250 feet. But in descending at high speed from a height of more than a mile, where the air-ship is virtually beyond range, it would be exposed to fire for the shortest time. An eagle swoops so suddenly on a cat that the prey fails to locate the point from which to expect the attack. For the same reason, men upon whom an air-craft might swoop with the eagle's speed would fail to fire efficiently. This situation would be similar to a cavalry charge, the nature of the surprise preventing the directing and concentrating of the fire on an aërial foe. Under the most favorable conditions, cavalry requires more than a minute to deliver a charge. In comparison, the air-craft will swoop like a falling stone.

ATTACKS MADE WITH THE WIND

SUCH an attack might be made with a favorable wind at a speed of 100 miles an hour. From a steady air-ship, moving at that speed, long-range guns could be fired with more exactness than from a destroyer running thirty-two knots an hour. Thus the swoop seems destined to become vastly superior to any similar attack in land- or sea-fighting, whether a charge by cavalry or by a torpedo-boat. When surprised, an enemy's discomfiture should become intolerable, because of the leaden hail beginning with the inception of the swoop, and increasing furiously during the entire advance. Aiming back might then become highly improbable. In a few seconds one machine-gun could concentrate a tremendous fire, which suggests that this weapon is an ideal one for the swoop. In Germany, two machine-rifles are regarded as equaling the concentrated rapid fire of 200 expert marksmen. Again, guns on an air-craft need not be carefully aimed, because the shots will all fly in the direction of the advance. To increase the possibility of hitting, the modern manufacturer of rifles strives to make the bullets travel in nearly a straight line, instead of in an arc. It goes without saying that on an air-ship any gun will send its bullets downward in a straight line. It is equally evident that the gunners would see to aim behind any cover, observe the effect of their shots, and, if necessary, correct them. A large, inflammable air-ship would not

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swoop so close to the enemy as the aëroplane, its heavier guns reaching farther. Like the flying-machine, its momentum will send it up out of danger as fast as the advance. Two light, quick-firing cannon, swiveled in turrets in the extreme bow and stern, would be well adapted for both the swoop and its recession. Of course the entire military situation will be spread out beneath the air-ship like the pawns on a chess-board, so that the craft may always swoop upon any place at the most propitious moment.

STRIKING VITALLY WITHOUT RISK

AIR-CRAFT, flying out of range at great height, may easily get in an enemy's rear, and then, with no risk, by suddenly swooping, annihilate all food and ammunition transports, camps, and marching columns. Tests by observations from balloons have indicated that men on the ground are excellent marks. Instead of one file concealing many files behind, all the files become visible at once. A single man, though as small as a dot, can be hit, because a machine-gun has the same effect as a shot-gun. This point should offset any possibility that a slanting fire will fail to score chance hits far behind the target. The appearance of an air-craft far above would cause nearly as much terror and confusion as a hawk above a barn-yard. Hitting the air-ship would be difficult, because, while swooping end-on, it would show only its prow, eighty feet in diameter, armored with a bullet-proof cloth that has been invented and successfully tested in public by Dowe, a German. The size of the air-ship's prow does not increase at the rate at which a larger air-ship provides greater lifting capacity for armor and guns.

Shooting on land, under the same conditions that should always prevail in the air, has established the superiority of "dominating" fire. Batteries on elevations that overlook strongholds have inevitably compelled capitulation. This was the repeated story of Ticonderoga, Sedan, and Port Arthur.

PEACE *VERSUS* WAR: THE PRESIDENT'S SOLUTION

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

LONG and earnestly have the teachers of men sought relief from international war, which has drawn from the most illustrious such fierce denunciation as no other crime has evoked—perhaps not all the other national crimes combined. Surely no civilized community in our day can resist the conclusion that the killing of man by man as a means of settling international disputes is the foulest blot upon human society and the greatest curse of human life, and that as long as men continue thus to kill one another they have slight claim to rank as civilized, since in this respect they remain savages. The crime of war is inherent: it awards victory not to the nation that is right but to that which is strong.

In man's triumphant upward march he has outgrown many savage habits. He no longer eats his fellows, or buys and sells them, or sacrifices prisoners of war, or puts vanquished garrisons to the sword, or confiscates private property, poisons wells, or sacks cities. No more

> . . . the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard at heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand shall range
> With conscience wide as hell.

All these changes in the rules of war have been made from time to time as our race rose from the savage state toward civilization. They are chiefly the good fruits of the last century, for even Wellington sacked cities.

If all civilized people now regard these former atrocities of war as disgraceful to

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humanity, how long will it be before their successors will regard the root of these barbarities, war itself, as unworthy of civilized men, and discard it? We are marching fast to that day through the reign of law under which civilized people are compelled to live. No citizen of a civilized nation is permitted to-day to wage war against his fellow-citizen or to redress his own wrongs, real or fancied. Even if insulted, he can legally use force only sufficient to protect himself; then the law steps in, and administers punishment to the aggressor based upon evidence. Hence, if a citizen attempts to sit as judge in his own cause or to redress his wrongs in case of dispute with another, he breaks the law. Now, nations being only aggregations of individuals, why should they be permitted to wage war against other nations, when, if all were classed as citizens of one nation, they would be denied this right of war and would have to subject themselves to the reign of law? Not long can this continue to commend itself to the judgment of intelligent men. Consider our own republic, with an area little smaller than that of Europe, within whose wide borders war is impossible, every citizen being honorably bound to keep the peace and submit to the courts of law, which alone administer judgment in cases of dispute, and contrast it with Europe, an armed camp—armed not against distant foreign enemies upon other continents, but against itself.

Under present rules of war, there are in Europe as many possible centers of war as there are nations on that Continent. We have forty-six nations called States, yet there is not one center of war. Resort to force would be rebellion. This unity, which insures freedom from danger of internal war and free exchange of products, is fast making our Union the foremost power of the world. Our wealth already exceeds that of any other nation, our population is exceeded only by that of Russia or China or India; our manufactures exceed in value $17,000,000,000, said to exceed those of Great Britain and Germany combined. At the present rate of increase, our population, and hence our military strength, will soon equal that of both. The last census (1900) gave over 16,000,000 males of militia age.

In considering the problem, let it be noted that it is no longer actual war itself which the world in our day has most to dread. This is not our greatest curse. It is the "ever-present danger of war" which hangs over the world like a pall and which we have to dispel. Men are now born and die, their country's peace unbroken, but in scarcely a year of their lives is it not endangered, and not a day can pass which is not disturbed by the fearful note of "preparation for war" throughout the world, which some writers still venture to recommend even in editorial columns as the best preventive of war. On the contrary preparation by one nation compels rival preparation by others, each honestly protesting that only protection, not attack, is desired, the inevitable result being, however, that mutual suspicion is aroused, and as each vies with the other in fearful preparation, national hatreds develop, and only a spark is then needed to kindle the torch of war. Partial disarmament would make the difference between two quarreling neighbors, each having only two pistols instead of three, the danger of war between them remaining as great as before.

It is not what bearings a question at issue between nations may have upon the countries of the respective disputants which is of first importance in determining the result of peace or war; it is in what spirit friendly, or unfriendly, negotiations are entered upon. Disputes that would be easily settled between friendly nations become the basis of war when international jealousies exist. An illustration of this vital truth is the incident upon the Dogger Bank, which recently excited Great Britain and Russia. It was promptly settled; but if the parties had been Great Britain and Germany, it would in all probability have led to war, so readily does rival preparation provide the inflammable material upon which war feeds. The insuperable objection to "preparation" by the first nation is that it inevitably leads to the building of competing armaments by powers which otherwise would not have increased them, thus spreading the area of war, and making more nations possible enemies. Hence the most prolific mother of war in our day is "preparation," as "territorial aggrandizement" has been until recently.

There is one important feature of our time which has to be most carefully con-

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sidered—every ruler, statesman, and ambassador of every country repeatedly protests that their armaments are for protection only; that their country seeks not territorial additions, that its first and last desire is peace as the greatest blessing. In all this they are beyond question sincere. Among civilized lands to-day there are not good peaceable members and bad warlike members; all really desire peace and their armaments are intended to be protective instruments only. Why then is peace not secured? The answer is that the leaders of nations at their respective capitals are strangers to each other and communicate only through ambassadors; they do not trust each other; each suspects sinister designs in the other, and, fearful of offending public opinion so easily excited upon international issues, they hesitate to adopt broad peaceful measures of common justice, or to agree to arbitration which might decide against their country. Under present world conditions, if the makers of treaties knew and trusted each other, war would soon become obsolete, for it is an indubitable fact that the reign of peace would be most advantageous for all nations. To every nation war would be a calamity. Let us rid ourselves of thinking that there are good nations who abhor war and bad nations who lie in wait for an opportunity to attack the weak. In our day the peaceful development of nations is their most profitable policy. Assuming that all civilized nations long for peace, if one or more of the chief powers were to approach the others in the proper spirit, a league of peace would seem highly probable.

The world, once so unknown, with ports so distant, has now shrunk into a neighborhood, in constant and instantaneous communication, international exchanges reaching the enormous sum of $28,000,000,000 per year. It stands to reason, therefore, that under these changed conditions no one or two nations should be permitted to disturb the world's peace, in which other nations have a common interest and upon which they are more or less dependent. Nations are partners to-day in this world-business, and have a right to be consulted in all matters pertaining to the world's peace. They are rapidly becoming interdependent, and international courts must of necessity soon be established. We have the germ of these already in the world marine court recently agreed upon in London by the delegates of the eight naval powers, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, Italy, and the United States. This tribunal, composed of one judge from each land, is to pass final judgment upon all questions within its sphere. It is this pioneer of other world courts to come which our Secretary of State, Mr. Knox, has wisely suggested should become an arbitral court, empowered to consider all disputes referred to them by the nations. If the powers agree to his admirable suggestion, which stamps him as a statesman, the world will soon have an international court composed of the foremost of the world's jurists, ready to pass judgment upon any international dispute that may be submitted. Thus the world does move steadily toward peace and brotherhood.

Peaceful arbitration has so far been the chief agent of progress toward the reign of peace and can be credited with having already settled nearly six hundred international disputes. Secretary Root has broken all records by negotiating twenty-four of these settlements, and for this and other important services he deserves high place among the workers for international peace. Such treaties are not to be judged solely by their provisions. These to which we have referred are limited to certain subjects, exclusive of others, but the average citizen knows little of treaty contents, and hence the mere fact that his country has agreed with another to settle some issues peacefully inspires friendly feelings which may some day count for much. Again, statesmen, knowing that their respective countries have agreed to settle some kinds of disputes peaceably, are predisposed to follow that mode for the settlement of others; therefore all treaties, whatever their limitations, make for peace. But arbitration of international disputes has so far encountered a serious obstacle: nations have been and still are indisposed to submit *all* disputes to arbitration. Although Belgium and Holland, Chile and the Argentine, Norway and Sweden, have done so, one or more exceptions are always made by the chief nations, and these are fatal to the one indispensable change required—

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the removal of the *danger of war,* without which nothing *vital* is gained.

Many devoted disciples of peace were seriously studying this feature of the problem when the solution came unexpectedly in a flash of inspiration from no less a ruler than President Taft, that revealed the true path to the realization of peace on earth. Here is the inspired deliverance before the *Peace and Arbitration Society* in New York on the 22d of March, 1910, which we believe will remain memorable for untold ages, and give the author rank among the immortals as one of the foremost benefactors of his race:

> Personally I do not see any more reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to a court of arbitration than matters of property or of national proprietorship. I know that is going further than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor may not be submitted to a tribunal composed of men of honor who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decision, as well as any other question of difference arising between nations.

In these few words President Taft becomes the leader of the holy crusade against man killing man in war, as Lincoln became the leader in the crusade against the selling of man by man. Much to the dismay of mere party politicians, Lincoln went to the root of the curse of slavery, declaring that a nation could not endure permanently half slave and half free. Our leader of to-day declares it the duty of nations to refer to a court of honor all questions thought to affect their honor, as well as any other questions arising between them. Thus nations cannot sit as judges in their own causes, for this would violate the first principles of natural justice, as is shown by the fact that in our day a judge known to have sat in judgment in a cause in which he was even in the smallest degree personally interested, would die in infamy. So will nations sink into infamy which insist much longer upon trampling under foot this benign rule of law. Courts of honor such as suggested by the President are coming rapidly into favor in countries which still tolerate the duel. The German Emperor especially is reputed to have done much to introduce these and hence to restrict dueling.

It is quite true that the President, as he says, "goes further than most men are willing to go"; otherwise he would not be a leader; for a leader's place is in the front. But—and this is another characteristic of the truly great leader—he goes no further than is absolutely necessary. Had he exempted any one subject, even "honor" from arbitration,—although no nation can dishonor another nation, and no man dishonor another man, all honor's wounds being self-inflicted,—he would have failed to bridge the chasm *between peace and the danger of war,* and little would have been gained. Armaments would continue to swell as at present, increasing suspicion, jealousy, and hatred between the powers until war broke forth as the natural result of "mutual preparation," which from its very nature creates what it so vainly hopes to prevent.

When the final step is taken and the representatives of the nations assemble to organize the International Court, to which they agree to submit all disputes, it may be assumed that they will specify as a fundamental principle that the independence of nations and their existing territorial rights shall be recognized and upheld as an integral part of the organization. Hence no disputes could arise affecting either of these subjects. Thus would be eliminated the chief source of serious disputes those affecting the honor or vital interests of nations.

Let all friends of peace hail President Taft as our leader, rejoicing that he has found the true solution of the problem and placed our country in the van in the holy crusade for international peace, an honor to which it is fairly entitled as the foremost exponent and upholder of the rights of man, or, as the poet Burns put it in Revolutionary days,

> Columbia's offspring, brave and free,
> Ye know and dare proclaim
> The royalty of man.

Well do the intelligent masses of Europe and of our Southern republics know and appreciate the mission of this Republic in drawing all ranks and classes together in the bonds of brotherhood. Her representatives will not lack support in these lands nor in Canada when they urge that all international disputes shall be arbitrated that the world's peace may remain unbroken.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

LAWLESSNESS THE NATIONAL VICE

THESE are days of rude awakening for those Americans who have been reared on the old Fourth-of-July theory that "freedom" and "education" keep a people in the way of moral, social, and political advancement,—in other words, that an enlightened and vigorous people, with free play given to its better instincts, is sure to develop a society that steadily intrenches itself in law and order.

A nation which has reached the ninety-million mark in population without a uniform standard of public sentiment in regard to the enforcement of law is surely at the mercy of its selfish passions, rather than under the control of its reason and its statutory wisdom. In the last twelve months every variety of lawlessness known to man,—private and official, labor and corporate, family and social,—has been on view, in a degree of extreme development. And although these many crying instances were not evenly distributed over the country, similar events, differently placed in other years, remind us that no particular region has a monopoly of lawlessness, or is wholly immune. Even when it is startled into an expression of abhorrence, the public is seldom aroused to united and persistent action; yet everybody realizes that all these various floutings of the law are not merely special outbreaks; they are also symptoms of national influences which impel hundreds of men of intelligence and force, as well as thousands less favored by endowment and circumstance, to use lawless means for the attainment of selfish ends.

The cure for all these kinds of abuse of law, and of the general indifference to the enforcement of law, must be found in the causes which produce them. A large part of the public is content to leave the work of correction to the newspaper press, which in the large, and especially in its local responsibility, vigorously and manfully upholds the law; but it cannot be said that the reading of newspapers is a substitute for good citizenship. On the other hand, many of the widely popular newspapers, in their zeal to make business while they are unmaking reputations, dish up the news of labor disturbances, college brawls, and social delinquencies, with picturesque flippancy and racy heartlessness; while the out-and-out sensational press, which gets nearest to the pockets and prejudices of the masses, openly cultivates class unrest, mob remedies, and, on occasion, personal violence. Not content with an unhealthy spread of the vices and crimes of the day, they fill their "entertainment" columns with thrilling or engaging accounts of distinguished prize-fighters, murderers, thieves, and social and political delinquents of other days. As this variety of newspaper makes the strongest appeal to the largest number, it must be questioned whether the influence of the rest of the press on the side of observance of the law equals the power of this fraction to cultivate indifference, or to teach lawlessness and crime by suggestion. This influence in the nation is profound, and unrestrained save by the varying whims of the sensation-mongers who exploit the press for personal profit and ambition. It is an influence still rather new to human experience, and the helplessness of individuals and society in opposition to it should be regarded as the most discouraging sign of a wide-spread indifference to lawlessness.

Many observers refer the turbulent phases of American lawlessness mainly to the enormous influx of foreigners during the last twenty-five years. Coming largely from countries where the restive masses are awed into quietude by military force, these beginners in the school of "freedom" are prone to interpret the public inertia in regard to minor lawlessness as a general license to fall in with current methods of redressing any grievance; and then, on encountering police interference more arbitrary than is usual in Europe, where the

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military is an overawing reserve force, they develop a distaste for republican restraint which impels to extreme violence. But the acts of foreign-born strikers, and even of the "black hand" conspirators who prey on their own countrymen, are of no lasting significance except as these classes may raise up children especially inclined by nature and training to swell the ranks of indifference.

In the last analysis, the responsibility for the lax public sentiment with regard to violations of business, social and political laws, must be placed on American training and character. Since the Civil War, at least, the youth of the nation has been allowed a latitude of conduct and self-indulgence invited by political security and expanding prosperity. Himself confident and resourceful, the average American father has been pleased to accord to his son a large freedom for the development of individual quality; and when he has had misgivings as to the tendencies of his children, he has usually been too busy with the material cares of our strenuous style of living to do more than admonish, or to delegate the duties of parenthood. Striking exceptions only emphasize the common neglect, and if any one doubts the truth of this sweeping generalization, let him inquire of the masters of the private schools of the country. They will tell him, without qualification, that the lack of training in obedience and self-restraint in American homes is the bane of the preparatory schools, and the direct cause of the prevalent mediocre levels of discipline and scholarship.

Without doubt the children of the public schools receive a discipline which more nearly compensates for the lack of proper home training, but there, as everywhere else in America, only those who have an inherent longing for improvement get any real help in the molding of character. The attitude of a great number of the boys of the working-classes toward public order and the rights of others, is revealed in the disorders so frequently witnessed in public conveyances, when they are abroad for games; and in any large city a daily incident of the streets is gangs of little rowdies, each with stick in hand, roving for the amusement of petty pillage and damage to property. As they operate at a distance from their tenement homes, and are skilled in flight, they suffer no real hindrance. In a sense the pranks of children and the unthinking and sportive excesses of youth should not be taken too seriously; but when they are associated with blindness and indifference among adults, they acquire a sinister significance. No wonder the country is suffering from lawlessness when both the poor and the rich neglect to train and discipline their boys; but the ills of the present are as nothing to the disorders that are threatened, when these new and manifold crops of hoodlums grow to man's estate and conjoin with the inevitable pinch of distress and the opportunity to resent some public measure displeasing to popular prejudice.

On a weak foundation of home training our supposed educational bulwark against lawlessness rises to a doubtful capstone in the indifference of college men. Among undergraduates the mob spirit frequently holds sway, and is often treated with leniency, on the sentimental principle that a college ruffian differs from other varieties of wilful disturbers of the peace. As a ruffian "for fun" he is the least excusable type of lawless youth, and offers an example of far-reaching influence on public morals. College authorities of late have really curbed the hazing pastimes of undergraduates, which often include disgraceful or inhuman treatment of their fellows; but the cultivation and maintenance of a standard of personal conduct proper to young men giving their time to the higher objects of civilization, is either neglected or is largely a failure. Here, as in every other American line of moral deficiency, business reasons may be found at the base of the motive for neglect of discipline. The fact is that a considerable part of the students at college, in these times, have no reason for being there beyond ability to pay the bills, and a fashion for the social prestige of contact with gentlemen engrossed with intellectual pursuits. These are the students who seek leadership in diversions which are discreditable to college life, and lower the average of scholarship to an unsatisfactory degree.

And where does the alumnus stand in the ranks of law and order? In large part among the inert mass of comfortable, easy-going citizens, including many who live by professional activity and prudently keep silence on questions which involve

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the shortest cut to wealth and influence. This indifference of mature college men to the dangerous tendencies of our national life has often been commented upon by leading educators; it has recently been demonstrated by an appeal of the Extension Committee of the Oberlin Association of Illinois for expressions of opinion on the subject. The responses were half-hearted, explanatory, and in confirmation of a pervading indifference. From Harvard came an opinion much to the point of the whole question, and which the committee summarized in three pregnant sentences:

> The false political philosophy which pervades and permeates American society is the reason that college men do not get into action against lawlessness. We must come back to the disagreeable fact that government rests on force. We shall continue to live in a fool's paradise so long as we shut our eyes to this disagreeable fact.

And yet our hope of conservative action is largely in college men. Wherever they are met together, whether as undergraduates or alumni, they will do well to consider their power and their responsibility in the matter of public order and the observance of law.

A SIGNIFICANT RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT

QUITE the most significant religious movement of recent times is the uprising of the laymen in the interest of foreign missions. In a large number of the principal cities of the land great assemblies of business men and professional men have been gathered for the consideration of the work of the churches in foreign lands, and the enthusiasm of these meetings has been phenomenal. In New York and Boston and Buffalo, in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, in Chicago and St. Louis, in Minneapolis and Kansas City, in San Francisco and Seattle, and in many other inland cities, conventions lasting two or three days have been crowded by the strong men of the nation. Usually the conference was opened by a banquet at which from one to two thousand men sat down together, to listen to stirring speeches relating the recent successes of the missionary enterprise, describing the unusual opportunities now presented, and holding up the prospect of the speedy conquest of the world by the Christian forces. In this movement the men of all Protestant churches, Episcopal and non-Episcopal, have united; it has been perhaps the most effective manifestation of Christian unity that has yet appeared in this country. Nor have the results been merely sentimental. The financial problem has been keenly discussed, with the probable outcome of doubling the contributions of the American churches to foreign missions within the present year.

Such a movement must awaken interest and inquiry not only in the churches but in the entire community. Men are wondering what it means, and what is likely to come of it. Voices are heard suggesting that there is something suspicious in such a sudden interest on the part of our prosperous captains of industry in the welfare of the people of other lands; that it may arise from a wish to withdraw attention from pressing social problems here at home. But no one who has been present in these eager and enthusiastic assemblies could believe that such a motive has had any assignable force in the promotion of this enterprise.

More debatable is the question whether too much emphasis is not put on the evangelization of the world in this generation. Manifestly the kind of evangelization which is possible within a generation is something altogether superficial; whole populations are not so suddenly transformed. The hopes of some of the more emotional in these assemblies may have been kindled by this expectation, but sound-minded men have not probably been led to entertain a hope so visionary. What they are entitled to look for is that the work of evangelization may be well begun in every tribe and tongue, under the whole heaven, within a generation.

The spectacle of our busy men of affairs turning out in such throngs to listen to reports from the foreign mission-fields and to lend their energies to the prosecution of this enterprise is one that may well arrest the attention of our social philosophers. It would indicate that religion is not yet ready to be put into the category of spent forces. The interest here appealed to is purely religious; political and eco-

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nomic considerations are quite in the background. Of all the appeals which the church makes to men for their support in her undertakings, this is the most otherworldly. Moreover, this is the interest to which the average business man has hitherto been most indifferent. In foreign missions a large share of the members of the churches have been prompt to disavow any faith. For home missions they were able to find some justification, but foreign missions were quixotic and impertinent; what call had we to disturb the devotees of other faiths in the practice of their ancestral rites? Out of a soil well-stocked with such sentiments has sprung this missionary zeal.

The phenomenon is not inexplicable. The indifference hitherto prevailing has been, for the most part, the offspring of ignorance. The men of the churches have known but little of the extent or of the kind of work which has been carried forward in the modern mission-fields. They have not known to what an extent educational, industrial, and civilizing forces are being set in motion among the poor people of these distant lands by Christian missionaries; they have never heard of the hundreds of thousands of sufferers who annually receive relief in mission hospitals and dispensaries; they are scarcely aware of the subtle transforming influence which missionary colleges for men and women are exerting upon leaders of opinion in all these lands. How many of them have known that it was the graduates of Robert College in Constantinople who led in the movement for the rehabilitation of the Bulgarian nationality, and that the two representatives of Bulgaria in the last Conference at The Hague were both graduates of that college? How many of them have happened to read the testimony of the leader of the "Young Turks," that the most powerful of the elements in that uprising was that contributed by the men and women educated in the American mission-schools of Turkey? How many of them are aware of the part which Christian missionaries are now taking in the tremendous movement by which China is getting ready for constitutional government?

Such facts as these have been brought to the attention of the laymen in these great assemblies, and it is no wonder that their attitude toward the foreign missionary movement has been changed.

Doubtless their minds have been opened to the consideration of such facts by that deepening conviction of the reality of spiritual interests which characterizes the present years, and to which we have already called attention. Men's minds are more hospitable to religious truth than they were ten years ago; materialism is less dominant and clamorous; the life of the spirit has a better chance to get a hearing.

It is interesting to note that the motives urged in all this campaign have been the highest. The old appeal to terror has disappeared. It is not because the heathen are in danger of eternal punishment that these laymen are moved to send them the Gospel; it is because they are our brothers, children of a common Father, and because we have light and hope and comfort which they need. The claims of humanity, the bonds of universal brotherhood, loyalty to the great Leader of Mankind,—these are the motives on which emphasis has been laid. The international value of the work —the cultivation of the friendship of nations—has also been made prominent; the hope has been cherished that the success of Christian missions would lead in universal peace.

All reports indicate that the effect of this movement upon the home-work of the churches has been most salutary; that the men whose hearts have been stirred by these larger hopes are giving themselves with new devotion to the service of their neighbors. They cannot well recognize Chinese and Turks and Hindus as brothers without acknowledging the same relationship to the friendless and the benighted in the slums of their own cities.

This experience may offer a tactical hint to Christian leaders. It seems to suggest that large things are easier than little things; that enterprises which savor of the heroic are more practicable than those which make no large demands on faith and consecration. In this laymen's missionary movement the church has called on its men to do a splendid thing, and they have sprung to the work with enthusiasm. May it not be true that one reason why the church gets so little from her members is because she so seldom asks for anything that is really worth while?

There is a hint, also, of the truth that

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we often find in large affairs the wisdom which we need in our domestic concerns. The world-wide sympathies which we cultivate in our foreign missionary enthusiasms may help us to solve our social problems. With the bold and true declaration of President Taft, to which Mr. Carnegie calls renewed attention in the present number of THE CENTURY, it now seems possible that we shall be able, before long, to arbitrate all international disputes. After we have learned that lesson, we shall surely find ourselves compelled, for very shame, to put an end to the barbarism of industrial war.

MARK TWAIN

THE passing of America's greatest humorist, lamented everywhere though he is, cannot be said to have "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," to which he so materially added, but rather to have reminded an often too strenuous world of the salutary function of humor, and to have set the public anew to a merry enjoyment of his books. This was as he would have wished; for, chivalrous as he was in his championship of causes in his more serious work, he had no false shame about writing pure fun, with no other purpose but to amuse. Humor, like beauty, is "its own excuse for being," and though in his hands it was a never-sheathed sword of offense to humbug and pretentiousness, it was also a conjuring wand of fancy and delight. What a satisfaction it must have been to him to know that his earlier books were a solace to the sleepless nights of Charles Darwin! Who of us is not his debtor for the saner and healthier view of life—the humility that attends upon humor? To his wholesomeness and humanity much might be forgiven.

It is a tribute to Mark Twain's originality and spontaneity that he has never had an imitator. During a career reaching back almost to the second series of the "Biglow Papers," he has held the primacy as master of both gentle and ironic wit. Other humorists have come and gone, but he has remained a standard, national and, with all his flavor of the soil, unprovincial. He was in his way as truly American as Abraham Lincoln.

MR. ROOSEVELT IN EUROPE

THE significance of Mr. Roosevelt's reception in Europe would seem to lie but little in the fact that he has been accorded royal honors by various sovereigns. These unique attentions are due not merely to a gracious etiquette, but, no doubt, to a sincere interest in a public man of character, force, and imagination. His royal hosts, moreover, may well be curious to take the personal measure of a man who is at home in world-politics; who has realized the project of the Panama Canal; who has awakened his country and his generation to the necessity of conservation; and who on the night of his overwhelming choice as President of the United States voluntarily announced that he would not be a candidate for reëlection. What is of much greater significance is the spontaneous welcome of the various peoples whom he has visited,—comprising men of all kinds and classes from workingmen to scholars,—to whom it is evident, he has become the embodiment of conservative democracy, and to whom in an era of political laxity he preaches, as at home, the opportunities and responsibilities of popular government. The view of thoughtful Frenchmen is probably reflected in the opinion of "Le Temps," when it says that Mr. Roosevelt "represents at the same time liberty and authority—those two antitheses which republicans, conscious of their duty and solicitous of the future, are everywhere trying to harness together."

To minimize these greetings of a distinguished American by the rulers as bids for the future favor of his country, does not diminish, but rather increases, the significance and the prestige of the events; while the cordiality of the popular welcome shows a solidarity of international feeling which cannot fail to be fortunate in any strain that may hereafter occur in the relations between this country and any nation of Europe. For the rest, it is much to be deprecated that any partizan or political coloring should be given to his generous reception abroad or at home.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

"Bill Nye" on the Art of Lecturing

BY EDGAR W. NYE ("BILL NYE")

[THE article which follows was found among the humorist's papers after his death in 1896. It is believed that it has not before appeared in print.—THE EDITOR.]

THE history of the lecture industry in America is one of alternate elation and depression. It is a record of hope and indigestion, of exhilarating applause and nipping frosts, and is usually written with the heart's blood of the lecturer.

It is easy in America to say, "I will be a lecturer. I will train my voice, and warm the cold hearts of my fellows with my nice, new upper register. I will train myself from an elocutionary point of view, and I will write myself a lecture to fit the gestures that I have thought up. I will win for myself a place in the hearts of my countrymen at $200 per, and the leading people of the town shall take me to their homes and give me of their preserves, and the committee shall meet me at the depot with a livery team."

It is easy to say all this, but it is not easy to do it. Before it can happen, the long and dusty road that leads to public approval must be sprinkled with tears. The amateur lecturer must contribute many sobs and three-sheet posters, and his manager must usually meet with humiliating reverses while the lecturer's cuffs are going through the same process.

As our best lecturers are too wealthy to lecture, the field is largely occupied by those whose fame is superior to their lectures. Sometimes a lecturer entirely escapes criticism from the press, while the audience gets a drubbing for its apparent enjoyment. This is one of the saddest sights that I have ever witnessed. A bright young critic, who has sometimes had as much as a year and a half of experience as a thought-molder, takes an audience of more or less mature people across his knee and gives it a well-merited rebuke. I have known an audience in such circumstances to change its name and go somewhere else. Those who have never been such an audience can hardly imagine its chagrin when it finds, by the morning paper, that it has enjoyed a lecture which was a bitter disappointment to the blasé young critic.

Lecture-committees and local managers do not love a lecturer if he cannot draw. He is expected to combine the talents of a talker and a draftsman. To start out as a lecturer and win wealth and fame on the way is an uphill task even though your lecture has been written by some one in whom you have the utmost confidence.

A New York manager once suggested the possibility of my lecturing for him. I could not overcome the desire to appear in public, so I replied that he might make fifty dates for me in desirable cities for December and January at an enormous price. He telegraphed back to know what press-notices I had.

One notice that I sent to him he never used. It was as follows:

Last evening Mr. Nye spoke at the new rink here on the subject, "*Is or is not the Tariff a Tax?*" The speaker arrived on the 8 o'clock stage from the siding. He was the first one in the hall, and by far the last one out of it. Some think he will improve. The lecture was free, and several came in to get warm. Those who

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"NO ONE MET ME AT THE TRAIN"

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were already warm did not come in. The janitor tells us that the lecture lasted over an hour. He thinks that if our people here had begun in time, it could have been averted.

I also sent him other notices that were better—notices that I had written myself. I was much more careful not to wound my feelings than the man who wrote that. Greatly to the surprise of those who knew me, I received a telegram from the manager, saying that my terms were accepted with pleasure.

I had only two days in which to commit my lecture; but even in this short time I grew very tired of studying it. It did not improve on acquaintance. I wondered how I could have seen anything clever in it at the start. Oh, how very trite and tiresome it seemed as I worked over it, and how I wished that I had beaten down the young man who was eager to write a good lecture for me, and had allowed him to do so! Why did I try to economize by writing my own lecture? Here was a young gentleman who had written lectures for all the most promising lecturers in the country, and all that he asked was eight dollars. Why did I try to save eight dollars, and thereby run the risk of humiliating myself before the American people?

Finally the task was done: the lecture, instead of the lecturer, was committed. I had a dress-rehearsal at home before I went to bed. One good, kind man went from it to sit up with a lady who had been killed by her husband while at tea. He went rather cheerfully, it seemed to me.

All along the way to my engagement I could not be happy: everything reminded me of my lecture. In my imagination I could see the audience, at first expectant, then disappointed, then disagreeable, then offensive, and finally riotous. I could not eat anything, as I did not feel at all hungry. I dreaded meeting the committee. I was tempted to allow myself to be killed on the road, but, though I needed the advertising, I finally abandoned the idea.

No one met me at the train. Then I began to hope that there had been a mistake and I should not have to lecture, after all. I went to the only hotel in the town and registered. The landlord asked me if I was any relation to "Bill Nye." I said, "Yes."

"Well," said he, "he is here to-day. He has been here all day."

"Oh, has he?" I asked.

"Yes; came in on the morning train. The committee met him and took him up to see the artesian well. He visited the public school and spoke to the children. Kept 'em laughing all the time, sassed the teacher, swore at the scholars, and smoked the committee's cigars. He lectures here to-night."

"Is he stopping at this house?"

"Yes, he is. Charlie, where is Bill Nye?"

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"THE LANDLORD ASKED ME IF I WAS ANY RELATION TO 'BILL NYE'"

"Why, he was here just before the train went out."

"Well, s'posin' you run up to No. 80 and see if he 's in. Tell him there 's a relation of his down here."

When Charlie came back he said that Bill Nye had gone, together with his bright, enameled, little porte-monnaie. He had gone out on the same train which had brought me in. He had enjoyed himself very much indeed, it seemed. He had buggy-ridden all day, made a few remarks to the working-men on reciprocity, and delivered a notoriously unsound speech before the Presbyterian Synod, which was then in session there—a speech which I have been nearly eight years trying to live down. He had omitted to pay his hotel bill.

That evening I spoke at a great disadvantage. It had become noised about that I was a low, coarse person and had never been in good society. One man asked at the box-office if it would be a proper place to bring ladies. I do not know when I have been so pained. It is hard enough to lecture for the first time in any circumstances, but, oh, how doubly distressing it is when one has been maligned and misrepresented by an alibi!

I was introduced by a man who was so afraid that he might be held responsible for my sentiments that he did not say anything

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except to refer to the beautiful soil and climate of the town, and to remark that she had a future before her. A little foreign capital would make her, he said, "what she was destined in the not-far-distant-future to become, the Gem City of the Continent."

I rose, somewhat irritated, and said that, after the beautiful and deserved tribute just given to the Gem City of the Continent, I was sorry to state that she was unable to be present, but that I had been secured to take her place. Then I went on with my lecture, which sounded very strange and poor to me. I was internally sad and depressed, but this sadness seemed only to heighten my effectiveness and to add to what little there was in the text that was of a humorous character. That air of intense gloom which enveloped me on that platform has never left me. It is with me to-day. It is natural, not assumed. At the beginning it was stage-fright, but it has now crystallized into habit, and has even been said to be a part of my "art." It is not art at all. It is only the petrifaction of my early horror.

Once, on a train, I observed a strange-looking man who acted in a very peculiar way. He seemed worried about something. He looked at his watch, then at a railroad time-table, then back at his watch again. Then he would open his satchel and take out a manuscript, which he read over earnestly. He seemed to be committing it to memory. Then he would add gestures to it, bite large holes in the atmosphere, and look wild.

Finally I went over and spoke to him. I asked him what seemed to be the trouble. He said that he was billed to lecture at Archtown that evening, and we were already two hours behind time. If we did not make it up, he said, he would lose ten dollars, and he looked at his watch again and then at the schedule. Then he ran over a portion of his lecture, and examined the joints in some of his gestures to make sure that they were working smoothly.

For some time I remained with him, consoling him as best I might. I finally told him that I, too, was a lecturer, though I was keeping it as quiet as I could on account of my family. I went on trying to give him courage. There was a man with him who seemed to be his agent, and a little later, in the smoker, I appealed to him.

"Can't you get a special or do something to relieve the anxiety of your 'attraction'?" I inquired. "He seems to be suffering severely."

"My 'attraction,'" said the agent, biting off the ragged edge of his cigar wrapper, and looking out at the frosty stretch of Northern country, "has been this way for eight years. I am taking him to an asylum. Eight years ago he was a happy young man. He made a great hit when he was graduated from college by delivering a thrilling lecture on the American Indian. Friends then begged him to repeat the lecture. He swelled with pardonable pride, and so started on the downward path. He rewrote his lecture on the Indian. He put into it all the poetry that a boy who had never seen an Indian would. He practised on his piece for a year, and finally got an engagement. It was in Archtown, a flourishing village, where they were trying to erect a library. They needed only eight hundred dollars more, and so they

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"FINALLY I WENT OVER AND SPOKE TO HIM"

decided to have a course of lectures during the winter. The committee intended to have one lecture on the arctic regions, and how to avoid going there, by an old arctic explorer who had taken fifty picked men up to where he could hear the north end of the earth's axis squeak, had eaten the leather ends off his suspenders, taken the latitude and longitude, picked his men again, and returned. They also intended to have a lecture on political economy, and how to put money in the national pocket, by a man who lived on his sister-in-law. Last of all, my young friend was to get ten dollars for his lecture on the Indian and his wrongs. The public was on the q-vive, as you might say, to hear the closing lecture.

"My attraction had been suffering severely. He had eaten nothing but oatmeal for two days, and his lips were bloodless

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and parched. When his family spoke to him, he muttered incoherently or mumbled portions of his lecture to himself.

"At last the hour came. With his hand in his breast, as he had seen Demosthenes do, he began his lecture in a low, thrilling voice. A coarse man yelled, 'Louder!' My charge began all over again. He went on to speak sadly of the Indians in their purity and simplicity as they were found by Columbus, the wealthier ones clothed in the pelt of a chipmunk, while the poorer ones were merely clad in atmospheric phenomena. Then another coarse man screamed out: 'Never mind the gestures! Speak up! Louder!'

"The poor fellow fetched a little kind of sob and gulped down a glass of water. Then he tried it again, beginning at the very beginning, but raising his voice higher and higher, until another man in the audience screamed, 'Louder!'

"Well, to make a long story short, the agony was a little too much for him, and finally my attraction gave the shriek of a demon, and fled through the village, cutting holes in constables with his pocket-knife and biting elderly people on their way home. He still thinks, poor fellow, that he is to lecture at Archtown to-night, and that if he should disappoint them, he would be out ten dollars."

Here I may pause to remark that the lecturer has a great obstacle to overcome which the actor has not, namely: his entertainment is not split up into three or four acts, thus giving the audience a chance to run down the show and rest.

On the whole, lecturers are better treated now than they were twenty years ago, and it seems to me that the eggs used by the average audience of to-day are of a much higher order of excellence than they used to be. No one could be quicker than I to recognize and appreciate such a reform, or hail with greater glee or more optimistic salvos of applause this stride in the direction of improvement.

My lecture-managers often make my engagements and hotel arrangements by mail. This is a dangerous system to pursue. Once they sent me to a hotel that had been burned down two years before. At another time I was sent to a saloon with two bedrooms attached. These rooms, I was told, were used by those who had overestimated their alcoholic scope and therefore needed rest.

I may add that managers have a great deal to put up with. Nearly all "attractions" are personally very unattractive. They are cranky and touchy, cross and peculiar.

Should the lecturer be entertained? This is a solemn question. I answer emphatically, "No." Local committees and admirers are usually too generous and too hospitable to lecturers. Sooner or later, such hospitality will kill the toughest specimen known to man. To travel all day and lecture every evening is enough. To expect a man, in addition, to be a prim and good-tempered guest, emitting scintillations of wit, and bushels of bons mots worth eight dollars apiece, every evening for twenty weeks, is palpably absurd.

Every year I accept fewer invitations of this kind while traveling. This is partly from choice, and partly because I receive fewer. You cannot expect a second invitation from a host who has fed you once or twice without getting a single bon mot in return.

I have often been asked what I thought of elocutionary training for a lecturer. I cannot say what would be best for others, but I know that I never had any such training myself. My gestures are all my own. I thought them out and arranged them all by myself. I have rewritten my lecture several times, but the gestures always remain the same. I have used them for eight years, and they do not even bag at the knees.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

PAPA IN THE RÔLE OF NEPTUNE

MAUD: Oh, Mama! Look at the waves Papa is making.

The Fog-Eaters

NEW YORK HARBOR

HANGIN' around in a sea of nothin' out in the silent bay,
Water and sky and thick, wet air washed to a smear of gray,

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Maybe we 're ridin' our funnels, maybe
we 're ridin' our keel.
However that be, there 's nothin' to see, and
we have to steer by the feel.

Starboard and port, ahead, astern, clangin'
their smothered knell,
Ships' bells beat like a rollin' buoy slitherin'
down a swell.
Some of 'em 's off by Quarantine, some of
'em 's mighty nigh;
But all of 'em say as plain as day, "Ho,
skipper, mind your eye!"

Over to port there 's a British tramp,—you
can see his funnel loom,—
He bangs his brass like he owned the seas
and we ought to give him room.
A little astern there 's a blunt-nosed bark
from Gobi or Bombay;
A yeller-skinned Chink is makin' her clink
in a kind of suspicious way.

That starboard bell, like chatterin' teeth 's
a Frenchy from Bordeaux.
His olives and oil is goin' to spoil, if the fog
don't let him go.
There, he 's takin' a chance by the sound of
things. Don't you hear his hawse-pipe
clink,
As his muddy bower answers the power and
comes up link by link?

And that great bell like a clangin' plate
hangs on a dripping mast
Over sixty foot of solid steel, mighty and
tough and fast.
If that feller started to find his pier and
mussed up much in the dark,
He 'd tumble us all plumb over the wall up
into Battery Park.

South'ard of him, with that long, slow
pound, as if they was naps between,
With a lazy nigger whangin' her bronze,
lounges the *Cuban Queen;*
Passengers up from the Indies, three days
held by the fog,
And the cap'n, I guess, has said more or less
what ain't written up in the log.

Say, what 's that whistle dead ahead,
splittin' the gray in two?
"Daredevil" Briggs on the *Aphrodite* tryin'
to bring her through.
Hear the swish of the bone in her teeth a
quarter point to the east?
That fellow 'll sweat for murder yet; he 's
makin' eight knots at least!

Curse him! he 'll smash us! Hard up your
wheel! Jump now! Full speed astern!
That devil heard our three short blasts, but
he never tried to turn.
Cracky! She 's hangin' over us big! Old
Briggs don't care for hell,
And he 'd run us down and watch us drown
rather than mind a bell.

We 're holdin' her even, I guess, at that.
There, we 're passin' her by;
But she 's muckin' our decks with her
waste-pipe swill droppin' out of the sky.
Gimme that megaphone. "Hey, you Turk!
What 're you tryin' to do?
If I was ashore, I 'd mop the floor with a
couple of dozen like you!"

Sky and water blank again, leaving nothin'
but sound;
Tasteless, sightless, smell-less, in our misty
berth we 're bound;
As much alone, with the thousands about, as
men in their single cells;
And our only speech from each to each is
the rattle and clamor of bells.

Ah, the west wind 's tearin' her open,
swirlin' her upside down.
Give us a little juice there, Bill; guess we 'll
go up to town.
Look at 'em follow, ten in a row, whistlin'
long and hard,
Oh, they 're glad to go when the fog 's hung
low over New York's front yard!

Francis W. Sullivan.

Drawn by Charles Nuttall

A CLUB SANDWICH

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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THE CAPTAIN'S WALK

This name is applied to a roof platform affording a lookout for home-coming ships, common to many houses in Nantucket and the old New England whaling ports. It is sometimes called "whale walk."

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THE MYSTERY OF ROWING

A SKETCH OF BOAT-RACING IN AMERICA

BY WALTER CAMP

Author of "Book of College Sports"

FACTORS IN ROWING

WHEN one sits on an observation-train in the hot June sunshine and watches the slender eight-oared shells slip smoothly along through the water of the Hudson at Poughkeepsie or of the Thames at New London, it all looks so simple and easy that it is hard indeed to believe that it has taken months, yes, even years, to perfect that easy, graceful swing and balance the result of which seems almost the poetry of motion. But when one looks beneath the surface appearances and studies the factors that are combined to accomplish that finished product, some idea may be obtained of why rowing has interested many theorists and what it means to a man to represent his university in the boat.

Seated with a crowd of old rowing-men, one hears the tales of the past and begins to feel a sense of a mysterious something unattainable in reality, but always tending toward a greater perfection of what is known as the "stroke." Belgian, English, or American, each has its devotees and followers, and the strange part of it is that each school is accused by the others of borrowing its only good points from the other types. Yet it is all only a half-discovered science, this art of eight-oared shell-rowing. For more than half a century men have been experimenting in boats, rig, and stroke. They evolved the sliding-seat and the swivel-rowlock. Conservatives long fought the sliding-seat and are still skeptical regarding the swivel-rowlocks. Dr. Warre of Eton made some experiments in boat-building that for a time promised to revolutionize the shape of shells. But the snub-nosed shell in which a crew boated by him made remarkable improvement in time was found unfitted for another crew, and another chain of mysteries began. Here was a boat by means of which one crew, virtually without other adventitious circumstances, had at once quickened their time over the course by nearly a minute, and yet the

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next season the same boat, manned by a somewhat different crew, not only failed to increase their speed, but actually produced a slower recorded time. Had the shell become less stiff? Had it had a perfectly balanced stability for one set of men, and entirely lost that balance when holding another set? Was there a harmony between the stroke of the first crew and the wave resistance of the shell which was entirely lost with the second? Surely there is room for much experimentation in shells as well as in strokes, but when a boat in this country costs five or six hundred dollars, building for experimental purposes must necessarily be limited, or the exchequers of the boat-club associations must find some enthusiastic and rich patrons to supply the funds for such experiments.

Speaking of experiments, the records show that for a time progress was supposed to be in virtually the opposite way from the lines along which Dr. Warre has been working. In 1865, Yale's six-oared shell was forty-nine feet long, while Harvard's was three feet shorter. Yale's had a beam of twenty-two inches, while Harvard's had twenty-five. The Yale boat won, beating the best former time nearly a minute. The following year Harvard built her shell ten feet longer, so that it was seven feet longer than Yale's, and the longer boat won. But that is to digress.

Eight oarsmen and a coxswain sit in an eight-oared shell, a mere skin of cedar or paper, held in form by wooden braces. This shell is, roughly speaking, sixty feet long. The men who take their positions in the boat weigh in the aggregate approximately 1400 pounds, while their oars and outriggers add another not inconsiderable measure of weight that the shell must carry. Then all these eight rowers gather into position at full reach—that is, with their sliding-seats drawn up under them, their feet braced against the stretchers, their backs bent forward, and their arms extended like so many steel rods,—and at the exact instant those eight oars catch the immovable anchorage of the water, and with the leverage of those outriggers give this human machine a chance to apply in most advantageous fashion all the energy of back and leg. No wonder that trim shell cuts through the water like a knife, and travels down the course at the rate of a mile in five minutes, a pace which the average man finds himself unable to hold in running, and which would mean good traveling for a horse.

Many years ago a college professor hazarded the rash statement that an ice-boat could not travel with greater velocity than the actual speed of the wind that was blowing at the time. Similarly several years before a college professor had stated that the actual curving of a base-ball by a pitcher was impossible. Both of these gentlemen lived to learn, the former through actual tests on the ice, and the latter by setting up posts in line, between which the expert pitcher made the ball pass.

Bearing in mind the error in judgment of these two learned men, theorists have hesitated to express themselves with decided definiteness as to the points involved in eight-oared shell-rowing with sliding-seats. The question has been asked as to whether a man, placed in a boat on still water (no tide or wind) a certain distance from a pier, without oars or other means of propulsion of the boat save the shifting of his own weight forward or aft in that boat, could ever make it progress by such motions to the pier. This, in a nutshell, is one of the problems involved in eight-oared shell-racing, and is a most interesting one. Here is a crew of men weighing, say, in the aggregate from 1350 to 1400 pounds sitting on seats so placed on rollers as to give a slide of from 12 to 17 inches. Now, when that weight is moved toward the stern, as it is when the men come forward to extend themselves for their full reach, they are supposed by all theories of good rowing to cause these slides to creep, especially toward the end of their journey toward the stern of the boat, not coming to a sudden stop against the chucks that stop the slides. Much is made of this point. Yet there are theorists who say that it makes no difference how fast or how slowly this weight is moved forward or aft, for the result must be the same, and no effect either way can be obtained upon the boat. In other words, a man placed in a boat will demonstrate that he cannot get to the pier by jumping forward and back in the boat, whether he creeps forward very carefully and then jumps back suddenly, or vice versa. That the slide enables him to use his powerful

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

NEAR THE FINISH

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leg muscles is indisputable, and that this adds speed is also now demonstrated. But how much slide to allow, how the slide should travel, and how be held, are still debatable points.

But this is only one of the many involved points in boat-racing. In fact, there is no study in the realm of college athletics so interesting, and very few so complicated, as this one of boats, oars, slides, and strokes.

Two men have been called inventors of the sliding-seat, a waterman named Captain J. C. Babcock and Walter Brown, the latter at one time the American champion single-sculler. Most authorities favor Brown. It is said that the idea came to him, in 1869, from watching Renforth, the Tyne sculler, and his partner Taylor slipping or sliding on their seats when rowing. Brown was then in England training for a race with Sadler. The sliding-seat was tried by Yale in her race with Harvard in 1870, and it was first used in England in November, 1871, in a four-oared race for the championship of the Tyne. The value of these seats may be appreciated from the fact that Winship's crew, rowing on sliding-seats, easily defeated Chambers's crew, using fixed seats. Shortly after, these same crews met, both rowing on fixed seats, and twice in succession Chambers's crew beat Winship's. At the time, in a discussion between Mr. Knollys of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Mr. E. Warre, the latter claimed that the sliding crews would not always defeat those who used fixed seats, and concluded, "Until I see the Henley course done in seven minutes by a sliding crew, I will not be rash enough to augur that the pace of that fine London crew of 1868 and of the Oxford Etonians of 1870 can be much improved upon by sliding." But, as that famous English rowing coach, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, said to the writer, "We have done all this."

And from what small beginnings and crude forms has this science of rowing been developed! The original jolly-boat and, later, the lapstreak gig, have given place to the modern shell, with outriggers, adding leverage; swivel-rowlocks, adding security; sliding-seats, adding great power; and a construction drawn to the finest lines consistent with holding out of water the 1400 pounds of muscular manhood.

BEGINNING OF BOAT-RACING IN ENGLAND

ANY consideration of the development of the science of rowing must inevitably go back to England, where, long years before there was any organized boat-racing in this country, the boatmen of the Thames and the Tyne were racing, soon to be followed by the universities.

In 1715, an actor named Thomas Doggett instituted a boat-race for the encouragement of good rowing among the Thames oarsmen, the course being from London Bridge to Chelsea, and the prize being a coat and badge. The race for this prize still bears the original name, and is rowed annually as "Doggett's Coat-and-Badge Race."

In the beginning of the last century, the English universities, who had early taken up rowing, although their facilities were far from great (Oxford preceding Cambridge somewhat in this early work at the oar), held their first university boat-race, and established a custom that led to the long series of races extending to the present day. The race was rowed at Henley on June 10, 1829, and was easily won by Oxford. The competition then lapsed for seven years, but in June, 1836, another race was rowed between the universities, this time from Westminster to Putney, Cambridge wiping out the old defeat by winning by a full minute. Three years later a third race was rowed, and again Cambridge won.

After an intermission of a year or two, the race was continued up to 1856, and from that time has been a constant annual feature. It was in 1846 that the first race was rowed with outriggers, the course being from Mortlake to Putney. From that time on, with one or two exceptions, the course has been from Putney to Mortlake. In 1857 the crews adopted the present style of eight-oared boats without keels, while in 1873 sliding-seats were first adopted by both boats.

In March, 1877, the only dead heat was rowed. It is also worthy of note that, though originally rowed in June, as are our races, the two universities proceeded to experiment regarding the time of year, rowing the race in 1848 in December, finally coming to the latter part of March or the first of April for their standard dates. In all, Oxford and Cambridge

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From a photograph by McGunigle

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY CREW, 1901

On July 2, 1901, this crew made the record time over the Poughkeepsie four-mile course, in 18 minutes, 53 1-5 seconds. The men from left to right are: J. D. Smith, cowswain; R. W. Robbins, stroke; A. S. Petty, No. 7; H. E. Vanderhoef, No. 6, captain; C. A. Lueder, No. 5; J. L. Van Alstyne, No. 4; H. T. Kuschke, No. 3; W. Merrill, No. 2; S. Hazelwood, bow.

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'varsity crews have contended for supremacy upon the water no fewer than sixty-six times, Oxford winning thirty-five and Cambridge thirty, the race of 1877 resulting, as stated above, in a dead heat.

What is known as the real blue-ribbon event of the rowing year is the English Henley. In 1839, the Henley Royal Regatta Grand Challenge Cup for eight-oared shells over a course one mile and five hundred and fifty yards in length was instituted. The qualification for this race is that the crew be made up of amateurs who are members of any university or public school, or who are officers of His Majesty's army or navy, or any amateur club established at least one year previous to the date of entry.

This institution of the Henley Regatta has grown by the addition of other events until it is now generally recognized as the greatest rowing carnival in the world.

The Grand Challenge Cup was won last year by a foreign crew, the Club Nautique de Gaud, Belgium.

FIRST COLLEGE RACING IN AMERICA

ON May 24, 1843, more than a dozen years after the first Oxford-Cambridge university races had been instituted, rowing at Yale had its birth. William Weeks, of the class of 1844, together with seven men of his class, raised money enough to buy what was called a Whitehall boat, a four-oared construction, which arrived in New Haven on the day above mentioned. Very shortly after, other students clubbed together and purchased another Whitehall boat, as well as a dugout canoe and an eight-oared gig.

The first boat-race chronicled in the annals of club rowing in America seems to have been one that took place on New Haven Harbor in the summer of 1844. At that time there were four boats owned by Yale students, and these boats occasionally had scratch races on the harbor. Much rivalry existed between the crew of the dugout canoe and that of the eight-oared lapstreak gig. Representatives of the two crews met and formulated an agreement for a race to take place over a course from the pier to the lighthouse, a distance reckoned as about four miles. In the agreement, one of the conditions much insisted upon by the representatives of the dugout canoe was that the start should be made with the members of the crews on the pier. This was owing to the fact that, through skill and practice, the crew of the dugout were much more rapid in getting from the float to the boat and in readiness to row than were the crew of the lapstreak gig. Further, as even in those days scraping of the bottom of the boat and putting lead on it was not entirely unfamiliar, it was agreed that neither crew should do anything to the bottom of its boat before the race.

On the day set for the contest, the two crews lined up on the pier, and at the word leaped into their boats and hastily got under way. The tide was running out, and a swift current went under the bridge from the boat-house pier. Both boats went swimming merrily out upon this current, but as soon as they were clear of it, the lapstreak gig, as the old records put it, "seemed to hang strangely between each stroke. The crew redoubled their efforts, but finding this of no avail, and apparently aware that some trick had been played upon them, put for the shore. Here it was discovered that a stout ring had been screwed into the keelson of the gig and a good-sized boulder attached."

The final comment was, "It was the universal belief that neither crew had broken any article of the agreement in doing anything to the bottoms of their own boats."

INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT-RACES

THE first intercollegiate boat-race in America was rowed between Yale and Harvard at Lake Winnipiseogee in eight-oared barges, over a two-mile course, and was won by Harvard. Some idea of the contrasting conditions between that time and the present may be gathered from accounts of the preparation for that race. The crews were very careful not to row very much before the race for fear of blistering their hands, and yet on the morning of the same day an informal, or practice, race was rowed between the crews over the regulation course! Their idea of training was not to eat pie or cake on the day of the race. A little later, there seemed to be an impression that taking a raw egg and a glass of sherry just before a race was a good thing. As an old surgeon remarked to me once about this preparation and its effect upon a man in a race: "Sherry, yes.

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if you please. But as for the raw egg, a man might just as well carry it in his pocket."

The first days of intercollegiate rowing were marked by the use of a short, quick stroke. The boats were ordinary gigs, and the rowlocks were the old-fashioned tholepins fitted into the gunwale. Now imagine a crew getting into one of these boats and rowing a stroke of fifty or sixty to the minute. It was hard and killing work. After a couple of years of rowing, it was determined to establish an intercollegiate regatta, and in 1858 arrangements were made to hold such a regatta at Springfield, over a three-mile course, each college to enter as many boats as it pleased, with or without coxswains, the boats to have as few or as many oars as desired, and an allowance of eleven seconds for each extra oar being made in favor of the small boats. Only six days before the date appointed for this race, Mr. George E. Dunham of the class of '59, and a member of the Yale crew, was drowned, and the contest was abandoned.

By this time training diet had come to be a part of the discipline, and a man was fed on bread and meat, with the smallest possible quantity of liquids, even water being given in a very sparing degree.

The next year, however, an intercollegiate regatta was held, and gradually the numbers entering were increased until, in 1875, there were no fewer than thirteen colleges represented. The development of boats and oars had now advanced very materially, and the boats were six-oared shells, without coxswains, the bow oarsmen steering by means of ropes or wires which went back to the rudder and were moved by his feet.

This year marked the end of the big intercollegiate regattas, Yale and Harvard taking up eight-oared shell-rowing and a four-mile straightaway course. For two years their race was held on the Connecticut River, from West Springfield to Longmeadow, but in 1878 this race was transferred to the Thames River at New London, from Gales Ferry to Winthrop Point, where it has been rowed ever since, with the exception of one year when Yale and Harvard went to Poughkeepsie.

The old general regatta was continued on Saratoga Lake for one more year, but in 1877 only three colleges met to make arrangements for the race, and two of these desired a four-oared race, while the third wished an eight-oared race. These three colleges were Princeton, Cornell, and Columbia. Columbia was the only one who had a crew in training, and finding no one to compete with her, she disbanded the organization.

The Rowing Association of New England Colleges, which was originated that year by Dartmouth, also fell through, not a single crew beginning to train.

Several years later a new rowing association of American colleges was instituted, and after trials of other waters, this association has settled down to the Hudson River course at Poughkeepsie, so that the two chief events in the American college rowing world are known as the Poughkeepsie and the New London races. An American Henley has also been undertaken at Philadelphia, and this adds much to rowing interest.

Since Yale and Harvard took up their eight-oared shell-racing, there have been thirty-one races, of which Yale has won twenty and Harvard eleven. Beginning with the first race at Lake Winnipiseogee, there have been forty-three races, Yale winning twenty-three and Harvard twenty. Since 1900, the four-mile races at Poughkeepsie have been won seven times by Cornell, twice by Syracuse, and once by Pennsylvania.

DEVELOPMENT IN STROKES

As far as the stroke was concerned, there had been little real development in rowing since the very beginning of American college rowing until a lean, tanned youth named R. J. Cook, after a little boating experience at New Haven, in 1875 went over to England and studied the practical components of the English stroke. This man believed that a good deal better rowing could be done than American college crews were exhibiting, and that there were good and sufficient reasons why English rowing should be taken as an example. Rowing at Yale had been at a low ebb for years, and the writer well remembers, for he was then a prep. school-boy and heard more or less athletic talk, how little confidence the college placed in the methods brought back by the unknown enthusiast who was teaching the 'varsity and freshman crews the theories he had imported from the other side of the water.

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

AN INCIDENT OF THE ATALANTA-YALE RACE OF 1890

Allen, the Yale stroke, having broken his oar, dropped overboard, and helped to win the race.

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On the train going up to the regatta, which was held at Springfield, there was of course a great variety of opinions as to which crew would finish first, but there seemed to be perfect unanimity that Yale would finish last as usual. When Yale finished first in both events, R. J. Cook became the idol "Bob Cook" to every Yale man, and remained such for many years through his connection with Yale's rowing interests.

When Charles E. Courtney withdrew from the ranks of professional scullers and made the rowing interests of Cornell his own, he began a career of victories for the Ithacan institution that will be handed down for generations of rowing-men. It is due to his experience in strokes and rigging and his ability as a coach that the list of Cornell's rowing triumphs stand out with such prominence.

A RADICAL EXPERIMENT

In the spring of 1883, a quiet-spoken man who the previous year had made certain suggestions to the Yale crews regarding the merits of a high stroke, and whose prediction had been verified by victory, came to the crew management with the startling statement that if they would permit him to rig an eight-oared shell according to his designs, before the first of May he would guarantee to reduce the harbor record over the four-mile course by at least one minute. Now, as this best record stood as the mark of many crews rowing over that course, it certainly looked like an impossibility. He promised to take his own chances on the results, and it was said that he even promised to take no pay in case he did not accomplish the feat. After considerable deliberation, the managers of the boat-club decided to try the experiment. "Mike" Davis, for the young man was no less a personage than this professional oarsman and boat-rigger, proceeded to equip a boat according to his plans. The crew, instead of being rigged in the usual way, each man virtually equidistant from the next, was arranged in pairs, an interval from each pair to the next. The shell was eight feet longer than those in ordinary use. It was a strange sight when the crew were first boated in this shell, but there were still greater marvels to follow. The traditional stroke up to that time had settled down to something between thirty and thirty-six to the minute. This crew were trained almost from the beginning to row a stroke even above forty, and on spurts to carry it well up toward fifty. It was contrary to all the precedents of rowing at New Haven ever since the introduction of the so-called English stroke by Bob Cook in the seventies. But before the first of May arrived Davis had demonstrated the fact that his crew, rigged in this extraordinary fashion and rowing a supposedly almost impossible number of strokes to the minute, had reduced the harbor four-mile course over a minute. The crew went up to New London with their novel boat, and rowed this high stroke. On the Thames course they continued their remarkable work. Many were the rumors before race-day, but the race itself proved even more extraordinary than the rumors. The foreboders of disaster, watching the crews practise, maintained that it was impossible to row so high a stroke and keep it up for four miles; that the crew must eventually pump itself out and come to a standstill, or would lose pace with so extreme a number of beats to the minute. But from actual tests the crew themselves and Mike Davis knew better. When the eventful day came, there was probably never a crew to wear the blue that paddled up to the starting-point with more complete confidence. The race started, and at the end of a mile the Yale crew, rowing in the neighborhood of fifty strokes to the minute, led Harvard by a full length of clear water. The course, as then laid out, here ran for over half a mile over the flats, and it was from this feature that the old complaint of "eel-grass" first had its inception. The Yale boat had to pass over this shallow water, and in that half-mile, while Harvard was in the current and Yale on the flats, the Harvard boat gained no fewer than eight full boat-lengths! This is the most remarkable loss of lead ever noted in the history of these races. I give this without prejudice to or for the men who have always believed in the Davis stroke and rig. Whether it was the flats, the eel-grass, the disadvantage of the current, or a weakness in the stroke, no one will ever know conclusively, but the rest of the race would certainly indicate that the loss at that point was not due to the exhaustion

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incident to a high stroke; for with Harvard leading over six lengths at the beginning of the fourth half-mile, Yale began to creep up, and steadily reduced that lead until in the last half-mile they were lapping Harvard and still gaining when the coxswain in the Yale boat, evidently losing his bearings, steered on the wrong side of a yacht, and Harvard won the race by less than a boat-length. Now, it should be remembered that on the record alone it stands that Yale gained in the last two miles of the race nearly six lengths on Harvard, when both crews had already pulled two miles, Yale at a stroke of nearly fifty to the minute, the same rate which they continued through these last two miles.

ANOTHER HIGH STROKE

ANOTHER instance of the folly of contending that a high stroke in rowing must be either an exhausting stroke or a stroke that for the amount of physical expenditure does not produce a proportionate pace, was given by a crew which came out of the Northwest calling themselves the Showaecaemettes. They were generally called for short "the Shoes." Their first public appearance in the East came at a regatta at Saratoga. This crew was a four-oared crew, and weird tales of their practice had percolated through the channels of gossip until every one was curious to know what they would accomplish. The crew was as extraordinary as their stroke. The youngest man was hardly over seventeen, and the oldest in the neighborhood of thirty-four years of age. The older man rowed with the bent back of the professional sculler. The younger had the flat back then traditional with the amateur. Something of their appearance inboard may be gathered from this fact. When one looked at the crew and paid no attention to their oars, it seemed as if they were not in time at any period of their stroke. But if one could for the moment get out of his vision the bodies of the men and watch their sweeps, he found that those oar-blades were going in together and coming out together with really marvelous beat. Stories had gone abroad that this crew had the ridiculous habit of rowing as fast as they could strike the water with their blades; in fact, a "donkey engine" stroke, as it was termed. No one expected them to cut any figure in the race, and they were generally expected to finish at the tail-end of the procession. The captain of the Shoes, being interviewed previous to the race as to the number of strokes a minute he expected his crew to row, said that they would go up to fifty, if necessary, and even higher to keep in the lead. This was laughed at by the wise ones, who expected to see them break down or row themselves into disorder and confusion. But when the race came, the Shoes did what their captain had predicted. They went up to fifty,—in fact, a stroke or two higher,—and they got the lead that he was after, and nobody in that race saw anything but the rudder of their boat all the way down the course.

This crew then went over to England and entered in the Henley Regatta, and once more, previous to the races, were the laughing-stock of rowing-men. But in their first heat they secured such a commanding lead over their opponents that they were able actually to drop down to a paddle when the course was only a little more than half covered, and then drew away as they pleased at the finish. The only thing that prevented their walking off with the honors in that regatta was the fact that one of their men was taken ill before their next heat, and as the same crew must row through all the heats in that regatta, they were forced to scratch.

VISIT OF LEHMANN

WHATEVER may have been the effect upon the style of American rowing by the visit to this country of R. C. Lehmann when he came over and coached the Harvard crews, the result in the establishment of a greater and more understanding interest in boating through the medium of his personality cannot be gainsaid. Never was there a finer sportsman or a better coach, and the only reason for his lack of immediate success in actual victories was probably the entire difference between the American climate and the English climate at the time of the rowing season. Any one who followed the work of the Harvard crew during Lehmann's first visit must appreciate that only a short time before the Poughkeepsie race that crew were getting good pace and were able to last out even at what then seemed to American

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eyes an exaggerated body swing. But when the weather turned hot, his crew, not trained, as is the English "Wet Bob," from early youth to this unusual strain on back and loins, began to go fine with a startling and depressing loss of weight, energy, and snap; so that in this race Harvard rowed worse than they had been rowing at any time, and the very severity of their efforts rapidly exhausted them, and they made virtually no race with Yale and Cornell, who fought it out to the finish, Cornell winning.

The influence of professional strokes and methods has always been apparent in college boating, growing to experiments at times, and then dropping away again. In the early days, when crews had first come to realize the advantages of training, several professionals coached college crews. Ward, the present Pennsylvania coach, was one of the famous Ward Brothers whose elders coached college crews in the seventies. Hamill of Pittsburg also joined in this college coaching. The most ludicrous mix-up of all between professional and college coaching came in the year when Cook imported his new English ideas. He found, on his return, that these ideas were received with a great deal of skepticism, and even as late as May he had trouble in getting his crew to follow out his instructions. The college itself viewed the new stroke decidedly askance. The newspapers joked about it a good deal, and finally the Yale freshmen entirely rejected it, and engaged Hamill to coach them. Then came the test. Those supporters of Cook predicted dire defeat for the freshmen, while Hamill, his freshman crew, and nine tenths of the college, expected to see Cook's English crew badly beaten, and had no hesitation in saying so. But the 'varsity won, and the Freshmen won, and there you are.

Harvard oarsmen tested themselves out against the professionals in two rather remarkable races which really left very much the same indefinite solution of strokes. Late in the seventies the Harvard crew, captained and coached by Bancroft, one of Harvard's most successful oarsmen, decided to try themselves and their stroke against a first-class professional crew picked up about Boston. A good deal of interest was excited by the difference in views between amateurs and professionals, and both parties were equally desirous of making a trial. In the professional crew sat Faulkner and several other well-known professionals, including Plaisted, Ross, and Gorkin. The start was to be at the Brookline Bridge, and the race was rowed over the two-mile course. The race was summarized by an old Harvard oarsman, who reported as follows: "When the 'varsity crew had reached the Union Boathouse, the professionals had already finished the course, carried their boat into the house, and were wiping her off."

In other words, the defeat was almost a disgrace to the amateur crew. However, this was pretty well wiped out in 1885, when the professional crew, containing Faulkner, Hosmer, Casey, Gorkin, Kilrain, and others (certainly quite as good, if not better, from the standpoint of physique and skill as was the one that had whipped Bancroft's crew), were defeated by the Harvard crew not only in the two-mile race, but in several half-mile spurts which they afterward tried.

The only opportunity that New Haven had of a test of this kind occurred when the Atalantas, an amateur crew, but with a professional style of rowing, having won the national championship at Peoria, Illinois, agreed to test the superiority of strokes with Yale in a four-mile race on the harbor. The day was a good one, and the water was in excellent condition. Before the end of the first mile, Allen, the Yale stroke, broke his oar while his crew were leading by some lengths. Waiting for the proper moment, when the oars were on the full reach and had just caught the water, Allen, himself an excellent waterman, sprang lightly overboard, and was picked up by the launch following the race. The Yale crew, with seven men in the boat and stroked by S. B. Ives, while they lost ground for a short time previous to Allen's getting overboard, soon gathered themselves together and maintained their lead after the coxswain and the crew had somewhat adjusted themselves to the new condition.

WORLD'S SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP

EVEN in the limited space of such a brief summary of the development of rowing, the single-sculler must have a place.

The history of the single-scull cham-

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pionship has been one of great interest, and one indicative of the old saying that "Youth will be served." For a man, no matter how skilful, must, in the course of years, yield his honors to new-comers.

The world's sculling championship was first contended for as far back as 1831, when Campbell of Westminster defeated Williams of Waterloo over the Thames course from Westminster to Hammersmith. Campbell kept his power, for in 1838, when challenged by Coombs of Vauxhall, he defeated him over the course from Westminster to Putney. Coombs, however, bided his time, and worked hard at his task for eight years. Then he challenged and defeated his former conqueror over the course from Putney to Mortlake. Coombs was later defeated by Cole, who in turn met defeat. Chambers of Newcastle and the Tyne oarsman Renforth, both remarkable scullers, were specially notable champions in the history of the sport.

Later, Australia came to the front in the person of E. Trickett, who, in 1876, defeated Sadler of Putney. E. Hanlan of Toronto defeated the redoubtable Trickett in 1880. The following year Hanlan was called upon to defend his laurels against another Australian, Laycock. This he did successfully. Later, Beach, another Australian, lowered the colors of Hanlan on the Paramatta River. To-day the proud possessor of the title of champion sculler of the world is R. Arnot, and his latest victory was at Wellington, New Zealand, when, last summer, he defeated W. Webb.

So now we find ourselves almost as far from a solution of rowing mysteries as ever. English rowing supremacy has waned. Australia has the champion single-sculler, and Belgium has come to England's own waters and wrested from her best crews the eight-oared shell championship, the Grand Challenge Cup of the Royal Henley Regatta, for which Cornell, Yale, and Pennsylvania have tried in vain. Harvard crews have twice visited England, only to be defeated, and told that their stroke was wrong. Yet the Belgians, rowing a stroke equally criticized, not only won two years ago against the English stroke, but repeated the lesson at last year's Henley. Must we all now sit at the feet of the Belgians and begin all over again to learn the lessons of stroke and rig? Perhaps, after all, the old English waterman was nearest right when he told Archibald Maclaren, twenty years ago, "The crew that can bucket it the fastest will win, if they only hold out."

THE PATIENT TO THE DOCTORS

BY WITTER BYNNER

NAME me no names for my disease,
With uninforming breath;
I tell you I am none of these,
But homesick unto death,—

Homesick for hills that I had known,
For brooks that I had crossed,
Before I met this flesh and bone
And followed and was lost.

Perhaps it broke my heart at last,
But name no name of ills;
Say only, "Here is where he passed,
Seeking again those hills."

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THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

WITH SUGGESTIONS OF WHAT HE MAY SAY ABOUT THREE CELEBRATED WRITERS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

TWO things must be admitted in advance by all who adventure themselves in literary criticism. The first of these is that a work of art which has been praised by experts, and which has pleased long and pleased many, in all probability possesses qualities which justify its success, or which at least explain this. And the second is that the most stimulating criticism is likely to spring from sympathetic appreciation, and that the criticism which has its root in antipathy is likely to be sterile. But even if both these things must be granted, it does not follow that adverse criticism, even of those whose fame may seem to be most solidly founded, is any the less useful. In every generation we have to revise the verdicts rendered by the generations that went before, and this is possible only when we are willing to reopen the case and to listen to fresh argument.

The result of these successive revaluations century after century is often very surprising. Sometimes an author is unexpectedly raised aloft to an eminence which would have astonished his contemporaries; and sometimes he is cast down from the exalted pinnacle to which his contemporaries had lifted him. Swift, for example, affected to forget even Defoe's name, referring to him contemptuously as the man who stood in the pillory; but posterity has seen fit to bestow on "Robinson Crusoe" a reputation surpassing even that of "Gulliver's Travels." And however popular the "Pilgrim's Progress" may have been with the plain people when it first appeared, probably no one of the men of letters of Bunyan's own time so much as suspected its abiding value. For nearly a century after it had been going through edition after edition, "Don Quixote" was curtly dismissed as little better than a jest-book. On the other hand, Pope was esteemed by contemporary critics not only as indisputably the greatest poet of his own language and of his own time, but also as the greatest poet who had ever written at any time in any language; and yet, less than a hundred years after his death, the real question was not whether he was a great poet, but whether he was justly entitled to be considered a poet at all. The British bard saw his vaunted preëminence shrivel away until there was none so poor to do him reverence. This revaluation was due to the slow disintegration of an established reputation, in consequence of the steady pressure exerted by adverse criticism not intimidated by the prestige of an overwhelming vogue. And this adverse criticism, devoid of enthusiasm, indeed frankly hostile, bent on seeing the thing criticized as it really was, cannot be called sterile, offensive as it may have been to those ardent admirers of the disestablished god who had resolutely refused to look at the clay feet of their idol.

Moreover, not a little of the eulogy bestowed even upon the mightiest names of the past is indiscriminating, and therefore misleading and mischievous. These masters are often overpraised for what they did; and they are also praised for what they have never attempted. We find the careless critic assuming that because they are undeniably great, they are equally great in all aspects of their genius; and this is not true even of the foremost of them. It is doing an ill service to the

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masters to praise them in the wrong place and for the wrong reason. This midsummer madness of alleged criticism is perhaps most frequently discoverable in German attempts to illuminate Shakspere; but it is visible also in a large proportion of the lavish praise with which Scott and Dickens are continually besprinkled. Some critics seem to have a Parsee-like inability to see the spots on the sun they worship.

Here we may profit by the example of the Roman Catholic Church, which keeps alive the honorable custom of adding to the number of the saints. From time to time it elects to this blessed company those holy men whose lives are a perpetual example. But it is characteristically shrewd in its procedure, and it has taken wise precautions to prevent its being imposed upon. It has tried to guard itself against the danger of having unworthy men foisted into the glorious body of the beatified. It is not satisfied with evidence that a man belongs to the noble army of martyrs, and it insists that his admirers shall prove that he is truly worthy to be enrolled with the older saints. It has prescribed that a fair trial shall take place, and not until a full century after the candidate's death; and it has ordained that an opposing counsel shall be appointed whose duty it is to bring up all that can be said against him. This officer of the court has the privilege of free speech; he is authorized to analyze all the evidence presented by those who have proposed the beatification, and he is expected to do his best to prevent them from getting their saint unless they can make out a clear case. This useful functionary is known as the Devil's Advocate.

The duties of the Devil's Advocate may not always be pleasant for the official appointed to the post; but there is an obvious necessity that the task imposed on him should be undertaken by some one. And it is not only in the Church of Rome that the Devil's Advocate can render useful service. There is an unending demand for volunteers to fill this position in other than ecclesiastical affairs. The general acceptance of the maxim that we must not speak ill of the dead often leads us to be lazily satisfied with uttering pleasant commonplaces over the grave of a man whose influence has been evil or who has wilfully neglected opportunities to do good. In literature, a similar feeling often prompts us to repeat complacently the praise which contemporaries may have bestowed upon a writer not wholly worthy of the manifold laudations he has received. As Dryden put it aptly in one of his epilogues,

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since by being dead.

Sometimes a writer may win an undue proportion of his fame merely by outliving all his rivals. Keats and Shelley, Musset and Poe, were all cut off untimely in their youth, whereas Voltaire and Goethe, Victor Hugo and Tennyson, were allowed more than the full plentitude of threescore years and ten. Perhaps some few of the laurels with which these octogenarians were crowned before death at last overtook them may have been bestowed as much out of reverence for their venerable estate as out of regard for their indisputable gift. In Franklin's phrase, they obtruded themselves into the presence of posterity; and posterity was glad to pay them homage, partly because of sheer survivorship. They had each of them won the prize in the tontine of fame—a prize denied to Shakspere, to Molière, and to Balzac, who were able to attain to only a little more than a half-century of life.

Voltaire once laid down the rule that if the devil should help us out of a hole, we are bound to say a good word for his horns. And if the Devil's Advocate shall aid us to a clearer perception of the emptiness of certain inflated reputations, common decency ought to make us refrain from damning his eyes. Indeed, if we discover the activity of the Devil's Advocate to be beneficent, we may, if we prefer, credit his good deed to a good motive, and we may refuse to believe that it was prompted by the spirit of evil. Perhaps we should go further, and suggest that any search for his motive may be unnecessary, since his actions, like those of any other useful functionary, are to be judged properly only by their results.

That the Devil's Advocate is a useful functionary can be denied by no one who recognizes the danger to the cause of art when the practitioner of any craft is wantonly overpraised for what he actually did, or wilfully belauded for what he failed to accomplish. For example, the unmixed

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eulogy of Shakspere, such as we find in Swinburne's exuberant pæans, is positively harmful, since it tends to obscure the real merits of the victim of this dithyrambic rhapsody. By refusing to admit any possible deficiency in Shakspere, we deny ourselves the privilege and the pleasure of discerning the solid basis of his real superiority. Great as a poet, as a psychologist, as a philosophic commentator on life, Shakspere is great as a playwright only on occasion; that is to say, in less than half of his dramas. In the other half he seems to have been satisfied to meet only the lax demands of the Elizabethan audiences. For us to be unwilling to confess the haphazard conduct of the sprawling plot in "Cymbeline" and in the "Winter's Tale" is not only to surrender ignominiously to the right of criticism, but it is also to debar ourselves from perceiving the masterly structure of "Othello" and "Macbeth." It is a fact that Shakspere could be a playwright of surpassing skill whenever he chose to take the trouble to shape his material to best advantage; and it is also a fact that he did not always take this trouble. We cannot refuse our gratitude to the Devil's Advocate, if his protest against the slovenly plot-making of "Cymbeline" opens our eyes to see more clearly the marvelous dexterity of the dramaturgy which Shakspere displayed in "Othello."

But this is only a part of the duty of the Devil's Advocate, this more exact estimating of the specific qualities which justify the fame of the great writers. Another part of his obligation is to press the embarrassing question whether certain writers are in very truth entitled to be termed great. There are not a few reputations which this generation has inherited from the generations that went before, and which we must needs examine for ourselves to make sure that the title-deeds are all that they pretend to be. And although it will doubtless annoy many who are content to admire by tradition, the suggestion may be risked that there is no task ready to the hand of the Devil's Advocate in these opening years of this twentieth century more pressing than an insistence upon the desirability of a fresh consideration of the claims of John Ruskin, of Thomas Carlyle, and of Samuel Johnson.

The position of these writers is almost unchallenged: they continue to be showered with superabundant laudation; their works reappear in frequent editions; they profit unceasingly by past praise; and their admirers would be surprised if their right to exalted celebrity should be sharply challenged. That they have attained to the fame which they now enjoy is proof of their possession of undeniable qualities. For every reputation there must have been good reasons, of course; but the question for us is whether these reasons are valid for us now and to-day. There were reasons enough for the reputation of Pope in his time, and yet his fame is now sadly shrunken. Are the foundations for the reputation of Johnson, of Carlyle, and of Ruskin any more solidly buttressed than the foundation of the reputation of Pope? The actual merits of Pope, his wit, his verbal adroitness, his consummate craftsmanship as a versifier according to the code accepted in his own day—these are all acknowledged now, and perhaps more adequately than ever before; and yet his glory has departed. Have we any cause to suspect that the glory of Carlyle and of Ruskin and of Johnson will also be dimmed, even if they continue to command respect for humbler qualities than those with which they are now carelessly credited?

Certainly the Devil's Advocate will have his work laid out for him when he undertakes to dispute Ruskin's right to the reputation that is now allotted to him. That Ruskin was a great writer in the narrower meaning of the word is indisputable. He was a master-rhetorician. We may relish his style or we may detest it; but there is no denying that he had a style. He possessed what Shakspere called "an exchequer of words." Stevenson credited him with a "large declamatory and controversial eloquence." But Mr. John La Farge has pointed out that his "use of phraseology that continually recalls to us the forms of the Bible or of the sermon-writer" gradually hypnotizes us until "we begin to believe that beneath such words there must be some graver message than could be contained in forms of ordinary speech: indeed, the use of clear, ordinary speech would have made many of his appeals collapse in ridicule." Mr. Henry James has made it plain that Ruskin's abundant writing about art fails totally to

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bring out the fact "that art, after all, is made for us, and not we for art"; and the same writer goes on to say that as to Ruskin's world of art "being a place where we may take life easily, woe to the luckless mortal who enters it with any such disposition; instead of a garden of delight he finds a sort of assize-court in perpetual session."

It may be claimed that even if Ruskin's theories of art are now as discredited as Pope's theories of poetry, he is still an inspiring critic in the supreme art of the conduct of life, since he contributed powerfully to the solution of the pressing problems of society. But here the Devil's Advocate would summon other witnesses as competent in this field as Mr. La Farge and Mr. James in the field of art. Lord Avebury, for one, has asserted that while Ruskin's writings on these subjects "are admirable as guides to conduct and thoroughly Christian in spirit," to treat them "as principles of political economy is to confuse two totally different things," since "tables of weights and measures are not condemned as cold and heartless because some people have not enough to eat; and to alter the size of the bushel will not increase the supply of food." And it is a fact, whatever its significance, that Ruskin's contributions to economic theory have been brushed aside by nearly all serious students of social conditions with the same contempt displayed by painters and architects toward his contributions to the theory of the fine arts. It is perhaps scarcely too much to say that those who are most intimately acquainted with these subjects hold that, although Ruskin could talk beautifully, he did not know what he was talking about.

Lord Avebury, it will be noted, declared that Ruskin's writings were thoroughly Christian in spirit. And here is where the last stand is likely to be made by the ardent admirers of Ruskin. For example, Charles Eliot Norton asserted his conviction that "no other master of literature in our time endeavored more earnestly and steadily to set forth, for the help of those he addressed, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report." When we read praise like this, we can hardly believe our eyes, since Ruskin, in a very large part of his writings, was notoriously querulous and scornful. It is difficult to discover the Christian virtue of humility in a writer who degenerated into little better than a common scold. The Devil's Advocate will have no difficulty in showing that arrogance was as characteristic of Ruskin's attitude as exaggeration was characteristic of his utterance. With all his devotion to truth, as his own narrow vision revealed this to him, Ruskin was wholly devoid of tolerance; and, as Lord Morley has told us, "tolerance means reverence for all the possibilities of truth; it means acknowledgment that she dwells in divers mansions and wears vesture of many colors, and speaking strange tongues; . . . it means the charity that is greater even than faith and hope." Can even the most devoted admirer of Ruskin claim that he was dowered with the essential Christian virtues of faith and hope and charity?

After all, it is reasonable to insist that a good Christian ought to have good manners. He ought to possess his soul in patience, to control his temper, and to show at least a little loving-kindness. He ought to be a gentleman in the best meaning of that abused word—a word frequent in Ruskin's mouth, although the qualities it denotes were as frequently absent from his works. And the Devil's Advocate could read to the court many a passage from Ruskin's writings which would prove that he had very bad manners, and that they were rooted in a belligerent self-esteem and in an offensive disregard for the feelings of others. No doubt the Devil's Advocate might feel it to be his duty also to offer in evidence those pages in which Ruskin reveled in violent eccentricities of thought, and in which he complacently displayed his assumption of special knowledge in departments of learning wherein he was profoundly ignorant. Of course, the counsel for the defense would then read to the court other extracts in which the nobler side of Ruskin's nature revealed itself, and in which the exuberant rhetoric was sustained by clear thinking and by kindly feeling.

When the case against Ruskin has been argued, the Devil's Advocate may turn to the case against Carlyle; and he will be able to bring forward a host of witnesses to prove that Carlyle was curiously like Ruskin in his bad manners, in his intolerant contempt, and in his overweaning self-

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conceit. The most impressive of these witnesses will be Carlyle himself, who shrank from no self-revelation of his selfish disregard for his fellow-beings. Carlyle was unforgivably contemptible in his reference to Charles Lamb, a far nobler character than himself. He defended Eyre, the brutal governor, and he sneered at Howard, the prison-reformer. He had the infelicity of being wrong-headed on the wrong side; he saw no harm in slavery; and he boasted that he longed "to get his knife into George Washington." He became bitterly jealous of Emerson, to whom he was under obligation for money at a time when money was most welcome to him. There was envious condescension in his remark to Colonel Higginson that Emerson thought "everybody in the world as good as himself." Certainly Carlyle made sure that nobody could ever truthfully make a similar remark about him.

If the Devil's Advocate has the courage of his convictions, he may be moved to insinuate that envy is the key-note of Carlyle's character—the mean envy of a peasant, aware of great gifts, yet uneasy in the company of those better graced than himself. This envy prompted his self-consciousness to self-display in total disregard of the society in which he found himself. Galton met him at the Ashburtons', and thought him "the greatest bore that a house could tolerate," raving against degeneracy "without any facts in justification, and contributing nothing to the information or pleasure of the company." In his writings, Carlyle revealed the same failings as in his conduct. He treated the statesmen of the French Revolution with an insular insolence which is as unpleasant as it is unjustifiable. He was ill at ease in his century, since he was wholly out of sympathy with its two most salient characteristics, the democratic movement and the scientific spirit. His work was essentially negative and destructive; a man might learn from him what to hate, but never what to love. His political philosophy, with its reliance upon an inspired dictator, a man on horseback, is a blatant anachronism, discredited long before Carlyle was born. And he was absurdly inconsistent in his own practice; as it has been put pithily, "he preached the doctrine of silence in forty volumes." He pretended to despise mere words, yet he was himself essentially a phrase-maker.

The counsel for the defense will dwell upon his honest hard work and upon his loyal labor. He may call to the stand a fellow-historian, Lecky, who once made bold to assert that "in all that vast mass of literature which Carlyle has bequeathed to us there is no scamped work, and every competent judge has recognized the untiring and conscientious accuracy with which he has verified and sifted the minutest fact." But the Devil's Advocate will promptly put on the stand one of these competent judges, Professor Morse Stephens, who has recorded how Carlyle deliberately neglected the enormous collection of French Revolutionary pamphlets in the British Museum. These documents are absolutely essential to a full understanding of those troublous times; but Carlyle refused to profit by them, simply because the authorities of the library declined to set aside a special room for him in which to consult them. Perhaps it is because he wantonly ignored these sources of information that Carlyle's "French Revolution," with all its gleams of genius and its flashes of insight, is as fantastic as it is, a nightmare of history.

His style is as individual as it is indefensible. It was deliberately adopted for effect; and if it is judged by its results, it has had pernicious consequences, misleading many who lacked Carlyle's great powers into a morass of violent verbiage. There is significance in the remark of Landor that Carlyle had made a few ideas go further than any one had ever done before; and there is special shrewdness in the suggestion which Landor added, "If you see a heap of books thrown on the floor, they look ten times as many as when orderly on the shelf."

When he undertakes the case of Samuel Johnson, the Devil's Advocate will have the easiest task of the three. The works of Ruskin and of Carlyle survive and are still abundantly read, whereas the works of Johnson, even if reprinted from time to time, remain almost unread except by special students. The general public may know Johnson himself, but not from his own writings. He survives now only by what another man wrote about him. Without Boswell, Johnson's fame would have shriveled long ago. His authority as

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a critic—and it is only as a critic that he has any claim to authority—is now thoroughly discredited. Nearly a century ago Hazlitt declared that "it is the established rule at present to speak highly of the doctor's authority, and to dissent from almost every one of his critical decisions." How absurd these decisions were, may be judged from his remark to Miss Seward that he would "hang a dog that would read 'Lycidas' twice." And when she asked what would become of her, who read and reread Milton's lovely ode with a delight "which grows by what it feeds on," he returned the surly answer that she might die "in a surfeit of bad taste." And his critical decisions on Shakspere are often only a little less absurd than his judgments on Milton.

In his conversation, as in his writing, Johnson exulted in displaying the same trampling arrogance that we discover also in Ruskin and in Carlyle. He boasted that "to treat your opponent with respect is to give him an advantage to which he is not entitled." Perhaps he never made any remark more characteristic of his underbred narrow-mindedness. This boast he made good not only in his conversation, but also in his writing, both literary and political. It was exemplified in "Taxation no Tyranny," the partizan pamphlet he composed in return for the pension bestowed on him by George III, a king after his own heart. His political principles were as arbitrary as his literary opinions, and to-day they are equally discredited. In his own time Gibbon saw through him, and described him, in one of the notes of the "Decline and Fall," as having "a bigoted, though vigorous mind, greedy of every pretense to hate and persecute those who dissent from his creed."

His style, which was once widely admired, long exerted an evil influence upon English literature. It was as artificial and as demoralizing as the style of Carlyle. Only a little while after Johnson died, Coleridge had asserted that "the antithesis of Johnson is rarely more than verbal." It was a pretentious and inflated kind of writing, which had at least the merit of being in consonance with the character of the writer. Never was this style displayed to less advantage than in the "Idler" and the "Rambler," since the essay, as Steele and Addison had perfected it, called for lightness and swiftness, unflagging variety and unforced ease, qualities Johnson was devoid of, even if he did not consciously eschew them.

That Johnson had common sense of a heavy-handed sort, that he had a piercing but limited insight into human nature, that he showed a sturdy manliness under misfortune—these things the Devil's Advocate will acknowledge ungrudgingly. But the counsel for the defense will have to admit also a host of deficiencies of character, that Johnson was on occasion harsh and brutal, that he used his strength often to crush down the weak, that he was a wretched glutton, and that he was pitiably superstitious. "We must measure the glory of authors by the number of those who benefit by their works," said Nisard. If we apply this measurement to Johnson, his glory is seen to be miserably diminished, since an author's works can benefit only those by whom they are read.

But the Devil's Advocate can be trusted to handle his own case in due season. He will speak for himself and he will call many witnesses; some of those he will put upon the stand may break down under cross-examination; and it may be that he himself will overindulge in the privilege of special pleading. Yet, after all, he may turn out, like his master, to be not so black as he is painted. The sooner he is able to prepare his case against those three candidates for literary beatification the better, let the result of the several trials be what it may. We cannot find out too soon whether Johnson and Carlyle and Ruskin are truly entitled to be lifted aloft to the side of Lessing, for whom Goethe and Schiller once composed in collaboration an epigram-epitaph:

Living we honored thee, loved thee; we set thee among the immortals;
Dead, and thy spirit still reigns o'er the spirits of men.

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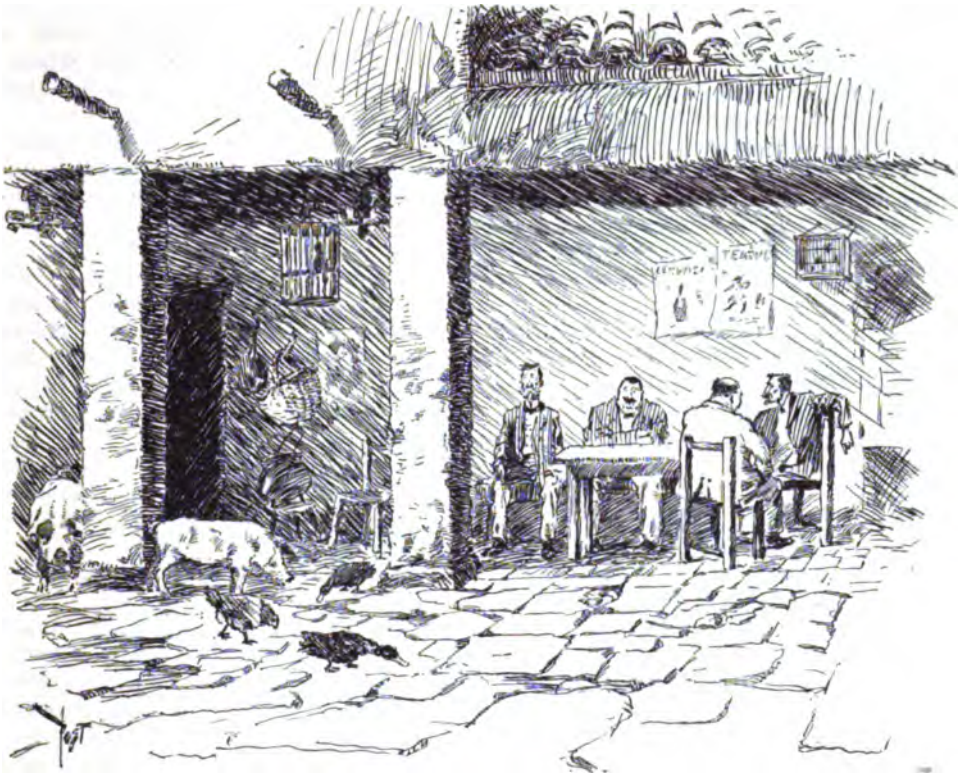

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"AT A TABLE . . . I FOUND THE SEÑORA'S FOUR SUITORS"

THE HEART THAT WAS AGITATED

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Lady and the Earthquake"

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

IT was not until the third day after the earthquake had shaken Pasaquimento that I saw my friends of the Fonda Pascala, and then I was summoned thither by a breathless small boy, from whose vaguely intelligible speech I gathered that the Señora Pascala was about to die. Having learned by that time that the señora's communications with men, though always interesting, were usually designed to conceal thought and intention, I hastened thither with a pleasurable interest in which the expectation of viewing the funereal candles had naturally no part.

My surmise that, after certain ingenuous preliminaries, I was about to hear the señora publicly announce her engagement to Captain Miranda, of which I alone knew, was wide of the mark, however, and left me with the final proof that I had not yet come to know the devious paths through which she sought a purposed end.

At a table set under the cool arcade that bordered the sunlit patio of the Fonda Pascala I found the señora's four suitors foregathered in sad amiability. There they were—Miranda, Barzilla, Passos, and Schwartz. They, too, it appeared, had been summoned by messages of a like

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import to mine. Even as I was greeting the four, the señora entered.

She came toward us with a dragging step, sadness enthroned on her downcast face, her hands clasped limply before her. Through the almost tender greeting with which she met us all there crept a certain unusual preoccupation of manner that vaguely disquieted us. Naturally, in one voice, as it were, we inquired of her health.

"Alas! Señores," she murmured as she slowly sank upon the long bench by the wall, "I nevaire going procure no more better health. 'T is finish' to me."

As she already looked the very picture of health, I thought that doubtless true, and perhaps I smiled; for she fixed me with reproachful eyes as she sadly continued:

"My heart it get so agitate' with scare for those earthquake' I think I going get dead ver' recent. 'T is agitate' now." She placed her hand to her side, looking at us appealingly.

"But what does the doctor say, Señora?" asked Passos.

"He say nothing, Señor; he shakes the head to him," she replied. "Me, I think tha' 's ver' bad symptom, yas."

"But how does it feel—that heart?" asked Barzilla.

"Ver' *un*feeling, Señor; similar to one dead already," she replied. Then she looked at us all as she added: "But, Señores, does one wish to die with the angers of anybuddy? *Caramba!* no. Tha' 's why I say to you I desire to behol' you. You mad to me yet, Señores? You mad yet because I shall not get marry with each?"

The piteous look of her eyes would have moved men of iron, and we were far from that. With one voice we declared in effect that the thought of the señora was like an abiding peace in our souls.

"Ah, tha' 's ver' nice!" she sighed happily. "Likewise me, Señores; I going forgive *ever'buddy*. You un'stan'? All is forgive'; yas."

Barzilla was moved to tears, and, leaning forward, took her hand.

"Señora," he exclaimed, "you get the scare because of those earthquakes, eh? *Zut!* it is nothing. Me, did I not run upon the street with the one shoe, considering the foot to be broke' because of the unevenness of the run? And even as I sat here, a moment ago, did not a rolling barrel in the patio cause my heart to jump like a cat, fearing earthquakes? 'T is true, but likewise nothing. Ah, Señora, the heart is ver' *simpatica* to scares, but she is also of a toughness."

"Tha' 's ver' correc'," agreed Passos. "Do I not also know? Have you not agitate' my heart more than ten earthquakes, Señora? Yet am I dead? *Hola!* no."

I suspect a giggle was stifled in the señora's cough at that moment; it was most alarming. She pressed her hand to her heart with a frightened look that brought us all to our feet. She waved us aside, and closed her eyes. For a moment we stood awkwardly by.

"How does that heart feel now, Señora?" tenderly asked Captain Miranda. He had not previously spoken.

She sat considering.

"Now, Señor?" she presently said.

"Yas, now, Señora."

"Not of a toughness, Señor; ver' much more diff'rent to *that,*" she replied soberly. She sighed, then resolutely faced us, waving us back to our chairs. "But, Señores, listen. Is it not more better to prepare for those departing *before* the depart'? To forgive all your friends and have no more the troub' to nobuddy? Surely. But is it poss*ib*le here to separate yourself from troub' if the heart is agitate'? *Diabolo!* no. So—so—" She thrust a hand under her mantilla, drew forth a roll of red paper, flung it wide open to our view, and burst into tears.

From the excited and despairing exclamations of the next few minutes I gathered that the red poster was an announcement of an auction of all the personal effects of the Fonda Pascala, to be held in the patio on the following Monday. Then swiftly upon the heels of Sorrow, Suspicion crept in. Passos was the first to voice it.

"Maria Pascala," he said sternly, "but where you going be at without the home to you? For the dying does one desire the street, for example?"

"It is to prepare for those depart', similar as I told you, Señor," she replied gently. "Perhaps I go to the convent to the Sisters of St. Joseph. Tha' 's ver' quiet place. Therefore shall it be easy to prepare for those departing. You un'stan'?"

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"But the departing *where,* Maria Pascala?" he demanded suspiciously. "That 's ver' difficult to the understand."

"You think tha' 's ver' nice to speak how I going get dead?" she cried passionately. "You think that ver' pleasant to consider always in your head? Likewise to hear? Ver' well. Dead, dead, dead! You pleased now, Señor?" She burst into tears.

Under the accusing gaze of his fellow-suitors, the repentant Passos rose to his feet.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"UNDER THE ACCUSING GAZE OF HIS FELLOW-SUITORS, THE REPENTANT PASSOS ROSE TO HIS FEET"

"Señora," he said humbly, "you know one sin more worse for the gentleman than to make the lady to shed the tear? *Hola!* There is no one. Yet, behold! I have operate it! Therefore, because of so great unworthiness, shall I recede from you, Señora, begging the pardon to greatest extent. Tha' 's all true, just like you say. I confess it; but because of the tear I recede. Señora, *adios.*" Bowing, he began to back toward the door, but he backed slowly.

She stopped him with an imperious hand.

"Señor, wait!" she cried. "You un'stan' how I say I going forgive *ever'buddy?* You un'stan'? Ver' well; please to be seat', my dear friend."

Then Captain Miranda rose from his place at the head of the table and took Passos by the hand.

"To confess sin, Señor, is it not greater than to sin not at all? Certainly. The last will be the first; my chair it is to you." Gently he pushed Passos back into his seat of honor. If he seemed to lessen the distinction by seating himself by the side of the señora, no one showed recognition of the fact. As for the señora herself, she even forgot death in her beaming pleasure in the forgiving spirit that reigned in her house in its last hours.

It was late before I reached the fonda on Monday afternoon, and though the sale had not begun, the patio was thronged. The four suitors were there, sitting under

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the arcade with the señora, who, in the rôle of invalid, limited her activities to a series of more or less intelligible commands to the servants who were arranging her household goods for the sacrifice. To one who knows the West Coast fonda, it will not be necessary to explain that it was not an imposing display. I fancied that the señora would be fortunate if from the sale she received two hundred dollars toward the outfit of her wedding with Captain Miranda. That she had that purpose in mind I had not the slightest doubt. She welcomed me warmly.

"You come to behol' the concluding to the Fonda Pascala, Señor?" she said. "Tha' 's ver' nice—the coming, not the concluding, you un'stan'? Those concluding is ver' sad." Then she looked up as Passos rose and walked out into the patio.

In his gratitude at the señora's forgiving spirit toward his doubting reception of her reason for leaving the fonda, Passos had offered to conduct the sale, and now making his way to a box that had been prepared for the auctioneer's stand, he mounted it and announced that the hour had arrived to begin. The señora, at my side, in her kindness of heart or excitement, kept me constantly in touch with the proceedings by translating for me such portions as seemed to her of special interest. Apparently Passos was something of an orator, for almost at the beginning, which seemed to be an elaborate exordium, she ran through a whole gamut of emotions.

I was watching her eager face when I saw her brows contract.

"M-m-m," she murmured doubtfully, and turned to me. "Señor," she said, "you consider that some exaggerate' to declare like that that pipple what come to my house *always* become so ver' much homesick when I confess 't is the time to close up that they get ver' sawry they have some homes to go to? You think that little exaggerate'?"

"Why, I 've felt so myself," I declared, and she gave me a radiant look.

"Tha' 's ver' pleasant," she murmured, and turned to Passos again. Suddenly I saw her handkerchief go to her lips and her tears fall, while the listening crowd wheeled as with one impulse to stare wide-eyed and solemn at the Señora Pascala.

"What is it?" I asked.

Behind her handkerchief she whispered brokenly:

"He say all that going get finish' up, and the Fonda Pascala shall be always close', because the señora—tha' 's me, you un'stan'?—ver' soon shall close the eyes in the cemetery. That, he declares, shall be to some pipple similar to those night all the time. Ah, Señor, tha' 's ver' sad picture! It causes the tear, I become so sawry for myself in those cemetery—sad place like that."

"But it may not be very soon," I declared hopefully.

"Poss*ib*ly not ver' soon," she admitted; "but who shall know surely? Only the good God, Señor, who does not tell all. And, anyway, tha' 's ver' sad picture."

Step by step the crowd had moved nearer, silent, sympathetic, but possessed with the one idea of feasting its eyes upon one who was shortly to close hers forever. Passos and his exhortation were forgotten. Behind them he grew eloquent, grew excited, and in the end angry. Sheepishly, at some sharp rebuke, apparently, it turned back to him, and behind her handkerchief the señora laughed hysterically as she whispered to me:

"He request them to tell how he going procure them some nice bargains if they present themselves backward to him in such manner." A moment later she straightened up with businesslike alertness as she exclaimed: "La! la! now he going present the nice bargains; he is ready to business."

Passos had paused, and stood waiting while one of the señora's maids brought forward a brass bowl and lifted it to his side. It shone from much polishing, making a brilliant spot of light in the sunlit patio. At sight of it the señora forgot business and death, and excitedly explained to me:

"'T was belong to my grandmother. She convey it from Spain when she was the bride—young like that. 'T is older than me, older than my grandmother, older than anybuddy. *Caramba!* I myself shall make the buying."

From the other side of her, Captain Miranda looked up with a grave face as he said:

"But in that cemetery, Señora—"

She turned her face with a rueful look of dismay.

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"La! la! Señor, I forgot those cemetery!" she said forlornly.

"Old like that," he continued gently, "it shall make not some diff'rence. You shall pass and leave it; likewise shall ever'-buddy. To-day or to-morrow, Señora, what does it matter?"

rously out from under the arcade. Passos paused; the crowd turned, listening. I watched the señora's eager face, but not until Captain Miranda had finished and Passos had spoken did she turn to me to explain the interruption. Her eyes were sparkling with joy.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"APPARENTLY PASSOS WAS SOMETHING OF AN ORATOR"

"Como no? Yas, tha' 's ver' correc', just like you declare," she admitted. "Tha' 's ver' sensible; but the heart is not always sensible, Señor. You un'stan'? And 't was belong to my grandmother." She sighed.

With a quick look into her eyes Captain Miranda rose, and his voice rolled sono-

"He say—the Señor Miranda—shall it not be more better to begin the sells with the things that have not touched the heart of the señora,—tha' 's me, you un'stan'? —Thus, beginning with the things meanly, and proceeding through the things less meanly to the things that touch the heart smallily, finally arriving to the things that

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touch the heart mostly. Thereby shall the heart to the señora become careless to the selling of all. And Señor Passos declare tha' 's ver' wise saying, and he shall operate in those manner." I heard her giggle, and, looking up, saw her maids lift a rude table to the auctioneer's side. He glanced at the señora, and she bowed, and then turned to me.

"I think my heart shall not get touch' for *that,*" she murmured gleefully. "*Caramba!* no. Such hardness of work to procure the nice suppers on it for some hungry señores!"

The sale began tamely, with here and there a scattering bid, first a *real,* then two. At three *pesetas* the bidding seemed over, and Passos eloquently deplored the lack of loyalty in his hearers, who would thus stand by and consent to see the interests of a poor sick lady sacrificed to the grasping spirit of parsimony. I saw the last bidder, a stout woman, with a flame-colored kerchief over her head, excitedly edge toward the stand, the joy of possession already in her eyes, when Barzilla entered the lists. His bid was seven reales.

"Eight," called Captain Miranda, and I saw the laughing face of the señora go down into her hands. She turned one eye up to my face and murmured:

"Ah! la! Now shall I un'stand where the hearts to the señores shall be locate: firstly with the suppers, but lastly with the table, because of the nice rec'lection."

"Nine," screamed the stout woman, and glanced angrily back over her shoulder.

"Tha' 's Josefa Suarrez," the señora informed me. "She knows not that one leg is broke'. If she shall possess it, I shall inform her; if not, no, so twice shall she mourn. She called me shameless, the cat! So shall the good God punish the evil-speaker."

"Twelve," cried Barzilla, and Josefa threw up her arms and retired in the crowd, washing her hands of the whole affair.

"Fourteen," said Captain Miranda,—he would not bid thirteen, that ill-omened number,—and glanced smilingly at Barzilla.

Barzilla pityingly returned the glance.

"The señor is mad," he said, "yet fifteen." He fairly shouted the bid. The contest was on.

At Barzilla's bid of two hundred reales, the crowd with one impulse surged forward to examine the table more critically, but retired mystified. Obviously they were at a loss to understand its surprising value, and turned eagerly toward the bidders as more interesting, though equally mysterious. In their excitement they began to take sides, encouraging the contestant of their choice and good-naturedly jeering the other. As for myself, I was equally at a loss to understand Captain Miranda's activity. My first thought had been that the auction was a child of his active brain, but, in view of his surprising bidding, that was no longer tenable.

At every fresh bid the excitement in the patio increased. Nothing like this had ever occurred in Pasaquimento, not even the earthquake or revolution. Those one could understand, but this! Lured by the cheers, fresh arrivals came in at the gate. No one left. Growing weary, the throng seated itself, as best it could, on the ground, good-naturedly making room for late-comers and explaining that the devil had entered into the two señores there under the arcade. How it would end only the good God knew; meanwhile wise men would enjoy themselves.

The sun went down, and the full moon rose above the Andes, as Captain Miranda's "four thousand reales" rolled out over the eager listeners. Barzilla's face was drawn, but his "four thousand and one" showed no sign of halting. Passos had become hoarse and very weary; long since he had seated himself, propping his back against one leg of the table, to the señora's dismay lest it be the "broke' one." Then Captain Miranda bid four thousand and two reales. His voice was like the voice of Fate, even, unstirred by emotion or thought of time or eternity.

So, indeed, it must have seemed to Passos, for at the bid he dropped to his feet and lifted his arms in despair.

"The auction she is dismiss' by absence of time," he proclaimed. "To-morrow at three she shall continue, to be finish' when the good God shall elect. Me, I know not when."

The Señora Pascala rose, stiff with long sitting, and looked out over the patio, where the crowd pressed about her household goods, excited and loath to depart with the play still unfinished. She swept

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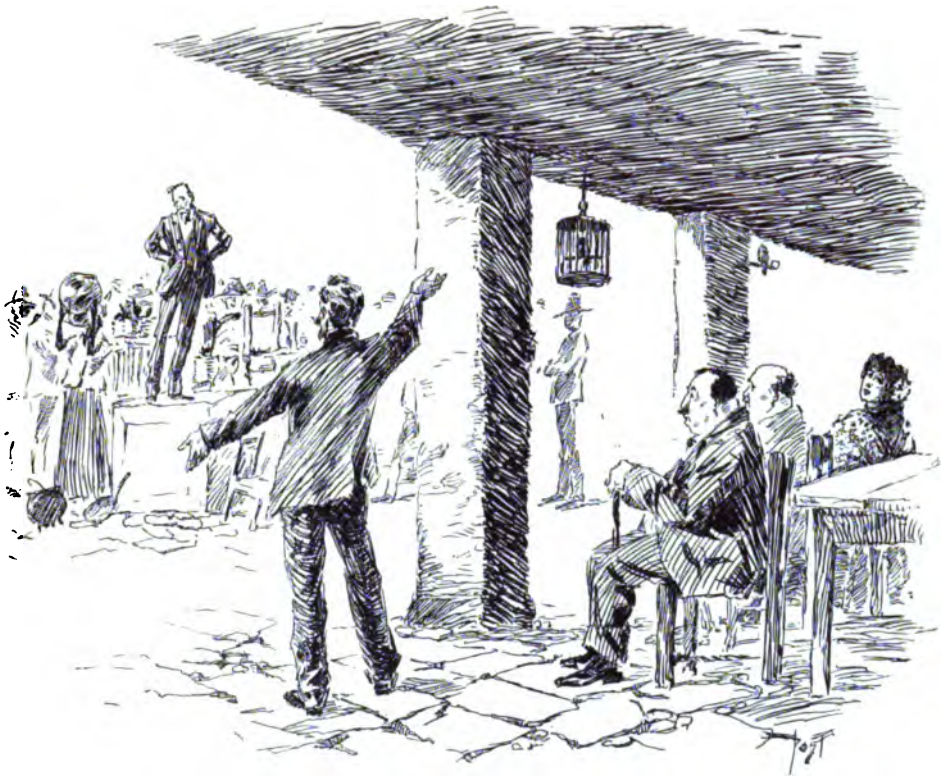

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"CAPTAIN MIRANDA ROSE, AND HIS VOICE ROLLED SONOROUSLY OUT FROM UNDER THE ARCADE"

one tragic arm toward her dismantled house, then toward the huddle of her furniture.

"Behol' my house and her belong's greatly separate!" she exclaimed and laughed. "How shall it be possible to eat and sleep? *Caramba!* I know not."

Captain Miranda leaped upon a bench.

"Señores," he called, "if each shall select something, or, because of the heaviness, one end, leaving the other to some other señor, and so convey all back to the fonda, the work shall be done with the quickness. Then shall be wine for all by my treat."

It was late when, our supper at last finished, we pushed back our chairs from the table that had made an epoch in Pasaquimento. I saw Barzilla gaze fixedly at it, and the thought came to my mind that, the excitement at last over, he was beginning to count the cost of his enthusiasm. The same impression must have come to Captain Miranda, for catching Barzilla's eye, he leaned forward and said with his usual engaging frankness:

"Señor, the last bid was mine, but by the chance, yas. Could we know the Señor Passos should proclaim the finish before you should bid more? *Caramba!* no. Therefore, shall we call the table mine likewise? There shall be the chance for other battles to-morrow. They are the desire to us, is it not so? The table is nothing. *Espantosa!* that we shall present to the Sisters of St. Joseph—you and me together with each other, both alike. It shall be present' as record of great battle. Which was presenter and which otherwise shall be the secret to us all. *Caramba!* if it is to me to pay, am I not justly the loser? But both shall be celebrate' with great equality. You behold the sense, Señor?"

I saw Barzilla's face brighten.

"As you proclaim, Señor," he replied, "the battle is the desire, not the table. As you wish, Señor; me, I care not a little."

Captain Miranda raised his glass.

"Señora, Señores," he said, "shall we drink to the health of that perfect gentleman, Señor Barzilla?"

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We drank with enthusiasm. As he lowered his glass, Captain Miranda slowly drew from his pocket a leather bag and poured a stream of gold coins upon the table. Slowly he counted out and piled the gold in five neat heaps, drew from his pocket a peseta, laid it by the piles of gold, and with a gracious bow pushed them all toward the Señora Pascala—four thousand and two reales, or two hundred dollars and ten cents.

"The cost of the table, Señora," he explained. "Behold, it is yours. The table shall belong to the Sisters of St. Joseph, but the battle to Señor Barzilla and me, both equally."

The señora was staring at the gold. For the first time in her life, I think, she was wholly at a loss for speech. There lay two hundred dollars and ten cents; and it was hers, and all for a common deal table! Suddenly with a sigh she pushed back her chair.

"No, Señor," she said gently. "How is it poss*ib*le to accept so much for one poor table? *Hola!* the ver' mean part shall be much more greater than the whole. All the things shall not cost so much, no. And, Señor, you un'stan' that leg by you is broke'? Be so kind as to shake it with your hand. You shall behol' the truthfulness just like I inform you. Shake it, Señor, and behol'."

"The Sisters of St. Joseph shall shake it," declared the captain; " 't is theirs, not mine."

"But those gold—"

"Señora Pascala," he interrupted, "you consider those auction to be for the bargains or for the amusement?"

"*Caramba!*" she cried, "for the shame to me, I think, yas, if I will take all those money."

Miranda turned to Passos.

"Señor," he said gravely, "I sail now ver' soon. You consider that right to go with some debts after me?"

"All should be paid, Señor," replied Passos.

"And you, Señor?" he asked Barzilla. "You consider that proper to pay for that great bidding?"

"As I should pay myself, Señor," replied Barzilla, grandly.

He turned once more to the Señora Pascala.

"You behold, Señora?" he said.

She sat for a moment in deep thought, her face buried in her hands; but at last she looked up. There was determination in her face.

"The Sisters of St. Joseph shall have all," she cried. "The table, yas; but all likewise. Those auction is finish'. *Caramba!* there shall be no more the bargains for anybuddy."

" 'T is proper for you so to confess," Captain Miranda acknowledged.

"They make my heart to become too much agitate'," she said. "But those money—"

" 'T is yours," he said firmly.

She rose to her feet, facing him.

" 'T is mine?" she questioned.

He bowed.

"Surely, Señora."

"Ver' good." She paused, thought deeply, then turned to him again with the look of one who was about to pass his Rubicon. "Ver' good, Señor. But listen. You ask me some times shall I get married with you. Yas, Señor. Then shall those money be return' back to you once more. You un'stan'?" She looked up at him with the brightness of victory on her face.

As for Captain Miranda, he stooped and, lifting her hand to his lips, gently kissed it.

"*Caramba!*" he murmured. "Tha' 's usury—with so ver' great interest like that."

So at last Passos, Barzilla, and Schwartz knew that the Señora Pascala was really lost to them. They congratulated the pair like gentlemen, though Barzilla could not resist a slight fling at the señora's alarming illness.

"Is the heart to you still agitate' as before, Señora?" he asked with a smile that he tried to make sly. She looked up soberly.

"Señor," she replied, "you rec'lect how you inform me that those heart is ver' *simpatica* to scares, but she is also of a toughness? You rec'lect? Me, I think tha' 's ver' wise speech, Señor. I have so much troub' with those bargains to the auction, I forget the heart, yas."

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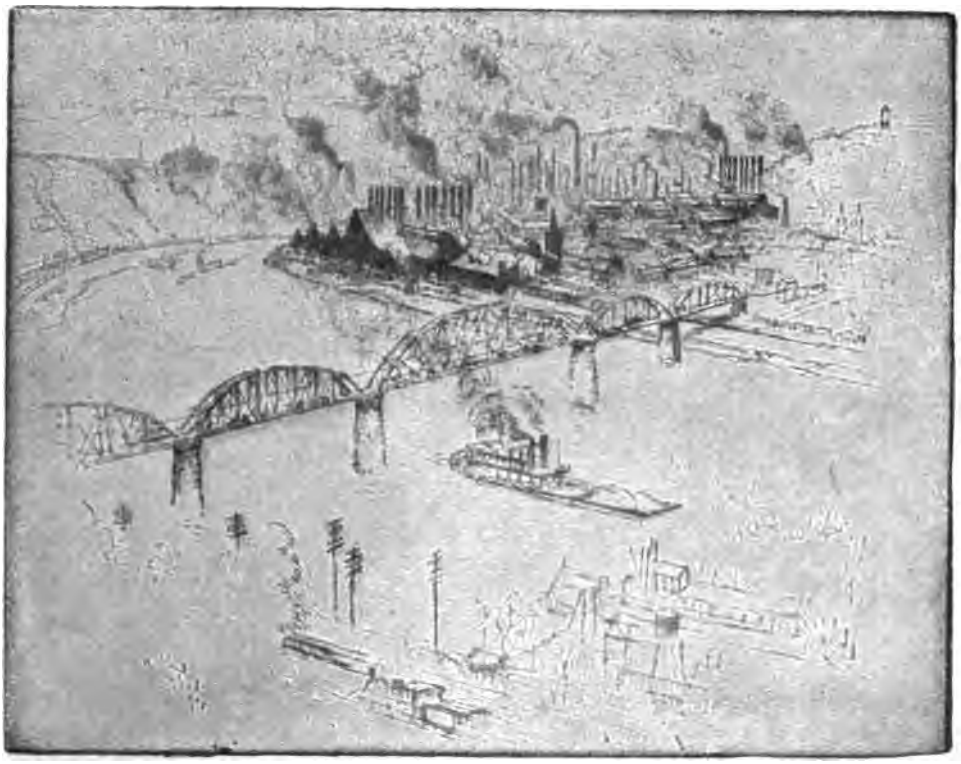
VULCAN'S CAPITAL

FIVE ETCHINGS of PITTSBURG By JOSEPH PENNELL



GENERAL VIEW OF HOMESTEAD

·GENERAL VIEW OF HOMESTEAD·
·WHERE THE ALLEGHENY AND THE MONONGAHELA JOIN TO FORM THE OHIO·
·FORT POINT AND THE SKYSCRAPERS·
·THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL WORKS·
·ON THE WAY TO BESSEMER·

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From the etching by Joseph Pennell

WHERE THE ALLEGHENY (AT THE LEFT) AND THE MONONGAHELA JOIN TO FORM THE OHIO

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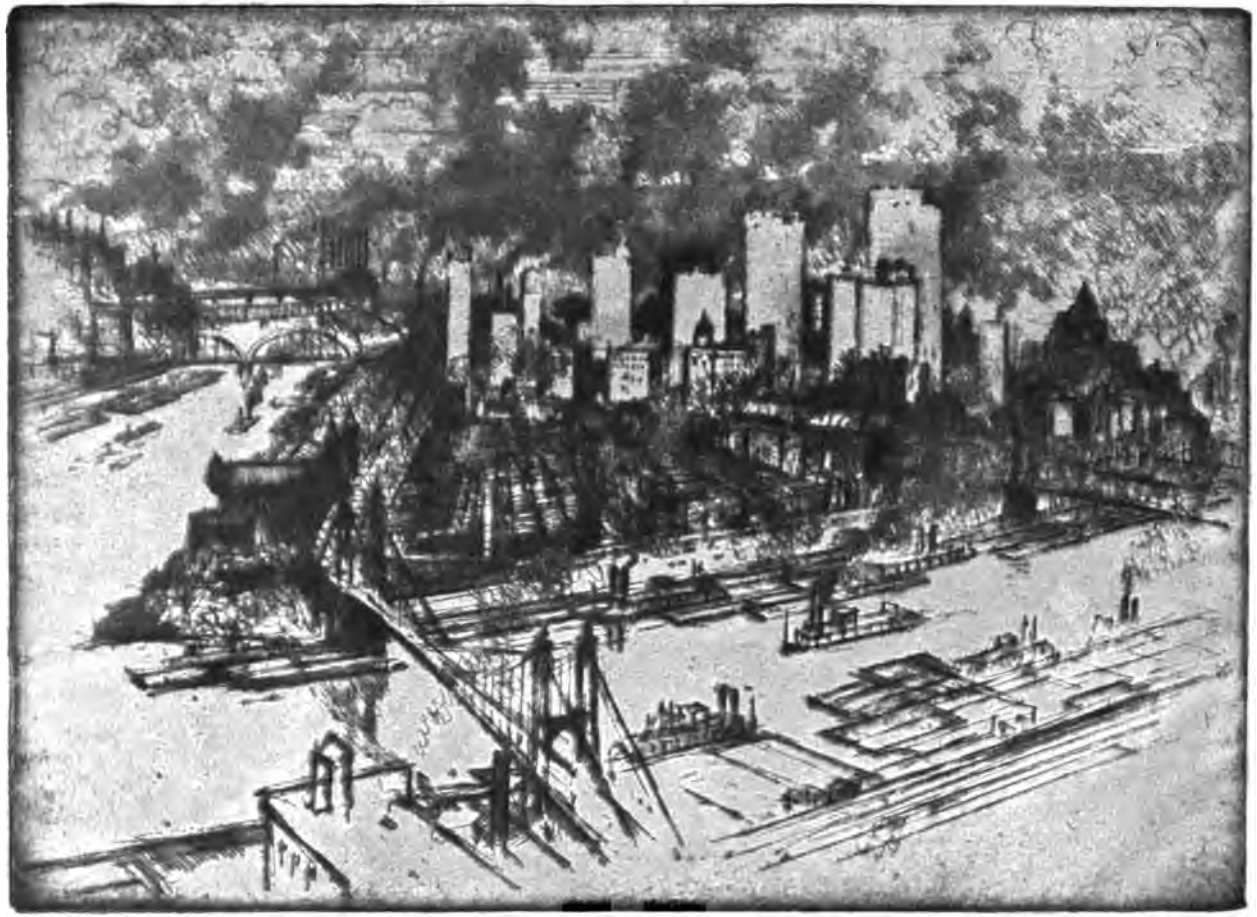

From the etching by Joseph Pennell

FORT POINT AND THE SKYSCRAPERS

A nearer view of the right background of the preceding picture. At Fort Point is situated the Block House of Old Fort Pitt, formerly Fort Duquesne.

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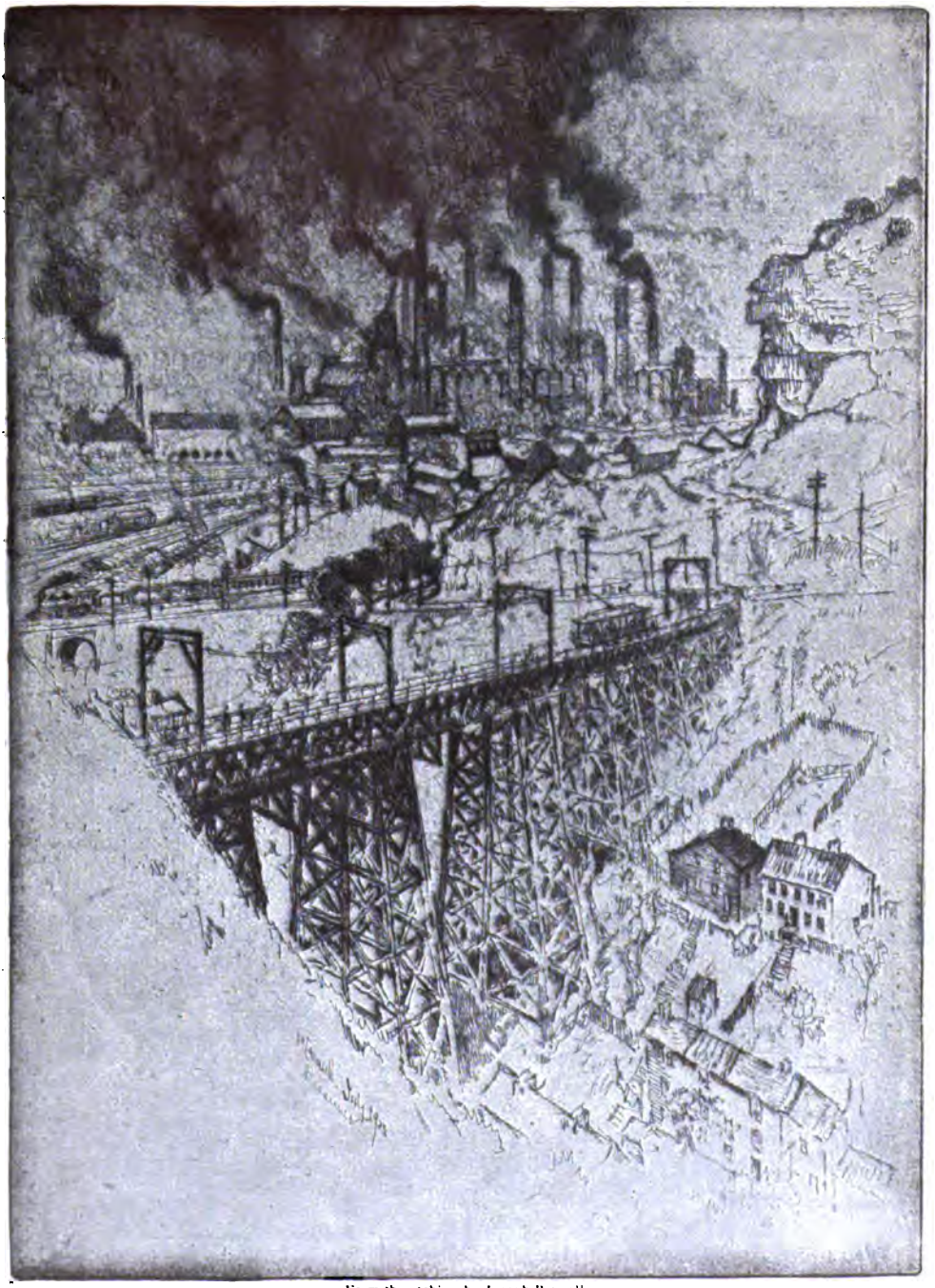

From the etching by Joseph Pennell

THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL WORKS

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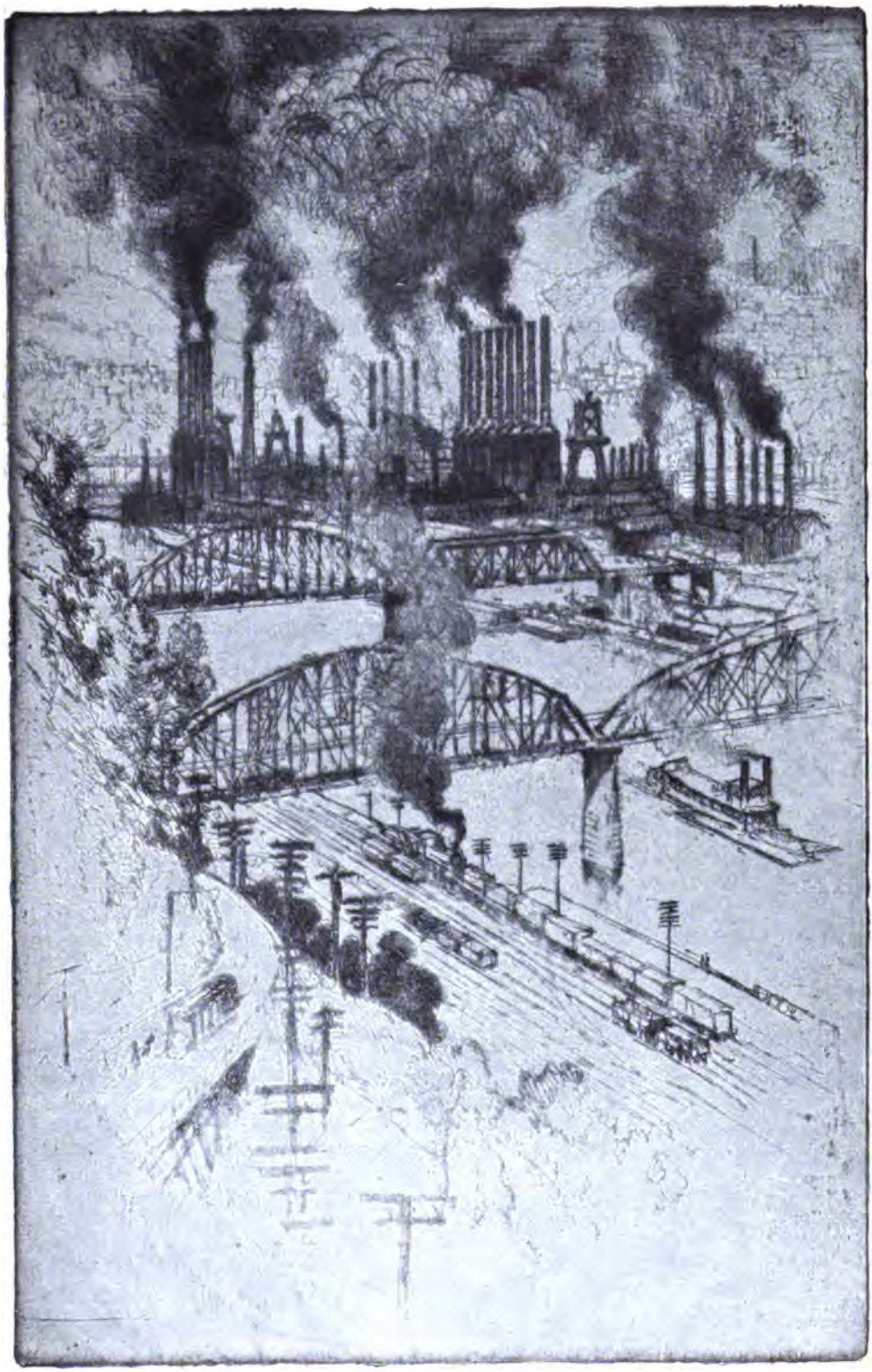

From the etching by Joseph Pennell

ON THE WAY TO BESSEMER

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"LAURA'S NERVES DIVINED IT. SHE OPENED HER EYES AND LOOKED AT NINA. 'AH,' SHE CRIED, 'TRY NOT TO HATE ME!'" (SEE PAGE 364)

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THE CREATORS: A COMEDY

BY MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Helpmate," etc.

XXXVII

TANQUERAY was realizing more and more how difficult it was to ignore his wife. It had, in fact, become impossible, now that people no longer ignored *him*. Rose, as the wife of an obscure man, could very easily be kept obscure; but, by a peculiar irony, as Tanqueray's genius became recognized, Rose, though not exactly recognized in any social sense, undoubtedly tended to appear. Tanqueray might "dine out" without her (he frequently did), but when it came to asking people back again, she was bound to be in evidence. Not that he allowed himself to tread the ruinous round. He still kept people at arm's-length; but people were more agreeably disposed toward George Tanqueray recognized than they had been toward George Tanqueray obscure, and he, in consequence, was more agreeably disposed toward them. Having made it clearly understood that he would not receive people, that he barred himself against all intrusions and approaches, occasionally, at the length of his arm, he did receive them. And they immediately became aware of Rose.

That did not matter, considering how little *they* mattered. The nuisance of it was that he thus became aware of her himself. Rose at the head of his table, so conspicuously and yet so fortuitously his wife, emphasizing her position by her struggles to sustain it—Rose, with her embarrassments and solecisms, with her lost innocence in the matter of her aspirates, agonized now by their terrified flight and by her own fluttering efforts at recapture, was not a person that anybody could ignore, least of all her husband.

As long as she had remained a servant in his house he had been unaware of her, or aware of her only as a presence beneficent, invisible, inaudible. Here again his celebrity, such as it was, had cursed him. The increase in Tanqueray's income, by enabling them to keep a servant, had the effect of throwing Rose adrift about the house. As the mistress of it, with a maid under her, she was not so invisible, or yet so inaudible, as she had been.

It seemed to Tanqueray that his acuter consciousness dated from the arrival of that maid. Rose, too, had developed nerves. The maid irritated Rose. She put her back up and rubbed her the wrong way in all the places where she was sorest. For Rose's weakness was that she could not tolerate any competition in her own line. She could not, as she said, abide sitting still and seeing the work taken out of her hands; seeing another woman clean *her* house and cook *her* husband's dinner, and she knowing that she could do both ten times as well herself. She appealed to Tanqueray to know how he would like it if she were to get a man in to write his books for him. She was always appealing to Tanqueray. When George wanted to know what, after all, was wrong with Susan, and declared that Susan seemed to him a most superior young woman, Rose said that was the worst of it. Susan was much too superior for her. She could see well enough, she said, that Susan knew that she was not a lady, and she could see that George knew that she knew. Else why did he say that Susan was superior? And sometimes George would be beside himself with fury, and would roar, "Damn Susan!" And sometimes, but not often, he would be a torment and a tease. He would tell Rose that he loved Susan, that he adored Susan, that he could not live

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without her. He might part with Rose, but he could not possibly part with Susan. Susan was the symbol of his prosperity. Without Susan he would not feel celebrated any more.

And sometimes Rose would laugh, and sometimes, in moments of extreme depression, she would deplore the irony of the success that had saddled her with Susan. And Tanqueray cursed Susan in his heart as the cause of Rose's increasing tendency to conversation.

It was there that she encroached. She invaded more and more the guarded territory of silence. She annexed outlying pieces of Tanqueray's sacred time, pursuing him with talk to which it was intolerable to listen.

He blamed Prothero and Laura and Jane for that, as well as Susan. They were the first who encouraged her to talk, and now she had got the habit.

It was there that the really fine and poignant irony came in. Through her intercourse with Jane and Laura, Rose offered herself for comparison, and showed flagrantly imperfect. But for that, owing to Tanqueray's superhuman powers of abstraction, she might almost have passed unnoticed. As it was, he owned that her incorruptible simplicity preserved her, even at her worst, from being really dreadful.

Once, after some speech of hers, there had followed an outburst of fury on Tanqueray's part and on Rose's a long period of dumbness.

He was always most aware of her after seeing Jane Brodrick. From every meeting with Jane he came to her gloomy and depressed and irritable. And the meetings were growing more frequent. He saw Jane now at less frequent intervals. He could not get on without seeing her. A fortnight was about as long as he could go. He had a sense of just struggling through, somehow, in the days that passed between the night (it was a Thursday) when he had dined at Putney and Monday afternoon, when Jane had promised that she would come to Hampstead.

On Monday a telegram arrived for Tanqueray. The brisk director of a great publishing firm in New York desired, at the last moment before his departure, an appointment with the novelist for that afternoon. The affair was of extreme importance. The American meant business. It would be madness not to see him, even though Jinny should be missed.

All morning Tanqueray sulked because of that American.

Rose was cowed by his mood. At luncheon she prepared herself to sit dumb lest she should irritate him. She had soft movements that would have conciliated a worse ruffian than Tanqueray in his mood. She rebuked the importunities of Joey in asides so tender that they could not have irritated anybody. But Tanqueray remained irritated. He could not eat his luncheon, and said so.

And then Rose said something out loud. That was not her fault, she said. And Tanqueray told her that he had not said it was. Then, maddened by her thought, she, as she put it to herself afterward, fair burst with it.

"I wish I 'd never set eyes on that Susan!" said she.

Tanqueray at the moment was trying to make notes in his memorandum-book. He might be able to cut short that interview if he started with all his points clear.

"Oh, *hold* your tongue!" said Tanqueray.

"I *am* 'oldin' it," said Rose.

He smiled at that, in spite of himself. He was softened by its reminder of her submissive dumbness, by its implication that there were, after all, many things she might have said and had not.

Having impressed upon her that she was on no account to let Mrs. Brodrick go till he came back, he rushed for his appointment.

By rushing away from it, cutting it very short indeed, he contrived to be back again at half-past four. Susan informed him that Mrs. Brodrick had come. She had arrived at four with the baby and the nurse. She was in there with the baby.

"The baby?"

Sounds of laughter came from the dining-room, rendering it unnecessary for Susan to repeat her statement. She smiled sidelong at the door, as much as to say she had put her master on to a good thing. He would appreciate what he found in there.

In there he found Jinny crouching on a footstool; facing her, Rose knelt upon the floor. In the space between, running incessantly to and fro on unsteady feet was

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Brodrick's little son. When he got to Jinny he flung his arms round her neck and kissed her twice, and then Rose said, "Oh, kiss poor Rose!" And when he got to Rose, he flung his arms round her neck, too, and kissed her once only. That was the distinction that he made. And as he ran he laughed—laughed as if love were the biggest joke in all the world.

Tanqueray stood still in the doorway and watched, as he had stood once in the doorway of the house in Bloomsbury watching Rose. Now he was watching Jinny. He thought he had never seen her look so divinely happy. He watched Brodrick's son, and thought distastefully that when Brodrick was a baby he must have looked just like that.

And the little Brodrick ran to and fro, from Jinny to Rose and from Rose to Jinny, passionately, monotonously busy, with always the same rapturous embrace from Brodrick's wife and always the same cry from Tanqueray's, "Kiss poor Rose!"

When Jane turned to greet Tanqueray, the baby clung to her gown. His mouth drooped as he realized that it was no longer possible to reach her face. Identifying Tanqueray as the cause of her remoteness, he stamped a baby foot at him; he distorted his features and set up a riotous howl. Rose reiterated her sad cry as a charm to distract him. She pretended to cry, too, because the baby would not look at her. He would not look at anybody till his mother took him in her arms and kissed him. Then, with his round face still flushing under his tears, he smiled at Tanqueray, a smile of superhuman forgiveness and reconciliation.

Rose gazed at them in a rapture.

"Well," said she, "how you can keep orf kissin' 'im—"

"I can keep off kissing anything," said he.

Jane asked if he would ring for the nurse to take the baby.

Tanqueray was glad when he went. It had just dawned on him that he did not like to see Jinny with a baby; he did not like to see her preoccupied with Brodrick's son, adoring, positively adoring, and caressing Brodrick's son.

At the same time it struck him that it was a pity that Rose had never had a baby. He did not carry that thought far enough to reflect that Rose's baby would be his son. He wondered if he could persuade Jinny to send the baby home and stay for dinner.

He apologized for not having been there to receive her. Jane replied that Rose had entertained her.

"You mean that you were entertaining Rose?"

"We were entertaining each other."

"And now you 've got to entertain me."

She was going to when Rose interrupted, her mind still running on the baby:

"If I was you," said she, "I should n't leave 'im much to that Gertrude."

"What!"—It was Tanqueray who exclaimed—"Not to the angel in the house?"

"I don't know about angels, but if it was me, I would n't leave 'im, or she 'll get a hold on 'im."

"Is n't he," said Tanqueray, "a little young?"

But Rose was very serious.

"It 's when 'e 's young she 'll do the mischief."

"My dear Rose," said Jane, "whatever do you think she 'll do?"

"She 'll estrange 'im, if you don't take care."

"She could n't."

"Could n't she? She 'll get a 'old before you know where you are."

"But," said Jane, quietly, "I do know where I am."

"Not," Rose insisted, "when you 're away, writin'."

Tanqueray saw Jane's face flush and whiten. He looked at Rose.

"You don't know what you 're talking about," he said, with anger, under his breath.

Jane seemed not to know that he was there. She addressed herself exclusively to Rose.

"What do you suppose happens when I 'm away?"

"You forget."

"Never!" said Jane. The passion of her inflection was lost on Rose, who brooded.

"You forget," she repeated. "And she does n't."

Involuntarily Tanqueray looked at Jane, and Jane at Tanqueray. There were moments when his wife's penetration was terrible.

Rose was brooding so profoundly that she failed to see the passing of that look.

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"If it was me," she murmured in a thick voice,—a voice as soft as her dream,—"if it was my child—"

Tanqueray's nerves gave way. "But it is n't,"—He positively roared at her,—"and it never will be."

Rose shrank back as if he had struck her. Jane's heart leaped to her help.

"If it was," she said, "it would have the dearest, sweetest little mother."

At that, at the sudden tenderness of it coming after Tanqueray's blow, Rose gave a half-audible moan and got up quickly and left the room. They heard her faltering step up-stairs in the room above them.

It was then that Tanqueray asked Jane if she would stay and dine. She could send a note to Brodrick by the nurse.

She stayed. She felt that, if she did not, Tanqueray would bully Rose.

Rose was glad she stayed. She was afraid to be left alone that evening with George. She was dumb before him, and her dumbness cut Jane to the heart. Jane tried to make her talk a little during dinner. They talked about the Protheros when Susan was in the room, and when she was out of it they talked about Susan, which was not wise of Jane, for it exasperated Tanqueray. He wanted to talk to Jane, and he wanted to be alone with her to talk.

After dinner they went up to his study to look at some books he had bought. The best of selling your own books, he said, was that you could buy as many as you wanted of other people's. He had now got as many as he wanted. They were more than the room would hold. All that he could not get on the shelves were stacked about the floor. He stood among them, smiling.

Rose did not smile. The care of Tanqueray's study was her religion.

"How am I to get round them 'eaps to dust?" said she.

"You don't get round them, and you don't dust," said Tanqueray, imperturbably.

"Then—them books 'll breed a fever."

"They will; but *you* won't catch it."

Rose lingered, and he suggested that it would be as well if she went down-stairs and made the coffee. She need n't send it up till nine, he said. It was now five minutes past eight.

She went obediently.

"She knows she is n't allowed in this room," said Tanqueray to Jane.

"You speak of her as if she were a dog," said she. She added that she would have to go at half-past eight. There was a train at nine that she positively must catch.

He had to go down and ask Rose to come back with the coffee soon. Jane was glad that she had forced on him that act of humility.

For the moments that she remained alone with him she wandered among his books. There were some that she would like to borrow. She talked about them deliberately while Tanqueray maddened.

He walked with her to the station.

She turned on him as they dipped down the lane out of sight and hearing.

"George," she said, "I 'll never come and see you again if you bully that dear little wife of yours."

"I? Bully her?"

"Yes. You bully her, you torture her, you terrify her, till she does n't know what she 's doing."

"I 'm sorry, Jinny."

"Sorry? Of course you 're sorry. She slaves for you from morning till night."

"That 's not my fault. I stopped her slaving, and she got ill. Why, it was you —*you*—who made me turn her on to it again!"

"Of course I did. She loves slaving for you. She 'd cut herself in little pieces. She 'd cook herself—deliciously, and serve herself up for your dinner if she thought you 'd fancy her."

"You 're right, Jinny. I never ought to have married her."

"I did n't say you never ought to have married her. I say you ought to be on your knees, now you have married her. She 's ten thousand times too good for you."

"You 're right, Jinny. You always were right; you always will be damnably right."

"And you always will be—oh, dear me, so rude!"

He looked in her face like a whipped dog trying to reinstate himself in favor, as far as Tanqueray could look like a whipped dog.

"Let me carry those books for you," he said.

"You may carry the books, but I don't like you, Tanks."

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His devil, the old devil that used to be in him, looked at her then.

"You used to like me," he said.

But Jinny was beyond its torment. "Of course I liked you. I liked you awfully. You were another person then."

He said nothing to that.

"Forgive me, George," she said presently. "You see, I love your little wife."

"I love you for loving her," he said.

"You may go on loving me for that; but you need n't come any farther with me. I know my way."

"But I want to come with you."

"And I, unfortunately, want to be alone."

"You shall. I 'll walk behind you—as many yards as you like behind you. I 've got to carry the books."

"Bother the books! I 'll carry them."

"You 'll do nothing of the sort."

They walked together in silence till the station doors were in sight. He meant to go with her all the way to Putney, carrying the books.

"I wish," he said, "I knew what would really please you."

"You do know," she said.

A moment passed. Tanqueray stopped his stride.

"I 'll go back and beg her pardon *now*."

She gave him her hand. He went back, and between them they forgot the books.

Though it was not yet ten, the light was low in Rose's bedroom. Rose had gone to bed. He went up to her room. He raised the light a little, quietly, and stood by her bedside. She lay there, all huddled, her body rounded, her knees drawn up, as if she had curled into herself in her misery. One arm was flung out on the bedclothes; the hand hung cramped over a fold of blanket; sleep only had slackened its convulsive grip. Her lips were parted; her soft face was relaxed, blurred, stained in scarlet patches. She had cried herself to sleep.

And as he looked at her, he remembered how happy she had been 'playing with Jinny's baby, and how his brutal words had struck her in the hurt place where she was always tender.

His heart smote him. He undressed quietly, and lay down beside her.

She stirred, and, finding him there, gave a little cry and put her arms about him.

And then he asked her to forgive him, and she said there was nothing to forgive. She added, with her seeming irrelevance, "You did n't go all the way to Putney, then?"

She knew he had meant to go. She knew, too, that he had been sent back.

XXXVIII

On her return, Jane went at once to Brodrick in his study. The editor was gloomy and perturbed. He made no response to her regrets, nor yet to her excuse that Tanqueray had kept her. Presently, after some moments of heavy silence, she learned that her absence was not the cause of his gloom: he was worried about the magazine. Levine was pestering him. When she reminded him that Louis had nothing to do with it, that she thought he was going to be kept out, he replied that that was all very well in theory; you could not keep him out when he had those infernal Jews behind him, and they were running the concern. You could buy him out, you could buy out the whole lot of them, if you had the money; but, if you had not, where were you? It had been stipulated that the editor was to have a free hand; and up till now, as long as the thing had paid its way, his hand had been pretty free. But it was not paying, and Levine was insisting that the free hand was the cause of the deficit.

He did not tell her that Levine's point was that they had not bargained for his wife's hand, which was considerably freer than his own. If they were prepared to run the magazine at a financial loss, they were not prepared to run it for the exclusive benefit of his wife's friends, which, Levine said, was about what it amounted to.

That was what was bothering Brodrick; for it was Jane's hand, in its freedom, that had kept the standard of the magazine so high. It had helped him to realize his expensive dream. The trouble, this time, he told her, was a tale of Nina Lempriere's.

Jane gave an excited cry at this unexpected flashing forth of her friend's name.

"What, Nina? Has she—"

Brodrick answered, almost with anger, that she had. And Levine had put his silly foot down. He had complained that

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the tale was gruesome (they had set it up; it was quite a short thing). Nina's tales usually were, and Nina's price was stiff. He did not know about the price; perhaps it was a trifle stiff; you might even say it crackled: but the tale—Brodrick went on in the soft, even voice that was a sign with him of profound excitement—the tale was a corker. He did not care if it *was* gruesome. It was great; it was magnificent.

"More so than her last?" Jane murmured.

"Oh, miles more!" He rummaged among his papers for the proofs. He 'd be eternally disgraced, he said, if he did not publish it. He wished she would look at the thing and tell him if he would not be.

She looked, and admired his judgment. The tale was everything that he had said. Nina had more than found herself.

"Of course," she said, "you 'll publish it."

"Of course I shall. I 'm not going to knuckle under to Louis and his grasping associates, with a chance like that. I don't care if the price *is* stiff. It 's a little masterpiece, the sort of thing you don't get once in a hundred years. It 'll send up the standard. That 's of course why he funks it."

He pondered. "There 's something queer about it. Whenever that woman gets away and hides herself in some savage lair she invariably does a thing like this."

Jane admitted half-audibly that it was queer.

They gave themselves up to the proofs, and it was late when she heard that Nina had crept from her savage lair and was now in London. It was very queer, she thought, that Nina had not sent her any word of her coming.

She called the next day at Adelphi Terrace. She found Nina in her front room at work on the proofs that Brodrick had sent her.

Nina met her friend's reproaches with perfect frankness. She had not told her she was coming up because she did not know how long she was going to stay, and she had wanted, in any case, to be let alone. That was yesterday. To-day what she wanted more than anything was to see Jane. She had not read her book, and was not going to until she had fairly done with her own. She had heard of it from Tanqueray, and was afraid of it. Jane, she declared, was too tremendous, too overwhelming. She could save herself only by keeping clear of her.

"I should have thought," Jane said, "you were safe enough—after that last." She had told her what she had thought of it in the first moments of her arrival. "Safe, at any rate, from me."

"You 're the last person I shall ever be safe from. There you are, always just ahead of me. I 'm exhausted if I look at you. You make me feel as if I never could keep up."

"But why? There 's no comparison between your pace and mine."

"It 's not your pace, Jinny; it 's your handicap that frightens me."

"My handicap?"

"Well—a baby, a husband, and all those Brodricks and Levines. I 've got to see you carrying all that weight and winning; and it takes the heart out of me."

"If I did win, would n't it prove that the handicap was n't what you thought it?"

Nina said nothing. She was thinking that it must be pretty serious if Jinny was not prepared to be sincere about it.

"That 's what I want to prove," said Jane, softly, "that there is n't any handicap. That 's why I want to win."

Her feeling was that she must keep her family out of these discussions. She had gone too far the other night in the things that she had said to Tanqueray, that Tanqueray had forced her to say. She had made herself afraid of him. Her admissions had been so many base disloyalties to Hugh. She was not going to admit anything to Nina, least of all that she found her enviable, as she stood there, stripped for the race, carrying nothing but her genius. It was so horribly true, as Nina had once said, that the lash had been laid across her naked shoulders to turn her into the course when she had swerved from it. It had happened every time—every time so invariably as to prove that for Nina virginity was the sacred, the infrangible, predestined law, the one condition.

But the conditions, she said aloud, were nobody's business but one's own. She refused to be judged by anything but the result. It was absurd to talk about win-

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ning and handicapping; as if creative art was a handicap, as if there was any joy or any end in it beyond the act of creation. You defeated your end if you insisted on conditions, if you allowed anything extraneous to count as much as that.

The flush on her face showed what currents moved her to her protest.

"Does it seem to you, then, that *I* 've defeated my end?" Nina pressed her point home implacably.

Jane strung herself to the pain of it.

"Not you,"—She paused for her stroke, —"nor yet I."

She rose with it. She wanted to get away from Nina, who seemed terrible to her at that moment. She shrank from meeting Nina's eyes.

Nina was left meditating on her friend's beautiful hypocrisy. It might be beautiful, but it was fatuous, too, of Jinny to pretend that she could live surrounded and hemmed in by Brodricks and do what she had done without turning a hair, or that she could maintain so uncompromising an affection for her husband and child without encountering the vengeance of the jealous god. Nina could not suppose that Jinny's god was less jealous than George Tanqueray's or her own. And Jinny must be perpetually offending him. She recognized the righteousness of the artist in Jinny's plea to be judged only by the results. That, no doubt, was how posterity would judge her. But she, Nina, *was* judging, like posterity, by the results. The largeness and the perfection of them pointed to a struggle in which poor Jinny must have been torn in pieces. Her very anxiety to conceal the signs of laceration betrayed the extent to which she had been torn. She had not gone so far in her hypocrisy as to argue that the struggle was the cause of the perfection, and you could only conclude that, if the conditions had been perfect, there would have been no end to the vast performances of Jinny. That was how she measured her.

It looked as if, whatever you did to her, you could not stop Jinny, any more than you could stop George Tanqueray. Jinny, if you came to think of it, had the superior impetus. George, after all, had carefully removed obstruction from his path. Jinny had taken the risk, and had swept on, reckless, regardless.

It was beautiful, her pretending not to see it; beautiful, too, her not letting you allow for it in appraising her achievement, lest it should seem somehow to diminish yours; as if she had not said herself that the idea of rivalry was absurd.

Nina knew it. Her fear lay deeper than the idea of rivalry. She had no vision of failure in her career as long as she kept to it. The great thing was to be certain of the designs of destiny; so certain that you acquiesced. And she was certain now; she was even thankful for the hand and its scourge on her shoulders, turning her back again on the splendid course. It marked her honorably; it was the sign and certificate of her fitness. She was aware also that, beyond the splendid course, there was no path for her. She would have been sure of herself there but that her nerves remembered how she had once swerved. She had instincts born of that experience; they kept her on the lookout for danger, for the sudden starting up of the thing that had made her swerve. What she had been taught to dread was some permanent damage to her genius.

She was narrowed down to that, her bare genius. Since there was nothing else, since, as she had said long ago, she had been made to pay for it with all she had and all she might have had, she cherished it fiercely now. Her state was one of jealousy and fear, a perpetual premonition of disaster. She had tried to forget the existence of Jane's book because Tanqueray had said it was tremendous, and she felt that, if it was as tremendous as all that, it was bound to obscure her vision of her own.

If the designs of destiny were clear, it was equally evident that her friends were bent on frustrating them. Within five minutes after Jane Brodrick had removed her disturbing presence, Nina received a telegram from Owen Prothero. He was coming to see her at five o'clock. It was now half-past four.

This was what she had dreaded. Her fear had kept her out of London for two years.

Owen had been considerate in notifying her of his coming. It suggested that it was open to her to escape if she did not want to see him, while it warned her not to miss him if she did. She debated the point for the half-hour he had left her, and decided that she would see him.

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Prothero arrived punctually to his hour. She found no change in his aspect or his manner. If he looked happy, he looked it in his own supersensual way. It was impossible that marriage could have laid a foreign touch on his incorruptible refinement.

He considered her with a medical eye, glad to see her bearing the signs of life lived freely and robustly in the open air. Her mountains, he said, evidently agreed with her.

She inquired after Laura, and was told that she would not know her. The Kiddy, he said, smiling, had grown up. She was almost plump; she had almost a color.

"She wants to see you," he said. "She told me I was to bring you back with me."

Ages passed before she answered, "I don't think, really, Owen, that I can come."

"Why not?" he said.

She would have told him that she was too busy but for her knowledge that with Owen lying was no good. She resented his asking her why not when he knew perfectly well why.

"Why ever not," he repeated, "when we want you?"

She smiled. "You seem determined to get everything you want."

She had a good mind to tell him straight out, there and then, that he could not have everything he wanted, not with her, at any rate. He could not have it both ways. But you do not say these things; and if she could judge by the expression of his face, what she had said had hit him hard enough.

He sheltered himself behind a semblance of irrelevance. "She is very fond of you."

The significance of the statement lay in its implication that he was very fond of Laura. Taken that way, it was fuel heaped on to Nina's malignant fire. Under it she smoldered darkly.

"She 's getting unhappy about you," he went on. "You don't want to make her unhappy, do you?"

"Did I ever want to make her unhappy?" she answered with a flash. "And if it comes to that, why should it?"

"The Kiddy has a very tender conscience."

She saw what he meant now. He was imploring her not to put it into Laura's head that she had come between them. That would hurt Laura. His wife was never to suspect that her friend had suffered. Nina, he seemed secretly to intimate, was behaving in a manner likely to give rise to that suspicion. He must have been aware that she did it to save herself more suffering; but his point was that it did not matter how much she suffered, provided they saved Laura. There must be no flaw in that perfect happiness.

"You mean," she said, "she won't understand it if I don't come?"

"I 'm afraid I mean she will understand it if you keep on not coming. But of course you 'll come. You 're coming with me now."

It was the same voice that had told her three years ago that she was not coming with him, that she was going to stay and take care of Laura, because that was all that she could do for him. And as she had stayed then, she went with him now, and for the same reason.

She felt miserably that her reluctance damned her; it proved her coarse, or at any rate not fine enough for the communion he had offered her, the fineness of which she had once accepted as the sanction of their fellowship. She must seem to him preposterous in her anxiety to break with him, to make an end of what had never been. All the same, what he was forcing on her now was the fact of separation. As they approached the house where he and Laura lived, she had an increasing sense of estrangement from him, and of distance.

He drew her attention to the iron gate that guarded their sanctuary, and the untrodden grass behind it. His dreams came in by that gate, and all other things by the postern door, which, he said, was the way they must go.

Nina paused by the gate. "It won't open, Owen."

"No. The best dreams come through the gates that never open."

"It looks as if a good south wind would bring it down."

"It will last my time," he said.

XXXIX

LAURA received her as if Prothero were not there; as if he never had been, never would be there. She looked up from their embrace with a blue-eyed innocence that

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ignored him in its perfect assurance that they had kept their pledge, that nothing had ever come or would come between them.

It struck Nina that he had no grounds for his anxiety. Laura was not suffering; she was not going to suffer. She had no consciousness or conscience in the matter.

It was made clear to Nina that Laura was too happy for that, too much in love with Owen, too much aware that Owen was in love with her, though their good-breeding saved them both from any flagrant evidences of their state. They evaded as by a common understanding the smallest reference to themselves and their affairs. They suggested charmingly that what excited them was the amazing performance of their friends—of Tanqueray, of Jane, of Nina. In her smiling protest that she no longer counted, Laura gave the effect of serene detachment from the contest. She surveyed it from an inaccessible height, turning very sweetly and benignly from her bliss. She was not so remote, she seemed to say, but that she remembered. She knew how absorbing those ardent rivalries could be. Nina she evidently regarded as absorbed fatally, beyond recall; and no wonder, when for her the game was so magnificent. If Nina cared for the applause of a blessed spirit, it was hers.

It seemed to Nina's morbid sense that Laura overdid it; that the two of them closed round her by a common impulse and a common fear; that they rushed to her wild head to turn her to her course and keep her there. In every word there was a sting for her, the flick of the lash that drove her on.

Nina was then aware that she hated Laura. The hatred was not active in her presence; it made no movement toward its object; it lay somewhere in the dark; it tossed on a hot bed, sleepless in an incurable distress.

And Laura remained unaware. She took her presently up-stairs to her room, Owen's room. It was all they had, she said. Nina held her head very straight, trying hard not to see Owen's coat that hung behind the door, or his big boots all in a row beside Laura's little ones. Her face in the glass met her with a challenge to her ironic humor. It demanded why she could not face that innocent juxtaposition, after all she *had* stood, after all that they were evidently prepared to make her stand? But she was not to be moved by any suggestion of her face. She owed it a grudge; it showed so visibly her murkiness. Sunburned, coarsened a little by the wind, with the short, virile, jutting bridge of the nose, the hot eyes, the mouth's ironic twist, it was the face not of a woman, but of a man, or, rather, of a temperament—a face foredoomed to disaster. She accentuated its effect by the masculine fashion of her clothes and by the way she swept back her hair sidelong from her forehead. Laura saw her doing it now.

"I like your face," was her comment.

"It 's more than I do," said Nina. "But I like my hands."

She began washing them with energy, as if thus dismissing an unpleasant subject. She could admire their fine, flexible play under the water. Do what she would with them, her hands at least were feminine. But they brought her up sharp with the sight of the little white scar on her wrist, reminding her of Owen. She was aware of the beast in her blood that crouched ready to fall upon the innocent Laura.

At the other end of the room, by the wardrobe, Laura, in her innocence, was babbling about Owen.

"He 's growing frightfully extravagant," she said. "He got fifteen pounds for an article the other day, and what do you think he did with it? Look there!"

She had taken a gown, a little mouse-colored velvet gown, from the wardrobe, and laid it on the bed for Nina to admire.

"He went and spent every bit on that. He said he thought I would look nice in it. Was n't it clever of him to know? And whoever would have thought that he 'd have cared?"

Nina looked at the gown and remembered the years when Laura had gone shabby.

"He cares so much," said Laura, "that I have to put it on every evening."

"Put it on now," said Nina.

"Shall I?" She was longing to. "No, I don't think I shall."

"You must," said Nina.

Laura put it on, baring her white neck and shoulders, and turned for Nina to "fasten her up the back."

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Nina had a vision of Prothero standing over the little thing, his long, deft hands trembling as he performed this office.

The Kiddy, divinely unaware, babbled on of Owen and the wonderful gown.

"Conceive," she said, "the darling going out all by himself to get it! How he knew one gown from another, how he knew the shops, what hand guided him, I can't think. It must have been his guardian angel."

"Or yours."

"Yes, when you think of the horrors he might have got."

Laura had stroked the velvet to smoothness about her waist, and now she was pulling up a fold of lace above her breasts. As she did this, she looked at her own image in the glass and smiled softly, unaware. Nina saw then that her breasts were slightly and delicately rounded; she recognized the work of life, shaping Laura's womanhood; it was the last touch of the passion that had made her body the sign and symbol of its perfection. Her own breasts heaved as the wild fang pierced them.

As her fingers brushed the small, white back, there surged up in her a sudden virile tenderness and comprehension. She looked at Laura with Prothero's eyes; she touched her almost with Prothero's touch. There was, after all, some advantage in being made so very like a man, since it compelled her to take Prothero's view of a little woman in a mouse-colored velvet gown.

The gown was fastened, and the Kiddy, in an innocent vanity, was looking over her left shoulder and admiring her mouse-colored tail. Of a sudden she caught sight of Nina's eyes in the glass regarding her somberly. She turned and put up her face to Nina's, and paused, wavering. She closed her eyes and felt Nina's arms about her neck, and Nina's hands touching her hair with a subtle, quick caress, charged with confession. Laura's nerves divined it. She opened her eyes and looked at Nina.

"Ah," she cried, "try not to hate me!"

Nina bowed her head. "Poor Kiddy, dear Kiddy!" she whispered. "How could I?"

How could she?

She could not, even if she tried; not even afterward, when she sat alone in that room of hers that reminded her so intolerably of Prothero. To-night it reminded her still more intolerably of her dreadful self. She had been afraid to enter it lest it should put her to the torture. It was the place where her beast had gone out and in with her. It still crouched in the corner where she had kicked it. It was an unhappy beast, but it was not cruel any more. It could have crawled to Laura's feet and licked them.

For the Kiddy was such a little thing. It was impossible to feel hatred for anything so soft and so unintentionally sweet and small. Life had been cruel enough to Laura before Owen married her. If it came to suffering, it was not conceivable that she should have been allowed to suffer more.

Nina put it to herself. Beast or no beast, if she had had the power to take Owen from the Kiddy, to make the Kiddy suffer as she had suffered, could she have done it? Could she have really borne to be such a beast as that? Even if the choice had lain innocently between her own torture and the Kiddy's, could she have endured to see the little, tender thing stretched out in her place on the rack? Of course she could not.

And since she felt like that about it, beast or no beast, would not even Owen say that she was not so dreadful, after all?

She remembered then that, though he had seen through her, he had never at any time admitted that she was dreadful. He had spoken rather as if, seeing through her, he had seen things she could not see—fine things which he declared to be the innermost truth of her.

He must have known all the time that she would feel like that when she could bring herself to see Laura.

She saw through *him* now. That was why he had insisted on her coming. It was as if he had said to her: "I 'm not thinking so tremendously of her. What I mean is that it 'll be all right for you if you 'll trust yourself to me, if you 'll only come." He seemed to say frankly: "That beast of yours is really dreadful. It must be a great affliction to have to carry it about with you. I 'll show you how to get rid of it altogether. You 've only to go to see her, Nina, in her heartrending innocence, wearing, if you would believe it, a mouse-colored velvet gown."

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That night Laura stood silent and thoughtful while Prothero's hands fumbled gently over the many little hooks and fastenings of the gown. She let it slide with the soft fall of its velvet from her shoulders to her feet.

"I wish," she said, "I had n't put it on."

He stooped and kissed her where the silk down of her hair sprang from her white neck.

"Does it think," he said, "that it crushed poor Nina with its beauty?"

She shook her head. She would not tell him what she thought, but the tears in her eyes betrayed her.

XL

It was April in a week of warm weather, of blue sky, of white clouds, and a stormy southwest wind. Brodrick's garden was sweet with dense odors of earth and sunken rain, of young grass and wallflowers thick in the borders, and with the pure smells of virgin green, of buds and branches, and of lime-leaves fallen open to the sun. Outside, among the birch-trees, there was a flashing of silver stems, a shaking of green veils, and a triumphing of bright grass over the blown dust of the suburb, as the spring gave back its wildness to the Heath.

Brodrick was coming back. He had been away a fortnight on his holiday. He was to have taken Jane with him, but at the last moment she had been kept at home by some ailment of the child's. They had been married more than three years now, and they had not been separated for as many nights and days. In all his letters Brodrick had stated that he was enjoying himself immensely, and could do with three months of it, and at the end of a fortnight he had sent Jane a telegram to say that he was coming back.

She was waiting for him, walking in the garden, as she used to wait for him more than three years ago, in excitement and ecstasy. The spring made her wild with the wildness of her girlhood when the white April evenings met her on her Dorset moors.

She knew again the poignant, incommunicable passion, when the soul knows the body's mystery, and the body half divines the secret of the soul. She felt again that keen stirring of the immortal spirit in mortal sense; her veins were light, they ran fire and air, and the fine nerves aspired and adored. At moments it was as if the veils of being shook, and in their commotion all her heights and depths were ringing, reverberant to the indivisible joy.

It was so until she heard Brodrick calling to her at the gate. And at his voice her wedded blood remembered, and she came to him with the swift feet, the flushed face uplifted, and the eyes and mouth, of a bride.

Up-stairs Gertrude Collett was dressing for dinner. She looked out at her window and saw them walking up and down the long alley of the kitchen garden, like children, hand in hand.

They were late for dinner, which was the reason, Brodrick thought, why the Angel of the Dinner (as Jane called her) looked annoyed.

They were very polite and kind to her, sustaining a conversation devised and elaborated for her diversion.

Gertrude was manifestly not diverted. She congratulated Brodrick on his brilliant appearance, and said in her soft voice that his holiday had evidently done him good, and that it was a pity he had not stayed away a little longer. Brodrick replied that he did not want to stay away longer. He thought Gertrude looked fatigued, and suggested that a holiday would do her good. She had better take one.

"I wish you would," said Jane.

"We both wish you would," said Brodrick.

Gertrude said she never wanted to take holidays; she got on better without them.

"You 're wonderful," said Jane, and looked at Brodrick.

"I might have gone with you," she said. "After all, Baby never did have convulsions."

"I knew he would n't," said Brodrick.

There was a pause in the dialogue which robbed Gertrude's next remark of any relevance it might have had.

"We 've seen a good deal of Mr. Tanqueray," said she. Another pause. "I wonder how Mrs. Tanqueray gets on."

"I imagine," said Brodrick, "she never did get on with him."

"I meant—without him."

"Oh." He caused the conversation to flourish round another subject.

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In the drawing-room, where Gertrude did not follow them at once, Jane turned to him.

"Hugh," she said, "was I unkind to her?"

"Unkind?"

"Well, was I kind enough?"

"You are always kind," he said.

"Do you think so? Do you really think so?"

"Don't talk about her, Jinny. I 've got other things to attend to."

"What things?"

He put his arm round her and drew her to their seat beside the hearth. So drawn, so held, she looked in his face and smiled that singular smile of hers that he found so adorable and incomprehensible.

"I 'm tired of being made love to," she said, "I 'm going to fling off all maidenly reserve and make love to you."

She put away his arm from her and rose and seated herself on his knees.

"The devil gets into me when I have to talk to Gertrude." She put her arm lightly and shyly about him. "Do you mind?" she said.

"No, Jinny; I rather like it."

Her arms tightened. Then she let him go that she might look at him and see how he really took it. He drew her to him and held her close.

"Do you like the way I make love?" she said. "And do you like my gown and the way I do my hair?"

His voice shook. "Jinny, why are n't you always like this? Why are n't you always adorable?"

"I can't be anything—always."

"Don't you know that you 're happiest like this?"

"Yes; I know it."

"And that when you 're working like ten horses you 're in misery half the time?"

"In torture," she agreed.

"And don't you know that it makes little lines come—little lines of agony on your forehead, Jinny, and purple patches under your dear eyes, and your mouth hardens?"

"I know," she moaned; "I know it does. And you don't love me when I look like that?"

"I love you whatever you look like, and you know it."

He held her tight, crushing her.

She loosened his arms, and sat up and listened.

"I hear Gertrude," she said. "Darling, your hair 's all any way. Let me straighten it."

Gertrude, indeed, wore as she entered the ominously distant air of one who suspects a vision of iniquity. She took her place on the other side of the hearth and bent her head over her sewing. She sat like one removed from mortality's commotion. But it was as if she were listening to the blood that beat in Brodrick's veins.

At ten o'clock Jane rose and held out her hand to Gertrude. She was saying good night. Brodrick sat abstracted for a moment. Presently he rose also and followed her. Gertrude's head bent lower and lower over her sewing.

XLI

BEFORE long Brodrick was aware that spring had brought him the thing he most desired: he was appeased again with the hope of fatherhood. It tided him over the bad months of nineteen hundred and seven, over the intolerable hours that Levine was giving him in the office of the "Monthly Review." It softened for him the hard fact that he could no longer afford his expensive dream. The old, reckless, personal ambition, the fantastic pride, had been overtaken by the ambition and the pride of race. He wanted to found not a great magazine, but a family, to have more and more children like the solid little son they had called John Henry Brodrick.

The child justified the double name. The blood of the Brodricks ran in him pure. He flattered the racial and paternal pride. He grew more and more the image of what Brodrick had been at his age. It was good to think that there would be more like him. Brodrick's pride in beholding him was such that he had almost forgotten that in this question of race there would be Jane to reckon with.

In December, in the last night of nineteen hundred and seven, a second son was born—a son so excessively small and feeble that the wonder was how he had contrived to be born at all. Brodrick, when he first looked at him, had a terrible misgiving. Supposing he had to face the chances of degeneration? There could be

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only one opinion, of course, as to the cause and the responsibility. He did not require Henry to tell him that.

Not that he could think of it just then. He could think of nothing but Jinny pausing again uncertain, though for a shorter time, before the dreadful open door.

Nineteen hundred and eight was the year when everything happened. Jinny was hardly out of danger when there was a crisis in the affairs of the "Monthly Review." Levine, who had been pestering his brother-in-law for the last eighteen months, was pressing him hard now. The "Review" was passing out of Brodrick's hands. When it came to the point, he realized how unwilling he was to let it go. He could save it only by buying Levine out. And he could not do that. As the father of a family he had no business to risk more money on his unprofitable dream.

It was impossible to conceal from Jane the fact that he was worried. She saw it in his face. She lay awake, retarded somewhat in her recovery by the thought that she was responsible for that and for all his worries. He had lost money over the "Review," and now he was going to lose the "Review" itself, owing, she could perfectly well see, to her high-handed editorship. It would go to his heart, she knew, to give it up, he had been so attached to his dream. It would go to her heart, too. It was in his dream, so to speak, that he had first met her; it had held them; they had always been happy together in his dream. It was his link with the otherwise inaccessible and intangible elements in her —the elements that made for separation. She was determined that, whatever went, his dream should not go. She could not forget that it had been she who had all but wrecked it in its first precarious year when she had planted George Tanqueray on an infatuated editor.

She had saved it then, and of course she could save it now. It was not for nothing that she had been celebrated all these years. And it was not for nothing that Hugh, poor dear, had been an angel, refusing all these years to take a penny of her earnings for the house. He had not married her for that. And there they were, her earnings, diminished by some advances to her father's impecunious family and by some extravagances of her own, but still swollen by much saving to a sum more than sufficient to buy Louis out.

Her genius, after all, was a valuable asset.

She lay in bed, embracing that thought, and drawing strength from it.

Before she was well enough to go out she went and confronted Louis in his office.

Levine was human. He always had been; and he was moved by the sight of his pale sister-in-law, risen from her bed, dangerously, to do this thing. He was not hard on her. He suffered himself to be bought out for a sum less than she offered—a sum that no more than recouped him for his losses. He did not want, he said, to make money out of the thing; he only wanted not to lose. He was glad to be quit of it.

Brodrick was very tender to her when, lying in bed again, recovering from her rash adventure, she told him what she had done. But she divined under his tenderness an acute embarrassment; she could see that he wished she had not done it, and wished it not only for her sake, but for his own. She could see that she had not, in nineteen hundred and eight, repeated the glorious success of nineteen hundred and three. The deed he thought so adorable when she did it in the innocence of her unwedded will, he regarded somehow as impermissible in his wife. Then, by its sheer extravagance, it was flattering to his male pride; now, by the same conspicuous quality, it was not. As for his family, it was clear that they condemned the transaction as an unjustifiable and fantastic folly. Brodrick was not sure that he did not count it as one of the disasters of nineteen hundred and eight.

The year was thick with them. There was Jane's collapse. Jane, by a natural perversity, had chosen nineteen hundred and eight, of all years, in which to write a book. She had begun the work in the spring, and had broken down with the first effort.

There was not only Jane; there was Jane's child, so lamentably unlike a Brodrick. The shedding of his first crop of hair was followed by a darker down, revealing Jane. Not that anybody could have objected to Jane's hair; but there was Jane's delicacy. An alarming tendency to waste and an incessant, violent, inveterate screaming proclaimed him the heir of an unstable nervous system.

Jane's time and what strength she had

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were divided between her sick child and Mabel Brodrick.

For in this dreadful year Mabel was worse. Her malady had declared itself. There were rumors and hushed hints of a possible operation. Henry was against it; he doubted whether she would survive the shock. It was not to be thought of at present; not so long as things, he said, remained quiescent.

John Brodrick, as he waited, had grown grayer; he was gentler, also, and less important, less visibly the unsurprised master of the expected. The lines on his face had multiplied and softened in an expression as of wonder why this unspeakable thing should have happened to him of all men and to his wife of all women. Poor Mabel, who had never done anything—

That was the way they put it now among themselves, Mabel's shortcoming. She had never done anything to deserve this misery. Lying on her couch in the square, solid house in Augustus Road, Wimbledon, Mabel covered her nullity with the imperial purple of her doom. In the family she was supreme by divine right of suffering.

Again, every day, Jane trod the path over the Heath to Wimbledon. And sometimes Henry found her at John's house and drove her back in his motor (he had a motor now). Once, boxed up with him in the closed car (it was March, and the wind was cold over the Heath), she surprised him with a question.

"Henry, is it true that if Mabel had had children she 'd have been all right?"

"Yes," he said curtly, wondering what on earth had made her ask him that.

"It 's killing her, then—not having them?"

"That," he said, "and the desire to have them."

"How cruel it is, how detestable—that she should have *this*—"

"It 's Nature's revenge, Jane, on herself."

"And she was so sweet, she would have loved them—"

The doctor brooded. He had a thing to say to her.

"Jinny, if you 'd put it away—altogether—that writing of yours—you 'd be a different woman."

"Different?"

"You 'd be happier. And, what 's more, you 'd be well, too—perfectly well. This is not the advice I would give you," he went on, addressing her silence, "if you were an unmarried woman. I urge my unmarried patients to work, to use their brains all they can—and married ones, too, when they 've no children. If poor Mabel had done *something,* it would have been far better. But in your case it 's disastrous."

Jane remained silent. She herself had a premonition of disaster. Her restlessness was on her. Her nerves and blood were troubled again by the ungovernable, tyrannous impulse of her power. It was not the year she would have chosen, but because she had no choice she was working through everything, secretly, in defiance of Henry's orders. She wondered if he knew. He was looking at her keenly, as if he had, at any rate, a shrewd suspicion.

"I hardly think it 's fair to Hugh," he said.

Henry was sure of his facts, and her silence made him surer. She *was* at it again, and the question was how to stop her.

The question was laid that night before the family committee. It met in the library at Moor Grange almost by Brodrick's invitation. Brodrick was worried. He had gone so far as to confess that he was worried about Jane. She wanted to write another book, he said, and he did not know whether she was fit.

"Of course she is n't fit," said the doctor. "It must be stopped. She must be made to give it up—altogether."

Brodrick inquired who was to make her, and was told that *he* was. He must put his foot down. He should have put it down before.

But Brodrick, being a Brodrick, took an unexpected line.

"I don't know," he said slowly, "that we 've any right to dictate to her. It 's a big question, and I think she ought to be allowed to decide it for herself."

"She is n't fit," said Henry, "to decide anything for herself."

Brodrick sent a level look at him.

"You talk," said he, "as if she was n't responsible."

"I should be very sorry to say who is and who is n't. Responsibility is a question of degree. I say Jane is not at the present moment in a state to decide."

"It sounds," said Brodrick, laughing in his bitterness, "very much as if you thought she was n't sane. Of course I know she 'd put a check for a hundred

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pounds into a drawer and forget all about it; but it would be more proof of insanity in Jinny if she remembered it was there."

"It would indeed," said Sophy.

"We 're not discussing Jinny's talent for finance," said Henry.

"I suppose," said Brodrick, "what we *are* discussing is her genius."

"I 'm not saying anything at all about her genius. We 've every reason to recognize her genius and be proud of it. It 's not a question of her mind. It 's a question of a definite bodily condition, and as you can't separate mind from body,"—he shrugged his shoulders,—"well—there you are. I won't say don't let her work; it 's better for her to use her brain than to let it rust; but let her use it in moderation. Moder-ation. Not those tremendous books that take it out of her."

"Are you sure they do take it out of her? Tanqueray says she 'll be ill if she does n't write 'em."

"Tanqueray? What does he know about it?"

"More than we do, I suspect. He says the normal, healthy thing for her is to write—to write tremendous books, and she 'll suffer if we thwart her. He says we don't understand her."

"Does he suggest that *you* don't understand her?" asked Sophy.

Brodrick smiled. "I think he was referring more particularly to Henry."

Henry tried to smile. "He 's not a very good instance of his own theory. Look at his wife."

"That only proves that Tanqueray's books are n't good for his wife. Not that they are n't good for Tanqueray. Besides, Prothero says the same thing."

"Prothero!"

"He ought to know. He 's a doctor."

Henry dismissed Prothero with a gesture.

"Look here, Hugh, it simply comes to this: either there must be no more books, or there must be no more children. You can't have both."

"There shall be no more children."

"As you like. I don't advise it. Those books take it out of her more." He lowered his voice. "I consider her last book responsible for her child's delicacy."

Brodrick flinched visibly at that.

"I don't care," the doctor went on, "what Prothero and Tanqueray say. They can't know; they don't see her. No more do you. You 're out all day. I should n't know myself if Gertrude Collett had n't told me."

"Oh! Gertrude Collett."

"Nobody more likely to know. She 's on the spot, watching her from hour to hour."

"What did she tell you?"

"Why, that she works up-stairs in her room for hours, when she 's supposed to be lying down. She 's doing it now, probably."

"Gertrude knows that for a fact?"

"A fact. And she knows it was done last year, too, before the baby was born."

"And *I* know," said Brodrick, fiercely, "it was not."

"Have her in," said Sophy, "and ask her."

Brodrick had her in and asked her. Gertrude gave her evidence with a gentle air of surprise that there could be any doubt as to what Mrs. Brodrick had been up to—this year, at any rate. She flushed when Brodrick confronted her with his certainty as to last year. She could not, in the face of Brodrick's certainty, speak positively as to last year.

She withdrew herself hastily, as from an unpleasant position, and was followed by Sophy Levine.

"There 's nothing for it," said Henry, "but to tell her."

"About the child?"

"About the child."

There was a terrible pause.

"Will you tell her," said Brodrick, "or shall I?"

"I 'll tell her. I 'll tell her now, but you must back me up."

Brodrick fetched Jane. He had found her as Gertrude had said. She was heavy-eyed, and dazed with the embraces of her dream; but when she saw the look that passed between Hugh and Henry, her face was one white fear. The two were about to arraign her. She took the chair that Henry held for her.

Then he told her. And Brodrick backed him up with silence and a face averted.

It was not until Henry had left them together that he spoke to her.

"Don't take it so hard, Jinny," he said. "It 's not as if you knew."

"I might have known," she answered.

She was thinking, "George told me that I should have to pay—that there 'd be no end to my paying."

(To be continued)

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AN ARTIST ON THE CAT IN ART

BY THE LATE ARTHUR TOMSON

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

NO animal has been more studied for pictorial purposes than the cat; and the study has not yet been exhausted, as is patent to every artist who falls under the charm of puss. Who has ever sat before her with a pencil for half an hour and has not seen her in graceful shapes that no artist has perpetuated? Who yet has suggested her marvelous sinuosity, or has expressed all that is sinister about her, or mysterious, or has caught her occasional vivacity? Her moods are without number; and how absolutely she changes in appearance with any different mood! Sometimes she seems to be built on a structure of wool; a moment later she might be composed of india-rubber; at another time her movements seem to be directed by springs of steel. But whether lively or somnolent, she never fails to conduct herself with a grace that belongs neither to human beings nor to any other creature in the animal world.

Even in her most quiescent state the cat is a difficult animal to record either with brush or pencil. All her forms are subtle: about her soft fur you see the positive indications of no muscles; only a faint movement here and there, like the tremor on the surface of water when a fish passes far below, suggests, only suggests, the shape of the body beneath the skin. Nor is puss ever a very helpful model. Like the true actor that she is, she is willing to be observed at times when the performance under scrutiny is entirely of her own direction. But let a cat imagine for one moment that she is under some sort of compulsion, and very speedily she will let you know who is master. If one wishes her to lap milk, and provides her with the means of doing so, she will sit up and wash herself; if one wishes her to wash herself, she will chase her tail; if it is a sleeping attitude that one is studying, she will scamper off. No sort of training, or affection, or love of good food, will turn the cat into a proper assistant to an artist. Neither will any sort of compulsion. A horse, a cow, or a dog can be held in an attitude that will best give to the artist a great deal of information; but an unwilling cat in the grasp of a human being is about as well worth studying as a few leaves would be to one who would paint a tree.

But these difficulties in picturing the cat are perhaps not without their charm. Moreover, they produce very interesting results. To arrive at any estimate of the cat's form is a very slow process, and while that knowledge is being obtained, a great deal else has been picked up. The artist has had ample opportunities of pondering over cat nature, and so most representations of her are marked with the artist's own individuality. Scarcely two artists of repute have given the same account of this strange animal. Their representations have not differed only in the matter of technic and artistic vision. To each person puss has appeared as a different sort of being. Some have been struck by this characteristic, some by that. Some find her just the "harmless, necessary cat"; some a noisome thing that should be of the underworld. There are artists who find her only amusing, and make laughable pictures out of her. Some look upon her and paint her as a ball of fur; while others are overwhelmed by her mystery, and consider that she should be studied and drawn as reverently as the Sphinx.

The cat has never been taken more seriously than by Egyptian artists; indeed, their bronzes are things at which to won-

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From the painting by Arthur Tomson. Owned by E. I. van Wisselingh

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE FAMILY MEAL

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der. It is true that it is at first rather hard to reconcile the Egyptian interpretation of the cat's shape with our knowledge of her form. In many such bronzes that I have seen the legs are as long as a greyhound's, and the head is very small. But it is not unlikely that the early cat was of a different make from ours. The Egyptians used theirs for sporting purposes, sending them into the water to dive for fish, or to hunt and carry fowl. Neither of these things would or could our cats do. Our cats can hunt birds, but birds of the smaller kind; and the cat that would hunt at all for anybody but itself is unknown to me. This all proves that the Egyptian cat was of more substantial build than ours; possibly, therefore, in the matter of shape, the Egyptian artists' version of the cat was just as realistic as anything we have done.

Although the shape of the Egyptian bronze puss may be accepted only with some question, all the rest can be regarded with solemn admiration. I have before me a little cat-head that came from Egypt; I believe there are hundreds of such specimens. This little head it is impossible to take up with any hurry, or to put down again without reverence, without considerable ceremony. Its expression is completely awesome. In its eyes there is a knowledge of mysteries of which we know nothing. That cat wears the look of all-wisdom, and yet its expression is in no way exaggerated, is in no way uncat-like. I have seen cats sitting before the fire and having in their eyes just what that little bronze cat has; and then I have understood why the Egyptians found in this animal something that was beyond the human being—at all events, beyond his knowledge, and why they worshiped it.

I have dwelt upon these ancient Egyptian realizations of the cat because I believe that, wonderful as are M. Steinlen's interpretations of the animal, there is no modern, or comparatively modern artist, who, in his studies of the creature, has arrived at anything like so subtle a representation as the Egyptians.

Of the cats drawn and sculptured at a later date, I think that we need take little account. She had then sunk from her high estate, and whatever pictures there are of her prove that she was little considered.

After this dark period, the first really important studies of the cat were made by a Swiss, Gottfried Mind. He obtained the name of "The Raphael of Cats," and undoubtedly made studies of the animal that were different from anything that had been done before. He observed some of their characteristic actions, and set those down with considerable fidelity. His cats seem to me to be wanting in majesty; though they must have possessed, at the time of their making, an entirely novel realism. I have seen a drawing of his of a lot of cats in a room that is full of strongly realized attitudes. Delacroix and Géricault were the next really artistic interpreters of puss. In the drawings of both these artists it is the savage in the cat that is particularly emphasized. In all of them there is something of the panther; but there is that, too, in the domestic cat. There is a story of a man who watched from a tree his friend being torn to pieces by a tiger, and he was all the while reminded of a cat gamboling with a mouse. With this evidence can any artist be accused of exaggerating the more cruel, but what to him may be the more fascinating, characteristics of a cat? We cannot all love puss merely because "her coat is so warm." Delacroix undoubtedly preferred puss when she was not in a fireside mood; and how we profit by his preference! Of all the lithographs at South Kensington, there is nothing more full of nervous energy, nothing that takes a more complete grip on the spectator, than Delacroix's study of a lion eating a horse. This intimacy with feline character could never have been obtained by means of casual observations through the bars of a menagerie.

Possibly at the same time that Delacroix was making his wonderful studies of cats in France, drawings conceived in an almost equally energetic spirit were being done in Japan. I refer to the Hokusai cat pictures. Some of these presentments of puss may appear a little unfamiliar at first sight, or, at any rate, to Europeans. For one thing, we are used to cats with tails; Hokusai's usually have none. In many other points, too, the cats of the Japanese artists differ from those that we see about us; but in expression, in action, they are the same, unaccustomed though their form may be to us, and every line is impregnated with the true spirit of the cat. It is like meeting a friend in a new sort of cos-

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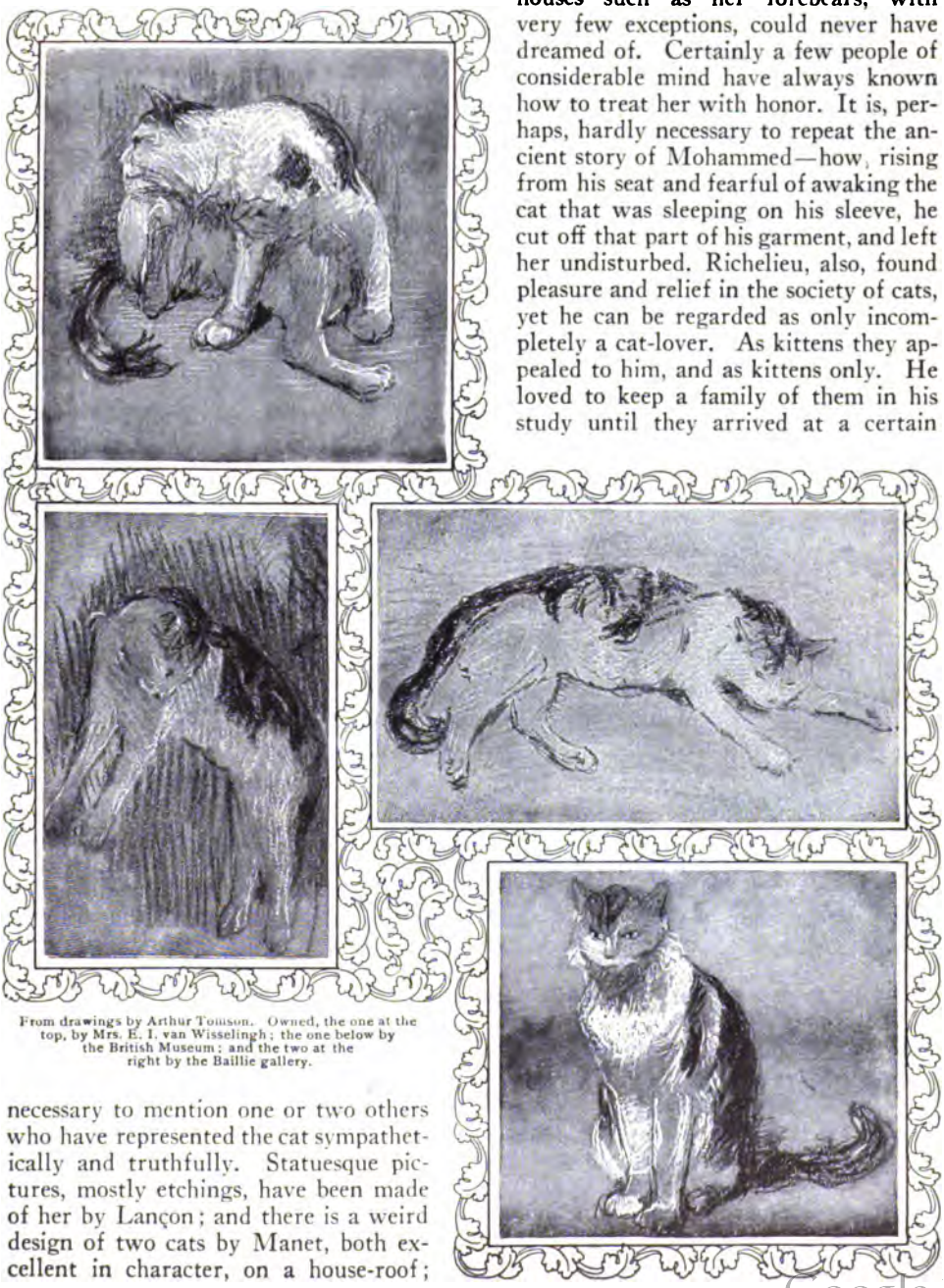
tume: the surprise once over, we wonder that he was even momentarily unrecognized.

Many other Japanese have painted and drawn the cat, and they have perpetuated her in bronze, and made exquisite little carved ivories from her.

Before coming to our own time it is necessary to mention one or two others who have represented the cat sympathetically and truthfully. Statuesque pictures, mostly etchings, have been made of her by Lançon; and there is a weird design of two cats by Manet, both excellent in character, on a house-roof; while an English painter, Burbank, better known in France than here, has shown in his pictures of cats a remarkable intimacy with the animal.

At the present time the cat is being drawn, engraved, etched, painted, and sculptured by a number of capable artists. And puss herself occupies a place in our houses such as her forebears, with very few exceptions, could never have dreamed of. Certainly a few people of considerable mind have always known how to treat her with honor. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to repeat the ancient story of Mohammed—how, rising from his seat and fearful of awaking the cat that was sleeping on his sleeve, he cut off that part of his garment, and left her undisturbed. Richelieu, also, found pleasure and relief in the society of cats, yet he can be regarded as only incompletely a cat-lover. As kittens they appealed to him, and as kittens only. He loved to keep a family of them in his study until they arrived at a certain



From drawings by Arthur Tomson. Owned, the one at the top, by Mrs. E. I. van Wisselingh; the one below by the British Museum; and the two at the right by the Baillie gallery.

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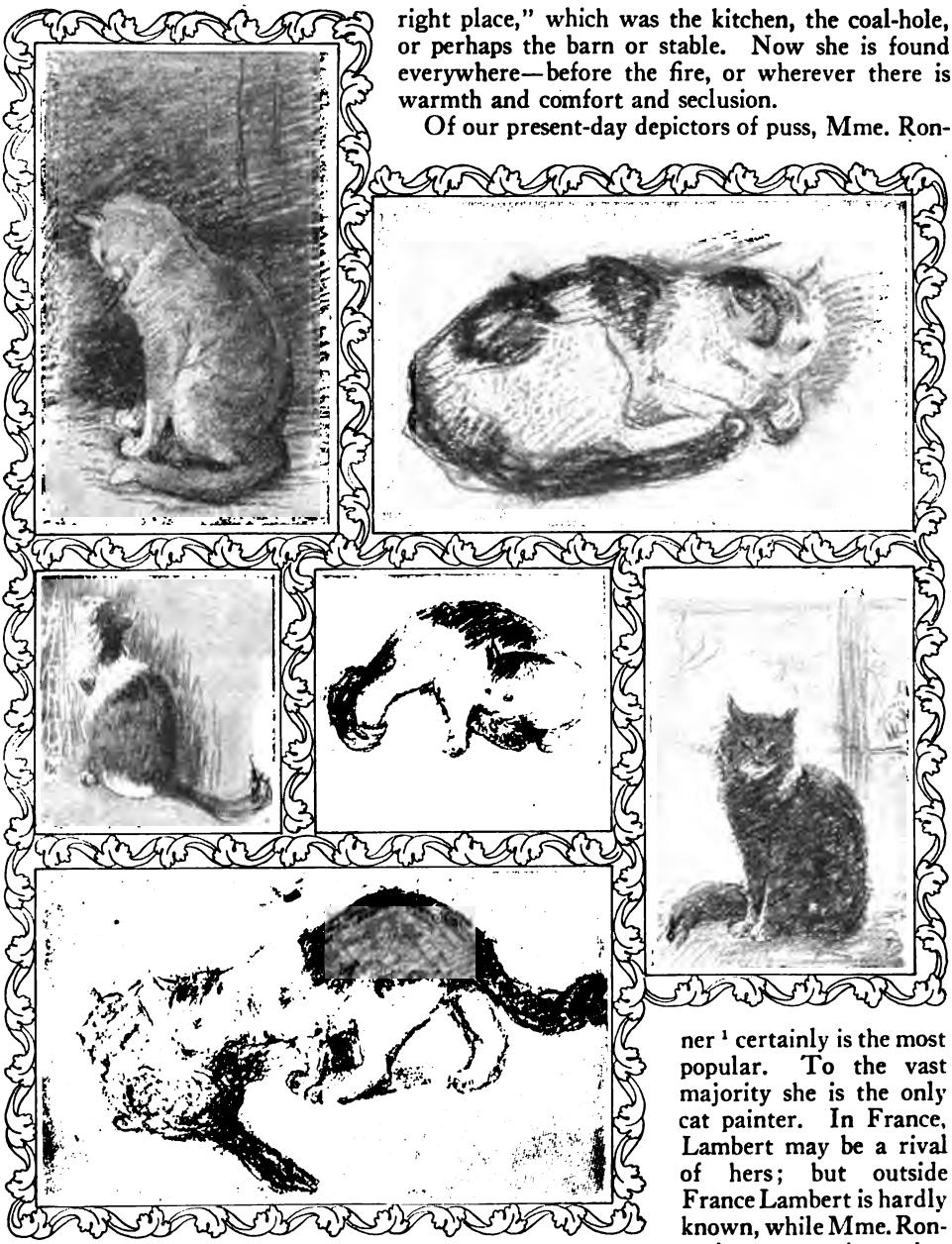

From drawings by Arthur Tomson. Owned, the two at the top and the one at the right by the British Museum, and the three others by the Baillie gallery.

right place," which was the kitchen, the coal-hole, or perhaps the barn or stable. Now she is found everywhere—before the fire, or wherever there is warmth and comfort and seclusion.

Of our present-day depictors of puss, Mme. Ronner[1] certainly is the most popular. To the vast majority she is the only cat painter. In France, Lambert may be a rival of hers; but outside France Lambert is hardly known, while Mme. Ronner's reputation has spread all over the world. All that her animals have to tell one, one knows very soon, which is undoubtedly one reason for their popularity. They are not, indeed, very individual visions of puss, but just puss as she appears to the most casual observer. What everybody knows about the cat is always in her pictures. Their fur is accurately delinea-

age; but when they were three months old he had them taken away, and replaced by others that were younger. Moncrieff also loved cats, and wrote about them, as did Baudelaire; and Hoffmann, and Gautier, and Edgar Allan Poe. But with the more ordinary specimen of humanity the cat was tolerated only "in her

[1] For an article on her paintings of cats, see THE CENTURY for October, 1893.

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ted; their actions are always familiar ones, though they are not statuesque like those of the Egyptians, or so well observed in attitude as Mind's, or so full of a savage beauty as Delacroix's. They are pictures of puss as she appears to ninety-nine people out of a hundred: something very soft and furry, a suitable animal to sit by the fireside, and, when young, to gambol on the floor; an animal that simply eats and drinks and purrs; it is not a creature with a past; it has no weird poetry; it besets us with no problems; it has nothing in common with mankind; it is not a particularly sensuous animal, or a capricious one, or a brutal one. It would never have found in Richelieu a sympathetic companion, or suggested a weird story to Edgar Allan Poe. She has pictured puss for comfortable old ladies, for rather unimaginative younger ones, but, above all, for the nursery. And just as pretty presentments of puss as Mme. Ronner's have been done by M. Lambert.

From the drawing by Arthur Tomson. Owned by Joseph Pennell

A GOOD APPETITE

Although the cat is to be seen in no great abundance in France, it is astonishing how many French artists have been among her devotees; and of these artists there have been some, at least, who have added enormously to our knowledge of the cat. Who can read Pierre Loti's "Story of Pity and Death" and not feel that the cat has become to him something that it never was before? Who can look at the drawings of M. Steinlen, or the bronzes of M. Frémiet, without having not only a great joy in the art of these productions, but a new insight into the nature of the most suggestive animal of all creation? Take M. Steinlen's best known poster. Were cats ever drawn more full of the essence of puss than the three grimalkins that wait on the little red-coated lady, holding the cup of milk? They are so lithe, so superb in action, and in expression how insinuating and entirely cat-like! In a more recently published book, M. Steinlen has given us not only insinuating cats, but cats in all sorts of moods and dilemmas. All these are remarkably humorous, and at the same time presentments of puss that never differ from reality.

Perhaps the most dignified of M. Frémiet's cat bronzes—and it is extraordinarily dignified—is the little animal sitting very upright with a frill around its

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neck. The back of this cat is splendidly constructed; and as to the expression of the little figure, no artist has given with more cunning the fireside aspect of rather an irritable cat. A more sinister aspect of the animal is shown us by M. Frémiet in a bronze of somewhat larger size. Before this cat lie the mangled and half-eaten remains of one of its own young; while another, apparently blind, with fumbling kitten steps is making its escape.

Of recent years there has not been in England much cat-painting, or cat-painting of good quality. Some years ago I remember that a Mr. Couldery exhibited some tabbies at the Academy that seemed to me to be by no means wanting in realism. These canvases, I believe, had the approval of Ruskin. Since then Mr. Louis Wain has often made us laugh by his drawings of cats occupied after the manner of human beings. But his pictures can scarcely be reckoned with those that I have already mentioned. Perhaps the best cat pictures of all that have been done in England in recent years came from a lady, Mrs. W. Chance.

But it is undoubtedly to the French artists and to the Japanese that we are indebted for the finest representations of the cat. They have understood the poetry of puss; have delighted in all the strange rhythmic beauties of her body; have sympathized with her more subtle moods; have, in fact, proved the truth of an old saying, that no one can properly appreciate a cat unless he has in himself, at all events, a little something that is feline.

A MAN OF EAST AND WEST

CLARENCE KING, GEOLOGIST, SAVANT, AND WIT

BY EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON

Author of "Reminiscences of a Ranchman," etc.

IN 1874, John Hay, then an editorial writer on the "New York Tribune," introduced me to Clarence King, and shortly thereafter I resigned my position as assistant night city editor of that newspaper to become Mr. King's secretary. This post I held until June, 1877, when I became his business (ranch) partner, and so remained for many years.

King's keen sense of humor was ever kindly; and his shrewd, searching wit, while it spared no one, never descended to hurtful sarcasm.

He had tenderness, charity, and the broadest of sympathies, yet at bottom the heart of an untamed Viking, happiest when battling with elemental nature and her creatures in their wildest moods.

With a learning so comprehensive and profound that he stood among the foremost savants of his generation, the hours dearest to him were those spent in absolute or semi-savagery, listening to the droning songs of squaws about old Winnemucca's lodge-fire; idly dreaming about a Paiute village, watching its primitive tasks and games; garlanded in a merry Kalakauan fête or breasting the breakers on a Hawaiian beach, himself as daring and swift in the water as the lithest or sturdiest islander of them all; vying with the best *vaqueros* of Visalia in bronco-riding contests; wandering through the corridors of the San Louis Obispo Mission with a bent Franciscan, absorbed in tales of Junipero Serra's heroism and sacrifices, and mentally reconstructing the stirring scenes of the ecclesiastical conquest of California; trailing grizzlies into their Sierran lairs and there fighting and killing them; scaling untrod mountain-peaks; listening to the croonings of a turbaned black grand-

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mother, hungry for some hint of voodoo mysteries—such were the experiences he best loved.

With never more than an indifferently lined pocket, his was ever the generosity, and often the magnificence, of a prince.

With an artist's adoration of color, a musician's love of harmonies, and a poet's worship of the beautiful, the exactions of his profession as geologist held him so fast that he was left little leisure for the exercise of talents and genius that might easily have placed him among the most brilliant devotees of the arts.[1]

I wonder if any one *ever* sat at table with him unserved by him with that best of mental sauce, an epigram.

Speaking one day at luncheon with his lifelong familiar, James Terry Gardiner, of the generally prevailing predilection of New York's "Four Hundred" to ape the social customs and lives of the British aristocracy, King said, "Gardiner, New York society reminds me of nothing so much as a simian circus."

Another evening, returned from a dinner at the house of a plutocrat, surfeited with the vulgar prodigality of its superficial display and bored by its stupidity, King threw off his coat, and, with a gesture of disgust, remarked, "Gardiner, these people have bought the scenery of society, but the play is n't going on."

And of civilization in general he once said: "Civilization! Why, it 's a nervous disease!"

Even in his early youth his wit was ever flashing, his mind constantly questing, often along weirdly droll lines. While he and Gardiner were mere lads, one day they were returning to Hartford from a trout-fishing excursion, both attired in costumes that were far more picturesque than conventional, when, in passing a country school-house where a number of big girls were at play, the appearance of the boys excited shouts of laughter. Instantly King turned, struck a pose of severity, and gravely remarked, "Always remember, young ladies, that modesty is the best policy." Then after walking some distance in silence, he queried, "Gardiner, why don't they ever make a girl both plump and spiritual?"

His father was James Rivers King, son of Samuel Vernon King, one of the first commercial adventurers in the China trade; his mother, Florence Little King, a woman of rare intellectuality. Widowed shortly after her marriage and completely centered in her son, his mother concentrated her mind and energies upon his training and education. The better to guide and help him, she studied Greek, Latin, and the modern languages.

But very early in his youth he showed such fondness for nature that his mother determined to direct him into the paths of science, soon choosing geology as his specialty. Thus almost from his very childhood every step of his studies was a tangential advance upon a certain goal.

Prepared in the endowed High School of Hartford, in 1859, when seventeen, he entered the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, where, as pupil of the great Dana, he received the thorough grounding in the principles of mineralogy and geology that, applied and illuminated by his own genius, later made him one of its foremost exponents during his generation.

The winter after his graduation, he spent studying glaciology under Professor Louis Agassiz. Preparations for his scientific work finished, the spring of 1863 found King and his classmate Gardiner, with a party of pioneers, plodding the old Overland Trail from St. Joseph to California, up the North Platte and the Sweetwater and out across the Humboldt Desert, caring for their mounts, shooting their meat, lending a hand where needed, training for the pioneer life that would fit them for field-work in the Western wilds.

Stopping in Virginia City to see the famous Comstock Lode, the burning of their lodging-house destroyed all they owned, but did not impair their pluck. Working as laborers in a quartz mill, in a few weeks they earned enough money to enable them to finish their journey.

On the boat from Sacramento to San Francisco, they met Professor William H. Brewer, then assistant to Professor Whit-

[1] Proof of the profound admiration and love he in life won from the greatest of his contemporaries in science, art, and letters is afforded by "The Clarence King Memoirs," a work conceived by his lifelong friend, the late James D. Hague, written by Mr. Hague, John Hay, William Dean Howells, John La Farge, William Crary Brownell, Edward Cary, Professor Samuel Franklin Emmons, Rossiter W. Raymond, Edmund C. Stedman, and Daniel C. Gilman, and published by the Century Club. It is one of the most remarkable tributes ever paid to any man living or dead, and an impressive monument to the memory of him who inspired it.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Sincerely

Clarence King

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ney, the chief of the Geological Survey of California, with whom a little later King won his degree as mountaineer by a successful ascent of Lassen's Peak.

For three years the two friends remained with the California survey, King as assistant geologist, Gardiner as assistant topographer.

It was during this novitiate in his work as field-geologist that from certain phenomena King deduced the existence of glaciers on Mount Shasta, notwithstanding Brewer had encountered none in his ascent of the peak and doubted their existence. A few years later King proved the truth of his theory. He also made the discovery of fossils in the gold-bearing slates which fixed the mooted question of their geologic age.

In those days, most of the men of the California mountain camps posed as desperadoes, and went about burdened with a more or less heavy assortment of firearms, the tenderfeet and bluffers by preference sporting the more conspicuous six-shooters, while one or more of the pockets of the really ready and artistic life-takers was sure to hold a short Derringer pistol, which was often fired from within the pocket. On one occasion when, in the joint bar and office of a little mountain hotel, King was unavoidably drawn into an argument with a bitterly aggressive advocate of secession, King's adversary dropped his hand on his six-shooter. He never drew it. King was entirely unarmed; but, standing at the moment with his right hand in his trousers pocket, at the first hostile move he stuck forward his thumb until it looked like the muzzle of a pistol, and then snapped a quill toothpick that fortunately happened to be in the same pocket, the sound of which was so much like the muffled click of a pistol-lock that his adversary promptly bolted through the door.

Turning to Gardiner with a laugh, King said, "In this country there are not many wolves in sheep's clothing, but there are a lot of sheep in wolves' clothing."

It was in 1864 that King ascended that magnificent cluster of peaks then suspected, and later proved, to be the highest on this continent save those of Alaska, now known as the Mount Whitney and Mount Tyndall group. Then every foot of the region was *terra incognita*.

King's companion was Cotter, "stout of limb, stronger yet in heart." Of their goal, and of the crowning incident of the ascent, King wrote in that American classic, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," as follows:

> Rising on the other side, cliff above cliff, precipice piled upon precipice, rock over rock, up against the sky, towered the most gigantic mountain-wall in America, culminating in a noble pile of Gothic-finished granite and enamel-like snow. How grand and inviting looked its white form, its untrodden, unknown crest, so high and pure in the clear strong blue! I looked at it as one contemplating the purpose of his life; and for just one moment I would have rather liked to dodge that purpose . . . but all this quickly vanished, leaving a cheerful resolve to go ahead. . . .
>
> THE summit was now not over five hundred feet distant. . . . The smooth granite wall which rose above the snow-slope continued, apparently, quite around the peak. . . . It was all blank except in one spot; quite near us the snow bridged across the crevice and rose . . . —a great icicle-column frozen in a niche of the bluff,—its base about ten feet wide, narrowing to two feet at the top. . . . We climbed the first half of it with comparative ease; after that it was almost vertical, and so thin that we did not dare to cut the footsteps deep enough to make them absolutely safe. . . . At last, in order to prevent myself from falling over backwards, I was obliged to thrust my hand into the crack between the ice and the wall, and the spire became so narrow that I could do this on both sides; so that the climb was made as upon a tree, cutting mere toe-holes and embracing the whole column of ice in my arms. At last I reached the top, and, with the greatest caution, wormed my body over the brink, and, rolling upon the smooth surface of the granite, looked over and watched Cotter make his climb. . . . I rang my hammer upon the topmost rock; we grasped hands, and I reverently named the grand peak *Mount Tyndall*.

But great as were the opportunities for his brilliant talents on the California survey, King's audacious ambition conceived nothing less than a transcontinental geological and topographical survey.

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In 1866, therefore, he resigned and returned East to undertake, single-handed, the herculean task of winning approval and adequate appropriations from the President and Congress.

James D. Hague relates that when the Secretary of War handed him his appointment as Chief of the Fortieth Parallel Geological Survey, he said: "Now, Mr. King, the sooner you get out of Washington, the better. You are too young a man to be seen about Washington with this appointment in your pocket; there are four major-generals who want your place."

This great scientific work, begun in 1867 and finished in 1878, is best summarized by Professor Samuel Franklin Emmons, long recognized as one of the ablest geologists this country has produced:

> King reserved for himself the final summarizing of the work of his assistants and the drawing of general conclusions and theoretical deductions therefrom. This he wrote in '78, a quarto volume of more than 800 pages, under the title of "Systematic Geology." It has been characterized as the most masterly summary of a great piece of geological field-work ever written, and is used to this day by University Professors of Geology as a model for their advanced students.

At a large dinner at the Pacific-Union Club in San Francisco as late as 1891, attended by a score of the leading business men of the city, I well remember a remarkable scene in which all joined in acclaiming and toasting Clarence King as the savior of the reputation of California.

"But for King," said one bank president, "the free flow of capital for developing our mineral resources would have been set back twenty years."

The incident referred to was the famous diamond swindle of 1872. A large tract near Fort Bridger, Wyoming, had been "salted" with crude diamonds. Two prominent California mining engineers had examined the "diamond field," and reported on it favorably. The coast blazed with excitement, and none the less because the precise location remained a carefully guarded secret.

From investigations made by James T. Gardiner, King learned that it lay within an area already carefully gone over by his corps of engineers. Surprised, but yet unsuspicious, he immediately arranged to visit and study the field as a new source of national wealth of incalculable value.

Upon examination, however, he found nothing but raw African stones scattered loose upon the surface, and none in a characteristic diamond-bearing formation. He promptly bared the swindle to the world, and stopped a sale, then nearly closed, that ran high up into the millions. Even the crudest and boldest knew they could not buy of King a false report, but on his return from the field, he was offered $1,000,000 for the exclusive use of his information for two days, which of course he rejected.

In his sports King was as pertinacious and recklessly daring as in his professional mountaineering. While returning at the end of the season's field-work of 1871 or 1872, the party sighted a monster grizzly, and gave chase. After a short, sharp run the grizzly took refuge in a cave. Arriving close behind him, the party soon discovered that while the cave had two entrances, the bear was still within: they could plainly hear his labored breathing, apparently nearer the upper of the two openings. I have in my time known many intrepid bear-hunters, but I have never known any but King with the hardihood to pay a grizzly a visit in the solitude and darkness of his own den.

The lower opening was high enough to enter in a half-standing position, and there King stationed Emmons and Wilson to receive the bear if he came out.

With a rope about his legs, held by soldiers of the escort, who were instructed not to pull until he called to them, and with his pet rifle in his hands, King then began wriggling into the upper opening. All the time he could hear the heavy panting of the bear, close ahead of him; but in the darkness could see nothing. Presently the panting sounded very near, and he felt sure he could *feel* the bear's hot breath. Oddly, he often told me, he did not see the bear's eyes.

Soon, however, he plainly saw a wavering flicker of light appearing and disappearing in rhythm with the bear's panting, and quickly decided it proceeded from the bear's protruded tongue. With this tiny point of light as the only guide to his aim, he fired.

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Startled by the shot, his companions instantly pulled him back out of the cave, nearly stripping him of clothing and scratching and tearing him about the face and body about as badly, King always laughingly insisted, as the bear could have done.

Apparently the bear was dead, for the panting had stopped; and presently Emmons and Wilson entered the lower opening, advancing cautiously until at length they could plainly see the outline of the bear, prone on his belly, but inclined a little to one side, the right paw held back of and above his ear, as if listening. At the moment they saw him, the paw came down on the ground. Thinking it preparatory to a charge, both hurriedly fired, and backed out of the cave.

As the silence continued, the two again entered, to find the great grizzly stretched dead. King's shot had entered the roof of the mouth, and killed him instantly; the two later shots had missed him entirely. The weirdly dropping paw was only the relaxation of the muscles from the position in which he had first fallen.

Probably through modesty, Professor Emmons omits, in the "Memoirs," his own plucky part in this affair. I tell it as I clearly remember all three describing the incident thirty years ago.

The Fortieth Parallel work finished, King planned a rest, surely much needed after twenty years of unremitting toil. But it was not yet to be. In 1879, several independent surveys were consolidated into one bureau as the United States Geological Survey, of which King reluctantly accepted the directorship. This post he held until the new bureau was effectively organized, when, two years later, he resigned.

The three years next following he spent abroad, studying the geology of Switzerland and Great Britain; reveling in color and rhythm with Ruskin; discussing physics with Sir William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin); comparing mountaineering notes with his great compeer, Tyndall; dipping deep into the secrets of crystalline rock structure as revealed by Zirkel's microscope; chaffing bar-maids with Bret Harte; seeing all sides of English and Continental life; collecting art-treasures; buying Fortunys, laces, embroideries, old furniture, and a "barber's basin," the famous "Helmet of Mambrino," immortalized in his letter presenting it to his old friend Horace F. Cutter, a fellow-lover of Cervantes. While never intended for publication, happily this letter ultimately gained publicity through the columns of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for May, 1886.

Of this letter William Dean Howells wrote:

> A sketch of Spanish character and circumstance which is almost as little companioned as it is paralleled. . . . From some men, from most, he was of course intellectually parted by immense distances of culture, but essentially he was the neighbor of mankind. He knew the "world" of his time far beyond all other American literary men save one.

Returning home at the end of 1884, King's later years were spent in the care of his mining and cattle-ranch interests and in pursuit of his profession as a mining engineer, largely in Cuba, Mexico, and the Klondike.

Many were the disappointments and sad the trials of his later years, unhappily: but the harder the blows, the bolder he faced them; the darker his horizon, the brighter he smiled.

Nor did even adversity serve to dam the fountain of his wit. Breakfasting one morning at the old Brunswick Hotel, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, some turn of the conversation led me to ask why he had never married. "Want to know why?" he asked. "Well, I 'll tell you. Woman is too one-sided,—like a tossed-up penny,—and I want both sides or none."

Perhaps the one thing King loved better than helping a friend was a fair chance for a fight, when the incentive was the righting or avenging a wrong. He used to hunt such chances. Often of a night when our survey offices and lodgings were at 23 Fifth Avenue, he used to say to me, "Get a stout stick, Ted, and come on."

And then down through Washington Square we would go, plunging thence into the wildest jungles of "Africa," as the Thompson-Sullivan Street region was then known, there wandering not infrequently throughout the night in Quixotic search of adventure. Sometimes we found it, as

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when one morning, shortly before dawn, in a dark alley off Sullivan Street, we ran upon a policeman needlessly clubbing a drunken sailor. Otherwise the neighborhood at the moment was silent and deserted. Without a word or an instant's hesitation, King handed me his stick, pitched into the policeman with his good bare hands, and pounded him to insensibility. Then, before the policeman could recover sufficiently to summon aid, we went hot-foot home.

And yet it was of him John Hay wrote:

> It was hard to remember that this polished trifler, this exquisite wit, who diffused over every conversation in which he was engaged an iridescent mist of epigram, was author of the treatise "The Age of the Earth" [later indorsed by Lord Kelvin] which has been accepted as the profoundest and most authoritative utterance on the subject yet made. His knowledge of man and Nature was enormous, his sympathy was universal. He had the passionate love of Nature which only the highest culture gives: the sky, the rock, and the river spoke to him as familiar friends. Clarence King resembled no one else whom we have ever known, belonged to a class of his own.

With a mind filled with rare store of learning in science, art, literature, and world politics, and teeming with the most brilliant fancy and eloquence of expression of his fast-crowding thoughts, no man the tenth part so well equipped ever left less in volume of finished literary work. The editors of this magazine frequently urged him to write for it, but his various projects were unrealized.

"Why?" his friends were ever asking themselves.

I believe it was because of the very wealth of his endowments, the multiplicity of his talents and attainments; because of a mind so tireless and fertile that by the time it had sketched one brilliant literary picture, another was clamoring for the recorded expression none ever got.

One spring morning in 1876, shortly after the completion of the field-work of the United States Geological Survey of the Fortieth Parallel, while we were sitting at breakfast with his mother, in Newport, he remarked:

"Mother, I *must* write a novel."

"But, Clarence," his mother asked, "don't you think your fifteen years as a field-geologist in mountain and desert solitudes has been a poor sort of preparation for the successful writing of fiction?"

"Not at all, Mother," King replied. "Geology itself is chiefly a matter of the imagination,—one man can actually *see* into the ground as far as another,—best training conceivable in constructive imagination."

At the very end, on his death-bed that sad Christmas day of 1901, his last recorded words were the expression of a witticism as gay and brilliant as any he ever flashed across a dinner-table.

His doctor had remarked that perhaps the drug ***heroin,*** recently administered, had gone to his head.

"Very likely," King whispered. "Many a heroine has gone to a better head than mine is now."

With or near him through many years of alternating sunshine and cloud, through hours of joy and hours of trial, I now reverently offer this humble tribute to the memory of one of the most brilliant men of science and letters America has produced, to the gentlest, sweetest, bravest man and stanchest friend I have ever known—to Clarence King.

DANTE

BY WILLIAM L. CORBIN

LONE prince of patriots, interpreter
Of worlds, lover, and faultless fashioner
Of sculptured song—and in them all I see
The sad, majestic soul of Italy.

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COMPENSATED

PROVIDENCE MAKES A MINOR ADJUSTMENT

BY ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "The A-Flat Major Polonaise," "Overproof," etc.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS: PART III

THE scene of this story is the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the characters are two yachting parties. One of them, on the schooner *Gloria*, consists of Mr. Sneed, his wife and daughter, an ultra-conventional and worldly family, and two guests, Miss Roche and Mr. Spiers. The other party, on the *Rorqual*, a ninety-foot gasolene boat, is made up of Mr. Simpson, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Kimborough, and the host, who is represented as speaking. In the first part of the story, printed in the May CENTURY, Mr. Kimborough, who is an accomplished pianist, being convinced of the unworthiness of Mr. Spiers, a pretentious and mediocre musician, as a suitor for the affections of Miss Roche, by a practical joke succeeds in placing him in a ridiculous light in her eyes. In the second part, given in the June CENTURY, Mr. Kimborough is moved still further to humiliate Mr. Spiers, and following the latter at the piano in the cabin of the *Gloria*, he plays with a skill so masterly that comparisons are indeed odious—for Spiers. Later in the evening the gale increases, and the *Gloria* drags her anchor. As her crew is ashore, and she is in danger of driving upon a rocky coast, the *Rorqual*, steered by Miss Roche, attempts to tow the yacht to safety. The concluding part, here given, relates in detail the perilous adventures that follow upon that attempt.—THE EDITOR.

A MINUTE later, in mighty anticipation, the *Rorqual's* main engines were running free on the governors, her little electric-light plant was whirring a song of its own in the uproar, two blurred and blinded figures kneeled in the drifting water over a lantern in the extreme eyes of her, trying to watch the chain come in, and on the bridge I wrestled, as Jacob with the angel, with a merciless and thundering weather-cloth, endeavoring to trice it up, and, between jerks, to tell Miss Roche what to do, and how to run the engine-room telegraph and the search-light, when the latter machine might be necessary. But she was free from all fear and I left her, with the light of battle in her eyes, facing ahead in that blessed eddy where the weather-cloth turns the wind and the rain upward and saves the officer of the watch.

I had forgotten Mr. Spiers, but on the way down I passed him as a distressed and inaudible shadow being driven round and round—with the sun, for luck—by the pianist, who was now coiling down a new five-inch line.

So everything was prepared for that struggle and I dropped into the engine-room and waited.

The following three minutes were the worst I had to suffer in that eventful night. The lights were out, so that whatever there was to see outside might be seen, but in all the troubled universe I could make out nothing but the wavering line of sparks that played on the brushes of the dynamo. Overhead, sea and sky locked in one unbroken roar, and below I was flanked by the clang of the unseen engines, and the little bronze reverse levers trembled under my hands. But all things have

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an end, and at the end of what might have been a day and a night there came the uneasy swerve of the *Rorqual's* head falling off, the engine-room floor rose up and lurched under my feet, and I barely caught the grind of the telegraph-bell in the uproar and threw in the levers. In the same instant a chance waterspout whirled in through the open hatch, and above the confused roar of water in my ears I heard the engines steady to work, and climbed the ladder in time to meet two figures that fled aft to the taffrail, where they humored the gig like a panicky colt. The pianist still labored patiently and seemed to be weaving a net around himself and Mr. Spiers with two heaving-lines, and the *Rorqual,* rolling most shamefully, swung into the trough of the sea and nosed her precarious way through the water-swept gloom. Cool as a fountain-bathed statue and strictly according to instructions, the girl led her just so far southeast and then headed her up into the wind, and not one flicker could we see. The northeaster had swallowed the *Gloria's* lights as a snow-cloud swallows the Pleiades. As I reached the taffrail, Mr. Anderson spread his arms wide apart to show the utterness of her disappearance.

"Here! She was here!" he said, and pointed downward, and as Mr. Anderson had been born with the sense of absolute position in unorganized space I was sure she had been.

"Yes," I inquired, "but where is she now?" He shook his head and swung his hand toward heaven at a venture. We stopped the screws and we sidled to leeward, mantled in such rain as I had never seen. It drifted along the deck, shoulder-high, in all respects like the out-flung steam from the blow-off valves of a liner's boilers, and overside we could hear the hiss of each comber and never once see the flash of its crest. Oilskins served only to hold more water, but even here the unabashed Mr. Simpson spoke.

"In a long and varied life," he said, "this is the most moisture I ever seen. It 'u'd make a tropical thunder-storm feel like a prohibition town in the Arabian Desert, would n' it? I 'm what y' call a cold compress renewed every thirty seconds an' it 'll take me two riotous weeks to get dee-hydrated again—jumping Jerusalem, we're aground!"

Something jarred heavily under our feet and in the same instant, athwart the sky, appeared a longish object, pointed, faintly lighted, and white-tipped, that might have been the sword of an archangel. This descended and plucked at an awning stanchion and, as we cowered, went aloft again, leisurely, taking the stanchion with it, while the frame, inch iron pipe, stood up in an ornate loop as though it might have been rabbit wire, and twanged like a harp string. Within that second an uneasy light flashed in our eyes and we drifted past, speechless, within twenty feet of the *Gloria's* rail. The archangel's sword had been her jib-boom at the extreme end of its range. Beneath the light we saw Mr. Sneed's awe-struck countenance for the last time that evening. Mr. Simpson recovered poise first and, hanging out over the taffrail, addressed himself to Mr. Sneed across the gulf.

"Peek-a-boo!" he whooped. There was no reply.

"Tag!" he roared. "*Your* turn to find *us* now!" I remember the amazed face that was swept into the obscurity. To this day I fail to see how we missed fouling that propeller in the *Gloria's* cables, or why we missed seeing her riding-light. For the next three minutes I revolved at high speed between the engine-room and the bridge, where Miss Hilda Roche presided as unshaken as an old sea-captain, and the *Rorqual* moved up to windward again, where it became my happy task to balance her like a soaring gull, within sight of the lights. It gave me an increased respect for the gull, who operates without reversing clutches.

While we paused, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Anderson, the cook, and the heaving-line went overside, entangled, into the dinghy, while Mr. Spiers balked once more. The pianist's control left him.

"You come on, will y'!" he said, and when I saw Mr. Spiers last he was fighting at an extreme disadvantage because he was being lowered over the rail in one hand, like a dunnage-bag, and in the next moment the gig had borne him away behind the ghost of a breaking sea, and Mr. Kimborough was astern, paying out line into the fathomless dark. I was certain the girl saw this last performance, but when I spoke to her in the next ten-second visit she made no sign.

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"How am I doing?" She never turned her eyes from the vanishing lights nor freed a straining hand to brush back the hair stranded across her wet cheeks.

"Could n't be better," I said.

"I 'm so glad. This is the greatest thing I ever did in my life. I feel as if I owned the whole world." A dim lantern astern waved wide and free, and I heard the pianist roar from aft: "We 've got 'em," and I gave the throttles two more notches. It meant as much more of that potent fluid in each second as would fill a lady's thimble. Softly the strain came on and the shadowy hawser rose up and stood out from the chock like an iron bar. "—Or we got something," he shouted, dancing on the rope like an excited shark fisherman as I reached the taffrail. We could even see very faint objects that rose and fell rapidly.

A moment later, clinging to the bent awning stanchion, he said in my ear: "Now you stop running round and consider the magnitude of this business. You think whether now, at this minute, you 'd rather be a bow-legged knight with sheet-iron pants babouching round in the dark, wet grass on a dray-horse with a clothes-pole hunting for somebody to stick it through, an' the green dye out of your nodding plume running in through the slats in your helmet and down your sweating nose. Talk about romance! We 've sent out the villain to labor and be seasick on a treadmill, and here we are, two big boats in God's hurricane, parading up to windward into God knows where in the rain, steered by a girl with the weight of her arms—an' y' stop or y' go ahead with the shift of your finger. Don't y' pity the chaps that were born a few hundred years ago?"

"The lady on the bridge was saying something along the same general lines about a minute ago. Better go up," I suggested, "and give her the benefit of your advice—and try to keep a lookout ahead."

The following scenes dilated in progressive magnificence.

When we might have been half-way across the harbor—the hydrostatic log stated that we were then making five nautical miles per hour—the wind came down in blasts like the muzzle-blast of a big gun, so that the little stays screamed overhead and the deck trembled under our feet. A spare oar and an unlashed life-buoy got up together and waltzed away through the night without a sound; a disused pilot-ladder went down the deck like a pursued serpent and wound itself in the taffrail, where it stayed, and I went with it as far as the engine-room hatch, where I stopped through excessive friction, because a round wooden fender had deftly seated me on the deck, after which it mounted mysteriously on the after hatch and launched itself into the sea, and that was the end of it. I hauled myself behind the hatch while the *Rorqual* seemed to pause in her tracks—which was doubtless an illusion—so that I lowered myself into the smell of warm oil, groped for the throttles, and threw them wide open. Even then, in that wilderness of thunder, I had to put my hands on the falling ignitors to tell that the engines were running.

On the bridge, which I reached on my knees, one end of the girl's weather-cloth had broken away and roared like a free topsail till we lashed it down. The grommets had blown clean out of 16-ounce duck. The rain no man could face bare-eyed, for it was a level-flung deluge and it bit like hail. So we proceeded by faith, and as we made up our distance, the pianist hung over the rail with a lead. Sometimes he got five fathoms and sometimes three, but always a few feet under the *Gloria's* keel.

"Where 's this calm and restful lee you were talking about?" he shouted. It was not apparent.

"The last country we saw was Nova Scotia. Give a guess where we 'll bring up." I was shaking my head again when he said: "What part of the universe are we in, anyway? See! You 're going to collide with a comet if you don't pay attention," and he pointed. Perhaps thirty, perhaps sixty yards off our starboard bow a thin banner of fire and sparks trailed to leeward. As I jumped to slow the main engines I heard the little dynamo engine alter its voice and climbed on deck again to find one black pinkie centered in the gaze of the search-light. It was an unforgetable sight. She rode to many cables, plunging rail-deep in what might have been drifting snow, for the surface of the sea was torn to spindrift that swept man-high over the unseen harbor, and the water

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under the *Rorqual's* flanks was a frothing pot. On her deck, beside the flaming stove-pipe and with an arm round her mainmast, a blurred figure waved wildly for us to go to port, and to port we accordingly went. In dumb wonder as to what the new amazement might be, we and our undirected search-light swung, and the amazement became instantly evident, for into the blazing circle over the starboard bow, in the precise, calculated center of what had been our nicely guessed course, came down the little white pinkie from Petit de Gras. We gasped together. She was under bare poles, but the Frenchman with the untroubled face, still untroubled, sat in the cockpit and steered, and she went past at an awe-inspiring speed with the other man kneeling in her bows, fighting, more furiously than we had fought, with the eel-grass on her last anchor. Her serene helmsman spared a hand to wave at us, which we took to mean "Good luck," and even smiled, and we shifted the light on to the *Gloria* that he might make no mistake. So, once more, the white pinkie vanished into that terrible night. The girl's eyes were wet with more than rain.

"Poor little thing!" she said. "I wonder where she is going now." I judged ashore, unless there might be a miracle, so offered no opinion. Our stare shifted naturally to the *Gloria* and she also was a sight before heaven. Half a phantom in the rain, every least, movable thing aboard that gilded ship was slack and adrift. Aloft her many halyards thrashed to leeward. Below, the flat-coiled end of each line had been combed out by the wind and festooned over the rail. Aft, her helmsman worked the wheel and she lay as steady on the starboard tack as if she were under plain sail. Forward hung an unrecognizable knot of men, prepared to anchor; and from rail to rail, over her deck as over a breakwater, swept the top of every sea that went that way.

"Look at your home!" said the pianist to Miss Roche, and Miss Roche looked in awe-struck fascination. We turned the light ahead, but it broke blind and useless on a magic-lantern circle of the incoming smother; and, so that it might not dazzle the pinkies or us, we switched it off, and, with the dying red of the carbons passed into unblemished chaos. For a full two minutes, or until our abused pupils opened again, we could see not even the *Rorqual,* but proceeded through a rocking and deafened world clinging to wet teak and navigating by the eternal rain and nothing else. In the midst of this, my delicate business was to find a certain little three-fathom channel, and in the end, in three fathoms, somewhere, the *Gloria* sheered off and anchored, and we, moving out of reach of her utmost range, anchored as well. Mr. Kimborough and I, sweating in the cold, heaved in the five-inch line, and for a quarter of an hour there was peace. Not that the rain or the wind eased for one quarter-second. Instead, underlying all the outrageous noise, there rose up between gusts a new and terrible sound, rather like the bourdons of a cathedral organ—the importunate Gulf of St. Lawrence worrying the beaches as they had not been worried in thirty years. But the *Gloria's* troubled lights held their place and so reassured us that we danced on the bridge grating in our glee, after which the pianist and I went down to put on oilskins over our clinging clothes, because the wind was reaching in to our marrow. I was groping for the second suspender of the overalls when the girl came down the saloon stairs in two leaps.

"Come quick!" she said. "I 'm afraid the *Gloria* 's gone again." And the second suspender remained unfound. If the *Gloria's* lights meant the *Gloria,* she was gone most assuredly, for the space where they had been lay as empty as the outer universe. Mr. Kimborough stared.

"Now, would n't that whiten your hair!" he said. "What happened to them?"

"Nothing at all," she said; "they just seemed to go out." It was a powerful description. Mr. Kimborough turned his puzzled eyes on me.

"Well?" he said, and without further discussion advanced on the windlass and drove the motors shamefully. The *Rorqual* paid off and fled down the wind once more. We came up with that harassed white schooner traveling sideways and towing her anchors at a most notable speed, and we raked her with the search-light again to find half her overworked crew locked on the windlass and half trying to tie three reefs in her ponderous mainsail.

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In his flight aft to his heaving-lines I heard the pianist say, "Poor, poor Henry!" Then I asked the poised person by the wheel if she thought she could bring us just close enough not to be dangerous. She said she could, certainly, no trouble in the world, and she did (the holy truth) in some miraculous way of her own, and she froze the crews of both boats into instant paralysis, for in one particular swoop we missed the *Gloria* by a scant ten feet. The eldest tow-boat captain would have turned gray with terror. In that sea a touch would have been enough, but in the manner of all women she saw only the essentials, no necessity to touch, and Providence regarded His own. And more, the pianist sent his heaving-line across the gap in the face of the gale, which was another miracle, and we saw Mr. Anderson fling himself on its end before it went overboard again, which was a third. So we prevailed on the *Gloria* once more to come up into the three-fathom channel, and once more we anchored, side by side.

Hereupon there followed the second strained, heartbreaking idleness of that magnificent night. First, through the time it took me to get into the rest of the oil-skin suit it seemed as if the gale might be certainly abating, and, immediately following, the gale undertook to show that it could never abate so long as the straining universe hung together. It came, full-toned as in the beginning, out of the true northeast, and the whole sea smoked. We three crouched under the spouting weather-cloth, fighting against chance eddies and beaten down into hard-breathing silence by the interminable roar, while the *Rorqual* lifted us aloft, little lonely children, and descended in majesty, pounding as though she were running into a reputable head sea. Once, overcome by the tension of wondering what might be the next probable happening, I took an approved and weather-proof lantern and crawled out on the railed turtle-deck to see how the cable was leading. I passed not over painted canvas, but over and through the same curse, wet eel-grass, fresh harvested from the gulf. It had climbed up the cable and lay banked elbow-deep by some mysterious back-draft between the rails; and while I groveled on my face in this heaving meadow the radiance went out from that lantern because it had filled itself with water, and I breathed water through my nostrils and retired backward with eel-grass wreathed round my neck and in my hair, leaving the cable unseen. Once, for one moment, the rain broke, and straight ahead, within arm's reach, we made out an imposing, battlemented shadow that was without doubt the smallest wooded island, the lee of which we sought. But there was no lee that night. From its left flank an appalling, wavering, silver-gray wall stretched across the full northern horizon, and, shivering, we interpreted that the Strait of Northumberland was breaking over the high beaches that had stood unbreached for half a century. Then it pleased the Lord that this manifestation should be withdrawn and that the deluge should come again. And as it came, some little thing ahead of it that we could see spouted white foam, flashed in the heart of the gloom, and there was one uncertain rocket-trail of sparks—and the ghost of the white pinkie drove past down the wind even once more. It was wholly uncanny and the girl shuddered as she watched the bare spars lurch and disappear.

"Oh, it 's a shame! It 's a shame!" she said. "Could n't we do anything for them?"

"They might tie up astern without adding much to our load," I said; "but you never can tell how long we may stay—"

"Or how soon we may go." Mr. Kimborough wheeled me round by the arm. "There she drifts again. Come on!" He dived forward. The *Gloria's* lights were moving away, stately as the lights of an outbound steamer, and for the third time the *Rorqual's* blessed automatic anchor came up and we went in pursuit.

Now this was becoming a most wearing struggle. The engine-room clock said half-past two, and for four hours and a half, which might have been ten overfull minutes, the girl had fought with the wheel and lightly faced the storm and the responsibility of that nerve-wearing night. Now we were to meet graver trouble.

Perhaps a dozen times under the searchlight Mr. Kimborough tried to send that heaving-line aboard the *Gloria*. On seven distinct hair-raising occasions we swung too close to the schooner for any reasonable safety, while she sidled to leeward like the spirit of a white squall, first peri-

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lously close to the middleground, then across Ramp's Channel, a caldron, and finally over the flats and into the eternal grass: but our tired star had set. We could accomplish no such wonderful feats as in the last flight. Once the line rose up and wrapped itself about the tip of her main-boom where her captain followed like a siamang ape in time to see it slip off and flash to leeward, while we held our breath. At all other times it played as free from human control as a flying pennant, for throughout these scenes the wind was such that the coil hissed aloud in your hands and no man might even stand on his feet. In the end the *Gloria's* crew saw that it was useless and we watched them leaning together on her quarter over something below. Then from under her stern appeared the upflung bow of the *Rorqual's* gig bringing Mr. Anderson and two other men who fought as if for their future salvation. But this also was useless, for three crested seas broke over them and bore them away into the *Gloria's* lee, while we watched with straining eyes till they were fished up. Within the same minute the gig filled to the gunwale, and backboard and oars went to leeward with the other flotsam of that great gale.

The next scene occurred with notable swiftness. The *Rorqual* was dropping back and Mr. Kimborough stood with coiled line for still another heave when, of a sudden, over the *Gloria's* stern, the dissolving sky under the search-light took form, dissolved again, took form again—and remained. At the same time an awful thing went past to starboard, moving slowly up the wind, rather like a submarine running awash. The seas broke on its back in sustained thunder, the water around it was white as snow and the spray drifted in its lee like the smoke of a prairie fire.

"Steady—just as you are!" I shouted at the imperturbable helmsman.

"I 'm doing my best," she snapped. "It 's that high bank and—the—rocks—is n't it?"

I nodded.

Mr. Kimborough saw it, for I saw him stand braced as if all eternity depended on his next heave. The crew of the *Gloria* saw it, for they flung themselves on her gig, a lean-bilged canoe, for one more try, which would have been plain suicide. I was half turned to back into the engine-room hatch when beside me, sheer from under the distressed sky, stepped two men on deck—not climbed, but stepped—followed immediately by a third. Then all three lowered themselves over the rail, with the precision of a ballet entrance, bearing a line that, tracing overside in awe-struck wonder, I saw led to a red dory, new-spurned from under their feet, which rode that maelstrom like a grebe. The leader was clad in a frieze ulster and a white tam-o'-shanter with a fuzzy red ball on top, and he embraced me and spake with a pervasive deliberation.

"We was scared of gettin' too near y'r screws. Fetch the line for'd an' we 'll take it from here." I motioned, and we descended on the pianist, who had been given up to watching the *Gloria* and who gasped. They plucked the coil from his relaxed hand, they threaded it outside the reeling stanchions deftly as a young woman working in floss, one jerked the painter, their carriage called, like the pause of a wind-borne basket, they stepped in, and without further words they rolled away, downward and outward and backward, bearing the line with them. It is a conjuring trick learned on the Grand Banks. Without orders, but because of the urgent necessities of the case, the three pairs of oars rose up together and dropped between the thole-pins: then the entire works vanished behind a seething wall, and that line ran out at high speed into the sea. When we saw them next they were uplifted upon an instant and unstable hill, and one man, standing loosely on his feet, was delivering the line's-end into many hands on the *Gloria's* deck.

"Great God Almighty!" said Mr. Kimborough. But this was not all. Presently they returned, flung like a toy balloon through the drenched light, and stepped on deck again, while the *Rorqual* surged on the five-inch line. The man with the white tam-o'-shanter smiled and roared: "That was what y' call pretty close, but we got her." We strained over the rail while the *Gloria's* spars swung into line.

"*Where* did you come from, anyway?" inquired the pianist. "They say that a dory with three pairs of oars can go through the mouth of hell, but—"

The white tam broke in:

"That 's the place—we been there an'

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back several times t'-night, ain't we, Isaac? Our schooner—one of the black ones—we dragged, I don't know where—but I guess it must 'a' been hell if they got a department filled with eel-grass for them that goes down to the sea—an' we sailed back, rather close-hauled, every time. Now she 's holdin'—over there." (He pointed, to be exact.) "How many anchors d' y' think we got out? Only six! A ninety an' a hundred in tandem an' four thirtys for luck. We just got nicely fixed when we seen you an' your fireworks come tearin' down tryin' to lassoo the big schooner; so we thought we 'd come over and see what we could do. My God! but it 's an awful night, the worst I ever seen in harbor. Have y' got such a thing as a drink?"

We directed them to a small barrel with brass hoops that waited on the saloon sideboard for emergencies, and they did n't keep it waiting longer than necessary.

When they came out we were laboring past the outer line of rocks, working the search-light for our lives. They were comforted—the barrel was half empty—and they seemed to appreciate the vastness of events for the first time, and lost themselves in wonder greater than our wonder at their coming. When they were fully convinced that there were three of us, and three only, to work lines and anchors and engines and wheel aboard that plunging craft, the wonder changed to astonishment; and when they learned that one of the three was a young woman, the astonishment turned to respect, and they stared at her from behind the funnel until she motioned us all on the bridge.

"Why is it that the *Gloria* drags and this boat does n't?" she demanded.

"The different sort of anchor, chiefly," I said.

"But you only use one, don't you?" (And all the time she was working the wheel, as the captain of the *Gloria* had said, like a quartermaster.)

I said we did, so far.

"Then why don't you give the other one to the *Gloria?*" Her hair blew in my face as I listened in that bent circle.

"How would we get it there?" Being a man in a gale of wind I spoke as her mental superior. The question seemed to puzzle her for five seconds—not more.

"But could n't you fasten it to the end of the rope you tow with and drop it overboard from here? You 've got help now." (Even at that time this recalled one feverish night before a motor-boat race when we had bent beyond hope one blade of a little two-bladed propeller, and labored vainly to straighten it properly, until a woman suggested that we make a plaster-of-paris cast of the hub and the other blade and work from this. Which we did, and were saved.)

"By ——, the lady 's right!" said the man in the tam-o'-shanter. "You got a three-hundred-pound patent anchor and the big schooner would n't shift it in three hundred years. We can bend it on before y' could gut a herrin'," and we drew breath for another fight. The free end of the five-inch line, as stiff as wire, was passed forward.

Now, unless you have lowered a stockless anchor out of its hawse-pipe and fished it on to the rearing bow of a boat, which boat is rhythmically colliding with walls of pure surf, with the wind at seventy miles an hour, accompanied by rain that registered five inches of fall in one night—as we learned later—and unless you have worked entirely on the crown of a turtle-deck, which resembles the extreme edge of a calving glacier, you have no conception of the interests of this process. At certain times we gave up, and clung, all five, to the anchor davit and to one another like swarmed bees, breathing water. Failing all other attacks, one of the strangers became heated, and in the face of high heaven went down over the bow on the tackle and hooked the block into the clevis: and once we stopped and counted to see if we were all there. Mr. Kimborough said afterward that it was the busiest few minutes he had so far spent in this life. But in a little all was accomplished, for these men work swiftly. Otherwise they would be many times dead.

We lashed the anchor to the bitts of the windlass, ready to let go, and, belly flat, we crawled back to the bridge. There I lay against the rail in sheer weariness, unashamed, and I think my eyes closed. But immediately a new and ingenious wonder unfolded itself. The pianist seized my arm and spoke in a loud voice in my ear.

"Does Neptune or Boreas or Æolus, or whoever is running this show keep a bull?"

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"Why?" I gasped, but it was an unnecessary question, for dead ahead, in the very eye of the wind, something bellowed ferociously and the bellowing grew louder. The fishermen looked at us as if we might be responsible, then at one another in dumb amazement.

"Sounds like a whistling buoy," said one.

"Then if it is, who are we?" rejoined the man with the white tam. "We 'd have to be outside, an' we ain't, thank God!" The discussion was interrupted by a very white light that burst on our straining eyes and was as sharply occulted, only to blaze again in the midst of profound groans.

"Why, it 's one of them new thunder-an'-lightnin' buoys," said the first speaker. "Hard a starboard or you 'll hit it." He jammed the wheel over under the girl's hands, and we twisted the search-light to bear.

"Injun Rocks buoy, by all that 's holy! Adrift an' cruised over here an' into this hole all by its lonesome self. I would as soon have expected to see Grandma! Ain't it chronic to think of it comin' shoutin' across that gulf t'-night!" We scrooped by and hooted on the *Rorqual's* siren to warn the *Gloria,* but she was late. It struck her once on the port quarter and though we were beyond hearing any sound, we saw flying white splinters. Then the flash dimmed down and disappeared and the bull voice was overlaid by the tireless voice of the storm.

"Now come on with your next miracle!" breathed the pianist, addressing the inspired northeast. "What did you think of that?" he said to the girl, who actually smiled.

"I 'm long past thinking: it 's much too wonderful. I 'm just taking things as they come—I would n't be surprised at anything. I s'pose I ought to have been scared sometimes, but I was n't, truly. I think that 's the Irish in me. As I told you a while ago, I think this is the best time I ever had in my life."

"Are n't you tired?" I ventured.

"Not a bit!" And she visibly was not. Instead, she was standing up like a statue of Diana. The man with the white tam, speaking aside to me, said he was glad the lady was pleased, and that they would now go and explain to the *Gloria's* people about the anchor; but they would come back: and when I came out of the engine-room the red dory had blown into chaos.

Then, in due course, Mr. Kimborough and I, acknowledging a feeling of great loneliness, toppled the big anchor overboard, duly calculated our distance, and the *Rorqual* duly took up her uneasy station for the third time, as a nurse beside a patient that nears the crisis. And then, as we watched for any little sign of those fearless and casual ferrymen, an entirely new phase of the scene came with as startling swiftness as had any of the others.

The great gale broke, even as the *Rorqual's* anchor smote the water. Not with tempered lulls and heartbreaking blasts between, through an hour and a half, but at once, through ten little minutes; from half-hurricane to full gale, from half-gale to heavy breeze, from light breeze to a breath of summer air, cold as steel and uncanny as a nightmare. The *Rorqual* steadied and paused with the quick-falling swell of shoal water, and within a dozen minutes lay still, while the rain went also, drifting sullenly to leeward and leaving us to listen to the drip of the surprised deck-house in a silence that was walled about with the dying roar, very far away, and the even thunder of the outer gulf, breaking crazy on every reef and bar and beach within range of our over-awed ears. And that the miracle might be complete, the canopy overhead tore across and opened a lane of clean starlight that rifted and spread into indigo fields in which blazed every constellation that lights the snow of a winter evening. The thinning darkness showed something afloat that might be a pinkie and, a little removed, the ghostly white of the *Gloria's* hull.

Hereupon uprose the sound of oars near at hand and the voice of Mr. Simpson over the stilled waters.

"Now what have y' done?"

"Why? How?" we said.

"You 've got y'r silly feet in the wires an' short-circuited the whole business." But in spite of this pleasantry he shuddered as he came over the rail. He made a precise and silent course for the brass-bound barrel, followed by Mr. Anderson and us.

"This thing don't seem to show the pressure it did," he said, holding a trembling cup under the tap till it was filled to

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its gold-lined edge. "Oh, I see! An' the dory's crew fluttered down the wind with their breaths smellin' like the golden gates ajar. That 's what brought me home." He drank it off undiluted, gasped, and sat down with tears on his cheeks. We waited through the time Mr. Anderson took to refill and empty the cup and lower himself with hysterical chuckles on the same transom.

"It 's all no use," Mr. Simpson said at last. "I could n't tell you about it: there 's no place to begin. As a general compendium, I may say that the yachting cruise to the lakes is finished an' that the patients prefer walkin' home to goin' any other way they can think of. The yacht is for sale or to let, an' the great Gulf of St. Lawrence can go—evaporate, if it wants to."—Here he brightened visibly as if the drink might have reached its destination.—"To further accentuate my point, I may say that any time in the evening y' stuck y'r head down the scuttle it was an oratorio. Such yelps y' never heard. When I wake up at night I 'll hear 'em for years an' years. The last stages of a curlin' match was a deaf-an'-dumb asylum beside it. The old woman wept on every ledge from the parlor mantelpiece to the cellar stairs an' varied it by comin' out on the veranda—"

"She took a special fancy to Henry," said Mr. Anderson in ecstasy, "and used to hug him in the rain and ask him to save her till he got embarrassed—did n't y', Henry?—and a little mad. What did y' tell her?"

"I told her," said Mr. Simpson, "that she 'd get intercostal rheumatism an' that if she wanted to be saved, she 'd better go down an' cook some coffee for the shiverin' crew."

"Then," whooped Mr. Anderson, "she forgot about the storm, and that she was a high-class lady operating an enameled yacht, and the old North-Shore-of-New-Brunswick spirit came out and she said she 'd see him damned first. She did!"

"She aspersed my motives," said Mr. Simpson with moist eyes, "but for a minute we stood up man to man, as it were. Then she looked round her with a sort of horror—as if she 'd made a new patent world an' it had got broke—and went below cryin'. At the same time the pale piece—*Kee-wah-gush-ta-kum-kang-kang-ge-wuk*—was havin' hysterics around the pantry an' the back stairs."—Here Miss Roche, who had been listening in amazement, choked, and Mr. Simpson continued with a trembling voice.—"The rain had washed the soot all down out of the kitchen range, an' the old man, who was goin' about like one of these whirlin' water-bugs, got lots of it on his face. He reminded me of the time the Conservative Party went to Pictou Island an' the pop-valve broke an' blew all the soot out of the boiler tubes—up to that time nobody knew how quick you could make a political picnic into a minstrel show. But it was really funny. Then on top of it all that pink dromedary"—This was Mr. Spiers, but Miss Roche sat unmoved—"come out wearin' a life-preserver. This irritated the captain so that he threw himself on him an' tore it off an' heaved it to leeward, an' offered to heave him after it if he 'd promise not to come back. Taken altogether, it was a pretty giddy picnic. Work! I 've heaved an' sweated an' shivered an' swore. I 've lifted till I 've shoved my feet out through my boots"—It was so—"an' they never even offered me a cup of cold water or a piece of gingerbread. Not that I was sufferin' for cold water. The intensest moment was when that intermittent drug-store sign come down from heaven an' carried away the port rail. The whole family was convinced that we 'd hit the Inchcape Rock, an' what with the whoops from the buoy, an' the sea an' the rain an' the spasmodic illumination an' me huggin' the old woman to keep her from jumpin' overboard, it was a ghastly scene. My gracious! but I 'm glad I 'm home!" He half filled and emptied the cup again, raised his tired feet out of an extensive sheet of water on the carpet, rolled over on the velour transom, and in one instant, in the midst of one profound sigh, fell asleep. But Mr. Anderson sat up manfully.

We were called aside by footfalls on the deck and the voice of the man with the white tam.

"See," he said, "have y' got such a thing as some sort of a spare anchor—a kedge or some little thing? It 'd be small for you, but it 'd be big for us. We 're goin' through the eye of the storm, an' when the nor'wester strikes us the Lord have mercy on us." He spoke with un-

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abated cheer, but there was strain in his voice. We produced a two-hundred-pound kedge from the lazarette, which they received with a howl and bore away like a feather, heart-free and joking with Heaven, for they knew they were saved. The red dory vanished again to the sound of singing through the night, and in a short space of time we heard a great splash in the distance. The pianist went in and shook Mr. Simpson by the shoulder.

"Those fellows say that we 're in the eye of the storm, and that it 's coming in from the nor'west worse than ever. If you want to get back to the schooner, now 's your time."

At the same moment I tapped the barometer and it jumped a tenth of an inch. Mr. Simpson regarded Mr. Kimborough's face.

"That 'll be all right," he said. "You can tell the schooner that it 's rescued as far as H. Simpson is concerned. Call me at nine o'clock," and he rolled over and appeared to slumber again instantly.

THE essentials of this story are complete. In entire conformity with the laws of meteorology, and because, if you sit on the North Star and face the North Pole the earth turns round in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock, the great nor'wester came, and it was greater than the great nor'easter. (You will find the bald record of this whole particular storm in the meteorological records at Halifax —where it was not very bad—no longer ago than August 1, 1908.) It came with a devastating roar and it was awful. But it was apart from our interests. The *Rorqual* stayed where she was. The *Gloria* stayed where she was. If she had not, I doubt if we could have helped it. Mr. Simpson stayed where he was. It was very cold and we threw a rug over his steaming personality. Mr. Anderson walked in with an alert eye to say that he was going to see this business through, and that we might as well sit down where it was warm. And in the midst of that hurricane—to our eternal disgrace—we must have fallen asleep, for at ten minutes after six in the morning, with the bars of autumn-white sunlight lying across the saloon, the pianist and I awoke partly under one blanket on the saloon floor. Mr. Simpson snored furiously on one transom and on the other Miss Roche, wound in a Caithness rug, slept in the full stripe of the sun the sleep of weariness and peace. Her hair and the rug and the very cushions under her were soaked with water. But in the times of such events these matters pass as of no import. Her lips were parted, and the sunlight struck full across her face, which was so entirely beautiful that the pianist stared at it for, I suppose, more than a minute.

"I like that girl," he said to me as he got up. Outside, Mr. Anderson still walked the deck. The sky was swept clear and clean of every cloud. The harbor was ocher-red from the outer islands to the mainland shores, and ridged under a nor'wester that even at that time was half a gale, and from windward we could hear plover piping as though autumn had fallen in the night. One black pinkie lay peacefully ashore, high above the highest high-water-mark since the Great August Gale, and a thin smoke drifted from where her crew crouched round an unseen fire in the bushes; and the other, our friend of the white tam-o'-shanter, rode unblemished to the *Rorqual's* kedge a third of a mile across the water. In the sparkling light between, side by side and as uninhabited as the planet Mars, sat the *Gloria* of Montreal and the little white pinkie from Petit de Gras. This latter had won her fight, but she swam very low in the water and her dory was gone: which matters bred uneasy thoughts in our minds. Presently the red dory of overnight, pulled by three men, came up the wind to investigate. They found the Frenchman of the untroubled countenance and the other man face downward on the stone ballast, half in the water and half out.

"Not dead!" we said.

"Oh, no," they said, "but very tired. They lost their boat, and then they had to work for their lives. They 'll be all right in a little. My God! but it was an awful night! Have y' anything left in that cask?"

Now the curious thing about this story is that there is really no way of telling the logical end of it. It was merely a case, as advertised, of Providence making a minor adjustment, and Providence continues to work in such a crude and simple way as to be largely beneath the complicated notice of the human mind.

The *Gloria's* motor-tender with the

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four men arrived from Leith at its appointed time, and the men bore elaborate evidence of having been drunk, rigidly according with the captain's calculations. They did not bring the lettuce and the ice because they said they expected to find the *Gloria* ashore. That is of no importance.

After Mr. Sneed had given the three fishermen some battered canned goods and a very small check, we towed the *Gloria* back to Leith, where everybody prepared to go home, eight hundred miles by railway, because they were much unnerved.

I cannot record what Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Sneed said, because they did not say anything. Mr. Spiers said a great deal, but it was to the same effect.

Miss Roche and Mr. Simpson and the pianist, who were of largely similar make-up, though of diverse education, had periodical fits of shameless and unexplained laughter. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Sneed, and Mr. Spiers, who, in their turn, were of somewhat similar make-up, and similar education, did not appear to see anything funny at all in the events gone past, but carried themselves with sadness. But Mrs. Sneed was a changed woman, just the same. Her veneer had crackled and been flayed off and her unprotected soul had been exhibited to certain human beings with retentive memories, highly trained powers of recounting things and no reasons for concealment. She knew that Toronto, Montreal, the Eastern townships, and the outmost islands might as well have been present also. She was never really the same any more. I saw her often, and I know. This was one of the ends to be desired.

In the morning light Miss Hilda Roche bloomed like a rose in the face of the unveiled sun, but Mrs. and Miss Sneed looked old and exceedingly weary. Improvements on Nature do not seem to stand Nature's tests. But I know that Miss Sneed slept that night without the aid of drugs, which was another end to be desired.

Then between Miss Roche and Mr. Spiers there was a great gulf fixed, so that neither of them might cross over to the other in the least. She recalled some one who might have been awakened suddenly from a very bad dream. But there could be no doubt that she was fully awake. And this was another end to be desired. Once I think she started to say something to me about it, but before she had gone very far her voice checked and she laughed and ran away. I did not ask for any further particulars. We have been great friends ever since.

At half past twelve, noon, she received a telegram from Halifax, from the wife of the D. O. D. L.—which is a purely imperial title and means the District Officer of Defense Lights—who was a friend of hers. The telegram did not explain how it knew she was in Leith, but it asked her to go to Halifax for a visit, and at twenty minutes past two she went. The pianist went with her as far as the rear platform of the last car, where he hung till the train had attained to a speed of possibly fifteen miles an hour.

"Freddy thinks," he said to me, "that Halifax is a nice place, and that the air in Halifax would be a good thing for Freddy's health. It 's funny that he did n't think of that before. Freddy does not wish to go codfishing any more. He wishes the *Rorqual* to go to Halifax instead."

The Sneed family and Mr. Spiers started for Montreal on a train that went later in the day. They arrived safely.

Mr. Spiers and Miss Sneed have been married in St. George's. Whether that was an end to be desired I do not know.

The *Rorqual* went to Halifax and the *Gloria* went home.

Providence had doubtless in the meantime turned His attention to other things.

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THE NEW FOURTH OF JULY

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRODUCTION OF PATRIOTIC PAGEANTS—ARTISTIC LEADERSHIP INDISPENSABLE—PARTICIPATION BY THE PEOPLE—A VALUABLE INSTRUMENT FOR THE PROMOTION OF DEMOCRACY—WHAT TO DO AND WHAT TO AVOID

BY PERCY MACKAYE

IN doing away with our old barbaric celebrations of the Fourth of July by ordinances forbidding the sale and use of explosive fireworks, Washington, New York, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and other American cities are clearing the ground for the foundations of a new Fourth. To make of it, however, a festival commensurate in beauty, happiness, and dignity with the national idea for which it stands, constructive work on a vast scale lies ahead. Here, then, is the opportunity to revive constructively for modern uses an ancient art—the art of pageantry.

What is the art of pageantry? It is an extension of dramatic art to the ends of popular expression; it is the art of audiences. Pageantry, in brief, is a kind of drama in which the people are not merely spectators, but participators. "Participation" is one of its watchwords; another is "leadership." Therefore it is important for the people to realize that the constructive leaders involved in pageantry are, first of all, artists. Not, first of all, historians, archæologists, politicians, social workers, scholars, but creative artists imbued with the insight, desire, and capacity to lead communities to express themselves in forms of civic art. To develop such a civic art adequately will doubtless take a generation or more. Meantime, how may we make a beginning?

To give some suggestions out of the writer's personal plans and experience is the object of this article. At the time of its writing, Mr. John W. Alexander and I have been invited to act as Masters of the Pageant in a two-year plan for celebrating the Fourth of July at Pittsburg. Perhaps the best way to make some suggestions usefully is to give a brief outline of the general plan submitted by us to the Pittsburg committee, of which the mayor is chairman, and by which the two-year plan has been publicly indorsed.

The aim of the Pittsburg Pageant will be to convert the Fourth of July into a significant and happy festival by means of a recreative art; to regenerate a mighty national holiday by infusing it freshly with the living spirit of civic liberty which gave it being; to kindle the people with the sense of their common citizenship and humanity. To this end, it aims to provide practical, symbolic forms to express the available riches of history, folk-lore, tradition, and contemporary American life. In the first year, it will emphasize chiefly the pageant material of the past in symbols of national and local history, folk-lore, and tradition. In the second, it will emphasize the pageant material of the present in symbols of the colossal industry, science, and labor of today, and the world-promise of those vast forces for the morrow. The first pageant will be chiefly episodic and processional; the second will be chiefly dramatic and focused upon its central feature—the Masque of Labor, a civic drama, or modern masque, to be composed by the writer, interpretative of the great steel, glass, and mining industries of Pittsburg. In this masque the few central characters will be enacted by some of our foremost actors, while the choruses, for which Mr. F. S. Converse will compose the music, will be

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given in the main by thousands of workers and citizens.

In this two-year plan it is the hope of the pageant-masters to initiate or revive certain customs which, in time, and by their adoption in other American communities, may become national traditions of Fourth of July festivals. Thus it is proposed to introduce the following official features:

1—Street-Participants. These comprise Ballad and Carol Singers, Heralds (with Retinue), Venders, Show-Makers, Antics, and Horribles.
2—Children's Parade.
3—Pantomime-Pageants.
4—Venders' Fair.
5—Awarding of Prizes.
6—Historical Military Parade.
7—Folk-Pageant (by night).
8—Pageant Illuminations (by night).

The street-participants, distributed in various parts of the city, will wear vivid, distinctive costumes, symbolical of the Fourth of July, designed by the pageant-masters. Of these, the ballad and carol singers, chosen from boys' and men's choirs, will sing in the early morning and again at sunset certain simple ballads and carols upon "Independence" themes. In public squares and at street crossings, the heralds, with staffs, insignia, retinue, and blare of trumpet, will make their proclamations. These will consist of a brief invitation to the pageant, an outline of the day's program, and the reading of the "Declaration of Independence" to the people.[1] The venders will carry trays or push little carts containing articles of arts and crafts, designed and made in the public schools, and all money received from their sale will go to the city pageant fund. The show-makers perform a new variety of "Punch and Judy" show, in which Uncle Sam and John Bull are substituted as the puppets. Their retinue will consist of antics and horribles, based on the old New England tradition of these, but differentiated, the antics appearing as merry jesters, or clowns, the horribles as devils, ghosts, and grotesques.

The children's parade, in which no grown people will take part, is devised in four general divisions, with color-scheme according to the seasons. Each division is to be led by a constructed giant, followed by the children in subdivisions, according to themes from Mother Goose, folk-lore, history, fairy-tales, etc.

The pantomime-pageants are substituted for the customary floats, and will consist of portable wheeled stages, on which the pantomime-players enact certain motives, chiefly humorous, appropriate to the special division of the parade to which they are assigned.

The venders' fair is a convention of all the official venders at booths in the park, where are to take place the historical games, athletics, folk-dances, and songs of the young people.

Here also will occur the ceremony, in costume, of the awarding of prizes for the various competitions of the day.

The historical military parade aims to present a vivid spectacle of all former American troops and armies, from earliest colonial times, with historical uniforms and music, accompanied by former American populaces, cheering and commenting in action, in lay-costumes of the different periods. This parade is to be reviewed symbolically by Lincoln.

The folk-pageant symbolizes the fusion of many nationalities in the American nation. Divisions of Greeks, Italians, Russians, Croatians, Swedes, Hungarians, and a dozen other nationalities, in their national costumes, singing their national anthems and led by their national heroes,—men like Garibaldi and Kossuth, who have stood in their own lands for civic liberty,—will be reviewed, at night, symbolically by Washington and the Signers of the Declaration of Independence from a raised stage representing the interior of Independence Hall. Here, too, will be given their national dances, culminating in a national "Liberty Dance" expressive of America.

The pageant illuminations, emblematic in character, are of three kinds; by electric and calcium lights and by aërial fireworks.

Besides the above features, outdoor and indoor plays for children and young people, depicting themes from American history and folk-lore, are planned for outlying parts of the city.

In August, 1909, the city of Gloucester,

[1] In those districts which are peopled almost wholly by foreigners the Declaration will be translated into the various languages.

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Massachusetts, produced as a pageant "The Canterbury Pilgrims," under the artistic direction of Eric Pape, in which about fifteen hundred citizens participated, while twenty-five thousand witnessed the pageant. Its really great significance was the enthusiastic participation of the Gloucester people in an art unprecedented in that old Puritan community.

Leadership by artists, participation by the people—these are the factors which should make of pageantry the regenerating art for the new Fourth. And so, whether, as in Pittsburg on a large scale, or in the smallest country community on the least scale, pageantry holds for the people a rich promise of alleviation and expression. To achieve its promise, however, the highest standards of art must be devoted to the widest democratic service. To this end, for all who may plan to adopt pageantry for Fourth of July purposes, I venture to make the following practical suggestions, applicable to any community:

Organize a permanent pageant-committee of unimpeachable citizens.

Appoint subcommittees, the chairmen of which are artists, or of artistic bent, in their several special departments.

Plan to adopt pageantry for five years. Continuity of effort is essential; the regeneration of the Fourth is worth it.

Choose for master of the pageant only an artist who combines high standards in art with democratic sympathies.

Raise money, if possible, wholly by public subscription or vote. To raise it wholly by the gifts of a few rich citizens excludes the vital principle of complete popular participation. Let every school-child give five cents; every householder or club-member twenty-five cents.

Establish pageantry traditions, local and national. Do not seek novelties for their own sake, but only features technically excellent in the art involved.

Adopt the theme of Liberty as the underlying motive of all pageants. It is the essential idea of the Fourth, and susceptible of great variation.

Revive antics and horribles on an artistic basis. They will lend color and variety, and they are our only national tradition in Independence day pageantry.

Revive oratory, subordinated to pageantry purposes.

Enact plays for children, outdoors and indoors, on Independence day themes. This may be done throughout the year and may be correlated with the pageant on the Fourth.

Search the library archives for local, State, and national folk-lore. Rich material exists there. Make much of the tradition of your own locality. Teach the children to reverence the heroism of self-sacrificing pioneers.

Encourage the writing and singing of ballads and carols, and the composing of music to them; also further the arts and crafts among children.

Avoid waste of material. Let all costumes and pageant properties be made with the view to their permanent preservation by the community.

Substitute for floats, which are static, expensive, and usually inartistic, features more dynamic, artistic, and popular, for which the people themselves may prepare; such as pantomimes, dances, and choruses.

Let the public schools, churches, playground associations, social clubs, and societies prepare for the pageant at least six months in advance, and let them take real fun in doing so.

Use only American material; but in so doing conserve all the riches which other countries have brought to us in our newer citizens: the folk-lore, music, costumes, pantomimes, puppet-shows, histrionic gifts, and, above all, the *temperament,* which are inherent in our immigrant population.

Conduct all convenings and rehearsals with the aims of strengthening fellowship and democratic citizenship.

Keep these aims constantly before the people through channels of the press, pulpit, and schools.

On some such basis as the above, the new Fourth, regenerated by pageantry, may create its counterpart in festival at the winter end of the year; and another generation may participate in the rhythmic expression of a great people, at last aware of its civic ideals, in the perennial art festivals of Christmas and Independence day.

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KING EDWARD VII

FROM A MINIATURE ON IVORY PAINTED FROM LIFE BY ALYN WILLIAMS FOR THE CITY OF LONDON PUBLIC ART GALLERY IN THE GUILDHALL

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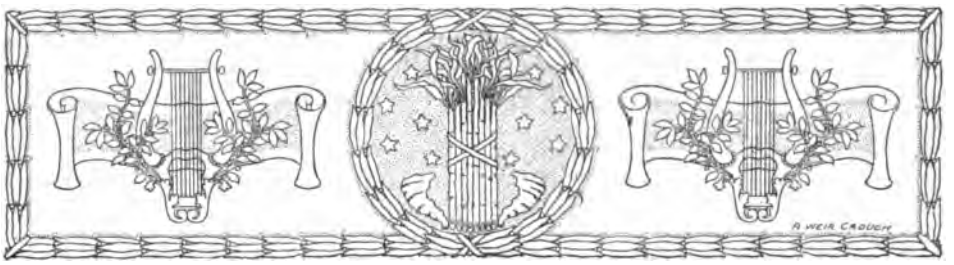

WHY WE SHOULD SING IN ENGLISH

BY DAVID BISPHAM

I 'm giving a recital in another week or two;
I want to settle up my songs, and get the program through.
I 'm singing six in German, and another in Chinese;
Italian, one; Norwegian, three; a thing in Portuguese;
Two chansons (French); a Russian dirge; a song in modern Greek;
One Esperanto comic (most refined and very "chic");
A folk-song air in double Dutch completes a first-class lot.
What 's that you say? No English? Well, I don't think! Rather not!
—"Programs" by H. E. Hunt, in the "Musical News."

WE are all familiar with the fable that "Italian is the language of song," and the phrase has a certain fitness that calls for no contradiction. The mellifluous cadences of Italy fall soothingly upon the ear, and inevitably recall some memory of the past—some lilt heard in a Neapolitan street, some strain by moonlight from a golden-voiced gondolier of Venice. "Funiculi, funicula," carols the one; "Io t'amo!" sighs the other. Smiles wreathe our faces, our hearts beat; it is all so delightfully foreign and romantic. Who does not look back upon some unforgetable, perhaps some fateful, evening at the opera in the old days when the Italian reigned and the German had not come into his own? Oh, the "Deh vienis!" Ah, the "Salve dimoras" and "di quella piras!" What melody! What singing!

But, come, let us be honest. Did we understand it? Well, a word here and there, perhaps; as for the rest, we knew the sense of the story, so let it go at that. To many Italian was, is, and ever will be, "the language of song." Let no one decry the tongue of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio: Viva la lingua Italiana!

Till the coming of Wagner, in Germany, as in England, France, and America, Italian had been considered the language of song. Lully and the Italian school reigned in France; Mozart wrote his operas in Italian texts because no one would listen to them in German. England imported all her artists from Italy. Now Germany, France, and Italy will not tolerate opera in any but the native language, and, as the outcome of a nation's feeling, in each country has been founded a school.

There was a time when England was acknowledged to be the most musical nation of Europe, the great day of the Elizabethan period extending as far as Purcell in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and nearly all that was sung was sung in the English language; but poor England's glory faded when, with the coming of puritanism, the arts had to mind their P's and Q's and the lady was born who subsequently became Mrs. Grundy.

But as the sort of folk that enjoy things and insist on having them could not be entirely stamped out, and as the crop of singers at home had failed, they looked abroad for the music to please them and for artists to interpret it. And where should they look but to the land and language of song, whence they imported all the vocal talent

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they needed? London has ever since been the reflex of all European musical taste and fashion, and New York has followed in its wake. Not yet has England been able to do what Germany and France have done: namely, adopt opera in the vernacular, or even use, as the basis of song, more than a few of the countless lyric gems with which our language abounds. It is not, I am persuaded, through lack of ability, for in church music and semi-sacred compositions the English are adepts; but, as a race, Anglo-Saxons seem not to have recovered from the ban of puritanism which was so long placed upon them, and to which have since been added provincialism and now commercialism. As a result, native musical art has (let us hope only temporarily) taken her congé.

Only the lighter forms of opera have ever flourished in the vernacular in England or America. To be sure, efforts have been made from time to time to present favorite works of a foreign repertoire in the English language. Such great artists as Sims Reeves, Santley, and Louisa Pyne, and such organizations as the Carl Rosa Company, lent themselves to the endeavor to popularize English opera; they succeeded everywhere but in London, where Sir Arthur Sullivan, with his grand opera "Ivanhoe," tried to set a loftier and more serious pace. During my own early seasons at Covent Garden, operas were frequently given in our language, the great impressario Sir Augustus Harris feeling that every consideration should be given to English, for he knew there was nothing —there could be nothing—against it as a medium for song.

For singing there is nothing difficult about English; it is just as easy as any other language. Are not its vowels the same—its consonants? Are not its words softer than German, and easier to pronounce and more rotund than French? Is it not as noble as Italian? All the arguments against it emanate from those who do not know it, or how to pronounce it either in song or speech.

"What is the objection to understanding what is sung?" asked Harris. Well, of course there could be none, only Fashion had not yet decreed the change. We produced on the Covent Garden stage operas by Mackenzie, Cowen, Stanford, and MacCunn to admirable texts. We used English translations of such favorites as "Hänsel and Gretel," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci," and I sang there in English "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Die Walküre," the last conducted by no less a master than Georg Henschel. More recently the Moody-Manners Company have had yearly English seasons in London with considerable success, and it is most encouraging to learn that Richter has repeated, in English, last year's phenomenal performances of "The Ring," supplemented by other Wagnerian works. It happens that five years ago I was the first artist to be approached by Dr. Richter in this connection, when he said that Wagner's one idea was that the meaning of his text should be understood, and that he wished his works to be given in England and America in the language of the people. In evidence of this feeling on his part, it is interesting to know that the French text of "Tannhäuser" is Wagner's own. It will not be forgotten that there were many performances of operas under recent managements both in London and New York where the original texts of such works as "Die Meistersinger" were given before English-speaking audiences in Italian, a ridiculous proceeding, but at the time seemingly expedient.

Not long ago, I asked one of the principal American ladies now singing in opera in New York what her feeling was in regard to the use of the English language on the operatic stage. Her reply was that she thought the ideal would be best preserved by performing every opera in the language in which it was written, which doubtless is true; though ideal conditions are sometimes impossible of accomplishment, and always very expensive. I remarked that a number of works we are accustomed to hearing in Italian were originally written in French texts,—"Carmen" and "Faust," for example,—and asked how it was that the French "Mignon" had been sung the night before in Italian. She replied that it was "because the principal tenor declined to study the French text, and the rest of the cast was compelled to learn the work in his language." Another query was, "In what language do you sing in Berlin, where operas of all nationalities are brought forward?" The answer was: "Why, in

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German, of course; but that is because the Emperor commands it."

I therefore take the word from her mouth and say, let the Emperor Public Opinion lift up his voice here and now, and issue his edict to this people that English shall henceforth be the medium of expression in at least one of the opera-houses of America.

Now, what can be the reason that every language but our own is used? Simply that our artists will not, and foreign artists cannot, sing in English; or, vice versa, if it please either party better. Americans go abroad for a foreign hall-mark, and come home stuffed with foreign phrases and manufactured names, having learned perhaps to sing in some other tongue, and having forgotten, if they ever knew, how to use their own.

Few Americans go to see plays in a foreign language unless it be to patronize celebrated artists like Salvani, Duse, or Bernhardt. Yet opera has for many people a greater fascination than drama, for it employs the universal language of music. Besides the scenery and the costumes, there are the exquisite voices of the world's picked artists. For the average person, therefore, the meaning of the story may be dispensed with. There is so much to enjoy, why concern one's self about anything else?

But is this attitude as sensible as it should be? The Italians in the gallery want to know what their idol on the stage is singing about, and the German declines to go to hear what he cannot understand. Why should not we? I should be willing to wager that should Miss Farrar and Signori Caruso and Scotti agree to sing a scene of "Madame Butterfly" in Japanese, not a person in the audience would know the difference between it and Italian—except, of course, such Japanese and Italians as might be present. The fact is that so-called "grand opera" is the fashion; and, as with many fashions, there is little sense in some phases of it. America is opera-mad, and anything that is good is patronized even if it be not understood.

While it is obvious that the greatest works are by Germans, French, and Italians, yet such English operas as "Oberon," "Esmeralda," "Ivanhoe," and "Much Ado About Nothing," should not be neglected, and such charming things as "The Bohemian Girl," and "Lily of Killarney," and "Maritana," should be revived, while such operas as have been written by our own American composers should undoubtedly be given a hearing. It is encouraging to think that the present managers at the Metropolitan have made a beginning with Mr. Converse's "Pipe of Desire," and I recommend that they take into consideration a production of the romantic opera "Azara" by the late Professor Paine, Walter Damrosch's clever "Scarlet Letter" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," Mildenberg's "Angelo," and Nevin's "Poia," some of which are being performed abroad. Certainly all standard operas should be provided with the best possible English versions, made by poets of repute, assisted by practical musicians and singers.

Here in America in our early days we had no time to cultivate music; but now it is so vastly different that it is only too evident that there are actually more voices being brought out than there is work for them to do. The embargo against the stage has been raised; we have the ability, —the admixtures of races has given us that,—the money, the time, and the will. So many are choosing a career before the public that all we need is to exercise a careful selection and insist upon a most rigid training to produce as good material for our operas as the world has ever seen.

Though we formerly imported singers, it is obvious that we need do so no longer. Soon we can—indeed, we do already—export artists. Have not the opera-houses of Germany and France utilized our best to fill the places made vacant in their native ranks by the inroads of our impressarios? When will the scales drop from the managerial eyes, and Americans get their chance here in the same minor parts that at first they have to take abroad? If they can work and grow famous there, they can do so here just the same. The absence of opera-houses is the only serious drawback, and this defect has been remedied in Philadelphia and Boston, while other cities will doubtless follow suit. By all means let all who will go abroad to work and study, but let us encourage these artists to return and help us to found great native companies in America.

One reason for the unpopularity of English in this country is that many teach-

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ers and singers are foreigners, and neither speak English nor sing it at all. Their own song literature is good enough for them, and when they do teach an English song, it is too often one of inferior character. Little attention is paid to English diction by any save the best masters, and the best are very few indeed.

The late Richard Mansfield, in an address upon the theater, said what, with a change of one word, is applicable to the subject in hand.

"We need," he said, "a recognized stage and school. America has become too great, and its influence abroad too large, for us to afford to have recourse to that ancient and easy method of criticism which decries the American and extols the foreign."

This is true indeed, and I see the time coming when it will no longer be beyond the power of our composers to utilize our stores of poetry, the neglect of which has amazed the scholar; for music has now risen to such a height as to be able to express in its own terms what the poet has expressed in his. Before long we may hear even Shakspere's text sung or declaimed to superbly worthy strains, with the orchestra's ever-moving richness as a background. We shall have another "Pelléas," and sit as I did at the first performance which I witnessed of that remarkable work, neither knowing nor caring whether I slept or woke; whether in a dream a Bayeux tapestry had come to life, or whether in a living soap-bubble I witnessed music or heard pictures.

I lately gave to the powers that be at the Metropolitan Opera House and the New Theatre certain suggestions for the formation of a company to perform a wide and interesting repertoire of opera in English, with its home in New York, and its branches in other cities, where local choruses and orchestras might support a series of artists sent from the central body in New York. One of my suggestions was that the scheme of the New Theatre to give operatic performances twice a week in foreign languages should be so modified that all its operatic productions, as well as the dramas played in it, should be given in English. I suggested that that theater should become the home of the opera company, and by drawing a clear line of demarkation between itself and other existing houses, should call attention to the fact that it was to stand for our own language.

Another renaissance is upon us, and in its forefront must stand the theater and the opera. Let us hope that out of this land will come an inquiry into all the really good that has gone before in literature, painting, and music, and a recrudescence of interest in our language and our own art. Prophets and poets have not spoken in vain, for the era which they have foretold is at hand.

ICARUS

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

BIND on thy wings, O Soul! Their eagle flight
Shall lift thee to the sun. For one blest hour
Glory, thou too, in superhuman power.
Enraptured soar to Hope's extremest height;
Confront unblenching the supernal light;
Forget thy puny strength, thy paltry dower;
Press all thy being to its perfect flower
Ere blasted by intolerable might.

What though thou perish in the self-same breath
That numbers thee mid heaven's starry host?
What though thy crown of victory be death,
If, dying, thou attain thine uttermost?
Were not that brief immortal moment worth
A wingless life-time on the level earth?

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A POLITICAL CARTOON WHICH PASSED THE RUSSIAN CENSOR[1]

THE REACTION IN RUSSIA

A REVIEW OF EVENTS SINCE THE "BLOODY SUNDAY" OF JANUARY, 1905

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Author of "Siberia and the Exile System"

SECOND PAPER: THE DUMAS, THE CZAR, AND THE "TRUE RUSSIANS"

IF Nicholas II had pursued resolutely and consistently the policy outlined in the Freedom Manifesto, the meeting of the first Russian parliament, in May, 1906, might have marked the beginning of a national transformation as great and beneficent as that which followed the promulgation of a similar manifesto by the Emperor of Japan in April, 1868.[2] Unfortunately, however, the Czar was neither so far-sighted in his views, nor so sincere in his promises, as were the Mikado and the statesmen of Japan; and instead of tranquilizing the country by en-

[1] This cartoon had no legend. The quill pens and inkbottles are of the kind used in government offices for the signing of death-sentences. Taken in connection with the verbal bar across the top and the loop of the Russian letter "shcha" in the middle, they make a gallows with a noose. The soldiers above are in attitudes that make Russian letters, and they, with the letters in the horizontal bar, form the words "Our means of settling vital questions," viz.: pens for signing the death-warrants of politicals, and soldiers and gallows for the execution of them. All of the edition of the newspaper which contained it that could be found was afterward seized and destroyed.

[2] The Freedom Manifesto bears a very striking resemblance in spirit, if not in verbal form, to the "Oath of Five Articles" taken by the Emperor of Japan at the beginning of the "Era of Enlightenment." In each of these great historical documents the monarch promised that the nation, through its elected representatives, should actually participate in the government of the country; that the outgrown administrative methods of the past should be abandoned; that governmental control should be based upon principles of justice and equity; and that the people should be free to act in accordance with their convictions and beliefs.

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M. Y. HERZENSTEIN

He was a prominent jurist and publicist and a leader of the Constitutional Democratic party. Assassinated by Black Company bravos in 1906.

MAKSIM KOVALEVSKI

A member of the Council of the Empire, recently sentenced to two months' imprisonment for an article on punitive expeditions.

forcing justice, checking administrative lawlessness, punishing the Black Companies, and showing a sincere desire to protect and emancipate the people, he allowed his officials to ignore or nullify the Freedom Manifesto from the very day of its promulgation; condoned the murders of the Black Companies because they had been committed in his name; and devised a scheme for a representative assembly which would seem to be a coördinate branch of the Government, but which, in

From a photograph owned by Herman Bernstein

RUSSIAN LEADERS AND PUBLICISTS

From left to right: Professor Kilevein, Kuzmin Karavayev, I. V. Hessen, Professor Maksim Kovalevski (in the middle, seated), Mikhail Stakhovich, Professor Paul Milyukov, Herman Bernstein, Professor Vasilyev, M. Koznilor, Alexey Stakhovich.

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reality, would have little more independent power than a ministerial bureau.

This virtual abandonment of the principles of the Freedom Manifesto by the Czar himself clearly foreshadowed the fate of the first Russian Duma. The representatives of the people would be permitted to assemble, but their legislative power would be closely restricted, and if they ventured to engage in a conflict with the Crown over the question of rights, they would be forcibly dispersed. Such, in fact, was precisely the course taken by events. The Czar allowed the parliament to meet, and thus "saved his face" in the eyes of the world; but by issuing a series of new decrees, which he called "Fundamental Laws," he surrounded the people's representatives with a prison wall of quasi-constitutional restrictions, and then, when they submitted to him their legislative program, he directed his Prime Minister Goremykin to inform them that nearly all the matters with which they proposed to deal lay outside the limits of their legislative competency. They could not be permitted to amend the Fundamental Laws; to exercise any control over the ministers; to change the method of selecting the members of the upper house; to enforce the provisions of the Freedom Manifesto; to abolish administrative exile; to forbid punishment without trial; to grant amnesty for political offenses; to do away with the death penalty; to rescind the arbitrary and oppressive "regulations" of the Council of Ministers which had so generally superseded statute law; or to relieve the distress of the impoverished agricultural peasants by distributing among them the lands of the Crown, and by expropriating for their benefit part of the estates of the landed proprietors, as Alexander II had done when he emancipated their fathers. These, the premier declared, were all matters that had already been settled by the Fundamental Laws, or that the Czar alone had the right to settle, and the representatives of the people were not at liberty to act upon them.

Inasmuch as the Duma could not see any way of reforming the Government, on the lines of the Freedom Manifesto, without first widening the limits of its own legislative competency, it determined to make a fight on the question of rights. When, however, in the course of the ensuing struggle, it endeavored to get popular support by appealing to the nation, it was promptly dissolved by imperial decree, and an armed guard was posted at the doors of the Taurida Palace to prevent it from reassembling. About half of its members went to the town of Viborg, in Finland, where they were not likely to be molested by the Russian police, and there issued a manifesto in which they explained the nature and significance of their fight with the Czar, and asked the whole Russian people to come to their support by refusing either to pay taxes or to render military service.[1] This appeal, however, met with no response. The people had been frightened and cowed by the pogroms, the punitive expeditions, and the bloody reprisals of the counter-revolution. Thousands of their leaders and tens of thousands of their bravest spirits were in prison or in exile; the obstacles in the way of concerted action were almost insurmountable; and an overwhelming majority of the peasants and working-men apparently concluded that the safest thing for them to do was to make themselves, in the words of one of their own proverbs, "stiller than water and lower than grass." Disappointed by the failure of the masses to respond to their appeal, the signers of the Viborg manifesto returned to Russia, where, in due course of time, one hundred and sixty-seven of them were arrested, tried for political conspiracy, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. And so ended the first Russian parliament.

Many unprejudiced foreign observers have condemned the First Duma as a body of unreasonable and impracticable men, who worked too little and talked too much; but I doubt whether this will be

[1] This was a plan of revolutionary campaign which Count Tolstoi warmly advocated, in a talk with me, as long ago as 1886. At that time, of course, it was wholly impracticable; but twenty years later, when the nation had been aroused and to a certain extent unified in thought and purpose, there was a chance that it might succeed. Many of the signers of the Viborg manifesto, when they left their homes to take their seats in the hall of the Duma, had been accompanied to the railway stations by tens of thousands of people, — whole army corps of peasants, — who had sworn, with bared heads, that they would stand by their representatives to the death. There was some reason to believe, therefore, that the nation would at least offer some passive resistance to a Government which had turned the Duma out of doors and later had forbidden it to reassemble.

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the final judgment of history. When a man assembles a force of architects and carpenters to reconstruct an old, dark, damp, leaky, and badly planned house, and then forbids them to touch windows, doors, beams, walls, foundations, or roof, he is estopped from saying—and his neighbors certainly have no right to say—that the house does not get rebuilt because the "impracticable" architects and the "unreasonable" carpenters work too little and talk too much. The evils from which Russia was suffering at the time when the First Duma met were precisely the evils that the Czar would not allow to be touched; and if the representatives of the people talked more than they worked, it was chiefly because talk was tolerated, while work was strictly forbidden. Then, too, men who have been gagged for a quarter of a century are very likely to become talkative when at last the gags are removed. Wrongs and outrages that nobody had dared to speak of before were incessantly brought to the attention of the First Duma by mail and by telegraph throughout the entire period of its existence; and in proposing, explaining, and justifying nearly four hundred interpellations of the ministry with regard to these wrongs and outrages, the people's representatives naturally had to talk. Forbidden as they were to remedy any of the evils of which complaint was made, there was little else that they *could* do. But they did not talk all of the time. A comparison of the committee-work of the First Duma with that of the Second will not be wholly disadvantageous to the former.

That there were many inexperienced lawmakers and some erratic, visionary, and impracticable men in the First Duma, no student of Russian affairs would for a moment deny; but taking the body as a whole, it probably contained a greater number of really upright, unselfish, high-principled, and patriotic citizens than could have been found in the ranks of the higher bureaucracy at any time between the accession of Alexander III and the promulgation of the Freedom Manifesto. Such thinkers, educators, publicists, jurists, and men of affairs, as Petrunkevich, Muromtsef, Kovalevski, Nabokoff, Herzenstein, Vinaver, Shchepkin, Count Heyden, Prince Dolgorukoff, and scores of others who might be named, might well be the pride of any country that honors character and brains, and will undoubtedly be the pride of a freer and greater Russia in the years that are yet to come.[1]

Although the force of the revolutionary movement had been broken before the First Duma assembled, the country was still in a state of embroilment that differed from civil war only in the nature and the extent of the fighting. The wrath, indignation, and deadly hatred excited in the hearts of the people by the reactionary pogroms, the punitive expeditions, the shooting of men and outraging of women by Cossacks, and the imprisonment or exile of tens of thousands of citizens without warrant or trial, found expression in widespread resistance to the authorities, in sporadic insurrections of both peasants and troops, and in an unprecedented revival of political assassination. The Czar had sown dragon's teeth, or allowed them to be sown, and from every one of them had sprung up a group of armed men. The population did not rise against the Government en masse, but the "fighting bands" of the Social Revolutionists carried on an incessant partizan warfare with the administration and the police, while in all parts of the empire, men avenged their personal wrongs by killing the official wrong-doers. Everybody justified his resort to violence by saying: "The Government does not obey its own laws, or even make a pretense of obeying them. Why, then, should we be hampered by them? We *must* resist in some way, and this is the only way left open to us." By the dissolution of the Duma terroristic activity was increased threefold. In the fortnight from July 14 to July 28, 1906, the number of political assassinations, or attempts at assassination, was 143; while in

[1] It may interest readers of THE CENTURY to know that it was Professor Muromtsef, President of the First Duma, who gave me, in 1886, the document which I published in this magazine for November, 1887, under the title, "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals"; and that Mr. Ivan I. Petrunkevich, who made the opening address in the First Duma, furnished me with a large part of the information concerning liberals and terrorists which I also used in this magazine more than twenty years ago. Since that time, Mr. Petrunkevich has never ceased to strive for a better and freer form of government in Russia. Only last August, at the age of sixty-five, he finished a term of imprisonment to which he had been sentenced as one of the signers of the Viborg manifesto.

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the corresponding two weeks of the following month, after the Duma had been dispersed, it rose to 470, an average of thirty-four a day. The Czar, however, met this revival of terroristic violence with repressive measures of increased severity. P. A. Stolypin, who had been made prime minister immediately after the dissolution of the Duma, announced publicly that the policy of the Government thenceforth would be "strong-handed reform"; while General Trepoff declared: "We will now govern in Muscovite [instead of west-European] fashion. That suits our constitution better. It is not we who are demented, but the revolutionists. However, we will soon put them in strait-jackets, despite the indignant cries of Europe."

Premier Stolypin began his "strong-handed reform" by greatly extending the area in which civil law was either wholly superseded by martial law or temporarily nullified by arbitrary ministerial regulations. In less than two months after the dissolution of the Duma, the civil laws of the empire had been set aside in sixty-seven provinces and territories out of eighty-four, and thousands of bureaucratic officials were acting, in political cases, either upon their own judgment or upon circular letters of instruction from the Council of Ministers. Governors and governors-general were not yet formally authorized to put political offenders to death, but they could do almost anything else with them, and it was not long before they acquired the right to kill as well as to imprison and exile.[1] On September 2, 1906, soon after the unsuccessful attempt of the terrorists to assassinate Premier Stolypin, the Czar approved a resolution of the Council of Ministers providing for field courts-martial in all provinces where civil law had been superseded either by military law or by the ministerial "Rules for Extraordinary Defense."[2] These courts, which consisted for the most part of army officers who had had neither legal training nor judicial experience, sat with closed doors, and were required in all cases to render verdicts within forty-eight hours, and to see that sentences were executed within a further period of twenty-four hours. In the very first month after their creation, these "rapid-fire courts," as they were popularly called, condemned 195 persons to death, and in the first two years after the promulgation of the Freedom Manifesto, military courts pronounced 2717 death-sentences, 1780 of which were immediately carried into effect. In order to realize what a change was thus made in Russian criminal procedure, we need only recall the fact that in the whole sixteen-year period from 1865 to 1881, the number of criminals put to death in Russia was only twenty-eight, although in that period was comprised the fierce revolutionary struggle which gave rise to terrorism and ended in the assassination of Alexander II.

Although the Czar and his ministers had allowed the massacres of the Black Companies to go unpunished, had authorized military expeditions to carry fire and sword through whole provinces, had dissolved the First Duma as soon as it showed a spirit of insubordination, and had created "rapid-fire courts" which were sentencing political and other criminals to death at the rate of nearly two hundred a month, they still continued to declare that "reaction had no place in their program, and that all reforms consistent with the highest spirit of liberalism should be car-

[1] There is no death-penalty in the civil code of Russia. It is still retained, however, in the military code, and when the Government wishes to lessen the number of its political enemies and to terrorize those whom it does not kill, it has only to declare that the country, or any selected part of the country, is in a "state of siege" or a "state of extraordinary defense," and then authorize governors-general to kill at their own discretion. The Governing Senate, Russia's supreme court, has recently decided, on an appealed case from Poland, that when a province has been declared to be in a state of siege, the governor-general may order a political offender shot without giving him a trial even in a military court.

[2] The Russian word *polozhenie* is often rendered in English as "law," but I think it should be translated "rule," in order to bring out clearly the fact that political offenders in Russia are imprisoned, exiled, shot, or hanged, by virtue of a ministerial rule, or regulation, and not by authority of law. The Russian word for "law" is *zakon*, and a zakon is a statute which has been considered, discussed, and finally adopted, by the lawmaking body, formerly the Council of the Empire. A polozhenie is only a ministerial regulation which the Czar has approved, and the particular regulations relating to "reinforced defense" and "extraordinary defense" which have superseded statute law and made Russia such a chaos of administrative injustice were originally drawn up by the ministers of Alexander III, twenty-nine years ago. They have been a curse to the Russian empire ever since, because any tyrant, prime minister or czar, who wishes to act with an absolutely free hand, simply declares them in force, and then proceeds to do, or authorize his subordinates to do, everything that the law says shall not be done, from opening private letters in the mails to committing murder.

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ried out as soon as the ground could be prepared."[1] Having decided to assume this attitude, they were of course compelled to permit the election of a Second Duma. When the new assembly met, however, in March, 1907, it was found to be even more hostile to the Government than its predecessor had been. Four hundred of its members out of about five hundred belonged to opposition parties, and no fewer than seventy-one of them had already been imprisoned, exiled, or otherwise administratively punished for political offenses.[2] Such a Duma, of course, could not be permitted to live long; and the summer of 1907 had hardly begun when Premier Stolypin appeared in the hall of the house and made a statement in which he accused fifty-five of the Social Democratic members of high treason. He demanded the immediate arrest of sixteen of them and the expulsion of all. The Duma referred the statement and demand to a special committee for investigation; but before this committee had had time to make a report, the Czar issued a rescript dissolving the Duma on the alleged ground that it had rejected or laid aside important bills, had opposed the ministers of the Crown in the discharge of their duties, had shown sympathy with political conspirators, had manifested an unwillingness to coöperate with the Government for the maintenance of order, and had disregarded the premier's demand for the immediate expulsion and arrest of its revolutionary members. Such a Duma was clearly "defective," and must therefore be dissolved.

How much foundation there was for the charge that fifty-five Social Democratic representatives had been guilty of high treason it is yet impossible to determine. The accusation was based mainly on documentary evidence said to have been found in a search of the apartment of John P. Ohsol, a Social Democratic representative from the city of Riga.[3] Inasmuch, however, as the secret police at that time made a practice of hiding incendiary documents, forbidden books, and even bombs, in the houses of politically obnoxious persons, with a view to "discovering" them there later, such evidence has little, if any, value.[4] Everything seems to indicate that the charge of high treason was merely a pretext for getting rid of the Second Duma altogether. If the Government had had any convincing or incontrovertible proofs, it would have awaited the report of the Duma's investigating committee, and would have tried the accused representatives in open court; but it did not dare to do either of these things. It dissolved the Duma hastily while the committee was still sitting, and then brought the accused to trial in a court the doors of which were closed. When the prisoners declined to plead under such conditions, and discharged their legal counsel, the court promptly sentenced seventeen of them to hard labor in the mines, and ten more to forced colonization in Siberia for life, with deprivation of all civil rights.[5]

If, after the dissolution of the Second Duma, the Czar had ordered a new election on the basis of the existing election law, he would have got a third Duma that would have been quite as liberal and insubordinate as the second; but instead of doing this, he arbitrarily changed the old election law in such a way as to disfranchise most of the voters in the liberal classes, increase the political power of the landed proprietors and the clergy, and thus insure the election of a Duma that would sanction foreign loans and pass Government bills without clamoring for rights or otherwise making trouble. He

[1] Declaration of Premier Stolypin after the dissolution of the First Duma. The Czar himself reaffirmed four times in 1906 and 1907 his determination to carry out "inflexibly" his projected reforms.

[2] In the First Duma, the Social Democrats and the Group of Toil constituted only twenty-three per cent. of the whole body, while in the Second Duma their strength was increased to thirty-eight per cent. This clearly indicated that the great mass of the population was becoming more and more revolutionary in its tendencies, because the Government, by getting new constructions of the old election law in the Russian supreme court (the Senate), had done everything that it possibly could do to reduce the number of voters known to be "politically untrustworthy."

[3] Mr. John P. Ohsol succeeded in escaping to the United States, and instead of wearing leg-fetters in the east-Siberian mines, he is taking a graduate course in Harvard.

[4] A dozen or more cases of this extraordinary kind have recently been brought to light in Russian courts, or have been made the subject of interpellations in the Third Duma. *Agents provocateurs* connected with the Department of National Defense (*Okhrana*) have been engaged in manufacturing evidence against "politically untrustworthy" persons ever since the reaction began.

[5] Another was afterward sentenced to death, and many more to fortress imprisonment.

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was strictly forbidden by his own Fundamental Laws to do this, but he apparently thought that it was no worse to violate his own laws than to break all the promises made in his own Freedom Manifesto.[1]

The Third Duma, elected under the franchise limitations of this unconstitutional law, assembled on November 14, 1907, and the fact that it continues to exist is an evidence that it has met, in some measure, the expectations of the Czar and his ministers. But it does not fairly represent the Russian people, it exercises no real power, and it has not accomplished any important or useful work that the bureaucracy might not have done alone.

In Russia, as in Prussia, representatives in the lower house are chosen by electors who meet and vote in electoral colleges. The people are allowed to vote only for these electors, and a certain fixed number of them is apportioned to each of the several classes into which the population has arbitrarily been divided. Under the old election law, the law of the First Duma, the land-owners of the empire had, roughly, one elector to every 1800 of their population, the cities and towns one to every 4000, the peasants one to every 29,000, and the artisans one to every 73,000. In America, or even in western Europe, this would be regarded as a very unfair apportionment of political power; but the unfairness was greatly increased by the election law of June 16, 1907. Under the provisions of that arbitrary and unconstitutional measure, about 30,000 landed proprietors had the right to choose 2618 electors out of a total of 5160; and as only 19,000 of these proprietors went to the polls, the controlling majority in the Third Duma really represents less than a seven-thousandth part of the Russian population. Moreover, 97,000,000 peasants have only eighty-seven representatives, while 2,500,000 nobles and priests have 267, or more than three times as many. In the light of these figures, it is evident that the Third Duma does not fairly represent the Russian nation or any considerable part of it. It mainly represents a comparatively small number of wealthy landed proprietors upon whom the Czar and his ministers thought they could rely.

In spite of the close restriction of the liberal vote and the practical disfranchisement of an overwhelming majority of the people by means of discriminating and unconstitutional legislation, however, the Government has not succeeded in getting a wholly subservient Duma. It can control with certainty only one third of the representatives, and it would not have been able to get a majority if the moderately liberal Octobrists[2] had not trusted Premier Stolypin's declaration that he would carry out the reforms outlined in the Freedom Manifesto just as soon as he could completely crush the revolution and reëstablish social order. With the aid of the Octobrists, the Government has an ample majority on most questions, and can defeat any reform bills introduced by the Opposition.

Does this Third Duma, which is now in session, exercise any real political power other than that which the Czar and his ministers permit it to exercise? If we judge by its record, we must reply unhesitatingly in the negative. It has been in existence two years and a half, and it has not yet passed a single important bill of its own framing. It has discussed at great length a number of so-called reform bills prepared and introduced by the Government, but of its own accord and on its own initiative it has done nothing. In two sessions,—from November 14, 1908, to January 1, 1910,—it framed and passed only seven bills that became laws, and with the exception of two, which appropriated money for educational purposes, none of them had the least public importance. In the first year of its existence it

[1] Section 87 of the Fundamental Laws provides that in case of urgent necessity, when the Duma is not in session, the Czar may legislate independently; but it expressly stipulates that in such independent legislation he shall not change the Fundamental Laws, nor the parliamentary institutions of the empire, *nor the laws governing parliamentary elections*. The virtually new election law, of July 16, 1907, was therefore a flagrant violation of the only constitution that Russia had, as well as a proof that the Czar and his ministers did not intend to be bound by any law, any promise, or any declaration of policy.

[2] The Octobrists derive their name from the month in which the Freedom Manifesto was promulgated. They are moderate and prudent liberals who favor reforms, but who are willing to let the Government take its own time and pursue its own methods in bringing them about.

They make up the Center in the Third Duma, and on one side they have the Right, with about 140 members, who generally support the Government; and on the other side, the Left, with about 150 members (including Poles) who are generally in opposition.

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did not originate and adopt a single measure of any kind. No legislative body that has ideas, and that is free to work, ever allows two whole sessions to elapse without passing a single bill of its own framing.

The Third Duma has not even the power of the purse. In all countries that have free representative institutions, the lower house of parliament exercises some real control over the national budgets; but in Russia, forty per cent. of the budget estimates are "protected" by imperial decrees, or Fundamental Laws, and the control of the Duma over the remainder is wholly illusory.[1]

If the powers of the Third Duma are thus limited, and if it originates no important legislation, what *does* it do? It spends most of its time, as the First Duma did, in talking and in dealing with such startling Government measures as the following: a bill to increase the severity of the punishment for horse-stealing; a bill to reimburse the city of Nijni-Novgorod for expenditures to the amount of $641, incurred in connection with the project for a chapel in the Government House; a bill appropriating $500 in aid of the Society of Deaf Mute Children in Mitau; a bill to provide for the erection of stables in connection with the Government factories in Astrakhan, etc. Legislative measures of this sort are contemptuously classified by the liberals as "vermicelli," and the Third Duma, since it assembled, has received from the Czar's ministers nearly a thousand such bills.

It seems to be the policy of the Government to keep the Duma occupied as much of the time as possible with vermicelli, and to introduce occasionally, under promising but specious titles, so-called reform bills that actually reform nothing. Take, for example, the inviolability-of-person bill which has recently been laid before the Duma, and which purports to be a fulfilment of one of the promises made by the Czar in the Freedom Manifesto. It is nothing more than a cynical mockery of the people's cry for relief from arbitrary arrest, imprisonment, and exile, because it virtually says: "You shall not be arrested, imprisoned, beaten, exiled, shot, or hanged, without due process of law, *unless* the city or province where you live has been declared to be in a state of siege, a state of war, a state of extraordinary defense, or a state of reinforced defense." Such a bill would not afford the slightest guaranty of personal inviolability, because, as I have already stated, the Council of Ministers, with the approval of the Czar, may declare that any city or province is in one of these exceptional "states" at any time, and may keep it in such a "state" indefinitely. Some parts of the empire have been in a "state of reinforced defense" for nearly thirty years. What the people want is a bill that will absolutely and forever prevent a monarch or a prime minister from throwing off the restraints of law by simply declaring that he is no longer bound by them. The Government, however, will never introduce or approve a bill of that kind; because if it were required to obey its own laws, if it were not able to say, every time it gets into trouble, "We hereby suspend all laws that limit our freedom of action," it could not exist six months.

In the course of two years and a half, the Czar's ministers have laid before the Third Duma six or eight bills of really national importance, such as the inviolability-of-person bill, the religious reform bill, the local courts bill, the suspended sentence bill, and the bill to break up the existing system of communal land tenure. Most of these measures, however, were sham reform bills in the beginning, or were made sham reform bills in the upper house, which the Czar, through his power to appoint members, absolutely controls, and which, under the existing Fundamental Laws, he will always control.

Four years and a half have now elapsed, and three successive Dumas have assembled, since the Czar signed the Freedom Manifesto, on October 30, 1905, but not a single one of the reforms promised in that manifesto has yet been made. Men are still arrested, imprisoned, and exiled, without judicial process; there is no free-

[1] In January, 1908, the Constitutional Democrats prepared and introduced a bill to give the Duma some real control over the finances of the empire; but it was referred to a committee, and in the files of that committee it has now been lying for more than two years. There is little probability that it will ever be reported. A bill to abolish the death-penalty, introduced by the Social Democrats, has been disposed of in the same way, as have many other legislative projects of the opposition parties.

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dom of conscience, speech, assembly, or association; officials of all grades still violate law under sanction of ministerial rules, circulars, or declarations; and the Third Duma, which the Czar promised should "actually participate" in the Government of the empire, spends most of its time on bills of no importance, or in discussing and vainly trying to improve Government reform bills that do not reform and that never were intended to reform.

Meanwhile the Government's attitude toward representative institutions generally has become more and more intolerant and hostile. It has virtually outlawed the Constitutional Democrats and Social Democrats by declaring them "illegal parties," and in August last it condemned the Social Democratic campaign committee of Tiflis, consisting of eleven men, to four years of penal servitude for alleged criminal political activity. In last autumn's by-elections to the Duma, in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, it harassed campaign meetings constantly by means of police restriction or interference, and often broke them up on the most absurd pretexts. A meeting in St. Petersburg, for example, was closed by an inspector of police because one of the speakers—Professor Milyukov—declared that the power of the Czar had been limited and that, consequently, the Government of Russia was no longer an absolute monarchy. In Odessa, the prefect, Major-General Tolmachef, allowed only one liberal campaign meeting, and closed that summarily when the first speaker ventured to remark that the Freedom Manifesto was like a telega without wheels: it would n't move. He also forbade the liberal newspapers of Odessa to mention the name of the Progressist candidate, on the ground that the Progressists were virtually Constitutional Democrats, and the latter had no legal standing as a political party. Major-General Tolmachef boasted of his success in terrorizing the people of Odessa and "keeping them in order," and is reported to have said, "Where I pass, the grass does n't dare to grow." In Yekaterinburg, eighteen members of the Constitutional Democratic party were arrested and imprisoned for "illegal political activity"; and in Nijni-Novgorod, Mr. Eshchin, a well-known Constitutional Democratic barrister, was administratively sentenced to two years of exile in the sub-arctic province of Archangel for the same reason.

In view of the facts above cited,—and the number of such facts might be almost indefinitely increased,—it must be evident, I think, that so far as representative government is concerned, the Czar and his ministers have pursued a more and more reactionary policy as they have come to feel more and more confidence in the strength of their position. The Duma is allowed to exist, but it has no independent power, and if it should happen to become dangerous or troublesome, through a possible combination of the Octobrists with the Constitutional Democrats, it would undoubtedly be dissolved. Major-General Tolmachef, the prefect of Odessa, probably expressed the opinion of the Czar, if not of Premier Stolypin, when he recently said:

> The Constitutional Democrats and their allies are very much mistaken in supposing that the autocracy has been restricted, and that a so-called constitutional régime has been established. Nothing of the sort. The supreme power has not been limited in any way. Russia will have a constitution when the Czar deigns to grant one, and swears that he will be bound by it. Until then a constitution is out of the question. As for the Duma, it will continue to exist just so long as the Czar regards it as useful and beneficial to Russia. He ordered it to assemble, and if he orders it dissolved, even forever, dissolved it will be. It is only an enlarged provincial assembly (zemstvo), and in itself it has no power whatever.

It may be said that allowance should be made for bias in Major-General Tolmachef's statement, because he is a distinguished member of the reactionary organization known as the Union of the True Russian People. This fact, however, should give the statement more weight rather than less, because there can be no doubt whatever that the Union of the True Russian People has the Czar's cordial sympathy and support. In the preceding article, I gave some account of the empire-wide campaign of massacre which was carried on by the Black Companies just after the promulgation of the Freedom Manifesto, and which was the beginning of the counter-revolution. The organization which

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planned that campaign and sent the Black Companies into the field to kill four thousand unarmed men and wound ten thousand, was the Union of the True Russian People. The failure of the Czar to punish these murderers, or even to express disapproval of their crimes, was taken even then as a significant indication of his sympathy with them and his approval of their reactionary aims. Since that time, however, he has repeatedly expressed such sympathy and approval both in words and in action. On January 5, 1906, only two months after the Freedom Manifesto massacres, he said to the organization that had planned them: "Unite, people of Russia! I rely upon you, and I believe that with your help I shall succeed in overcoming Russia's enemies. Thank all Russians connected with the Union of the Russian People." About five months later, when the president of the Union sent him a message of thanks for dissolving the Second Duma, he replied:

Let the Union of the Russian People serve as a trustworthy support. I am sure that all True Russians who love their country will unite still more closely, and, while increasing in number, help me to bring about the peaceful renovation of our great and holy Russia.

Within the last three months, the Czar has again shown his sympathy with the Union of the True Russian People by pardoning two of its members whom a Finnish court had sentenced to penal servitude for planning the murder of M. Y. Herzenstein. On August 1, 1906, Mr. Herzenstein, one of the ablest and most influential members of the Constitutional Democratic party in the First Duma, was assassinated by Black Company bravos near his home in Terioki, Finland.[1] The Finnish authorities investigated the case, and finally brought to trial and convicted not only the actual murderers, but two distinguished members of the Union of the True Russian People, named Yuskevich-Kraskovski and Polovnef, who had planned the assassination and engaged the assassins. The Finnish court wished also to put on trial Dr. Dubrovin, the president of the Union of the True Russian People, who, they found, had likewise been a party to the murderous plot; but the Finnish police had no authority to arrest him outside of Finland, and Mr. I. G. Shcheglovitof, the Russian Minister of Justice, declined to surrender him. On September 25, 1909, the two convicted prisoners, Kraskovski and Polovnef, were sentenced to penal servitude. Inasmuch, however, as they had shown loyalty and devotion to their monarch and to Holy Russia, and had done nothing worse than contrive the murder of a liberal and a Jew, the Czar, on January 10, 1910, granted them a free pardon.

The imperial support and encouragement thus given to the Union of the True Russian People furnish another proof, if further proof be needed, of the Czar's reactionary tendency. If he were not a reactionist, he would never have allied himself with an organization which hires assassins, which plans and arranges pogroms, which attacks the constitutional liberties of the Finns, and which, in the name of Holy Russia and the Orthodox Church, is now carrying on a campaign of intolerant persecution against the Jews, the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Armenians, and even the Little Russians. If, moreover, he were not a reactionist, he would never have sanctioned the ruthless and bloody methods of repression which the True Russians have always advocated, and which seem likely to make the present reign forever memorable—and hateful.

In the five years that have elapsed since the tragedy of Bloody Sunday, military courts in Russia have sentenced to death 6268 persons, 2855 of whom have already been shot or hanged. In commenting upon this record, "Justice," the foremost legal journal of Russia, said, less than a month ago,

The last five years recall to mind the bloodiest epochs of the Middle Ages. Russian history has known few periods comparable with this in the number of its executions; and the fact that they do not decrease shows how insignificant is the terrorizing influence that they exert, and how ineffectual the death-penalty is as a means of dealing with the phenomena against which it is directed. And yet it continues to be used on the widest possible scale.

If all these thousands of executions merely put out of existence, in a legal way,

[1] A favorite summer residence place only a short distance from St. Petersburg.

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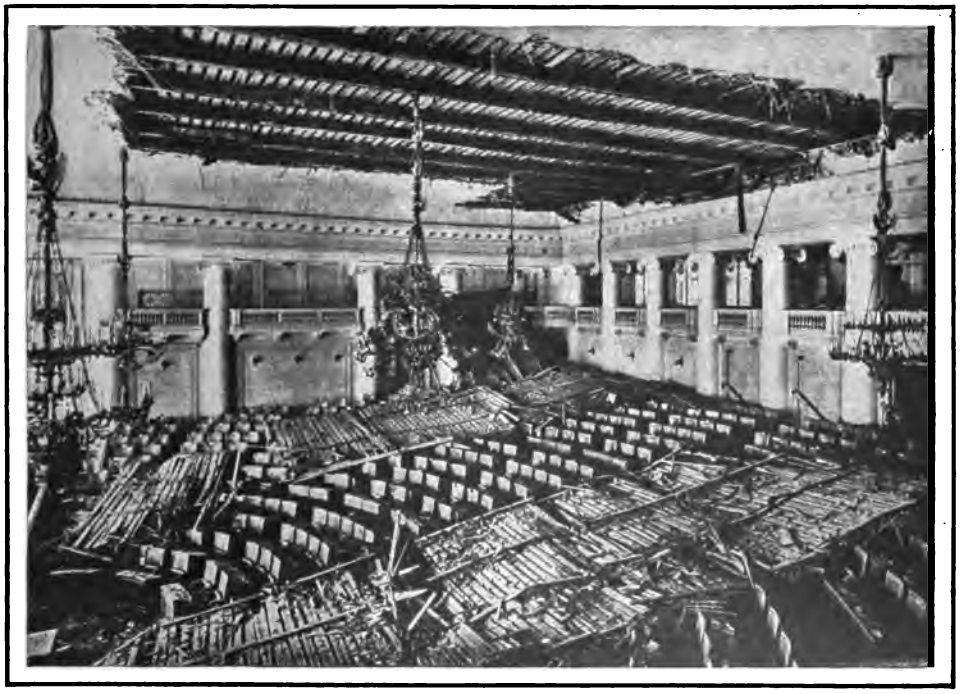
From a photograph owned by I. A. Hourwitch

A POLLING-PLACE IN ST. PETERSBURG

This picture shows balloting in progress for members of the Duma.

persons generally regarded as enemies of society and the state, they might perhaps exert a repressive, if not a reformatory, influence; but such is by no means the case. The people thus put to death are not all criminals who deserve death, and the methods adopted by the Government in dealing with them are not generally re-



From a photograph owned by Herman Bernstein

THE WRECKED DUMA CHAMBER

This picture shows how the ceiling fell with startling accuracy upon the seats of the Constitutional Democrats who, however, escaped injury because the downfall occurred after the adjournment of the Duma.

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garded as legal or fair. The effect upon society, therefore, is demoralizing and depraving rather than reformatory. In commenting upon this aspect of the Czar's True Russian policy of bloody repression, Count Tolstoi recently said:

All this inhuman violence and killing, besides the direct evil done to the victims and their families, brings a yet more enormous evil on the whole people, by spreading depravity — as fire spreads amid dry straw — among every class of Russians. This depravity grows with special rapidity among the simple working-folk, because all these iniquities, exceeding as they do a hundredfold all that is or has been done by thieves, robbers, and all the revolutionaries put together, are done as though they were something necessary, good, and unavoidable; and are not merely excused, but supported, by different institutions inseparably connected in the people's minds with justice, and even with sanctity; namely, the Senate, the Synod, the Duma, the Church, and the Czar.

The same thought was expressed in a briefer way by the eminent Russian barrister and publicist Nabokoff, a son of a former Minister of Justice, who said, in reviewing the events of 1909 for a St. Petersburg journal:

"The criminal demoralization in Russia is organically connected with the triumph of injustice, violence, and bloody repression."

And for this triumph of injustice, violence, and bloody repression, the Czar is chiefly responsible. Alexander II, on account of the most striking feature of his reign, became universally known as the Liberator. Nicholas II, for a similar reason, may yet become universally known as the death-dealer.

(To be continued)

THE DAILY PARABLE

BY HENRY AUSTIN

AS a ruin the cloudy heaven
Shakes to the wind's wild shocks;
To the echoing bolts of the leven,
As a wreck the ocean rocks;

And the storm on earth careering
Seems, with its thunderous roll,
The laugh of a monster, jeering
At the dreams of the human soul.

But behind the ephemeral thunder
Smiles the eternal sun,
Whose glory provokes no wonder,
Since only a common one.

O Truth, so close at our portals,
With silent but constant sign,
When shall we learn, dull mortals,
The common is divine?

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF TWO CHILDREN

FROM THE WATER-COLOR PAINTING BY JEANNE SIMON

The artist is the wife of the well-known painter, Lucien Simon

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ART)

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From a photograph, copyright, by Joseph Beaudry

LA PAVANE AT THE COURT OF HENRY IV IN THE TERCENTENARY PAGEANT AT QUEBEC, 1908

HISTORICAL PAGEANTS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR SIMILAR SPECTACLES

BY ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

Director of the Historical Pageant in Philadelphia in 1908

A FEW years ago an elaborate form of costumed out-of-door play made its appearance in England under the name of the historical pageant. Although many predictions have been offered from time to time that the interest in this kind of entertainment would soon exhaust itself, there is yet no sign of decline. Indeed, there would seem to be no valid reason to expect the early disappearance of the historical pageant, since it usually defrays its own cost, awakens the pride and spirit of the neighborhood in which it is given, brings the people into intimate and pleasant association while they are preparing for the performances, and generally disseminates a sound appreciation of history and art. In the summer of 1909, pageants were seen in no fewer than five cities in England: Colchester, fifty miles northeast of London; London, where a pageant in illustration of the history of the English Church was given; Bath, the famous old spa in the southwest, where fashion held sway in the eighteenth century, and which Swinburne has called England's Florence; Cardiff, the commercial metropolis of Wales; and York, the interesting, little gray town inside its still well-preserved walls in the "north country."

Louis N. Parker, the playwright, who in earlier years had planned many of the English pageants,—at Dover, Warwick, Winchester, Bury St. Edmunds, and other places,—last summer presided over the undertakings at Colchester and York; Frank Lascelles, who directed the pageants at Oxford and Quebec, was in charge at Bath; George P. Hawtrey directed at Cardiff; and Hugh Moss was the master of the large and impressive representation of English religious history at London.

The English form of the historical pageant, with a book of words to be spoken by the principal performers, cast into acts —or episodes, as they are usually called— and scenes, lends itself particularly well to the uses of a small town. It is in effect

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a dramatization, in every sense of the word, of the history of the neighborhood. The play—for this it really is—is rehearsed for several days on a green field. The spectators, who must buy tickets of admission to the inclosure, are seated in a large wooden stand specially erected for the use, at the top of which an outlook is established. In this "conning-tower on dry land," as some one has aptly named it, the master of the pageant takes his place, shouting his commands to the field through a trumpet, or communicating by telephone with agents at the entrances and in the various camps and rendezvous of the performers in the background.

In large cities a pageant in the form of a procession through the streets has often been preferred, as in Vienna, Leipsic, and several other Continental cities, and in Philadelphia. In no other way can hundreds of thousands of people, all of whom have equal rights in the case, see what it has cost so much time, trouble, and money to prepare. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the artistic setting is lost in a city street, and it is virtually impossible to rehearse a procession, so that much beauty and precision will be sacrificed.

An essential feature of the English pageant is the close identification of the community with it. This indispensable relation between the pageant and the people also subsisted in Philadelphia in 1908, and in Bronxville, New York, in May, 1909, where Miss Violet Oakley directed a pretty representation of the history of that interesting neighborhood. In the English towns, noblemen and their ladies, archbishops, mayors, and other persons of the highest position in the community, often take the principal parts, and thereby lend the pageant an importance which it could gain in no other way. A large number of prominent clergymen appeared in the church pageant in London. In Bath, Lady de Blaquiere was seen as *Queen Elfrida*. At Cardiff many of the old families of Wales warmly supported the pageant. The Marchioness of Bute, whose husband's interests in lands, docks, and mines in Wales constitute him one of Great Britain's wealthiest peers, donned a costume and assisted in the representation, as did Lady Ninian Crichton Stuart, Lady Llangattock, Viscount Tredegar, and the Bassetts of Beaupré. The descendants of those who have figured in the historical episodes selected for representation not infrequently impersonate their ancestors. All classes of the people generously give their time to research concerning costumes and heraldic devices; in cutting and sewing fabrics; in hammering breastplates, helmets, shields, and spears; in shaping wooden knives and clubs; in rehearsing the scenes; and later in performing them before public audiences.

With such coöperation, the work of arranging the finances of a pageant is not so difficult as might appear at first sight. The choice of the right names for the supervisory boards and committees will

From a photograph by William H. Rau

GROUPS FROM THE PAGEANT AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 9, 1908

In the foreground is shown a wagon of "The Underground Railway," filled with negro runaway slaves, and driven by a Pennsylvania Quakeress (Mrs. Sara Louisa Oberholtzer). Behind the wagon are "Wide Awakes" of the Lincoln campaign of 1860.

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greatly aid in the attainment of the end in view. A duke whose lands encircle the town, the member of Parliament for the district, dignitaries of the church, the lord mayor, and other representatives of the city government, will be asked to pledge their patronage to the undertaking. This organization prepares the way for the collection of a guarantee fund, varying in amount from $5000, which, if I am correctly informed, was the sum obtained in Bath, to $22,500, which was collected by the enthusiastic people of York. In both of these towns the pageants were so successful that the funds made up by the citizens to defray the initial expenses could be returned after the proceeds of the sale of the seats were in hand, and the accounts were finally balanced.

The employment of a director, or master of the pageant, involves an expenditure of perhaps $2500 absolutely, and $2500 more conditioned upon a favorable pecuniary result. This officer lays out a plan for the representation, based upon a study of the history of the neighborhood, writes or procures the writing of the book, which is often too elaborate and tedious for any practical use on a large out-of-door field, and the work proceeds. He may then return to London, leaving the details to be looked after by the men and women of the local committee. Sometimes there are only three or four months in which to bring everything to completion, but York was singularly fortunate, since the people there approached the task thoughtfully, and a year at least was at the disposal of the directors of the undertaking, a fact, it is safe to say, which went far to explain the very creditable result.

There are many things to be considered. The music and dancing must be assigned to capable hands. A mistress of the robes must be employed to direct the making of the costumes from drawings, since experience has shown that professional costumers seldom meet the requirements of history and art. A building, which is usually called the "pageant-house," is rented, and under the direction of the mistress of the robes the ladies of the city are asked to sew

From a photograph by George A. McKeague

GROUP FROM THE PAGEANT AT PHILADELPHIA

The lady in the sedan-chair represents Letitia Penn (Miss Gladys Rouillot), William Penn's daughter, who accompanied him to Philadelphia on his second visit in 1700. William Penn (John Lucas), on his white horse, is partly obscured by the back of the chair.

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From a photograph by Paul Thompson

HUDSON'S SHIP, THE *HALF MOON*, AS A "FLOAT" IN THE HUDSON-FULTON PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY

there or at their homes, as they may prefer, until the costumes, cut to average sizes, without regard to the persons of the wearers, are ready. The mistress of the robes in Bath, a woman of experience in many pageants, told me that she had obtained one thousand volunteers in that city. They were divided into parties under leaders, and contributed their time freely without thought of reward. In the same generous spirit men wrought upon the banners, armor, and other properties.

It is true that paraphernalia prepared in this way will, upon close examination, appear crude in many respects. The principal characters, foreseeing this, usually provide their own costumes, which are often made of very elegant stuffs. For the great mass, however, color and form are the main considerations, and cheap and flimsy materials are used. Coming from such hands, the suits are in many ways less desirable than if they were made by expert manufacturers, but they serve the purpose fairly well. By this arrangement they are at all times at the disposition of the pageant officials. They are given out to those who are to assume the various parts, after their names and addresses have been properly registered. When the performances are at an end, the material must be returned to the pageant-house. The stand for spectators will cost from $10,000 to $15,000, and expenditures for administration and other items bring the total for the larger pageants up to about $60,000 or $70,000, which was approximately the cost of the Philadelphia pageant of five thousand costumed persons and of many expensive historical cars. The most successful of Mr. Parker's pageants, from the point of view of income, is said to have been that given at York last year, where the receipts amounted to $70,750.

When the play is over, that which has cost so much to make ready is a tawdry and an almost useless mass. The costumes may be sold to amateur theatrical societies or dealers in old clothing and junk, or sometimes, in the best case, to other towns, with a view to making over the fabrics for other pageants. The grand stand is carefully taken down, and the material offered for sale at public auction.

While the play is in progress, the whole city seems to be given over to it. Costumed people are everywhere. Ladies in brightly colored gowns may be seen seated upon white palfreys or galloping off to the pageant-field. *Beau Nash* and

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A ROMAN DANCE IN THE PAGEANT AT YORK, ENGLAND

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Henry VIII are your companions in a tram-car, while *Queen Elizabeth* is driven up in her motor. Roman soldiers bestriding modern bicycles; court jesters, with their caps and bells; and great barbarians, with cumbrous stone rings in their ears, and with furs awkwardly thrown over their greased bodies, in one democratic mass make their way to the pageant-field.

It was a pleasure to me to be invited to go "behind the scenes" at Cardiff—to the great space half a mile from the field where the performers were assembled for their entrances. Here were compounds for horses, quick-change tents, make-up tents, restaurant tents, and private dressing tents for the lords and ladies who took part. In and about these private tents the owners seemed to be holding afternoon receptions. The hosts and their guests, all in costume, sat in the sun in comfortable wicker-chairs, while maids served tea, cake, and other refreshments.

The thousands who went to make up the "crowds" walked and talked, or reclined upon the ground, while awaiting the call of the men at the telephones. At the word from the master's box, the leaders gathered their groups about them and set off for their proper entrances. Not a figure should be in view until the scene requires it, and to keep every one at a sufficient distance behind concealing foliage, natural embankments, or screens raised for the purpose, is sometimes a difficult task. Amid a variety of cries—"Fairies to go," "Dancing girls to go," "Hurry up, please," "Stir them up a bit," "Come along quickly," "At once, please," "Episode one: lead on, please," "Fall in for the finale," there is likely to be great confusion. Only much rehearsal and many intelligent leaders can bring about precision of movement. Something like British composure is needed to direct such a situation, and quickly and certainly bring order out of what a few moments before was total chaos.

Some features of the English pageants of last year were notable. The formation of a map of Wales by children dressed as fairies, with Dame Wales, the Marchioness of Bute, at their head, was an attractive novelty at Cardiff, while the assembling of young women to represent all the Yorks and all the Baths of the world at York and Bath respectively was also a pretty feat. "Ladye Bath" had fourteen Baths in her train, two from Canada and twelve for various towns of the name in the United States. York found many Yorks and New Yorks not only in North America, but also in parts of the world as distant as Natal, Tasmania, and Queensland.

There is much room for the display of artistic taste in the choice of a site for a pageant. Of those fields used in England in 1909, probably the most admirable was York's, although at Bath Mr. Lascelles, who has an unerring eye for sylvan effects, was also very fortunate. The site at London in the grounds of Fulham Palace, the home of the Bishop of London, in the southwestern part of the city, near the Thames, was not unsuitable, but many situations have greater advantages. At Cardiff the field was too large. It was a park of the Marquis of Bute, but it would have served better for a horse-race or a cricket-game. It was monotonously level. The trees were too far away from the stand, and the entrances were therefore too distant. Even four or five thousand performers were too few for such a ground. A sense of intimacy between the beholder and the scene was wanting in what otherwise might be fairly considered the best pageant ever organized in the British Islands.

In Bath, in a park near the city, a field was found with a foreground well set with foliage and containing some pretty water surfaces. The result was very happy. At York, Mr. Parker cleverly set his play against the ruined walls of an old abbey. Of all the pageant-fields that I have seen, however, that found in Quebec, in 1908, was the most to be admired. On the Plains of Abraham, with the St. Lawrence's silver surfaces beyond, and the green, fir-clad hills of Canada piled high above the stream, in the fading lights of the far Northern summer evening, the scene was incomparably beautiful. It will not soon be repeated anywhere by our open-air dramatic artists.

It may be fairly asked what is the use of an historical pageant. Some may sincerely believe that it is all idleness, vanity, and show. It is not difficult to demonstrate, however, that such an undertaking possesses distinct value. Its educational influence may be scouted by the teacher of

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history who sits at his desk in the college, and by the artist who wishes his thought to be imprisoned and preserved in some more enduring form; but such considerations will not alter the fact that the lessons of both history and art can be agreeably conveyed to multitudes of people in this way. The experience is not forgotten so soon as we may think. The picture of a beautiful scene is never wholly effaced from the mind, and the fruits of a representation of the history of a community in a costumed procession or play are enjoyed long after the crowds of players dissolve, and the finery in which they have impersonated their ancestors is scattered.

Nor can the mere social value of a pageant be entirely overlooked. It is something to have brought many people into pleasant cooperation for a time, and to have turned their attention from the groove wherein their lives are daily worn out. I entered a little shop in York and heard the conversation of a number of persons who had sewed the costumes and worked upon the properties for many months for the pageant in that city. They were seriously asking one another, now that all was done, how they would employ themselves during the long evenings of the next winter. "It 's like a huge picnic, is n't it?" I heard one gaily attired matron say to a friend as they wound their way to the field in Cardiff. "It has quite wakened us up," came from another voice in one of these English pageant towns.

It may be thought that America holds in its past little that is old or various enough to lend itself well to such representations. Its history begins only at a point where the period covered by the pageant in England is usually brought to an end. This is a superficial judgment. Many American neighborhoods can boast of episodes in their history which may be impressively set forth in a pageant, and it will be surprising if such plays and processions are not seen in increasing numbers in this country.

Designed by George E. Kruger

REPRODUCTION OF THE CERTIFICATE USED IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT, 1909, AND GIVEN TO EACH PERFORMER

The organization of the pageant in the English form is attended with little pecuniary risk. It needs no appropriation of public money. It will pay its own costs, if it be properly superintended, and if the neighborhood will awaken to its support. For that reason it seems to commend itself warmly, especially to the smaller cities with a worthy and an interesting history to depict.

If these pageants are not carefully planned and wrought out by historians and artists, however, they will be worse than useless. They will have no advantages over the vulgar carnivals and parades which we have always had, and may likely always have in future, if steps are not taken to put better things in their place. Signs of a demand for a substitute for the old American street procession of cheaply decorated wagons and "floats" on civic holidays, perhaps, too, for the unregulated and noisy demonstrations which mark the Fourth of July, seem to be at hand. The interest of the people of Philadelphia in their picturesque history was so sensibly awakened by their historical pageant that an association of citizens, of which the mayor is the president, has been formed, and it stands ready to give intelligent di-

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From a photograph, copyright, by C. Corn

THE NATIONAL PAGEANT OF WALES
Owen Tudor and Queen Catherine (Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Godfrey Williams).

From a photograph by the Rotary Photo. Co.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT
Queen Bertha (Mrs. Dearmer) and her attendant (Miss Truscott).

THE NATIONAL PAGEANT OF WALES
Dame Wales (The Marchioness of Bute).

THE NATIONAL PAGEANT OF WALES
King Henry V (Victor Wiltshire).

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From photographs by Lewis Bros.

CHARACTERS IN THE BATH HISTORICAL PAGEANT, 1909

William Shakspere (the Rev. W. P. Hanks); Queen of the Fairies (Miss Clutterbuck).

rection concerning future celebrations in that city.

The awakening of the pride of a community of people in their past achievements has a keen and honest charm. No one who has not organized a pageant can know all of its pleasures and satisfactions. Neither will he know all of its trials and vicissitudes. The annoyances of a master of a pageant, if it be in the form of a procession, I can affirm from knowledge, are in many ways much greater than when given as a play on a field. In the procession he has had no former experience of those he has gathered together for his tableaux. He must rely almost wholly upon verbal instructions to lieutenants in charge of individual scenes. The pageant play is enacted before the eyes of the master. The historical procession, on the other hand, covers miles, and he can attend at only one point at a time. When he has discovered a misbehavior, the pageant has probably reached the end of its course.

The condition of the weather is a matter of very great importance to any one who plans a dramatic representation in the open air. Care must be taken to choose a season in which the average rainfall has not been large, and a field which will remain fairly dry under the worst circumstances. It was the ugly weather and boggy ground —a meadow encircled by the Cherwell in front of Magdalen College—which interfered sadly with the fortunes of the otherwise very successful pageant at Oxford in 1907. If the days are wet, as they frequently are in England, the effect is disastrous, for though the stand be covered and the performers continue at their posts, as they usually do, through drenching rains, the profits are materially diminished. Such devotion to duty, though the skies open and fall, amazes fair-weather visitors. One day at Cardiff, however, was wisely accounted too unpropitious for the performances. The town-crier was bidden to announce at the street-corners that there would be no production. The news was proclaimed in the hotels and restaurants, and policemen stopped performers in costume whom they met, and told them to return to their homes.

Then, again, performers who have en-

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listed for this volunteer service may conclude that it is attended with too much personal sacrifice. To protect himself against such a fatality, the master of the pageant registers and equips more players than he really needs. "I am losing a guinea a day," a calculating young business man who wore the scarlet coat of a courtier of Henry VIII said to me on the pageant-ground at Cardiff. Yet he, for one, did not begrudge the service, and he came to play his part twice daily for the entire period of the representation, which was prolonged beyond a fortnight. There, as in the London church pageant, where there were no fewer than thirty-two performances, it was discovered that the field at night could be successfully illuminated by search-lights, and with double productions every day unusually large demands were made upon the time of the participants. Nevertheless, four or five thousand persons were procured for the pageant in each city, and without cost to the managers, barring some supernumeraries from the theaters in London, who were given a few pence per capita per day. Not all came regularly, however, and the "crowds" were sometimes thin. But the principals were always on hand or sent their understudies and substitutes. In the evenings, when the busy were released from their employments, and at performances accounted to be more than usually important, the ranks would be swollen to nearly their full strength.

That there will be some accidents and some manifest misbehavior when large numbers of people are gathered together is to be expected. One day at Bath the pigs of Bladud, a mythical British king, the reputed founder of the city, were late in responding to the goad, whereby they were being driven to their wallow. "Oh, the refractory pigs!" an indulgent lady was heard to exclaim amid the laughter with which the incident was good-humoredly met on the stand. In the Bronxville pageant a donkey claimed the privilege of his species, and for some time refused to proceed to his assigned place for any inducement which could be held out to him; and in Philadelphia one of the sheep which accompanied a large body of Swedish settlers entirely disappeared, and found its way at length, in all probability, to a mutton butchery. No animals which I have seen in a pageant have behaved so superbly as the pack of hounds belonging to Colonel Lewis at Cardiff. Afternoons and evenings he brought them upon the field always without the least misplay.

From a photograph by Lewis Bros.

GROUP FROM THE BATH HISTORICAL PAGEANT—KING BLADUD AND HIS PIGS

Bladud, according to legend, was the founder of Bath.

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From a photograph by Lewis Bros.

THE BATH HISTORICAL PAGEANT—ALL THE BATHS OF THE WORLD AT BATH

Ladye Bath (Lady de Blaquiere) is seen in the center surrounded by young ladies representing two towns of the name of Bath in Canada, and twelve in the United States.

There is much in which a master of a pageant will feel particular pride. If I were Mr. Hawtrey, I should take the greatest satisfaction in my success in having found a number of young women who were willing to be thrown over the saddle-bows of some mounted "ruffians," introduced at Cardiff to illustrate the practices of a barbaric age. With their bodies bent over the backs of the horses and their hair streaming in the air, they were carried off the field at a gallop. I was frequently told in Philadelphia that women could not be found to walk five miles in the street in a beautiful procession; yet a great many were obtained for this purpose. Several, indeed, danced and sang as the line advanced, and afterward were polite enough to come to thank me for having given them the unusual opportunity.

As anxious as were several days which I spent in facing this problem, they bore little comparison with the difficulties which I had in realizing my design to obtain several hundred men to represent the British and Hessian soldiers entering Philadelphia in 1777. Time and again I was rebuffed. Every device promised to fail in a city the loyalty of which to American traditions seems to be particularly noteworthy. The members of a local society of young Britons would not appear because elsewhere in the procession battle-flags captured at Yorktown were to be exhibited. Native militia companies, grounded in the principles of our school-books, would not wear the red coats on any account. Finally all obstacles were overcome, though the men were hooted at some points in the march. Great as this task proved to be, I should face it again rather than Mr. Hawtrey's in assembling girls to be thrown over saddle-bows.

The dispositions of men differ, and not all who are brought together upon a pageant-field will be equally gracious. Many will refuse to wear their wigs, with the excuse that they are hot and uncomfortable. Some will defy the commands of the master as to their movements and positions, saying that their service, being unpaid, carries with it no right to unpleasant superintendence. A very common nuisance is the habit on the part of performers of laughing and signaling to their friends as they pass. "No, you quite spoil

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that procession, you girls," I heard a lady in charge of a number of young women at Cardiff expostulate, "by giggling and looking at the stand. You should be entirely oblivious." This is a hard lesson for recruits on the pageant-ground. Still others, as they pass out behind the trees into their camps, will shout until the welkin rings with the echoes of their unruliness. But these are all small matters. They annoy no one so much as the director of the undertaking.

The body of performers, even in an industrial city like Cardiff, where the people can possess no very high average artistic sense, conduct themselves in an admirable way. To see them file in on the last night in an almost interminable procession, ranging themselves before the stand for the finale, and to hear their huzzas as they faced the master of the pageant, left no doubt of their good disposition. Then perhaps they will bring out of the distance upon their shoulders some assistant director amid general cheers, and those who have borne the brunt of the labor and responsibility must feel that it was not all in vain. To sit there, as the lights played upon the fronts of the brightly costumed thousands assembled to depict the various periods in Welsh national history, was indeed a stirring experience. The scene brought to mind a grand army on its last review. If there are tears in the eyes of the general standing over and above this scene of his own creation, the surrender will be only human, and he may be allowed this moment of triumph over weeks and months of difficulties, the exasperation of which no other man can know.

From a photograph of the painting by Charles Hoffbauer

A FLORENTINE PAGEANT—"THE RETURN OF THE CONDOTTIERE"

SONG

BY SARA TEASDALE

YOU bound strong sandals on my feet,
You gave me bread and wine,
And bade me out 'neath sun and stars,
For all the world was mine.

Oh, take the sandals off my feet;
You know not what you do:
For all my world is in your arms;
My sun and stars are you.

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JAMES BURRILL ANGELL, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This bas-relief is to be unveiled in the Memorial Hall, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, June 30, 1910. It is the gift of the late Arthur Hill of Saginaw, Michigan.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY KARL BITTER

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THE MAN IN THE TREE

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

Author of "The Fair Mississippian," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," etc.

IT might well be called the country of the outlaw, this vast tract of dense mountain forests and craggy ravines, this congeries of swirling torrents and cataracts and rapids. Here wild beasts lurked out their savage lives, subsisting by fang and prey,—the panther, the bear, the catamount, the wolf,—and like unto them, ferocious and fugitive, both fearsome and feared, the man with a "wolf's head," on which was set a price, even as the State's bounty for the scalps of the ravening brutes.

One gloomy October afternoon, the zest of a group of sportsmen who had pitched their camp in this sequestered wilderness suffered an abatement on the discovery of the repute of the region and the possibility of being summoned to serve on a sheriff's posse in the discharge of the grimmest of duties.

"But he is no outlaw in the proper sense of the term. The phrase has survived, but the fact is obsolete," said Seymour, who was both a prig and a purist, a man of leisure, and bookish, but a good shot, and vain of his sylvan accomplishments. "Our law places no man beyond the pale of its protection. He has a constitutional right to plead his case in court."

"What is the reward offered to hale him forth and force him to enjoy that privilege—five hundred dollars?" asked Bygrave, who was a newspaper man and had a habit of easy satire.

"Of course he would never suffer himself to be taken alive." Purcell's vocation was that of a broker, and he was given to the discrimination of chances and relative values. "Therefore he is as definitely *caput lupinum* as any outlaw of old. Nobody would be held accountable for cracking his 'wolf's head' off, in the effort to arrest him for the sake of the five hundred dollars. But, meantime, how does the fellow contrive to live?"

"Jes by his rifle, I reckon," replied the rural gossip whom intrusive curiosity occasionally lured to their camp-fire. "Though sence that thar big reward hev been n'ised abroad, I 'd think he 'd be plumb feard ter fire a shot. The echoes be mighty peart these dumb, damp fall days."

The old jeans-clad mountaineer had a certain keen spryness of aspect, despite his bent knees and stooped shoulders. His deeply grooved, narrow, thin face was yet more elongated by the extension of a high forehead into a bald crown, for he wore his broad wool hat on the back of his head. There was something in his countenance not dissimilar to the facial contour of a grasshopper, and the suggestion was heightened by his persistent, rasping chirp.

"That 's what riles Meddy: she can't abide the idee of huntin' a human with sech special coursers ez money reward. She 'lows it mought tempt a' evil man or a' ignorunt one ter swear a miser'ble wretch's life away. Let the law strengthen its own hands—that 's what Meddy say. Don't kindle the sperit of Cain in every brother's breast. Oh, Meddy is plumb comical whenst she fairly gits ter goin', though it 's all on account of that thar man what war growed up in a tree."

The dryadic suggestions of a dendroidal captivity flashed into Seymour's mind with the phrase, and stimulated his curiosity as to some quaint rural perversion of the legend. But it was grim fact that the old mountaineer detailed in answer to the question, as he sat on a log by the fire, while the sportsmen lay on the ground about it and idly listened.

"One day—'t war 'bout two year' ago—thar war a valley-man up hyar a-huntin'

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Drawn by Mayo Bunker

"'YE HEV TUK A POWERFUL PORE PLACE TER HIDE,'" (SEE PAGE 433)

in the mountings with some other fellers, an' toward sunset he war a-waitin' at a 'stand' on a deer-path up thar nigh Headlong Creek, hopin' ter git a shot whenst the deer went down to drink. Waal, I reckon luck war ag'in' him, fer he got nuthin' but durned tired. So, ez he waited, he grounded his rifle, an' leaned himself ag'in' a great big tree ter rest his bones. And presently he jes happened ter turn his head, an', folks! he seen a sight! Fer thar, right close ter his cheek, he looked into a skellington's eye-sockets. Thar war a skellington's grisly face peerin' at him through a crack in the bark."

The raconteur suddenly stopped short, while the group remained silent in expectancy. The camp-fire, with its elastic, leaping flames, had bepainted the darkening avenues of the russet woods with long, fibrous strokes of red and yellow, as with a brush scant of color. The autumnal air was dank, with subtle shivers. A precipice was not far distant on the western side, and there the darksome forest fell away, showing above the massive, purple mountains a section of sky in a heightened clarity of tint, a suave, saffron hue, with one horizontal bar of vivid vermilion that lured the eye. The old mountaineer gazed retrospectively at it as he resumed:

"Waal, sirs, that town-man had never consorted with sech ez skellingtons. He lit out straight! He made tracks! He never stopped till he reached Colbury, an' thar he told his tale. Then the sheriff he tuk a hand in the game. Skellingtons, he said, did n't grow on trees spontaneous, an' he hed an official interes' in human relics out o' place. So he kem,—the tree is 'twixt hyar an' my house thar on the rise,—an', folks! the tale war plain. Some man chased off'n the face of the yearth, hid out from the law,—that 's the way Meddy takes it,—he hed clomb the tree, an' it bein' holler, he drapped down inside it, thinkin' o' course he could git out the way he went in. But, no. It mought hev been deeper 'n he calculated, or mo' narrow, but he could n't make the rise. He died still strugglin', fer his long, bony fingers war gripped in the wood—it 's rotted a deal sence then."

"Who was the man?" asked Seymour.

"Nobody knows, an' nobody keers 'cept' Meddy. She hev wep' a bushel o' tears about him. The cor'ner 'lowed from the old-fashioned flint-lock rifle he hed with him that it mus' hev happened nigh a hunderd years ago. Meddy she will git ter studyin' on that of a winter night, an' how the woman that keered fer him mus' hev watched an' waited fer him, an' 'lowed he war deceitful an' desertin', an' mebbe held a gredge ag'in' him, whilst he war dyin' so pitiful an' helpless, walled up in that tree. Then Meddy will tune up ag'in, an' mighty nigh cry her eyes out. He war n't even graced with a death-bed ter breathe his last; Meddy air partic'lar afflicted that he hed ter die afoot." Old Kettison glanced about the circle, consciously face-

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tious, his heavily grooved face distended in a mocking grin.

"A horrible fate!" exclaimed Seymour, with a half-shudder.

"Edzac'ly," the old mountaineer assented easily.

"What 's her name—Meggy?" asked the journalist, with a mechanical aptitude for detail, no definite curiosity.

"Naw; Meddy—short fer Meddlesome. Her right name is Lorelliny Haddox; but I reckon every livin' soul hev forgot' it but me. She is jes Meddlesome by name, an' meddlesome by natur'."

He suddenly turned, gazing up the steep, wooded slope with an expectant mien, for the gentle rustling amidst the dense, red leaves of the sumach-bushes heralded an approach.

"That mus' be Meddy now," he commented, "with her salt-risin' bread. She 'lowed she war goin' ter fetch you-uns some whenst I tol' her you-uns war lackin'."

For the camp-hunt had already been signalized by divers disasters: the store of loaves in the wagon had been soaked by an inopportune shower; the young mountaineer who had combined the offices of guide and cook was the victim of an accidental discharge of a fowling-piece, receiving a load of bird-shot full in his face. Though his injury was slight, he had returned home, promising to supply his place by sending his brother, who had not yet arrived. Purcell's boast that he could bake ash-cake proved a bluff, and although the party could and did broil bacon and even birds on the coals, they were reduced to the extremity of need for the staff of life.

Hence they were predisposed in the ministrant's favor as she appeared, and were surprised to find that Meddlesome, instead of masterful and middle-aged, was a girl of eighteen, looking very shy and appealing as she paused on the verge of the flaring sumach copse, one hand lifted to a swaying bough, the other arm sustaining a basket. Even her coarse gown lent itself to pleasing effect, since its dull-brown hue composed well with the red and russet glow of the leaves about her, and its short waist, close sleeves, and scant skirt, reaching to the instep, the immemorial fashion of the hills, were less of a grotesque rusticity since there was prevalent elsewhere a vogue of quasi-Empire modes, of which the cut of her garb was reminiscent. A saffron kerchief about her neck had in its folds a necklace of over-cup-acorns in three strands, and her hair, meekly parted on her forehead, was of a burnished gold, and fell in heavy undulations on her shoulders. There was a delicate but distinct tracery of blue veins in her milky-white complexion, and she might have seemed eminently calculated for meddling disastrously with the peace of mind of the mountain youth were it not for the preoccupied expression of her eyes. Though large and blue and long-lashed, they were full of care and perplexity, and a heavy, frowning, disconcerted line between them was so marked as almost to throw her face out of drawing. Troubled about many things, evidently, was Meddlesome. She could not even delegate the opening of a basket that her little brother had brought and placed beside the camp-fire.

"Don't, Gran'dad," she exclaimed suddenly, stepping alertly forward—"*don't* put that loaf in that thar bread-box; the box 'pears ter be damp. Leave the loaf in the big basket till ter-morrer. It 'll eat shorter then, bein' fraish-baked. They kin hev these biscuits fer supper,"—dropping on one knee and setting forth on the cloth, from the basket on her arm, some thick, soggy-looking lumps of dough,—"I baked some dodgers, too—four, six, eight, ten,"—she was counting a dozen golden-brown cates of delectable aspect,—"knowin' they would hone fer corn-meal arter huntin', an' nuthin' else nohow air fitten ter eat with feesh or aigs. Hev you-uns got any aigs?" She sprang up, and, standing on agile tiptoe, peered without ceremony into their wagon. Instantly she recoiled with a cry of horrified reproach. "Thar 's ants in yer short-sweetenin'! How *could* you-uns let sech ez that happen?"

"Oh, surely not," exclaimed Purcell, hastening to her side. But the fact could not be gainsaid: the neglected sugar was spoiled.

Meddlesome's unwarranted intrusion into the arcana of their domestic concerns disclosed other shortcomings. "Why n't ye keep the top on yer coffee-can? Don't ye know the coffee will lose heart, settin' open?" She repaired this oversight with a deft touch, and then proceeded: "We-uns ain't got no short sweetenin' at our house, but I 'll send my leetle brother ter fetch some long sweetenin' fer yer coffee ter-

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night. Hyar, Sol,"—addressing the small, limber, tow-headed, barefooted boy, a ludicrous miniature of a man in long, loose, brown-jeans trousers supported by a single suspender over an unbleached cotton shirt,—"run ter the house an' fetch the sorghum-jug."

As Sol started off with the alertness of a scurrying rabbit, she shrilly called out in a frenzy of warning: "Go the other way, Sol—up through the pawpaws! Them cherty rocks will cut yer feet like a knife."

Sol had nerves of his own. Her sharp cry had caused him to spring precipitately backward, frightened, but uncomprehending his danger. Being unhurt, he was resentful. "They ain't none o' *yer* feet, nohow," he grumbled, making a fresh start at less speed.

"Oh, yes, Sol," said the old grandfather, enjoying the contretemps and the sentiment of revolt against Meddlesome's iron rule. "Everything belongs ter Meddlesome one way er another, 'ca'se she jes makes it hern. So take keer of *yer* feet fer *her* sake." He turned toward her jocosely as the small emissary disappeared among the undergrowth. "I jes been tellin' these hunter-men, Meddy, 'bout how ye sets yerself even ter meddle with other folkses' mournin',—what they got through with a hunderd yeär' ago,—tormentatin' 'bout that thar man what war starved in the tree."

She heard him, doubtless, for a rising flush betokened her deprecation of this ridicule in the presence of these strangers. But it was rather that she remembered his words afterward than heeded them now. It would seem that certain incidents, insignificant in themselves, are the pivots on which turns the scheme of fate. She could not imagine that upon her action in the next few seconds depended grave potentialities in more lives than one. On the contrary, her deliberations were of a trivial subject, even ludicrous in any other estimation than her own.

Sol was small, she argued within herself, the jug was large and sticky. He might be tempted to lighten it, for Sol had saccharine predilections, and the helpless jug was at his mercy. Sol had scant judgment and one suit of clothes available; the other, sopping wet from the wash, now swayed in the process of drying on an elder-bush in the dooryard. Should his integrity succumb, and the jug tilt too far, the stream of sorghum might inundate his raiment, and the catastrophe would place him beyond the pale of polite society. The seclusion of bed would be the only place for Sol till such time as the elder-bush should bear the fruit of dry clothes.

"Poor Sol!" she exclaimed, her prophetic sympathy bridging the chasm between possibility and accomplished fact. "I 'll fetch the jug myself. I 'll take the short cut an' head him."

Thus she set her feet in the path of her future. It led her into dense, tangled woods, clambering over outcropping ledges and boulders. By the flare of the west she guided her progress straight to the east till she reached the banks of Headlong Creek on its tumultuous course down the mountain-side. In her hasty enterprise she had not counted on crossing it, but Meddlesome rarely turned back. She was strong and active, and after a moment's hesitation, she was springing from one to another of the great, half-submerged boulders amidst the swirl of the transparent crystal-brown water, with its fleck and fringe of white foam. More than once, to evade the dizzying effect of the sinuous motion and the continuous roar, she stood still in midstream and gazed upward or at the opposite bank. The woods were dense on the slope. All in red and yellow and variant russet and brown tints, the canopy of the forest foliage was impenetrable. The great, dark boles of oak and gum and spruce contrasted sharply with the white and greenish-gray trunks of beeches and sycamore and poplar, and, thus breaking the monotony, gave long, almost illimitable avenues of sylvan vistas. She noted amidst a growth of willows on the opposite bank, at the water's-edge, a spring, a circular, rock-bound reservoir; in the marshy margin she could see the imprints of the cleft hoofs of deer, and thence ran the indefinite trail known as a deer-path. The dense covert along the steep slope was a famous "deer-stand," and there many a fine buck had been killed. All at once she was reminded of the storied tree hard by, the tragedy of which she had often bewept.

There it stood, dead itself, weird, phantasmal, as befitted the housing of so drear a fate. Its branches now bore no leaves. The lightnings of a last-year's storm had

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scorched out its vital force and riven the fiber of the wood. Here and there, too, the tooth of decay had gnawed fissures that the bark had not earlier known; and from one of these—she thought herself in a dream—a ghastly, white face looked out suddenly, and as suddenly vanished!

Her heart gave one wild plunge, then it seemed to cease to beat. She wondered afterward that she did not collapse, and sink into the plunging rapids to drown, beaten and bruised against the rocks. It was a muscular instinct that sustained her rather than a conscious impulse of self-preservation. Motionless, horrified, amazed, she could only gaze at the empty fissure of the tree on the slope. She could not then discriminate the wild, spectral imaginations that assailed her untutored mind. She could not remember these fantasies later. It was a relief so great that the anguish of the physical reaction was scarcely less poignant than the original shock when she realized that this face was not the grisly skeleton lineaments that had looked out thence heretofore, but was clothed with flesh, though gaunt, pallid, furtive. Once more, as she gazed, it appeared in a mere glimpse at the fissure, and in that instant a glance was interchanged. The next moment a hand appeared: it was beckoning her to approach.

It was a gruesome mandate. She had scant choice. She did not doubt that this was the fugitive, the "wolf's head," and should she turn to flee, he could stop her progress with a pistol-ball, for doubtless he would fancy her alert to disclose the discovery and share in the reward. Perhaps feminine curiosity aided fear; perhaps only her proclivity to find an employ in the management of others influenced her decision; though trembling in every fiber, she crossed the interval of water, and made her way up the slope. But when she reached the fateful tree it was she who spoke first. He cast so ravenous a glance at the basket on her arm that all his story of want and woe was revealed. Starvation had induced his disclosure of his identity.

"It 's empty," she said, inverting the basket. She watched him flinch, and asked wonderingly, "Is game skeerce?"

His eyes were at once forlorn and fierce. "Oh, yes, powerful skeerce," he replied with a bitter laugh.

There was an enigma in the rejoinder; she did not stay to read the riddle, but went on to possess the situation, according to her wont. "Ye hev tuk a powerful pore place ter hide," she admonished him. "This tree is a plumb cur'osity. Gran'dad Kettison war tellin' some camp-hunters 'bout'n it jes this evenin'. Like ez not they 'll kem ter view it."

His eyes dilated with a sudden accession of terror that seemed always a-smoulder. "Lawd, Lawd, Lawd!" he moaned wretchedly.

Meddlesome was true to her name and tradition. "Ye oughter hev remembered the Lawd 'fore ye done it," she said, with a repellent impulse; then she would have given much to recall the reproach. The man was desperate; his safety lay in her silence. A pistol-shot would secure it, and anger would limber the trigger.

But he did not seem indignant. His eyes, intelligent and feverishly bright, gazed down at her only in obvious dismay and surprise. "Done what?" he asked, and as, prudence prevailing for once, she did not reply, he spoke for her. "The murder, ye mean? Why, gal, I war n't even thar. I knowed nuthin' 'bout it till later. Ez God is my helper and my hope, I war n't even thar."

She stood astounded. "Then why n't ye leave it ter men?"

"I can't *prove* it ag'in' thar oaths. I war known ter be consarned in the moonshinin' that ended in murder, but *I* hed not been nigh the still fer a week,—I war out a-huntin',—when the revenuers made the raid. There war a scrimmage 'twixt the raiders an' the distillers, an' an outsider that hed nuthin' ter do with the Federal law—he war the constable o' the deestrick, an' jes rid with the gang ter see the fun or ter show them the way—he war killed. An' account o' *him,* the State law kem into the game. Them other moonshiners war captured, an' they swore ag'in' me 'bout the shootin' ter save tharselves, but I hearn thar false oaths hev done them no good, they being held as accessory. An' I be so ez I can't prove an alibi—I can't *prove* it, though it 's God's truth. But before high heaven—" he lifted his gaunt right hand—"I am innercent, I am innercent."

She could not have said why,—perhaps she realized afterward,—but she believed him absolutely, implicitly. A fervor of

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sympathy for his plight, of commiseration, surged up in her heart. "I wisht it war so I could gin ye some pervisions," she sighed, "though ye do 'pear toler'ble triflin' ter lack game."

Then the dread secret was told. "Gal,—" He used the word as a polite form of address, the equivalent of the more sophisticated "lady,"—"ef ye will believe me, all my ammunition is spent. Not a ca'tridge lef', not a dust of powder."

Meddy caught both her hands to her lips to intercept and smother a cry of dismay.

"I snared a rabbit two days ago in a dead-fall. My knife-blade is bruk, but I reckon thar is enough lef' ter split my jugular whenst the eend is kem at last."

The girl suddenly caught her faculties together. "What sorter fool talk is that?" she demanded sternly. "Ye do my bid, ef ye knows what 's good fer ye. Git out'n this trap of a tree an' hide 'mongst the crevices of the rocks till seben o'clock ternight. Then kem up ter Gran'dad Kettison's whenst it is cleverly dark an' tap on the glass winder—not on the batten shutter. An' I 'll hev ca'tridges an' powder an' ball fer ye, an' some victuals ready, too."

But the fugitive, despite his straits, demurred. "I don't want ter git old man Kettison into trouble fer lendin' ter me."

" 'T ain't his'n. 'T is my dad's old buckshot ca'tridges an' powder an' ball. They belong ter *me*. The other childern is my half-brothers, bein' my mother war married twice. Ye kin *steal* this gear from me, ef that will make ye feel easier."

"But what will yer gran'dad say ter me?"

"He won't know who ye be; he will jes 'low ye air one o' the boys who air always foolin' away thar time visitin' me an' makin' tallow-dips skeerce." The sudden gleam of mirth on her face was like an illuminating burst of sunshine, and somehow it cast an irradiation into the heart of the fugitive, for, after she was gone out of sight, he pondered upon it.

But the early dusk fell from a lowering sky, and the night came on beclouded and dark. Some turbulent spirit was loosed in the air, and the wind was wild. Great, surging masses of purple vapor came in a mad rout from the dank west and gathered above the massive and looming mountains. The woods bent and tossed and clashed their boughs in the riot of gusts, the sear leaves were flying in clouds, and presently rain began to fall. The steady downpour increased in volume to torrents; then the broad, pervasive flashes of lightning showed, in lieu of myriad lines, an unbroken veil of steely gray swinging from the zenith, the white foam rebounding as the masses of water struck the earth. The camp equipage, tents and wagons succumbed beneath the fury of the tempest, and, indeed, the hunters had much ado to saddle their horses and grope their way along the bridle-path that led to old Kettison's house.

The rude comfort of the interior had a heightened emphasis by reason of the elemental turmoils without. True, the rain beat in a deafening fusillade upon the roof, and the ostentation of the one glass window, a source of special pride to its owner, was at a temporary disadvantage in admitting the fierce and ghastly electric glare, so recurrent as to seem unintermittent. But the more genial illumination of hickory flames, red and yellow, was streaming from the great chimney-place, and before the broad hearth the guests were ensconced, their outstretched boots steaming in the heat. Strings of scarlet peppers, bunches of dried herbs, gourds of varied quaint shapes, hung swaying from the rafters. The old man's gay, senile chirp of welcome was echoed by his wife, a type of comely rustic age, who made much of the fact that, though house-bound from "rheumatics," she had reared her dead daughter's "two orphin famblies," the said daughter having married twice, neither man "bein' of a lastin' quality," as she seriously phrased it. Meddy, "the eldest fambly," had been guide, philosopher, and friend to the swarm of youngsters, and even now, in the interests of peace and space and hearing, was seeking to herd them into an adjoining room, when a sudden stentorian hail from without rang through the splashing of the rain from the eaves, the crash of thunder among the "balds" of the mountains, and its lofty echoes, and the sonorous surging of the wind.

"Light a tallow-dip, Meddy," cried old Kettison, excitedly. "An' fetch the candle on the porch so ez we-uns kin view who rides so late in sech a night 'fore we bid 'em ter light an' hitch."

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But these were travelers not to be gainsaid—the sheriff of the county and four stout fellows from the town of Colbury, summoned to his aid as a posse, all trooping in as if they owned the little premises. However, the officer permitted himself to unbend a trifle under the influence of a hospitable tender of home-made cherry-bounce, strong enough to walk from here to Colbury, according to the sheriff's appreciative phrase. He was a portly man, with a rolling, explanatory cant of his burly head and figure toward his interlocutor as he talked. His hair stood up in two tufts above his forehead, one on each side, and he had large, round, grayish eyes and a solemn, pondering expression. To Meddy, staring horror-stricken, he seemed as owlishly wise as he looked while he explained the object of his expedition.

"This district have got a poor reputation with the law, Mr. Kettison. Here is this fellow, Royston McGurny, been about here two years, and a reward for five hundred dollars out for his arrest."

"That 's Roy's fault, Sher'ff, not our'n," leered the glib old man. He, too, had had a sip of the stalwart cherry-bounce. "Roy 's in no wise sociable."

"It 's plumb flying in the face of the law," declared the officer. "If I had a guide, I 'd not wait a minute, or if I could recognize the man whenst I viewed him. The constable promised to send a fellow to meet me here,—what 's his name?—yes, Smith, Barton Smith,—who will guide us to where he was last glimpsed. I hope to take him alive," he added with an inflection of doubt.

Certainly this was a dreary camp-hunt, with all its distasteful sequelæ. Purcell, who had no more imagination than a promissory note, silently sulked under the officer's intimation that, being able-bodied men, he would expect the hunters also to ride with him. They were not of his county, as they told him, and doubted their obligation, but would not refuse to aid the law. Bygrave, too, realized a "story" in the air, and Seymour was interested in the impending developments; for being a close observer, he had perceived that the girl was in the clutch of some tumultuous though covert agitation. Her blood blazed at fever-heat in her cheeks; here eyes were on fire; every muscle was tense; and her brain whirled. To her the crisis was tremendous. This was the result of her unwarranted interference. Who was she, indeed, that she should seek to command the march of events and deploy sequences? Her foolish manœuvering had lured this innocent man to ruin, capture, anguish, and death. No warning could he have; the window was opaque with the corrugations of the rainfall on the streaming panes, and set too high to afford him a glimpse from without. And, oh, how he would despise the traitor that she must needs seem to be! She had not a moment for reflection, for counsel, for action. Already the signal,—he was prompt at the tryst,—the sharp, crystalline vibration of the tap on the glass!

The sheriff rose instantly with that cumbrous agility sometimes characterizing portly men. "There he is now!" he exclaimed.

But Meddy, with a little hysterical cry, had sprung first to the opening door. "Barton Smith!" she exclaimed, with shrill significance. "Hyar is yer guide, Sher'ff, wet ez a drownded rat."

The pale face in the dark aperture of the doorway, as the fire-light flashed on it, grew ghastly white with terror and lean with amazement. For a moment the man seemed petrified. Seymour, vaguely fumbling with his suspicions, began to disintegrate the plot of the play, and to discriminate the powers of the dramatis personæ.

"Now, my man, step lively," said the officer in his big, husky voice. "Do you know this Royston McGurny?"

To be sure, Seymour had no cause for suspicion but the intangible evidence of tone and look and his own intuition, all as obvious to the others as to him. But he was at once doubtful and relieved when the haggard wretch at the door, mustering his courage, replied: "Know Royston McGurny? None better. Knowed him all my life."

"Got pretty good horse?"

"Got none at all; expect ter borry Mr. Kettison's."

"I 'll go show ye whar the saddle be," exclaimed Meddy, with her wonted officiousness, and glibly picking up the bits of her shattered scheme. Seymour fully expected they would not return from the gloom without, whither they had disap-

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peared, but embrace the immediate chance of escape before the inopportune arrival of the real Barton Smith should balk the possibility. But, no,—and he doubted anew all his suspicions,—in a trice here they both were again, a new courage, a new hope in that pallid, furtive face, and another horse stood saddled among the equine group at the door. Meddlesome was pinning up the brown skirt of her gown, showing a red petticoat that had harmonies with a coarse, red plaid shawl adjusted over her head and shoulders.

"Gran'dad," she observed, never looking up, and speaking with her mouth full of pins, "Barton Smith say he kin set me down at Aunt Drusina's house. Ye know she be ailin', an' sent fer me this evenin'; but I hed no way ter go."

The sheriff looked sour enough at this intrusion; but he doubtless imagined that this relative was no distant neighbor, and as he had need of hearty aid and popular support, he offered no protest.

There was a clearing sky without, and the wind was laid. The frenzy of the storm was over, although rain was still falling. The little cavalcade got to horse deliberately enough amid the transparent dun shadows and dim yellow flare of light from open doors and windows. One of the mounts had burst a girth, and a strap must be procured from the plow-gear in the shed. Another, a steed of some spirit, reared and plunged at the lights, and could not be induced to cross the illuminated bar thrown athwart the yard from the open door. The official impatience of the delay was expressed in irritable comments and muttered oaths; but throughout the interval the guide, with his pallid, strained face, sat motionless in his saddle, his rifle across its pommel, an apt presentment of indifference, while, perched behind him, Meddy was continually busy in readjusting her skirts or shawl or a small bundle that presumably contained her rustic finery, but which, to a close approach, would have disclosed a sulphurous odor.

When the cluster of horsemen was fairly on the march, however, she sat quite still, and more than once Seymour noted that, with her face close to the shoulder of the guide, she was whispering in his ear. What was their game? he marveled, having once projected the idea that this latecomer was himself the "wolf's head" whom they were to chase down for a rich reward, incongruously hunting amidst his own hue and cry. Or, Seymour again doubted, had he merely constructed a figment of a scheme from his own imaginings and these attenuations of suggestion? For there seemed, after all, scant communication between the two, and this was even less when the moon was unveiled, the shifting shimmer of the clouds falling away from the great sphere of pearl, gemming the night with an incomparable splendor. It had grown almost as light as day, and the sheriff ordered the pace quickened. Along a definite cattle-trail they went at first, but presently they were following through bosky recesses a deer-path, winding sinuously at will on the way to water. The thinning foliage let in the fair, ethereal light, and all the sylvan aisles stood in sheeny silver illumination. The drops of moisture glittered jewel-wise on the dark boughs of fir and pine, and one could even discriminate the red glow of sour-wood and the golden flare of hickory, so well were the chromatic harmonies asserted in this refined and refulgent glamour.

"Barton Smith!" called the sheriff suddenly from the rear of the party. There was no answer, and Seymour felt his prophetic blood run cold. His conscience began to stir. Had he, indeed, no foundation for his suspicion?

"Smith! *Smith!*" cried the irascible officer. "Hey, there! Is the man deaf?"

"Not deef, edzac'ly," Meddlesome's voice sounded reproachfully; "jes a leetle hard o' hearin'." She had administered a warning nudge.

"Hey? What ye want?" said the "Wolf's Head," suddenly checking his horse.

"Have you any idea of where you are going, or how far?" demanded the officer, sternly.

"Just acrost the gorge," the guide answered easily.

"I heard he had been glimpsed in a hollow tree. That word was telephoned from the cross-roads to town. It was the tree the skeleton was in."

"That tree? It 's away back yander," observed one of the posse, reluctant and disaffected.

"Oh, he has quit that tree; he is bound fer up the gorge now," said the guide.

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"Well, I suppose you know, from what I was told," said the sheriff, discontentedly; "but this is a long ja'nt. Ride up! Ride up!"

Once more they fared through the perfumed woods. The wild asters were blooming, and sweet and subtle distillations of the autumnal growths were diffused on the air. The deer are but ill at road-making,—such tangled coverts, such clifty ledges, such wild leaps; for now the path threaded the jagged verge of precipices. The valley, a black abyss above which massive, purplish mountains loomed against a sky of pearly tints, was visibly narrowing. They all knew that presently it would become a mere gorge, a vast indentation in the mountain-side. The weird vistas across the gorge were visible now, craggy steeps, and deep woods filled with moonlight, with that peculiar untranslated intendment which differentiates its luminosity in the wilderness from the lunar glamour of cultivated scenes—something weird, melancholy, eloquent of a meaning addressed to the soul, but which the senses cannot entertain or words express.

With a sudden halt, the guide dismounted. The girl still sat on the saddle-blanket, and the horse bowed his head and pawed. The posse were gazing dubiously, reluctantly at a foot-bridge across a deep abyss. It was only a log, the upper side hewn, with a shaking hand-rail held by slight standards.

"Have we got to cross this?" asked the officer, still in the saddle and gazing downward.

"Ef ye foller me," said the guide, indifferently.

But he was ahead of his orders. He visibly braced his nerves for the effort, and holding his rifle as a balancing-pole, he sped along the light span with a tread as deft as a fox or a wolf. In a moment he had gained the farther side.

They scarcely knew how it happened. So unexpected was the event that, though it occurred before their eyes, they did not seem to see it. They remembered rather than perceived that he stooped suddenly; with one single great effort of muscular force he dislodged the end of the log, heaved it up in the air, strongly flung it aside, whence it went crashing down into the black depths below, its own weight as it fell sufficing to wrench out the other end, carrying with it a mass of earth and rock from the verge of the precipice.

The horses sprang back snorting and frightened; the officer's, being a fine animal in prime condition, tried to bolt. Before he had him well in hand again the man on the opposite brink had vanished. The sheriff's suspicions were barely astir when a hallooing voice in the rear made itself heard, and a horseman, breathless with haste, his steed flecked with foam, rode up, indignant, flushed, and eager.

"Why n't ye wait fer me, Sher'ff? Ye air all on the wrong track," he cried. "Royston McGurny be hid in the skellington's tree. I glimpsed him thar myself, an' gin information."

The sheriff gazed down with averse and suspicious eyes. "What 's all this?" he said sternly. "Give an account of yourself."

"Me?" exclaimed the man in amazement. "Why, I 'm Barton Smith, yer guide, that 's who. An' I 'm good fer five hunderd dollars' reward."

But the sheriff called off the pursuit for the time, as he had no means of replacing the bridge or of crossing the chasm.

Meddlesome's share in the escape was not detected, and for a while she had no incentive to the foolhardiness of boasting. But her prudence diminished when the reward for the apprehension of Royston McGurny was suddenly withdrawn. The confession of one of the distillers, dying of tuberculosis contracted in prison, who had himself fired the fatal shot, had established the alibi that McGurny claimed, and served to relieve him of all suspicion save a cast of the moonshine. Even this gradually waned, for he eventually became a "herder" of cattle on the bald of the mountain and a farmer in a small way, and in these placid pursuits he found a contented existence. But occasionally a crony of his olden time would contrast the profits of this tame industry at a disadvantage with the quick and large returns of the "wild cat," when he would "confess and avoid."

"That 's true, that 's all true; but a man can't holp it no ways in the world whenst he hev got a wife that is so out-an'-out meddlesome that she won't let him run ag'in' the law, nohow he kin fix it."

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Owned by Thomas Shields Clarke. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A RUSSIAN PRINCE

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGES GRIVEAU

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ART)

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THE AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN FLAG"

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON

Author of the "Life of Fitz-Greene Halleck," etc.

A FEW days before the untimely death, in 1820, of Joseph Rodman Drake, one of Shelley's "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," he presented to his favorite sister Caroline a small octavo blank-book in which he had written a majority of his poems. Half a century later, her only son lent me the interesting literary treasure, followed by manuscript copies of all his uncle's poems not included in the published volume, which was first issued in 1835, with a dedication to Fitz-Greene Halleck. The volume, issued by Mrs. George Coleman de Kay, Drake's only daughter, contained nineteen pieces, selected by Halleck, including Drake's most celebrated poems, "The Culprit Fay," written in 1816, and "The American Flag," composed in 1819. The dedication reads: "To her father's friend Fitz-Greene Halleck these poems are respectfully inscribed by the author's daughter." With the exception of "Thanatopsis," no poems previously produced by an American attracted more wide-spread admiration throughout our country and Great Britain.

From a miniature by Metcalf Owned by the poet's grandson, Charles de Kay

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

From the little blank-book are taken the accompanying facsimiles of the original drafts of the first page of "The Culprit Fay," and the last page of "The American Flag." As will be observed, the concluding four lines of the second poem are stricken out, and the same number are added by Halleck.

From Charles P. Clinch (1797–1880), the last survivor among the intimate friends of Drake and Halleck, I heard more than a quarter of a century ago some interesting incidents concerning the delightful companionship that existed for almost a decade between Drake and Halleck, the Damon and Pythias of American poets. Mr. Clinch told me that one evening in May, 1819, he went by invitation to Drake's house in Park Row, next door to Beekman Street.

Going up-stairs, we found Drake and Halleck, when the former remarked: "Charlie, you are just in time to hear a new 'Croaker' that I was about to inflict on Fitz," whereupon Drake read "The Amer-

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ican Flag," which he had written, or at least completed, that day. At its conclusion came the inquiry, "How will that do, messieurs?" "Admirable," exclaimed Halleck; "but I believe you could better the last four lines." "Well, suppose you suggest a better stanza," said Drake. Halleck rose from his chair, and, walking to the table, sat down and wrote on the inspiration of the moment, without the least hesitation, the lines which were immediately adopted by Drake, who remarked: "Fitz, those are fine, and I accept them as being better than mine." But few of Drake's poems were changed or corrected in any way. Before we separated that night I made a copy of the poem (signing it Croaker & Co. by Drake's request), which Dr. Langstaff carried the following morning to the office of "The Evening Post," and in the afternoon of the same day, May 29, 1819, the poem appeared in that paper, with a complimentary introduction by the editor, William Coleman.

Mr. Drake died at his residence, 34 Park Row, New York, early in the morning of September 21, 1820, passing away at about the same early age as John Keats, who was born in the same year, 1795, and whose "Endymion" [1] Drake greatly admired, and frequently read aloud to his friends Halleck and Langstaff. The burial was in the Hunt family's burying-ground at Hunt's Point, Westchester County. Mr. Clinch, who was present, told me that, as they turned away, Halleck said to Dr. James de Kay, Drake's brother-in-law, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that dear Joe is gone." A low

From a daguerreotype owned by General James Grant Wilson and not before reproduced

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK—ABOUT 1855
(WHEN 65 YEARS OLD)

[1] Drake's copy of "Endymion," which he purchased in London, was among Halleck's most highly prized literary treasures.

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monument of marble, surmounted by a quadrangular pyramid, rises above the grave.

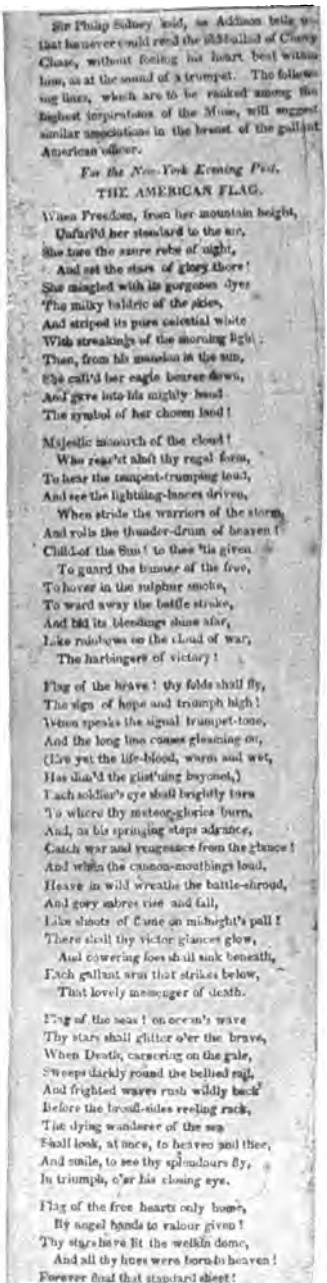
In allusion to the place of the poet's burial, Mr. Charles Graham Tillou, a nephew of Drake, writes:

Drake's father (my grandfather) was Col. Jonathan Drake of the Revolutionary army, who owned a large estate, being a portion of Pelham Manor. He married Hannah Lawrence, the daughter of Effingham Lawrence of Flushing, Long Island. She was a lady of great beauty, possessing poetical ability of no mean order, and it was presumably from her that Drake and his sisters Caroline and Louise inherited their poetic talent.

It was a curious circumstance, as stated to me by Halleck, that "The Culprit Fay" first appeared in an English paper. At different dates Drake made as many as six manuscript copies of the poem, one of the number being transcribed for Halleck; another passed into the possession of N. P. Willis, and, when in England, among several contributions he made to the London "Athenæum" was an article on Drake, which included "The Culprit Fay." From that journal it was copied into American papers before its appearance in the volume of 1835. A few years ago I was offered the so-called original draft of this poem for a large price, which proffer I declined, as I knew of other copies.[1]

Something more than a score of years after Drake's death, in a poetical epistle addressed to Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt Rush of Philadelphia, who was associated with

[1] This suggests mention of a similar incident. When General Grant wrote his celebrated "Unconditional Surrender" letter to General Buckner at Fort Donelson, an official copy was made and signed by Grant. This was sent to Buckner, while the original draft was presented to Adjutant-General Rawlins, who expressed a wish to preserve it, together with the Confederate general's reply. A score of years later, when Grant's "Personal Memoirs" was passing through the press, an army surgeon's widow sold to the general's publishers one of six copies made by him for friends, as the original letter, and it appeared as such in facsimile in the first volume, both parties presumably acting in good faith. Afterward it was discovered that Grant's first draft was in the possession of the venerable Ferdinand J. Dreer of Philadelphia, owner of one of the finest private autograph collections in this country. At General Rawlins's death, he bequeathed the Grant-Buckner correspondence to an army friend, who presented it to Mr. Dreer, whose collection was bequeathed to the Pennsylvania Historical Society.



Sir Philip Sidney said, as Addison tells us, that he never could read the old ballad of Chevy Chase, without feeling his heart beat within him, as at the sound of a trumpet. The following lines, which are to be ranked among the highest inspirations of the Muse, will suggest similar associations in the breast of the gallant American officer.

For the New-York Evening Post.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strides the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glist'ning bayonet,)
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance!
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
There shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath,
Each gallant arm that strikes below,
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broad-sides reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,
And smile, to see thy splendours fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts only home,
By angel hands to valour given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

CROAKER & CO

FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF A CLIPPING FROM THE NEW YORK "EVENING POST" OF MAY 29, 1819

This was the first printing of "The American Flag," and the clipping (now owned by General James Grant Wilson) was sent to Miss Maria Halleck, by her brother, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who wrote the last four lines.

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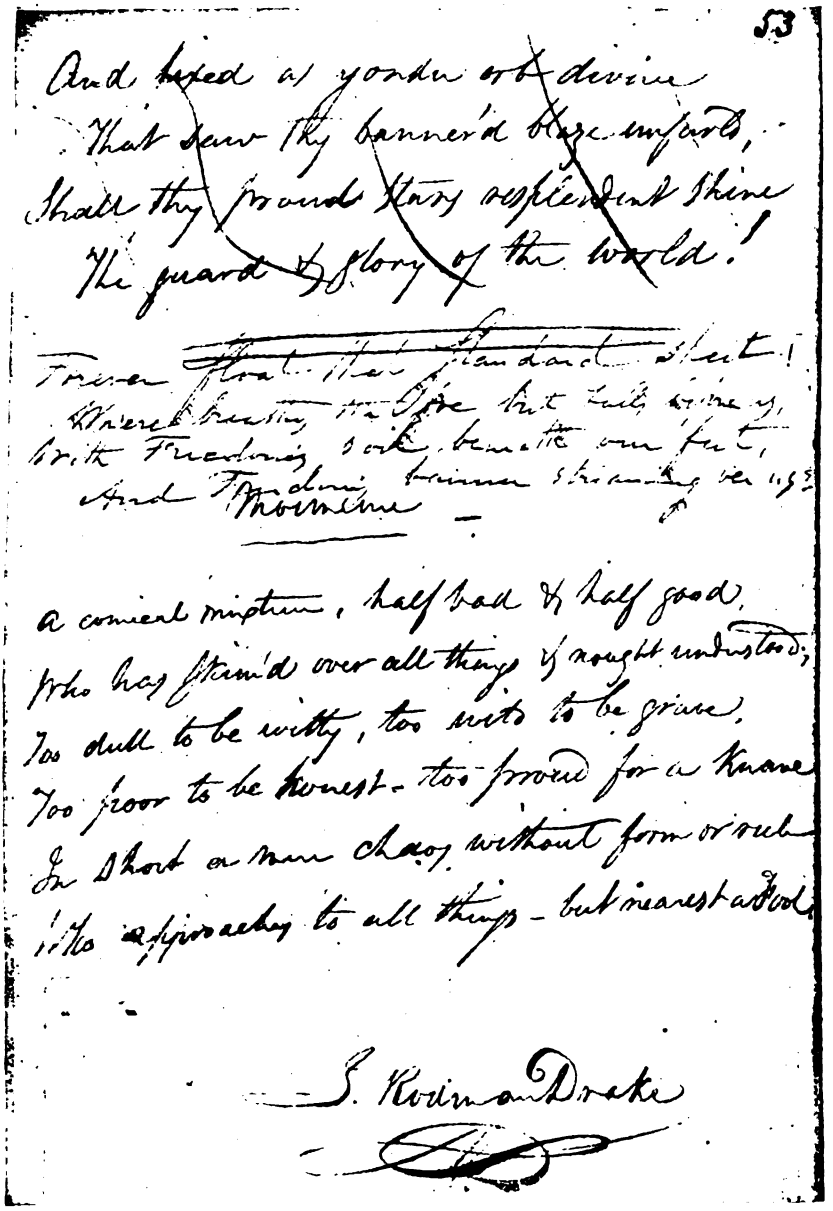

From the manuscript owned by Mrs. Eugene D. Fisk

THE LAST STANZA OF "THE AMERICAN FLAG," AS WRITTEN BY DRAKE AND BY HALLECK

Facsimile of the last page of a small quarto volume of Drake's complete poems copied in his own handwriting in 1819. This page shows in Drake's handwriting the discarded last four lines of his poem "The American Flag," and beneath, in Halleck's handwriting, the four lines substituted by him and adopted by Drake. The lines "Moimeme" (Myself) are not among Drake's poems published in 1836 by his daughter Mrs. George C. de Kay and dedicated to Halleck.

many of the happiest hours of the young poets and literary partners at Hunt's Point, Halleck wrote of his friend:

"Gone are the days of sunny weather
(I quote remembered words), when we
'Revelled in poetry' together,
And frightened leaves from off their tree
With declamation loud and long,
From epic sage and merry song,
And odes and madrigals and sonnets,
Till all the birds within the wood,
And people of the neighborhood,

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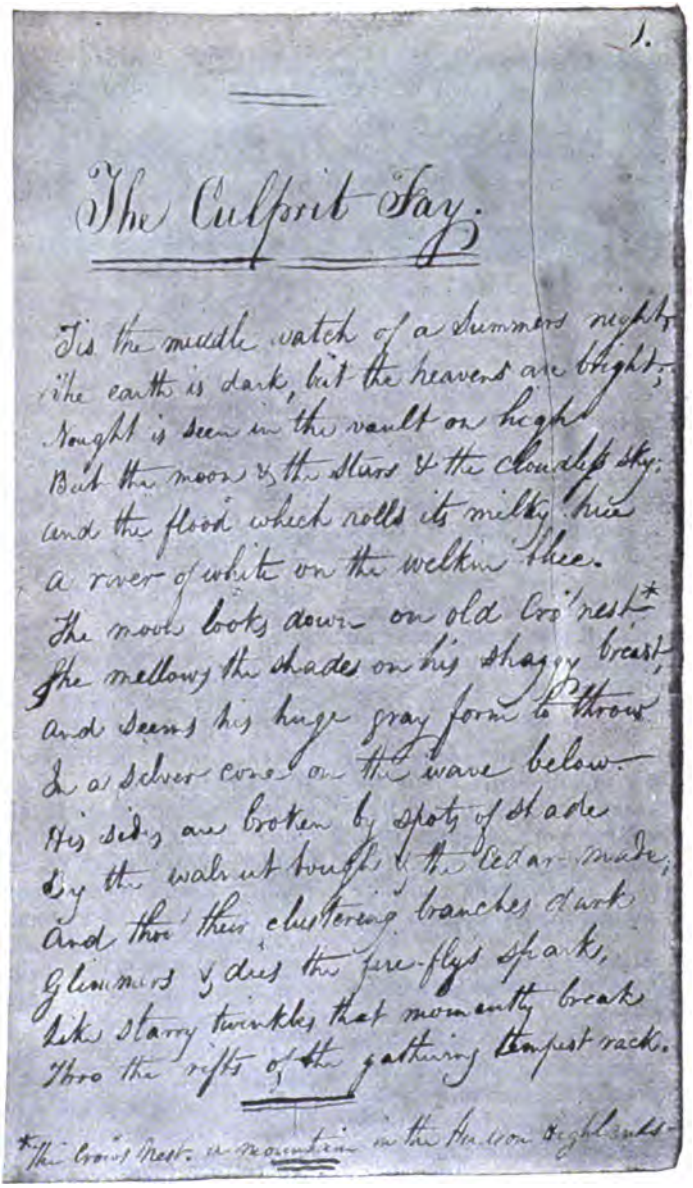
1.

The Culprit Fay.

'Tis the middle watch of a Summers night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Nought is seen in the vault on high
But the moon & the stars & the cloudless sky;
And the flood which rolls its milky hue
A river of white on the welkin thro'.
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest*
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his hugh gray form to throw
In a silver coat on the wave below.
His sides are broken by spots of shade
By the walnut bough & the cedar made,
And thro' their clustering branches dark
Glimmers & dies the fire-fly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Thro the rifts of the gathering tempest rack.

*The Cro'nest is a mountain in the Highlands

From the manuscript owned by Mrs. Eugene D. Fisk

FACSIMILE OF THE OPENING LINES OF "THE CULPRIT FAY," BEING PAGE 1 OF DRAKE'S MANUSCRIPT COPY OF HIS POEMS

Said we 'd 'a bee in both our bonnets.'
And he sat listening—he the most
Honored and loved, and early lost—
He in whose mind's brief boyhood hour
Was blended, by the marvellous power
That Heaven-sent genius gave,
The green blade with the golden grain,
Alas! to bloom and beard in vain,
Sheafed round a sick-room's bed of pain,
And garnered in the grave."

In a letter to Halleck, now before me, dated Philadelphia, January 3, 1862, Mrs. Rush writes: "In our early youth Drake would write a song, and read it to me *once;* if I could repeat a verse or two immediately, he would throw it into the fire, but he never expected me to know a word of it next day!"

Francis R. Tillou, who, from 1852 to 1855, was Recorder of New York, when he died, a few years later, left an affection-

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ate tribute in manuscript to the memory of his relative by marriage. In this appreciation, the judge writes:

Dr. J. R. Drake's productions present poetry in its spirit, its grace, and its power, and when considered in connection with the time and circumstances under which they were composed must be regarded as wonderful. They were each and all impromptus, for he never elaborated: all were written before the age of twenty-five, when he died: many of them before I was fourteen. "The Culprit Fay," it is said, was composed and written in a few days. How in so short a period that could have been done, how in such variety and appropriateness the numerous creatures, the products, the elements, the vast stores of nature which Dr. Drake employed, could in such minute and harmonious detail have been woven in and made so attractively tributary to the purposes of that remarkable poem, cannot be answered otherwise than that it was so wrought out by the power of genius.

Halleck sent a copy of the poem to his sister, with this indorsement: "The following lines were written by Joseph Rodman Drake in New York, August, 1816, and copied from the author's manuscript in January, 1817, by Fitz-Greene Halleck." In a letter accompanying it the poet writes:

I send you herewith two manuscript poems written by a dear friend whose name, I believe, I have mentioned to you. He is a young physician about twenty-two. "The Culprit Fay" was written in three days. The copy you have is from the original, without the least alteration. It is certainly the best thing of the kind in the English language, and is more strikingly original than I had supposed it was possible for a modern poem to be.

In contrast to Halleck's always enthusiastic encomiums is Drake's description of himself contained in the hitherto unpublished lines entitled *"Moimeme,"* here given in the facsimile under the concluding stanza of "The American Flag." They are without date, but were presumably composed before his marriage, which placed him in less straitened circumstances. The six lines are much after the style (though written before it) of Lowell's "Fable for Critics," and both in measure and mood recall that graphic portrait-gallery, especially its characterization of Lowell himself.

Drake was most fortunate in the friendship of Halleck, whose poetic genius was akin to his own, and whom he associated with himself as literary partner in the authorship of "The Croakers," a series of papers written from time to time for the New York "Evening Post," which, as Washington Irving said, "set one half of New York mad with anger and the other half mad with delight." The work of Drake was signed "Croaker"; that of Halleck "Croaker, Junior," because the younger man was the one who began the series; and their joint work Croaker & Co." The two had become warmly attached friends in the spring of 1813. When the handsome young physician was married in the summer of 1816 to the eldest daughter of the well-to-do shipbuilder Henry Eckford of New York, Halleck officiated as groomsman; when the couple went to Europe it was to his brother-poet that Drake addresses several poetical epistles; when their daughter and only child was born (afterward Mrs. George Coleman de Kay), she was chrisened Janet Halleck; it was his youthful friend "Fitz" who, with more than a brother's love, soothed his dying hours; and it was the sorrow-stricken friend who wrote those familiar and touching lines, which will ever continue to be Drake's and Halleck's most enduring monument:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

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THE VALLEY OF STARS

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I

THOUGH shorn the heavens by the long mountain bars,
This is the Valley of Stars.
On sea, nor plain, nor heaven-invading height,
Burn they with lovelier light.
The desert's and the ocean's starry dome
Have been my nightly home,
And on Sahara, when the sun went down,
And night came, with no frown,
The innumerous stars each seemed a tiny rent
Pricked in heaven's azure tent,
That stretched above man's heart and hope, not far;
And friendly every star.
Fewer the orbs inhabiting our night,
But sweet they shine and bright,
And in the frosty blue they gather near,
And glitter close and clear.

II

So night by night more beautiful they seem,
Pure palaces of dream,
As more familiar every separate flame
Under each august name
That down the wondering centuries hath shone
And made all peoples one—
One in the mystery that more deep hath grown
Since more and more was known:
Now Vega, to the North Star chosen heir
Climbs high the celestial stair;
Eastward fell Algol sullenly suspires;
And with tremendous fires
Antares, in slow death magnificent,
In splendid light is spent.

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III

Now with new meaning, and most human light,
The pole-star trembles bright;
For that strong lure of many a dauntless soul—
The ultimate, perilous goal
Where hangs Polaris and the air is frore,
Now knows its conqueror:
Who, with well-reasoned rashness, wisely bold,
Seized cold to conquer cold,
And from a dead world, doubly in winter quenched,
The age-long secret wrenched.
Honor the victor; honor to them who failed,
For not one hero quailed:
In a white world their precious bones are white
Or, living, in all men's sight
They bring brave echoes of heroic days
Fit for all times to praise.

A GARDEN OF THE IMAGINATION

MRS. GARDNER'S AT "GREEN HILLS," NEAR BOSTON

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

MANY a one in his pride has said, "Go to, I will make me a garden," and forthwith has set himself to the purchase of seeds and gardening-books, only to find that to create a garden requires more than these, more than a plot of ground and growing things, no matter if these fulfil in splendor the gaudy promises of all the catalogue-pictures on earth. What though you possess flowers and vegetables, lawn and shrubbery, all the separate material constituents of a garden, indeed, if the garden still escape? And escape it will unless you bring to its making elements more intangible and finer than even rose and mignonette, or green slope and shadowed walk.

Heart and imagination are needed—an inner impulse, in fact—which will best find its expression in a certain consummation of plant, flower, sculpture, architecture, contour of ground, and management of space that, howsoever various its manifestations, will yet sum up into a garden, a lovely thing with a soul of its own, as individual as any other creation of art.

For a garden is a work of art no less than is a statue, a painting, or a poem. Love and wisdom, equally with heat and light, must unite to produce it, and to its perfecting must go that "infinite capacity for taking pains" that is the large part of genius.

The spirit of a people expresses itself in its gardens as it does in its architecture or its literature. Japan, Persia, Italy, and England are each identified with particular forms, the one no lovelier than the other, but each with its peculiar excellences, its laws of freedom and restraint. America has not yet evolved a distinct form of its own, but has been content to borrow from its predecessors, and to mingle such styles as suited the moment's whim. California, to be sure, with the lavish assistance of a climate that in a year works miracles for which the Old World was willing to wait a century, has performed Aladdin marvels of lush flowering that needs nothing but its bloom to make it adorable, and can probably not be matched anywhere on earth. But where its gardens are gardens, they are Spanish in form.

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It is, however, with New England gardens that we are concerned, and here at least nature is no such generous ally. On the contrary, half the year the concessions of the other half are snatched back, or would be but for cunning care and patient effort. Nature stands willing to allow you rocks and pines and meadow-blossoms; but if you want frail perennials, soft lawns, and full-flowering shrubs, you must fight for them.

Women and gardens have always understood each other, and from time immemorial they have been associated. The gardens that are the subject of the present papers have all been made by women. They are essentially the expression of femininity working with nature, and though they differ vastly in their material outcome, they possess a sisterly bond of union. They are gracious, they contain sweet and secret recesses, no one may understand them at a glance, and the happy visitor within their gates receives from them something more than mere fragrance and beauty. Beyond their appeal to the senses, they speak a language of the heart; the imagination wakens in them; something elusive but powerful remains after the memory of their green bowers and bright beds has faded. This quality it is that proves them true gardens and not simply clumps of flowers and spaces of lawn.

From a photograph by T. E. Marr

THE GRAPE-ARBOR

The first of these gardens has been created by Mrs. John L. Gardner, and is not so much one as many, folded within one another like the petals of a rose, where it lies not half a dozen miles from Boston, almost in hearing of the hurrying cars and busy throngs, but as remote from all hint of the city as a star is remote from a street arc-light.

Green Hills is the result of eight years of care and labor, except for the many trees that border its drives or fling their cool shadows on its lawns. These were old when our fathers held the land. The garden has been adapted to them and to the rising contour of the ground with consummate skill. The ascents are soft and gradual, and the ways that lead from one charming spot to another so winding that the realization of being on a hill comes only when you finally look about you and perceive that the ground slopes down on every hand and you see only the tops of trees. No roof, no chimney, no sign anywhere of man's attempt to shut out the sun and the wind, disturbs the harmony of greens about you. For though beneath leafy branches there are beds glowing with color, statues, arched ways, yet their veil falls so exquisitely that each special garden reveals itself only when you step within it, parting the drooping boughs of elm or linden, or make your way along some little path where the syringa petals drop on your head from the green-and-white canopy above. It is this effect of mystery and surprise that characterizes Green Hills—this, and a hint, a touch of the imagination, as where, for instance, you suddenly encounter a mass of starry jasmine, the perfume barring your path like a white arm, rousing confused memories of moonlit, fountain-vocal gardens sung by Tasso and Petrarch. A step farther, and you are confronted by a noble pine the broad branches of which spread above an ancient Etruscan jar, the gracious lines and green and tawny values of each bearing a singular and fascinating resemblance—a subtle harmony linking art and nature. In the mood thus wakened, where should you find yourself if not in

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Italy? And passing through a green archway, there you are!

This Italian garden is above all else notably simple, with the simplicity of coherence and perfection. A wooden pergola crosses it, dividing it into two unequal portions. Wild grapevines quite overcanopy the cedar posts and beams, the vivid fragrance of their blossoming stirring the June air; and underneath the dim perspective, for the crowding leaves let slip few of the sun's rays, the cement path is covered with a bloom, a haze, of elusive green—a haze as carefully cherished as the finest of the roses that jostle one another all along the left of the walk, and as far as the confining wall, which repeats their pink and gold and creamy hues. This wall appears ancient, and is relieved at irregular intervals by inset fragments of old bas-reliefs, showing smiling faces and graceful limbs, now dancing, now at rest. Beyond this wall a magnificent bank of rhododendrons slopes to the trees that crowd together lower down. Early in the year this bank is a deep green; but before the roses begin, it flames with color. So, throughout Green Hills, as one season lays aside its crown, the following sets its diadem on the garden's brow, and the festival march of the year seems always at apogee, winter itself coming bravely in green and white and scarlet.

To the right, long beds brilliant with flowers lie between narrow, box-bordered paths that end in some old statue, vase, or marble seat, often only a lovely fragment rescued from the envious centuries, but none the less collecting into exquisite form the immanent spirit of the place. The wall beyond shows dim whites and faint tones of purple, pink, and green through a veil of somber vines, against which white climbing-roses have been exquisitely trained to grow in delicate festoons. To achieve this result, the sternest methods were employed in the beginning, and then the plants were allowed to follow their own wild habit, so that while keeping to the original idea, they have yet regained a perfect freedom. With their airily extended boughs and the cascade of their falling blossoms, they look like nymphs dancing hand-in-hand in the sunlight. This treatment of a wall could be easily achieved by any one possessed of taste and patience. Many a commonplace boundary could be made a unique thing if the usual adornment with green vines were only augmented by the judicious use of such form and color as are lent by climbing-flowers properly handled.

Particularly notable is Mrs. Gardner's fearless use of color in this garden. The long beds, some of them filled with petunias of every shade, or with cornflowers the frail petals and fragile foliage of which produce the effect of a rainbow mist, run

From a photograph by T. E. Marr

ELMS AND RHODODENDRONS AT A TURN OF THE ROAD

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From a photograph by T. E. Marr

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ITALIAN GARDEN

the gamut of color. The tremulous scarlet of the poppy floats below the many shaded blues of larkspurs, taller than your head, and smaller but no less fervid flowers crowd one another close. A constant supervision keeps everything at its height, and gives the garden an effect of conscious and guarded beauty, while still allowing a certain carelessness, "a sweet disorder." Above all, it possesses unity. Not a statue or a plant is there solely for itself, but because it indisputably belongs with the rest, and translates a little more clearly the inspiration that conceived the whole.

The linden-bordered walks, giving glimpses of wide stretches of lawn shaded by splendid oaks, elms, and beeches, prepare the seeker for the various special gardens that lie hidden in the green frame. Before reaching the Japanese garden, you pass a cup in the hills where irises are growing, wonderful in their mass of bloom and glory of color. They are planted in a sunken bed that can be flooded at will, and they flourish marvelously. The Japanese garden, with its lotus-filled pond, its bronzes, and gray stone lanterns, its subdued tones of brown and green, creates an impression of age and repose. Something of the mysterious East abides here, and you linger on in silence, with the half-conscious feeling that a magic word has been or is about to be spoken. But nothing happens, unless it be the moving of a shadow across the quiet water, or the stirring of the heavy-headed lotus.

In the early spring the entire estate is glorified by its blossoming fruit-trees and by the azaleas, lilacs, flowering-shrubs, tulips, and narcissi that are spread out in sheets of splendor. There is, moreover, the spring garden itself, lying within a circle of spruce and fir and arbor-vitæ. Here the grass is quite veiled with the earliest flowers of the season, and the shrubs form a ring of flame inside the sober evergreen hedge.

The wide spaces and mighty trees of Green Hills lie outside the possibilities for most; but these special features might be achieved by many, if only the same care for detail, courage in the use of contrast,

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Drawn by Samuel Howe from a photograph by T. E. Marr

LEMON TREES AND AN ITALIAN MARBLE SEAT

and regard for inner harmony were to be observed. The seclusion of an overarching tree and quickset hedge with an artificial pond are a possibility for many. They are all that is required to form the basis of the most enchanting of water gardens or some such ancient-appearing spot as this Japanese one of Mrs. Gardner.

The house belongs intimately with its surroundings. One feels that it is being caressed by the trees that lean above it, and the vines that clamber even over the roof, and frame each window in living green. Low and wide-spreading, the charming building is an incident, a happy accessory, of the outdoor world it inhabits. It hides behind its flowering bushes and moves along toward the sloping lawns behind with a modesty that instantly arouses the affection. It is just the right sort of house to stand in the midst of such a garden. Its little balconies, with their low railings made to lean on, link the outside and inside worlds, and every window looks ready to let you step out into the sunny air.

In a corner above one of these balconies, gazing out up the drive, is the famous Della Robbia Madonna, holding the Divine Child in her arms. Surely no better spot could be found for her. She appears to look delicately down through her frame of vines with a gracious dignity and brooding tenderness that lend the place its culminating touch. Seeing her, you understand all the better the feeling born in you as you passed the broad slopes of lawn ennobled by the trees that, singly or in groups, stood about, hoarding the wind in their branches; or when you looked at the purple and gold of the irises, the quaint enchantment of the Japanese garden, or the statue-haunted precincts dreaming of Italy. Your soul, if not your sense, recalls the fragrance of the jasmine, and the whole ordered sequence through which you have been wandering, where thorough knowledge has combined with an intense imaginative faculty and a patience that never falters to form a harmony with the gentle figure of the Madonna.

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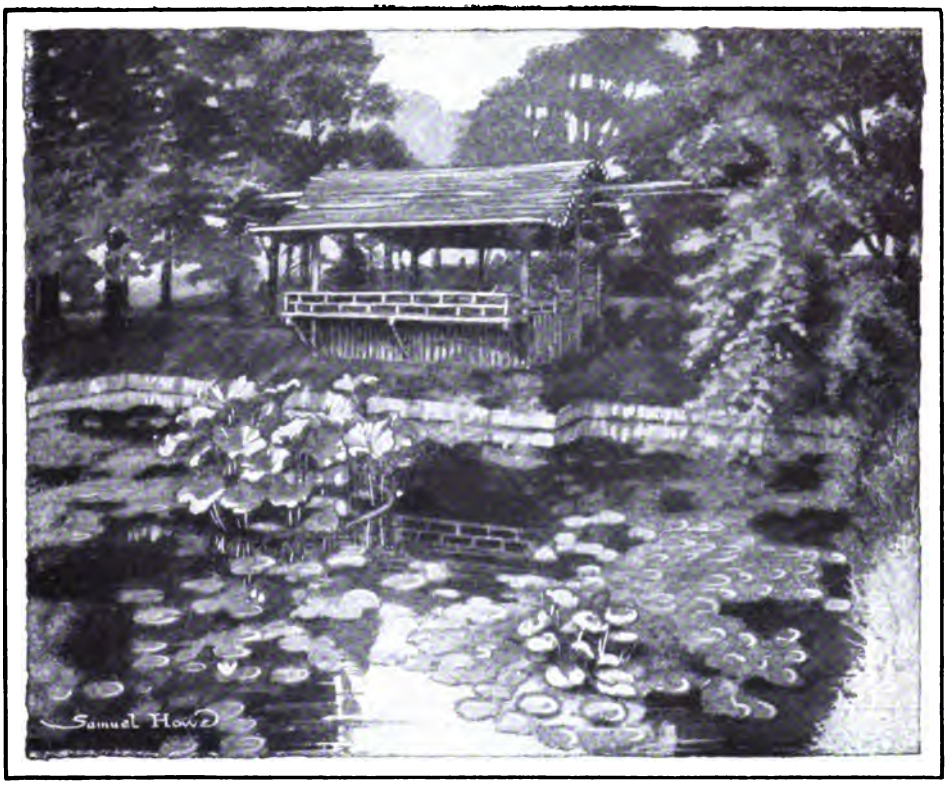

Drawn by Samuel Howe from a photograph by T. E. Marr

LOTUS AND WATER-LILIES IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN

To the making of Green Hills something of genius has gone. Its high, wattled fences; its sweeping driveways, guarded by many trees, the branches of which, where they do not interfere with the roadway, are allowed to lie as low as the ground itself; its gay groupings of flowering tree and shrub; above all, its most lovely hidden gardens, found by what seems a happy chance—are they not all the result of a deep artistic impulse? The picture is no less a picture because painted with living bough and blooming plant on the very bosom of Mother Earth herself, nor the poem less a poem because it is written in perfume and color rather than in words.

No, you may as well essay to produce a Corot or a Monet with a yard of canvas and a box of paints as such a garden as Green Hills with no matter what wealth of land and gold alone. It is not so easy as it looks. An idea lies behind it, and the garden, intricate in detail, falls into simplicity as a whole because there is no disharmony, no clash of values within its circumference. You do not see it all at once; after several years' communion with it you may possibly discover a new beauty, an unsuspected view or charm. Perhaps only when the moon has reached a certain step in her aërial wanderings will there be revealed some exquisite perfection; or in a June afternoon, after a thunder-storm, when every leaf and blade yet trembles under its burden of raindrops, you may perceive a new and sudden loveliness. But be this as it may, be sure that the harmony will be only the farther accentuated, the meaning more finely expressed. Green Hills is a garden of the imagination, and strikes the notes of fancy and poetry and memory. Those haunting suggestions of Italy and England produced by the freedom of fine spaces and the charmed seclusion of embowered walls; the aroused expectations that are so perfectly satisfied; the delicate balance of art with the primal facts of nature as she here expresses herself—all are the result of an imaginative conception carried out to its least details.

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Again and again this quality appeals to one as the key-note of Green Hills. Always there is the hint of something beyond. The goddess of the place is Mystery, clothed in the green fire of earth, vanishing up the path before you, lingering behind a gold or snowy veil, welcoming you with her finger on her lips.

There is no point from which you can see this garden in its entirety. It is elusive, and whenever you think you have finished with it, behold, another curve to the path, another mesh of green into the intimacies of which you have not yet been permitted to enter. Mystery there must be to any real garden, or it is no such matter; but Green Hills is essentially mystery —as mysterious as its Madonna, made of a material the secret of which died with its inventor, and bearing in her arms the sign and revelation of the greatest mystery of humanity. Possibly she knows the final ending of the beckoning paths and all the hidden recesses of the garden in whose heart she dwells. You retain the impression of her as you pass out at last through the gateway—older than the history of the land, as fresh and lovely as when she left the hands of the old master. Time itself stands still in Green Hills, for all the changing of the seasons under the marble eyes of the quiet statues.

To make a garden is to do an exquisite thing. It requires time and ardor and devotion, with a peculiar talent of its own. You cannot leave your garden to be made by another. The mistress of Green Hills created every separate portion of hers, built with green and gold and scarlet, with wide expanse and statue-chastened path, the visible form of the thought within her. Do thus yourselves, would-be makers of gardens, and whether you work with a home acre or the broad boundaries of an estate as foundation, you will finally achieve, if you have a mind to think and a heart to feel, what will be essentially a garden.

From a photograph by T. E. Marr

A CORNER OF THE HOUSE AT "GREEN HILLS," WITH RHODODENDRONS IN THE FOREGROUND

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VICKERY'S MOUNTAIN

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

BLUE in the west the mountain stands,
And through the long twilight
Vickery sits with folded hands,
And Vickery's eyes are bright.

Bright, for he knows what no man else
On earth as yet may know:
There 's a golden word that he never tells,
And a gift that he will not show.

He dreams of honor and wealth and fame,
He smiles, and well he may;
For to Vickery once a sick man came
Who did not go away.

The day before the day to be,
"Vickery," said the guest,
"You know as you live what 's left of me—
And you shall know the rest.

"You know as you live that I have come
To what we call the end.
No doubt you have found me troublesome,
But you 've also found a friend;

"For we shall give and you shall take
The gold that is in view;
The mountain there and I shall make
A golden man of you.

"And you shall leave a friend behind
Who neither frets nor feels;
And you shall move among your kind
With hundreds at your heels.

"Now this that I have written here
Tells all that need be told;
So, Vickery, take the way that 's clear,
And be a man of gold."

Vickery turned his eyes again
To the far mountain-side,
And wept a tear for worthy men
Defeated and defied.

Since then a crafty score of years
Have come, and they have gone;
But Vickery counts no lost arrears:
He lingers and lives on.

Blue in the west the mountain stands,
Familiar as a face.
Blue, but Vickery knows what sands
Are golden at its base.

He dreams and lives upon the day
When he shall walk with kings.
Vickery smiles—and well he may:
The life-caged linnet sings.

Vickery thinks the time will come
To go for what is his;
But hovering, unseen hands at home
Will hold him where he is.

There 's a golden word that he never tells
And a gift that he will not show.
All to be given to some one else—
And Vickery shall not know.

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LITTLE ANNA AND THE GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

LET us begin as near as we can to the beginning, and so come the sooner to an end.

Thus started, there was a man. His hair showed (in a bright light) scant touches of gray; there were lines of vast experience about his eyes; and a full-lipped, cynical mouth spoke words of indulgent wisdom from beneath a short mustache. Fifty years had passed him over, and never, even in his cradle, had he been unsophisticated.

On the other hand, there was little Anna, a small, dark creature, homely except for two wide, brown eyes; naïve to a ridiculous and unheard-of degree; careless as to dress; and impossibly unlearned in the ways of the world. It was inconceivable that these two should have anything in common; but they did.

See for yourself: here is the story.

He came on a morning early in April. Little Anna, opening the door to the postman's whistle, admitted him, in company with the mail. He was somewhat dusty, being just from the train, and there were shadows of fatigue about his eyes. Moreover, he wore inconspicuous tweeds; but his bow betrayed him. Somehow, somewhere, somewhen, he had been a soldier.

Little Anna, sneaking an embarrassed and apologetic hand to her neck, where was no collar on the band of her starchless, green-gingham blouse, was dimly reminded of brass buttons and trumpets.

She carried the apologetic hand from her neck to her hair, which was of a lusterless brown and none too carefully dressed.

"What is it?" asked little Anna, stiffly.

Thereupon the man presented a card bearing the not undignified name of Allison Burt MacIvor. He explained briefly in a deep, pleasing voice, with broad vowels and clipped consonants, that he was looking for board, and had been recommended to 1734 North Patterson,—that being the house of little Anna's mother, and her castle,—where, for a consideration, guests were entertained.

"I don't know," said little Anna, doubtfully; and added, with no reference to bacchanalian exploits, "I think we 're full."

He smiled involuntarily and pleasingly at that, whereon little Anna, shielding her collarless neck by the thoughtful expedient of holding all the mail fan-wise against her mouth, added, "I can see."

"If you please," he accepted gratefully. "Meantime I 'll sit down, if you don't mind: I 'm a bit fagged."

He looked it, so little Anna pointed hospitably to a chair. Then she went swiftly away down the hall, leaving him to indifferent contemplation of Abraham Lincoln, in steel print and an oaken frame, hung evenly above a rustic table containing a rubber-plant. Farther along the hall was a hat-rack, where a variety of headgear spoke well for the number of the castle's inmates; and beyond the hat-rack were a few chairs eccentrically disposed against the wall.

Mr. MacIvor sank into an arm-chair of wicker, scantily cushioned, and seemed to meditate. Once or twice he twisted his mustache; ultimately, but behind his hand, he yawned, stretching like a sleepy cat. When little Anna returned with the announcement that her mother had just one vacant, and would he step back to the dining-room, Mr. MacIvor arose and bowed, setting his heels together.

"I sincerely hope," he remarked, "that I have found a haven. I am completely done."

Little Anna looked distressed. Her costume had now received the addition of a limp, white muslin collar, too low for her

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scrawny little neck; but she carried herself, in innocent consequence, rather more confidently.

"I 'm sorry you 're tired," she said, with an accession of bravery. "I 'll see about having your room ready at once, if you take it."

"Thank you," he answered courteously, smiling without any real cognizance of the slim, flat-chested little figure before him; "you are very good, Miss—"

"Miss Dalhousie," little Anna supplied eagerly.

"Ah, a fine old name," Mr. MacIvor commented pleasantly. "The dining-room is where?"

"Straight back," she explained, flushing, and led the way. Midway down the hall, he remarked idly that the daffodils in the front window were delightfully refreshing, and little Anna tingled with happiness. They were her daffodils, and she had tended them like babies. She knew every blemish of their pale-gold petals by heart.

"Where I come from," he continued, "they 're a sign of spring. Here, too, I fancy."

"Yes," said little Anna, breathlessly—"yes, they are."

They were, indeed, signs of a deeper, less tangible spring, the sun-shot mists of which were even then forming over the arid places of little Anna's heart. She left him at the door of the dining-room, where her mother, a gaunt, rigidly featured woman, in a black alpaca dress, was finishing a delayed breakfast alone, and went lightly up the stairs. If she had had an ear for music, she would have hummed a tune, but to little Anna the "Rhapsodie Hongroise" and "Annie Laurie" were as one, pleasing noises, perhaps, but indistinguishable.

That was the coming of Mr. MacIvor into the house at 1734 North Patterson, and into little Anna's life. Both received him kindly. He became the distinguished favorite of the young ladies on the third floor; and the other boarders, from the plump widow who wore large pearl earrings with a dressing-sack, to the young man who wrote for the magazines, and for lack of funds frequently found his linen retained by the Chinaman—each and all of these found Mr. MacIvor acceptable in a marked degree.

By the way in which he mastered asparagus at its first appearance upon the table after his arrival he was pronounced a gentleman. It was the final test, the magazine young man had whispered to the widow, balancing a slippery stalk with difficulty.

A certain easy familiarity with the after-dinner stories of great men vouched for Mr. MacIvor's wit, and by the calmness of his manner when a new maid emptied a plate of soup upon his defenseless head he was seen to be a man of the world.

Further, upon one occasion he lent money—ten dollars, to be exact—to young Foley, the boarding-house wit, who was out of a job by reason of an untimely illness; and when Miss Bang, the tall, black-haired school-teacher sprained her ankle, he read to her three hours one afternoon from a little, red-cloth volume of her selection, bearing the title, "Sense and Sensibility."

Afterward he put on his hat, and went out with a hurried step. Little Anna thought he must be cross, and so he was. He went down-town with a fierce, determined look in his eye, and bought a front seat for that night's performance of "The Policeman and the Millionaire's Wife," at which he was afterward conspicuous by reason of his determined applause.

Little Anna did not know that. She only regarded him with a soft and admiring sympathy. So soft was her sympathy, and so admiring, that presently it began to impress itself upon Mr. MacIvor's consciousness with something of the same effect of a sweet-olive bush in bloom behind a hedge, or money discovered unexpectedly in the pocket of an old and discarded garment. He was surprised and pleased to see that he could still inspire in femininity anything of a romantic interest. In his time he had been the inspiration of a number, but that time had seemed to be waning. Mr. MacIvor was moved by slow degrees to an active participation in little Anna's scheme of things. Not that he said to himself, "The landlady's plain little daughter likes me amazingly." Mr. MacIvor was a gentleman; he only commented subtly to his inner understanding, "She shows remarkable discrimination for one so young."

Thereupon things took on a freshening aspect. Having once discerned in little Anna evidences of a poorly concealed interest in himself, Mr. MacIvor was touched. He brought her books to read,

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with the fine intention, if vague, of broadening her horizon to his own. He would have begun on Thackeray, but little Anna was two months over Vanity Fair, and then, when questioned, showed an appalling uncertainty as to whose husband Rawdon really was; so they diverged to Dickens, where she professed greatly to enjoy "The Cricket on the Hearth," and came out with flying colors in a cross-examination on the sorrows of "Dombey & Son."

She wept frankly, to the detrimental pinkness of her nose, over the death of *Little Paul*, but Mr. MacIvor's pleasure in her sensitive appreciation was blighted by a subsequent confession.

"I always cry over real sad stories," admitted little Anna, pensively. "Did you ever read that one of Bertha M. Clay's, where he leaves her, after a secret marriage, and she stands by the window, and watches for him for days? When they tell her he 'll return, she only says—"

" 'Ne-ver-r-r again!' " interrupted Mr. MacIvor with an impatience almost vicious.

"You 've read it!" cried little Anna, delightedly.

Mr. MacIvor put on his hat, and went down the street. He had a man to see, he said. On other occasions there had been a man who wanted to sell him a dog. There were not a few times when these persons called him from the devious task of enlarging little Anna's mind. But with the stimulating remembrance in view of a certain look he had surprised in little Anna's eyes, a certain betraying embarrassment in her manner, Mr. MacIvor persevered. He led her through Scott and Burns on to the deeper currents and George Eliot; but there little Anna balked.

"She talks too much," was her stubborn explanation, "and she don't let the people talk enough."

"I wonder what you 'd say to Shakspere," Mr. MacIvor suggested blandly. Then his suppressed impatience broke out in a semi-roar, "Good heavens, girl!"

That night he took little Anna to the theater to see the exquisitely finished performance of a certain modern Romeo. When they came away after a vibrant, wonderful evening, little Anna gave her verdict unasked.

"I liked it fine," she averred; "but this man 's too old—don't you think he is? It makes him look kind of foolish."

Mr. MacIvor received an unpleasant impression from the mention of years. He inflated his chest, and walked briskly, head high.

"*That* kind of fool has nothing to do with age," he explained firmly. "D' ye think *I 'm* too old for it? D' ye think *I 'm* superannuated—ready for the rag-heap—down and out—eh?"

Not having the remotest idea as to what superannuated might mean, little Anna shook her head decisively when he came to that. "Down and out" was more familiar.

"No, no," she protested politely, adding with a sincerity that was myrrh and honey to his soul. "Besides—you 're different, kind of."

Mr. MacIvor was touched anew. He drew her hand within his arm and suggested oysters, which they presently procured, fried brown and curly, at a decent little "family entrance" beside a café.

It is unpleasant to have to record that there little Anna, like the frog in the well, slipped back two steps to the one she had gained, by damming rivers of catchup and Worcestershire in a corner of her plate, and lifting therefrom successive soaked pieces of bread.

In the event, Mr. MacIvor reflected, of—well, in any event, the etiquette of the table was a necessity. He forgave her only when he fancied he saw a pretty and adoring humility in the big, brown eyes she lifted as they passed out into the street again.

Mr. MacIvor wasted some thought and much time—a thing he had free in large quantities—upon the sad case of little Anna.

Twenty years before, when he had left his people in Scotland to set out upon the long road that called him from a more dignified and lucrative employment, he had also left a girl whom, in the course of events, he was to have married. Between that girl and his coming to North Patterson Street there had been many lands and many loves,—more loves, perhaps, than lands,—and his knowledge of the sex had not been purely theoretical, though with later years it had been scanter.

Given over to the law of impulse, and accustomed to conquest, Mr. MacIvor had been first puzzled, then disgusted, then merely sullen, to find his prestige as a gallant, before he knew it, fading from

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fact to tradition; his wider prestige as a gentleman adventurer waning, too; and the unbridled eagerness of his youth sinking into a lethargic and flabby acquiescence.

One result of this furious and rebellious vision of middle-age was that the authorities of Nicaragua had set a price upon his person, and to that haven at least of his many ports Mr. MacIvor no longer directed his course.

It had not been long after this latter episode that he came by chance within little Anna's scope, and remained there, soothed by the commonplace, flattered subtly by the old, accustomed draft of woman's admiration.

Once a month from a town in the north of Scotland remittances came to him; from other corners of the world occasional letters with odd, alluring postmarks. Little Anna knew them all by heart. She used to say with a wistful air, "One from Bombay this morning," or, "Winnipeg—where is that?"

The affair marched wonderfully. Mr. MacIvor, casting about in a turbulent, yet pleased arraignment of himself, found that if the child cared for him, he was not the man to hurt her. He had not thought of marrying, but—here he sighed—there are obligations every gentleman knows, and if it came to a question of giving up his freedom or blighting her young life, his freedom should go. It gave him a sense of renewed youth to feel that he was not yet indifferent in the eyes of a lady. He half closed his own eyes, twisted his mustache, and expanded his chest. If he had been a turkey instead of the well-bred gentleman that he was, he would have gobbled. He had a vague, stormy yearning which might have found expression in that.

As for little Anna, she wore her collar continually these days, sometimes with the startling addition of a little blue or pink or lavender bow, and beginning with one toilsome, wearying afternoon when the widow lent her aid to nature, she did her hair in puffs, adding, at unexpected moments, a band of black velvet. She was not pretty, but she was visibly improved.

Mr. MacIvor saw it, and was pleasantly uplifted by the implied tribute. The days passed for him in a restful, even cadence, tuned to the deepening note of love's young dream. Wanderer that he was, before he knew it he had been a year at the boarding-house, and the daffodils in the front windows bloomed again.

One evening, little Anna brought some of them in and put them in a vase on the parlor table—a cheap vase in a cheaper parlor, tortured with horsehair and scourged with chromos; but the daffodils, pale gold among slim, green leaves, diffused an aura of loveliness. When she had settled them to her satisfaction, she still fidgeted about the table, displacing "St. Elmo" with the "Compendium of Useful Information," and smoothing dusty creases out of the lace-edged tidy.

Mr. MacIvor, lounging in an arm-chair by the window, with a cigar between his lips, watched her with an indulgent condescension. There was no one else about; it was the shadowy half-hour before dinner.

Presently little Anna came over and stood by the window, bumping the frayed and loosening tassel of the shade against the pane.

"Don't make that silly noise," said Mr. MacIvor, kindly.

"Humph?" said little Anna, surprised. "Oh!" She dropped the cord, and began to drum with small, blunt finger-tips against the glass.

"Do you think," asked Mr. MacIvor, still smiling, "that that's an improvement?"

"I forgot," little Anna explained, moving away. Her head drooped pathetically, and a long, straight wisp of hair trailed down upon her neck. To Mr. MacIvor it betokened emotional disturbance, and he regarded it sympathetically.

"What 's wrong, child?" he asked. "You look worried."

Little Anna came slowly, and stood before him; when he drew up a chair facing his own, she sat down, and twisted her hands in her lap. To her appealing eyes the face of Mr. MacIvor grew tenderly indulgent above the smoke of his cigar. Mr. MacIvor was savoring to the full the renaissance of his emotions.

"I 'm listening," he said gently. His eyes were pleased with the elfish wistfulness of little Anna's face, softened to a pallid blur by the deepening shadows of the room. "I 'm listening; tell me about it."

Little Anna hesitated. She bit her lip and her finger-nail successively; finally she turned her head aside and looked at the floor. Thus shielded from observation, she delivered herself of a question.

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"Would you tell me something if I asked you?"

"Anything within my power to answer," Mr. MacIvor assured her.

"I want to know," began little Anna, courageously enough, then faltered, and began afresh, "I want to know—"

"Go on," he urged. "What?"

"Do you think," asked little Anna in a headlong spurt, "I 'm any different from what I was? Can you notice—"

She stopped there, so evidently at a loss to explain herself that Mr. MacIvor came again to the rescue.

"Noticed what?" he repeated softly.

"Why, about books and things," said little Anna. "I 've read all of those you lent me, even the poetry; and doing my hair this way—you said the other night it looked—I can't remember the word, but you liked it."

The heart of Mr. MacIvor was smitten anew with the havoc he wrought.

"Delightfully *ingénue,*" he prompted. "Is that what I said?"

Little Anna nodded at once. "Do you think anybody 'd notice the difference?"

"Surely," said Mr. MacIvor, magnanimously, "any but a blind man."

"And I 'm not so ignorant as I was," she went on earnestly. "Could you notice that? You 've helped me a lot—just the way you talk about things. I do think you use beautiful grammar."

Mr. MacIvor's cigar described an arc of deprecation. "My dear, you exaggerate." But the mockery was tender.

"I suppose," said little Anna, wistfully, "that when a man 's educated and all that, he wants a girl to be, too. He would n't want her coming around making mistakes—"

" 'Kind hearts,' " Mr. MacIvor interpolated somewhat vaguely, " 'are more than coronets.' "

"That 's what the woman says in 'Dora Thorne.' "

Mr. MacIvor winced.

"Don't you remember?"

"I have never read the classic you refer to," he interrupted, a trifle chilled.

"Oh," said little Anna, chilled in her turn, "I thought you 'd read everything there was—pretty nearly."

The implied trustful belief disarmed Mr. MacIvor's momentary impatience. He reëstablished the *entente cordiale* with a word and a look. A few of his old graces came back to him as he leaned toward her, twisting one end of his mustache. He was world-worn, and the tale of his living was written upon his face, but the twilight gave him back several years or so. It was the debonair presence of Allie MacIvor, soldier and heart-hunter, that spoke to little Anna out of the dusk—to little Anna, drab-colored and dull, but with the fire of spring creeping to a flame in her yearning eyes.

"Little Anna," said Mr. MacIvor, cleaving straight to the core of the matter, "So long as a woman 's loving and good, it does n't make any difference whether she knows her books or not."

"Yes, it does," said little Anna, stubbornly, "because you can be loving and good, and not know *anything.*"

"Those are the circumstances under which a woman is most apt to be loving and good," admitted MacIvor, the gentleman adventurer, dryly, before MacIvor, the romanticist, could pluck him by the coat-tails and draw him back, remarking hastily: "True enough, little Anna. But is n't it the best, after all?"

"Not when he knows an awful lot himself." There was a moment's significant silence. "Th-that 's what worries me," she explained at length. "You see, I had to stop school in the eighth grade. Why, my spelling is awful—and I *know* it; I know I 'm not smart nor good-looking—and I want to be. I want to be!" said little Anna, almost fiercely, for her. "I 'd go to night school if they 'd let me. I read an awful lot, but sometimes I get pretty tired trying, with nobody to tell me whether I 'm getting along or not." The glow of her earnestness faded in a returning mist of shyness. "Do you—can you notice any difference since you came?" asked little Anna.

Mr. MacIvor extricated her deftly and gently. His heart swelled with pity for her little, appealing struggles.

"You mean," he offered very delicately, "there is some one you want to be worthy of?"

Her small face lit before his eyes with the world-old radiance. She bent her head.

Mr. MacIvor reflected a breathless moment, in which his wanderer's eye was held by the startling and domestic vision

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of little Anna, in a low seat beside an open fire, darning his socks, while from an armchair, beside a comfortably littered table, he read Bobbie Burns aloud to her. The vision included a fire-light sheen on little Anna's hair, and the shaving of his mustache.

In the light of this inspiration he leaned forward and took little Anna's cold hands between his two warm ones. Lest he frighten her, he softened the thrill in his deep voice to a whisper. Time was when the whole range of the vox humana had been his to play on. Even now the performance was not discreditable. He bade good-by to the *wander-lust* in one reluctant thought, instantly suppressed.

"Don't be afraid, little Anna," he said very softly,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp."

The small, cold hand he held trembled slightly. Glowing with the rekindled fires of youthful emotion, Mr. MacIvor raised it to his lips. It went limply and awkwardly enough, unaccustomed to such uses; but Mr. MacIvor brushed it none the less delicately with his mustache, which, to do it justice, was not unaccustomed.

When his lips touched her fingers, little Anna started. She murmured something inaudible, then slipped her hand from his light hold, and went out, stumbling, on the way, over her own clumsy little feet.

Here, inadvertently, but fortunately, the dinner-bell rang, reality bestriding romance once again, and flogging it through the dust. Mr. MacIvor reflected chaotically, on his way to soup and mutton, that a more artistic denouément would have been to avoid the interruption; that a man is as old as he feels, by Jove!—and that he sincerely detested turnips, the smell of which was, for the third time that week, apparent to any one nearing the dining-room.

Dinner was a space of time without form and void. Little Anna, sitting unobtrusively between Miss Bang and the pearl-earringed widow, ate nothing, and crumbled an entire slice of bread beside her plate. Her eyes were feverishly bright, Mr. MacIvor observed with tender compunction, and her face was flushed. From certain angles, say, with the straight, brown hair clouding her cheek, or with her head bent shyly before his significant look, she was very nearly pretty. She had something the charm, Mr. MacIvor reflected, while he accepted a second slice of the roast, of a Botticelli maiden—a slim, colorless, virginal kind of charm; a charm, however, that had depended for its awakening upon the spark of emotion; and he, Mr. MacIvor, had struck that spark. With the thought, he experienced a delicious access of tenderness, helping himself carefully, meanwhile, to oil and vinegar upon his lettuce. Half the strength of a strong man's love, he admitted in a sudden whimsical parenthesis, lies often in the fact that *his* mastery alone can awaken the force which answers it.

With the dessert his ardor grew, and above the climax of coffee the stars came out in his heaven.

Little Anna had spoken, and *Romeo,* beneath Mr. MacIvor's left hand waistcoat pocket, stirred to meet her.

But little Anna, after dinner, was not at once visible. She quickly disappeared, somehow, between clearing the table and answering the telephone, so that Mr. MacIvor waited in vain, enduring with equal impatience Miss Bang's tremolo rendering of certain unhappy ballads and Mr. Foley's insistent witticisms.

After a time the arc-light at the corner, which had been inconspicuous in the early twilight, cast stronger purple shadows, and the quiet of semi-desertion settled upon the house. Mr. MacIvor's restlessness crystallized into resolution. Carefully, and with rather the shamefaced air of a conspirator, he sauntered toward the rear of the house. He had more than once, in his rôle of favorite, followed Mrs. Dalhousie familiarly into the kitchen, so that his movements excited no comment, if, indeed, they were observed at all.

The rear hall was empty. The kitchen showed a small, untidy space where shelves of pans shone dimly in the light, now turned low, of a shadeless gas-jet. The back door was closed and dark, but at one side a window opened, a faint gray square, looking, Mr. MacIvor knew, upon a small back yard. With one hand thrust into his pocket, a frown corrugating his thoughtful forehead, he walked to this window, and looked out upon the view.

A glimpse of the side steps, not four feet away from the window, startled him.

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Those side steps, closely overhung with a wistaria vine in flower, were a place of enchantment. There was a door that linked them to the kitchen, but it was shut, and down each side of an old-fashioned trellis swung the languid purple clusters, heavy with their own sweetness. Well in the shadow a skirt rustled faintly, and a sigh drifted upon the air.

Mr. MacIvor listened, with a premonition presently to be verified. He opened the door gently, and saw little Anna leaning against the trellis.

"Oh!" she exclaimed softly, "you scared me! Does ma want me?"

"Not your mother," said Mr. MacIvor, gallantly.

"I did n't know," said little Anna.

He came out upon the steps, closing the door behind him. In the west he saw, now that the arc-light's glare no longer flooded upon his eyes, a small, white moon sinking fast in a cool, dark sky.

"It 's new," little Anna offered dreamily. She leaned back among the drooping purple clusters, one thin little arm clinging among the gnarled vine-stems, her soft eyes blinking happily. "I came out here to watch it." While he hesitated, fitting together a phrase or so that should voice the situation appropriately, she added, "It 's nice, ain't it?"

Mr. MacIvor winced, but to his eternal credit it is recorded that, notwithstanding, he laid a hand upon the trellis near little Anna's arm.

"I 've been thinking," he said, "of what we were saying this afternoon, and—little Anna, it does n't matter what a woman has in her brain; it 's her heart that counts."

"You think so?" She was patently unconvinced. "But I reckon he 'd like her a whole lot better if she knew things."

"No, he would n't," said Mr. MacIvor, gently; "she need n't be afraid. He can teach her."

"Do you think he 'd want to?" she breathed.

"I know he does," affirmed Mr. MacIvor.

Little Anna sighed a long, happy sigh.

"Sometimes I think *that;* but he 's a school-teacher, you know, and maybe he gets so tired learning people things he 'd rather have somebody that knows already—"

To Mr. MacIvor's listening ears a discord announced itself sharply.

"*Who* is a school-teacher?"

"*He* is," said little Anna, simply. "He teaches school out in the country—at Covington. His lungs are kind of weak, so he can't stand stooping over a desk in an office. He 's awfully smart. I met him at my—"

From a great distance of astonishment Mr. MacIvor came back to the steps and the trellis and the purple, sweet wistaria. A somewhat wry smile twisted the mouth beneath the short mustache, and a grim humor flickered in the eyes that had thought to be fitted once more with rose-colored glasses.

"That 's why it 's so nice to have you lending me books and helping me with them," little Anna went on gratefully, her eyes on the moon. "He 's so smart, you see, and if I were better educated, and all that—" Her voice trailed off into silence.

The gentleman adventurer looked across the dingy little yard to where, on the wall, wavering shadows seemed to take on the exquisite semblance of memories that stretched white arms, and lifted slow lashes, and beckoned, and fled, through the dusk of years. Youth fled with them, a perfume; and love, a song.

From the corner came the whine of a street-organ, and the rattle of a passing car.

Mr. MacIvor, his eyes still on the shadows, quoted slowly, not without a reluctant understanding:

"This is the end of every man's desire."

"Which?" asked little Anna, with polite interest.

He waved the question aside.

"I think I shall be leaving soon," said Mr. MacIvor. "The wander-lust—" He straightened his shoulders, and lifted his head, but something was gone from the old bravado, a realization of defeat in the jaunty tone. "Perhaps we 'd better go in," he added after a moment. "This night air—"

"*You* go in," said little Anna, sympathetically, "I 'm not cold."

So he went in, leaving the woman and the wistaria flowers and the moon, and shut the door behind him.

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Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'DO YOU—CAN YOU NOTICE ANY DIFFERENCE SINCE YOU CAME?' ASKED LITTLE ANNA"

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THE PEKING AND TIENTSIN STAFF—LEADERS OF BIBLE STUDY IN NORTH CHINA

THE BIBLE IN THE FAR EAST[1]

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

AN AWAKENING IN JAPAN

ON April 5, 1909, it was my privilege to be present in a group of Japanese teachers who were meeting near the shore of one of the six large islands that form the empire of Japan. We were discussing the influence of the Bible upon the leading men of the Mikado's empire. Suddenly one of the professors pointed toward the sea and said: "At those rocks yonder occurred an important event in the illumination of Japan. It happened many years ago when a few torn leaves of an English Bible floated from a British ship, and were picked up and translated into the Japanese language. Knowledge of the Bible has spread so widely since that event that it would be difficult to-day to find a great leader in our empire who has not been directly influenced by it."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING AT FU-CHAU, CHINA

Indeed, in Japan, as well as in India, I found that the Bible had a place of real interest among educated men. Bible study, on the part of students

[1] Mr. Cooper has returned recently from a special Bible mission to the Far East. In THE CENTURY for May and June the reader will find papers by him entitled, "College Men and the Bible" and "Bible Study in India," on the work of the International Committee, of which he is the Secretary in special charge of the Bible work in educational institutions. — THE EDITOR

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especially, has recently become assured by the engagement of an able Japanese educator and experienced college leader, Mr. N. Niwa, who will give his entire time to the promotion of Bible interests among students. Last year there were 1900 college men enrolled in voluntary Bible classes in Japan, and 2100 men enrolled in required or curriculum Bible-study courses. If students included in high schools were added, the total would be 4000 young men and 600 young women students in voluntary classes in the empire.

The first course for Bible study in small groups has just been printed in Japanese, the author being an able college professor, Mr. Y. Chiba, a graduate of the Rochester Theological Seminary and a teacher in the Theological School at Fukuoka, Japan. This outline is based upon a series of studies by Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks of Cornell University entitled, "The Social Significance of the Teachings of Jesus," and is being eagerly followed by Japanese students of all classes from the men at the Imperial University of Tokio to preparatory-school students numbering 148,000.

Under the auspices of the National Young Men's Christian Union of Japan, a National Advisory Council of scholars has been appointed to have general charge of the preparation of biblical literature and the guidance of this new movement among thinking Japanese.

BIBLE STUDY IN CHINA

CHINESE students are also engaged in a campaign for the furtherance of the study of the Bible among the Chinese millions.

A TIENTSIN GROUP OF BIBLE STUDENTS

During a two months' visit among the college men of China, I saw over 3000 students enroll themselves in Bible groups and make plans for the furtherance of this cause. I shall not soon forget the audience of high-class gentry students in Martyrs' Memorial Hall, Shanghai, when 225 representative Chinese college men joined Bible classes and arranged to engage the interest of the students of Shanghai.

A few months ago Mr. D. Willard Lyon was appointed a National Bible Secretary for China. He will give his chief attention to the supervision and development of Bible study among the college and high-school students of the empire. Mr. Lyon has been a worker and educator in China for the last thirteen years, and his familiarity with the language and students

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BIBLE STUDENTS IN THE DAY CLASSES OF THE CHINESE

enables him to enter at once upon far-reaching plans. Funds have been secured to provide for a series of Bible institutes next autumn which will include the majority of the large student centers. There, as in Japan, a council of native scholars will coöperate, and as rapidly as possible Chinese teachers will be trained to lead classes.

KOREAN STUDENTS

THE students of Korea, although fewer in number, are enthusiastic over the Bible movement. Immanuel Kant said, "The existence of the Bible as a book for the people is the greatest benefit which the human race has ever experienced." Although Korea may be called a belated nation, inefficient in her defenses, for three hundred years without great leadership, and with few resources in herself, she is beginning to share this benefit.

A CONFUCIAN TABLET

All government school students bow in worship periodically to tablets of this character.

I found that thousands of people there were learning to read solely by the use of the Bible. It is the only English book that is fully translated, and the only one that the majority of the people can read and understand. Indeed, it is difficult to furnish enough Bibles at twenty-two cents apiece to supply the Koreans. In 1906, one church ordered 20,000 copies of the New Testament. There was a slight delay at the printer's, with the result that every copy was sold before a page was printed. The Koreans, with their almost starvation-wage rates, eagerly pay fifteen, thirty, and even fifty cents—which in real value is double that amount—for well-bound copies of the New Testament.

Bible study in Korea reaches all classes from the leading men in education, politics, and religion, to the simple peasant. The first Korean meeting which I addressed was held in the new Young Men's Christian Association building in the city of Seoul. The building was a gift of Mr. John Wanamaker, and is the finest modern edifice I saw in Korea. It is furnished with all the essential privileges of a modern association—night schools, educational classes, gymnasium, reading-rooms, and a fine auditorium. The first meeting was attended by one thousand men, taxing the utmost capacity of the large hall. Upon

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YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, SHANGHAI

arriving at the building, we found scores of students demanding tickets of admission. The scene which greeted our eyes upon entering the assembly-hall was a memorable one. The most prominent men of Korea were upon the platform, and the audience was seated close together, in Oriental fashion, upon mats. Most of the men wore their odd Korean hats. The moment my interpreter translated to the people the suggestion that the students and educated men of Korea join the 80,000 college men of eighteen nations interested in the world campaign for Bible study, the entire audience rose, and in prolonged applause manifested the feeling which a professor who sat near me expressed by saying, "The Koreans will lay down their lives for their country, and any cause in which you appeal to them in the name of their nation will command their utmost allegiance." The truth of this remark was proved at the close of the meeting, when 655 Koreans signed cards of enrolment for Bible study. At a later meeting a normal class for the training of Bible-class teachers was organized with thirty-five Koreans as members, which included such influential men as the Korean minister of education, chief officials of the city, and some of the best scholars of the land. Mr. Ye Sang Chai, the leader of this training-class in the city of Seoul, was converted to the Christian religion by reading the Bible

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SACRED BRONZE BULL IN THE GARDEN OF A TEMPLE, KIOTO, JAPAN

Followers of the Shinto faith stroke this image as a cure for rheumatism.

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MONKS AT A VILLAGE MONASTERY IN KOREA

while confined in jail as a political prisoner during a stormy period of civil strife. He is said to be the most proficient scholar of the Chinese language in Korea.

I saw Koreans who had walked from ten to fourteen days through the country in order to attend the Bible conference.

THE NEW FAR EAST

THIS Bible awakening among Oriental students is of enormous importance in view of the changes now in progress in Asia. The great deeps of centuries are stirred, and the conviction is spreading that the ancient civilization can be improved. Things are occurring among these 500 millions of people of far Asia more striking than the events of the Crusades. Every cabinet of every country is awake to the fact, and is watching. Germany, Russia, France, England, and America, are all represented in the streets of Peking, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Tokio. Although Korea has lost her independence in the last five years, she is now gaining a government. Western influences are everywhere apparent. One finds the books of Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill in the Imperial University of Tokio. American books are studied by the Manchu boys in Peking. Thirty thousand, six

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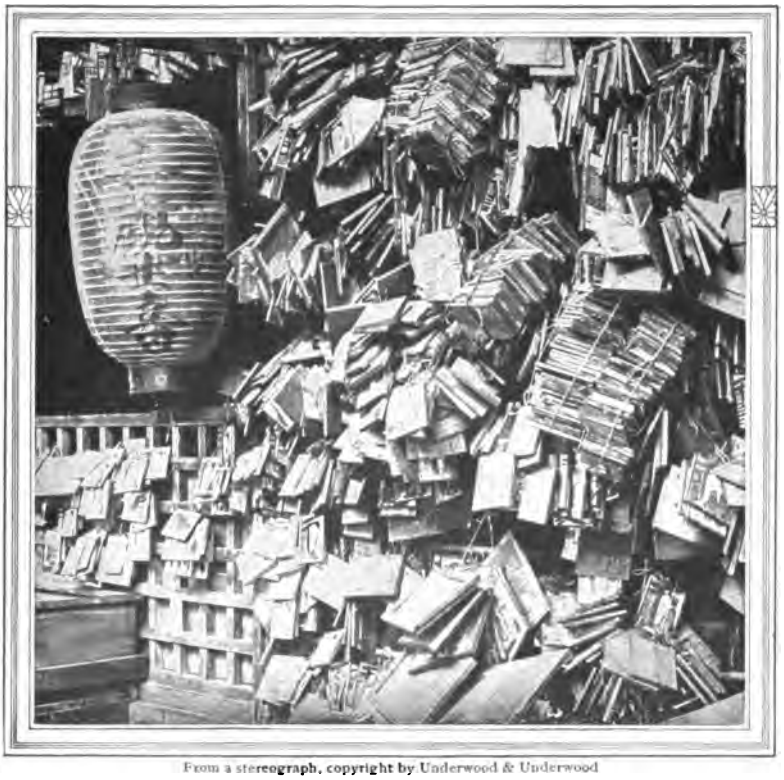
hundred government schools in China are revolutionizing their educational work upon models furnished by the Occident. The English language is increasingly demanded not simply in India, where it is the common language for lectures in the large universities, but in the Far East as well. English is essential for commercial preferment. Even Pidgin-English is much more than a joke in the coast cities of the Orient. Railroad-tickets are printed in both English and Chinese throughout China.

CHANGES IN CHINA'S POLITICS

THE past political year in China has been a notable one. I witnessed the public funeral of the Emperor in Peking, on May 1, 1909. Several important changes were apparent at this great concourse. It was no longer possible to make the soldiers bow down upon their faces as the procession passed, while the people, who had usually been forced far beyond the city gates and not allowed to look upon the sacred catafalque, were on this day crowded for miles along the sides of the streets. A new and sympathetic attitude toward foreigners was noticed, and they were given a place in the "chief seats."

The burning of opium-pipes has caused a sensation. Although, of course, there is still some smuggling of opium, especially through the Straits Settlements, this vice has been attacked by Chinese officials with a thoroughness and a sincerity which have impressed and surprised many of China's best friends.

The Chinese government is now thoroughly aroused to the defense of its integrity both territorial and financial. If its boundaries were in peril previous to the Russo-Japanese War, its commercial and financial life is now specially threatened by the subtle policies of foreign powers. The sovereignty of China in Manchuria is rapidly becoming a mere fiction. Almost every day brings to China a fresh demand for railway charters, mining concessions, and the right to furnish a loan. It is not to be wondered at that certain Orientals begin to feel that "money" has a religion,



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BUDDHIST PRAYERS FOR SALE IN A JAPANESE SHOP

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THE GREAT BELL OF CHION, KIOTO, NINE FEET IN DIAMETER, WHICH HAS RUNG FOR NEARLY 300 YEARS

and that, as Michelet once remarked, "Capital is Protestant." China has become an important battle-ground for the political and commercial contests of the nations.

THE NEW EDUCATION

CHANGES in Japan are no less revolutionary. The empire has outrun other Oriental nations in her modern policies. Her army and navy reveal the influence of England, as her schools remind one of Germany and America. Her Christian church is no longer dominated by foreigners, but guided and often sustained by a new and self-confident Japanese leadership.

No agency is exerting greater influence in unlocking Oriental civilization to the whole world than the rise of modern learning. Until recent years the ancient systems of education held the Far East, and especially China, in an iron grasp. In the year 1872, and in the three years immediately following, the Chinese government annually sent to study in American schools thirty Chinese boys of ages ranging from nine to fourteen. This was the initial step toward the breaking of the tra-

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ditional conservative policy of Chinese education. But in the year 1881, owing to reactionary influences, 120 of these students were called home. Yet they took back to the scattered provinces of the Chinese empire the seeds of a new educational movement. Some of them went into the army, and have already given their lives for their country. Others have spent their years in the effort to eradicate the ignorance and overcome the prejudices of their countrymen. Wherever they have gone they have been, as it were, "the trumpets that sing to battle" for new ideas.

The increasing number of Chinese college men who, in later years, have turned their faces to the West for education has enlarged this little company. Last year 465 Chinese students were studying in the various institutions of the United States and Canada. Whenever and wherever these men have returned to China they have been leaders in the transformations of the last few years. At present they are seeing their efforts crowned with success; their advice is being sought by men in authority; they are in the greatest demand as teachers in the government schools, where Western learning is being adapted to Oriental conditions with amazing rapidity; and now these students are taking the lead in introducing the Bible among the educated men of the Middle Kingdom.

When I was in Nanking, the Chinese were tearing down the 13,000 examination stalls where the literati, the chosen scholars of the empire, had for centuries gathered to take their examinations. I was asked to lunch with the Viceroy Dwan Fan, who invited me to visit the government schools, which occupy new buildings, and are furnished with modern equipment. He insisted that I should not praise, but give "moral advice" relative to the life of the 13,000 students of various grades studying under his supervision. When I asked the reason for seeking such advice from a person of different race and religion, he replied: "For years I have been studying the results of Western civilization and Western education. I have discovered that in every nation virtue is the secret of success, and that moral education is one of the chief roads to the acquirement of such virtue, be it individual or national."

When we consider that this viceroy controls for life and death 80,000,000 people, and that he is a rigorous Confucianist, we may realize the extent of the change in the point of view of Chinese educators and high officials. Bible study has been started in the schools of this Viceroy under the leadership of Western teachers.

In Japan, as in China, "scholar" and "teacher" are names of high respect. A professor in the Imperial University at Tokio holds a position equal in rank to that of our Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. Several of the professors were attendants on the Bible conferences which we held in Tokio. One of them has been engaged to train able students to become teachers of the Bible, and he himself has been appointed a member of the National Bible Council for Students.

A NEW ATTITUDE TOWARD THE BIBLE

As the lecture method has been the usual way of teaching Oriental students, the small group plan for the study of the Bible has been a decided innovation. During my first week in Japan, I found it difficult to impress upon my hearers the advantages of informal talks among groups of congenial friends. Even my interpreter was not wholly clear regarding the nature of this method of study. On Easter Sunday, therefore, it was decided to conduct a model Bible group in the city of Osaka in order that the educated men in that city might have a graphic demonstration of the discussional plan. A platform was arranged in the center of a large hall, and the Japanese audience was seated around it. Seven professors and students were selected to form the model group. The Oriental audience, always keenly alive to the unusual and sensational, watched the proceedings with intense interest. The secretary of the class first arranged his reference-books, maps, and blackboard. The members of the group then entered as they would a friend's room for a chance conversation. As soon as the men were seated at the table, the leader, looking at one of the prominent Shinto teachers, said, "What does the resurrection of Jesus Christ mean to you personally?"

As the Shintoist's belief seemed to differ from that of other members of the class, representing various religious creeds, in a few minutes virtually all of the members

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were trying to talk at the same time. During the session, members of the audience were often impelled to stand because of quickened interest in the discussion. Finally, the leader rose and closed the hour with a brief prayer in the deep, earnest Japanese tongue. Since that meeting, groups for the study of the Bible have been formed throughout the empire, and thousands of students have been studying and discussing the Bible in connection with individual and national problems. Moreover, the point of view has been changing; the Bible is being examined by Chinese and Japanese students not simply as a collection of texts and interesting mottos, but also in its relation to the historical development of humanity.

EMPHASIS UPON THINGS OF THE SPIRIT

THIS Bible movement is bringing to the Far East a fresh interest in the spiritual life at a time when these principles are peculiarly needed. As the East grasps with eager hands at the prizes of modern progress, she is confronted with the temptations inherent in growing material resources. This is specially true of Japan, where the merchant classes, formerly of inferior social order, have been rapidly rising in rank until now new-made millionaires are decorated by the Emperor with the "Third Order of the Rising Sun." The tendency is to copy and adapt rather than to pierce deep enough to find the real spirit of Christian civilization, and to realize that, as Matthew Arnold said:

> By the soul only
> The nation shall be great and free.

CHINESE AND KOREAN STUDENTS IN TOKIO

THERE is perhaps no more striking group of students in the whole Far East than the 5000 carefully chosen Chinese and the 700 Korean students who are studying in the city of Tokio. These, with the men who are being sent to America to study, are the "Cecil Rhodes scholars" of the Far East. To be sure, the number of students whom China has sent to Tokio to obtain the principles of the new learning has decreased considerably during the last two years; the quality of these college men, however, has advanced, and the men are not short-term men, as formerly, for they plan to remain for several years. The importance of these students can hardly be overestimated, because they return to the most remote provinces of their countries, to be in many cases the sole representatives of modern civilization. They are important also because of their needs. Like all students away from home, they are subjected to extreme temptations. In Tokio, with its vast student population of 47,000 Japanese, these Chinese and Korean college men are surrounded by customs in which vice is to a considerable extent both respectable and common. Hundreds of the Chinese and Korean students now enlisted in the Bible campaign meet weekly for this study in the homes of their teachers. I attended a Sunday evening class of sixty-five Chinese students who came from twelve different provinces in China. One hundred Korean students were meeting every week to study the relation of Christianity to individual and institutional questions. A Chinese student told me that he was giving an hour a day to Bible study, and when he had read through the New Testament, he expected to be able to decide about becoming a Christian. This concrete and scientific method of reading and considering large parts of the Bible before committing themselves to Christianity is a trait of Orientals, and there is hardly a greater and more intelligent means of evangelization in eastern Asia to-day than this systematic study.

SOCIAL AND MORAL REFORM

HERBERT SPENCER said that institutions are dependent upon character, and, however changed in their superficial aspects, cannot be changed in their essential nature faster than character changes.

The great question of the East to-day is the question of character. Some of the keenest students of Oriental conditions are apprehensive concerning this matter. Ancient moral restraints and sanctions are failing to hold Orientals as of yore. A prominent Chinese whose son was studying in Tokio was heard to confess that his son had written to him, saying that he no longer called his parent father, nor himself a son; they were now equal. Students and educated leaders laugh at idol-worshipers,

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but in many cases these men are doing little toward replacing the outgrown religious customs. Something like moral anarchy seems to be imminent unless vital forces replace the old and at present powerless code of restraints. I met scores of students who treated the whole matter of morals and religion with indifference. At times I found them atheistic and wholly skeptical, for the influence of Buddhism is to separate religion from morality.

Trade and science are among the influences which are impressing the need of social and moral reform on the Orient. To tell the truth is both a financial and a scientific necessity. Oriental civilization must learn that righteousness is the eternal foundation, or be eventually abolished. It is gradually being realized that alertness, imitation, borrowing, or ingenious tricks are not substitutes for character.

The feeling is growing in Japan that her reputation for honesty and morality must be reëstablished. In the Imperial Rescript of 1890, relating to education, special emphasis was laid upon morality and education along ethical lines. There is danger, however, that the present plan of ethical teaching in the schools will lose much of its force through vagueness. It is utterly lacking in the dynamic force of personal religion, while the absence of tangible and definite methods of inculcating its teachings or applying them to every-day life is sadly apparent. In view of these conditions, the movement to bring about a wide-spread, practical interest in voluntary Bible study among students is most timely in Japan, as it is in China. This study has in mind not simply the planting of ethical principles; it also touches the deeper religious consciousness of thinking men. It insists upon the direct attachment of ethical and religious truth to social, political, and industrial conditions.

Along with this study, moreover, practical suggestions are being made for the application of new inspiration to the problems of this modern Eastern life. The students are going forth from these classes, where the problems of city and state are being discussed in the light of the principles of Christianity, to organize clubs and committees for the education and betterment of the poor and less fortunate classes in the large cities. The readiness with which the students of these nations are accepting and attaching themselves to this campaign is giving new hope and satisfaction to native and foreign workers alike.

SYMPATHETIC ATTITUDE OF TRAINED TEACHERS

A LARGE hope of Bible study in the Orient resides with the intelligent Western college men who are teachers in the government schools or representatives of the Student Volunteer Movement. In Asia there are 1253 student volunteers, many of them strong, far-sighted crusaders whom Western educational institutions have contributed to the Far East. But these men, and the men who will follow them, in order to succeed, must have increasingly in mind the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the Oriental, and broad sympathy with him. In spite of recent indications of progress, especially in the great port cities of the Orient, the men who are sent out to teach the Bible and to assist these countries in the application of its principles must appreciate that Eastern society does not admit of sudden transformation. The leaders must be content with a slow march. Native teachers must be discovered and trained by patient and often toilsome thoroughness. Attempts to stampede the East along any line are doomed to failure. Kipling has said,

> It is not good for the Christian race
> To worry the Aryan brown,
> For the white man riles,
> And the brown man smiles,
> And it weareth the Christian down;
> And the end of the fight
> Is a tombstone white
> With the name of the late deceased,
> And the epitaph clear,
> "A fool lies here,
> Who tried to hurry the East."

A Chinese student in Peking, in speaking to me of Robert Gailey, the former Princeton foot-ball player who for twelve years has been working among the students of northern China, said, "Gailey is a great success as a Bible teacher, and his success lies largely in his determination to understand us." It is supremely true in China, Korea, and Japan, that to sympathize is to help.

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In spite of the fact that in American colleges last year there were 2084 mission classes in which 25,200 students were studying about missions, there still exists a lamentable ignorance in relation to the actual needs of men and women in the Orient. A wide-spread system of education is needed to bring the East and West intelligently and sympathetically together. This campaign of education will touch not only the college life of the Orient, but every phase of Eastern existence. The large business houses, for example, should know something of the reaction of Orientals against our modern type of civilization before choosing men who are sent blindly into the East with little knowledge of the Oriental consciousness or experience with it. It would be most desirable if some plans could be formed by which the more thoughtful Orientals in this country could be brought into conference with men whose interests lie in Asia. Some of the most hideous mistakes of Westerners in the Far East have been made through ignorance of the tendencies of the Eastern mind, which is directly antipodal to the mind of the West.

EMPHASIZING ESSENTIAL CHRISTIANITY

Success in the Bible enterprise in the East, as well as in the West, depends upon seeing truths in proportion; large things must be seen large, and small things small. Even a superficial study of conditions in the Far East brings the conclusion that the present great transformations are due more largely to Christian missions than to any other single factor. It is true that workers in the East have failed at times to accent with sufficient emphasis the vital elements of the Christian religion, to discriminate between that which is local or temporary or Western in forms and doctrine, and that which is essential and permanently central in all races.

The wide-spread and remarkable awakening of the Far Eastern nations does not mean thorough enlightenment, by any means. The great mass of the Eastern people, as one student in China expressed it, "are dazed, not enlightened." While thinking men of Asia are truly in a questioning mind to-day, they have not generally caught either the spirit or the method of the great truths which have dominated Christianity.

The great opportunity of the Bible renaissance of the East lies in its being a movement which is not hampered by creeds or by particular methods. It may include men of every kind of faith or of no faith. It asks only that men come together with serious and practical purpose to learn the facts concerning a great literature. The leaders of this movement of educated men have set their minds in the direction of a few great central ideas, which are being emphasized in carefully arranged courses of Bible study in the native languages of the Orient. All ecclesiastical and sectarian machinery will be omitted both in the preparation of the studies and in their promotion. No priests or temples or formal observances appear in the foreground to distract or prejudice. Over one half of the 3000 Chinese students who voluntarily enrolled themselves in Bible classes during my visit to the institutions of China last year professed faiths other than the Christian religion. The tremendous possibilities of this enterprise appear when one realizes that the number of Oriental students who could be enlisted in this study to-day is dependent almost entirely upon the number and equipment of teachers.

THE AWAKENING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

However, no phase of this movement is perhaps more striking than the influence which the Bible is exerting in the development of individualism. For centuries the community has supplanted the individual in eastern Asia. There has been, in fact, no place for the individual in the Far Eastern social system. There has been little or no emphasis upon social identity. The Eastern student has found himself bound into a veritable hierarchy of subjection. His spontaneity and originality, if they have existed at all, have been forced to turn themselves into servitude to the family. This has brought about a type of student which is uniform, indeed, but often colorless. He excels in memory, but is weak in analysis and initiative. This was exemplified in the case of a Chinese student in Hong-Kong. He had been studying in the Old Testament for six or eight months; had been required, among other duties, to commit to memory the names of the books of the Old Testament. Upon examination, he was asked

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to criticize the acts of Moses. With due Celestial solemnity the young man rose to his feet, and said: "Far be it from me, a humble Confucianist student, to criticize the acts of so great a man as Moses. But," he continued, "if you would like to have the names of the books of the Old Testament, I will repeat them herewith." After which statement he went through the books of the Old Testament at lightning speed, and had started to return, repeating them backward, when he was halted by his teacher, who suggested that analysis, and not memory, had been desired.

To-day the Far East feels the need of dealing with the development of the individual soul. Confucianism, with its ethical agnosticism and moral codes, is silent upon the cultivation or the outcome of the individual soul. Taoism is a great body of superstition, suggesting many nostrums for spiritual ills, but giving little thought to the constitution of real personality. The demon-worship of Korea, with its innate belief in malevolent spirits, differs comparatively little from Taoism. To Buddhism, the great philosophic faith of the entire Far East, the individual soul is something lost in reflection, fading into the unconsciousness of Nirvana, "the starry stillness of all-embracing space."

The Bible comes to the East with a personal religion. It brings the gospel of a new individual consciousness and responsibility. One who has not seen the influence of the Bible in Asia can scarcely appreciate the optimism and good cheer which it is bringing to peoples to whom life at best has meant in many cases illusion and despair. These men, who have been accepting our material achievements and our modern civilization, but have been rejecting our creeds, will find by the study of outstanding Biblical truths the real message of Christianity to individual men.

If the degree of the individualism of a people is a self-recorded measure of its place in the great march of mind, this vital cause, which places chief emphasis upon the eternal value of individual souls, will have no small mission to men of the Orient.

We all know the statue of the Pilgrim Father, with his staff in his hand and the Bible under his arm. We are accustomed to say that the chief element in successful Western Christian civilization is that sense of personal religious liberty which is central in the Bible message. The query persists in the minds of those who visit the Orient: if the East remains impersonal, if she fails to develop great, excellent, liberty-loving personalities, will not her possibilities of career disappear before the advancing nations of the West? One notable safeguard at least against such a calamity will be the return to the Orient of the Book which there had its origin and home.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

KING EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER

IN the present crisis of political affairs in England, it is difficult to overestimate the loss which that country has sustained in the death of King Edward. On the face of things, one could hardly perceive in the late King's public utterances or acts the source of his extraordinary influence. Its gentleness, its lack of boisterousness, reminds one of the fable of the Sun and the Wind. It was exerted through the quiet force of personal kindliness, good manners, tact, shrewdness, and freedom from bitterness. At home he not only fortified himself and the monarchy by his sympathetic participation in English life, sharing the interests that were the nation's interests, but by his careful desire to adhere to constitutional rule and practice and to avoid the suspicion of favoring either political party. This precaution, based as it was on his sense of justice, as well as of propriety, was an inheritance from the wise policy of Queen Victoria; and thus his relationship to af-

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fairs may be said to have left the British Constitution as strong as he found it. Perhaps the greatest tribute from his own people is that, after the storm-and-stress period of Irish politics, the "Unhappy Island" is united in grief at his death.

The responsive sympathy from all English-speaking lands has not been a matter of surprise, in view of King Edward's cultivation of solidarity of feeling among all these peoples. America has not been wanting in the expression of its genuine regard for his high qualities and its appreciation of his uniform friendliness to this country, manifested, as it was, in a hundred ways. His death does not tend to dissolve, but to renew, the unwritten pact of friendship between two nations who have so much in sympathy—not least, as a tie, the necessity of working out certain common problems of government.

Beyond his wholesome and influential relationship to his great country and her colonies and to America, King Edward, aided, perhaps, by dynastic intermarriages, had a unique personal influence upon other countries as an unfailing conservative force in the peace of the nations. It is a signal tribute to the advance of the cause of peace that this aspect of his reign and of his character now occupies the most prominent place in the thoughts of the world. He was the one of all the sovereigns of Europe who most conspicuously recognized his duty in this regard, and when his biography is written, there will doubtless be recorded many an instance in which his wise counsel has averted the international friction which it is so easy for the irresponsible to promote and so difficult for the responsible to allay. The loss of England is the loss of the world; and with all good wishes for the new sovereign in advancing the prosperity of his country, one may venture the hope and the confident expectation that also in this larger field there will be no break in the honorable and fortunate tradition of the British crown.

A NEW ERA IN CITY GOVERNMENT

DURING the last six months, a remarkable spectacle has been presented by the government of our greatest city. The vote by which Mayor Gaynor was elected was the Tammany vote, pure and simple; and yet his administration is acknowledged on all hands to be wholly free from the taint of partizanship. At a notable meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, he referred in a humorous way to the circumstance that in the election he had received virtually no support from the advocates of non-partizan city government. The work he was doing as Mayor, he declared, was the same work upon which he had been engaged "in season and out of season, without any regard to national politics or State politics, for over thirty years, without one hour of deviation or backslide."

Now, a remarkable thing about this situation—more remarkable, possibly, than even the Mayor's performance itself—is the circumstance that this non-partizan conduct of the Mayoralty of New York by a man elected by the straightest kind of straight party vote has evoked no protest. Mr. Gaynor has not only acted non-partizanship, but has aggressively talked non-partizanship; and yet no one rises to brand him as a traitor to his party. When he addresses the business men of Syracuse, he tells them that "the only sane way in city elections is to vote according to local men and issues, and to freely cross party lines on that basis, without being deterred by national or State politics." He has gone so far as even to decline to make any comment on the result of an exciting Congressional by-election, on the ground that while he was Mayor he felt it best to avoid saying anything on political subjects. In a word, the most exacting doctrinaire could go no further than does this intensely practical Mayor of New York, elected, let us say again, by a straight Tammany vote; and yet there is no cataclysm. The quiet acceptance of the situation by the politicians, even more than the hearty approval of the Mayor by the press and by public opinion generally, shows that the time is ripe for putting an end to the irrational union we have so long tolerated between city administration and national party politics.

But it is not upon any isolated phenomenon, however striking and important, that we must rest the belief that we are entering upon a new era in the government of our cities. Movements and tendencies of a general nature, pointing toward standards of excellence quite un-

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known in American city governments in the past, have in recent years been developing in a remarkable manner. The so-called commission plan, to which Galveston took recourse in its dire need after the great flood, worked so well there that it has been adopted in nearly all the cities of Texas. Out of this grew the more democratic plan introduced at Des Moines, which has likewise been spreading through a large area in the West. The word "commission" suggests government from above, but that is a misapprehension; even in the Galveston plan the commission is elected by the people, and in the Des Moines plan the people retain, by means of the initiative, the referendum and the recall, a kind of hold on their affairs which, under the usual form of city government, cannot be thought of. But it is not so much the mechanism that concerns us here,—the mechanism might perhaps be quite unworkable in such a city as New York,—the essential point is that scores of American cities have been quietly dropping the pseudo-politics that have been the bane of municipal government in our country, and adopting an entirely new structure, for the sole purpose of securing efficient conduct of the city's business, efficient promotion of the community's well-being.

Among the forces that have profoundly modified American notions as to the place of honest, intelligent, and efficient administration in our civic life, not the least is that which has proceeded from many of our universities. Probably the most notable example is the University of Wisconsin, which for a number of years has exerted a direct and most potent influence on the improvement of government in that State. The well-known efficiency of the Wisconsin law relating to public-service corporations, as well as of the commission which administers that law, must be attributed mainly to the university's activities; and it is also to that source that the institution of the Bureau of Legislative Reference—a highly important adjunct of intelligent legislation—must be ascribed. This, however, is only one example; in many States, similar activities have sprung up, some put in motion under university stimulus, some arising in other ways. In New York City, the Bureau of Municipal Research has played a most useful part. And mention should not be omitted of the fact that a beginning has been made toward the adoption of the common-sense idea prevailing in Germany, that a city should avail itself of the services of the best men it can get, regardless of residence.

What we have suffered in moral and material loss through the maintenance of the senseless system that has obtained in the past is quite beyond the possibility of measurement. But there is another aspect of the matter that has attracted singularly little notice. Laboring under the constant necessity of concentrating attention upon the checking of abuses, we have had little energy to spare for dealing in a free and large-minded way with the great constructive questions on which the welfare of the people of our cities in the present, and still more in future generations, so vitally depends. We have only to see what German cities are doing for their beauty, their cleanliness, their expansion along wholesome lines, their improvement in all directions, and especially in all that relates to the well-being of the poor, in order to realize what a terrible toll we have been paying to the fetish of so-called politics, in the shape of neglected opportunities. But an era of common sense seems to be at hand.

PAGEANTS BETTER THAN GUNPOWDER

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1908, was published a paper by Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, president of the New York "Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise," entitled, "Our Barbarous Fourth," which attracted national attention and enlisted much support for the writer's efforts to procure the abolition of objectionable and senseless methods of celebrating Independence day. Mrs. Rice's crusade, at first greeted with derision, has taken deep hold upon the sober judgment of the people, and has enlisted the coöperation of the governors of more than half the States, a large number of mayors of cities, presidents of colleges, and other influential persons. The time is now ripe for considering a substitute for the old-time festival of noise and powder, with its attendant consequences of injuries, fatalities, and conflagration; and we are happy to be

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able to present in this number two helpful papers having practical bearing on the problem,—Mr. Mackaye's admirable program of suggestions, and Mr. Oberholtzer's narrative of achievement, with his valuable advice,—each dealing with pageants, and each written by one who has had experience in the organization of such fêtes.

Back of the obvious superiority of the new movement in appropriateness, lies its deep sociological value—the salutary influence of such pageants in giving cohesiveness to our community life, which, as it becomes more complicated, is exposed to many centrifugal forces. It cannot be denied that, even in the face of the ridicule of the snob by our satirists, the genus is far from extinct, especially the species *Anglo-Americanus*. The growth of wealth among uncultivated people has brought with it certain aristocratic notions which are none the less mischievous that they have no political significance. People's associations and friendships will always be directed by their tastes, but in our cities and towns there is, so to speak, too much cliquery; there are too many sacred and select circles based in a shallow sense of superiority. To understand or enjoy life, something more is necessary than "to know only one's equals or superiors." Against this and similar sentiments it is a labor of patriotism to array and emphasize at every point the essential and wholesome solidarity of interest of the community, and thus of the state and nation. It is not the time, when class barriers are giving way abroad, to erect them here, and nothing is more likely to cement the sympathies of our people and to accentuate our homogeneity than a cultivation of pageants, which awaken us to think, as the old-time Fourth does not, of the sacrifices by which true ideas of liberty have been promoted.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by W. O. Wilson

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

THE BRIDE: It 's a comfort, dearest, to know that we were poisoned by the same ivy.

When Mother Took to Slang

ONCE mother broke out into slang!
We 'd often heard her say
Naught else was talked around her
From dawn till close of day;
And mother she was joyful:
"They 've put me wise," cried she.
"It knocks me how I used to talk!
But, sure, that 's one on me!"

When mother took to talking slang,
It was a mournful day,
And dad and all us children
Just listened in dismay;
But mother she was merry:
"Oh, drop it now!" quoth she;
"Cut out the grouch; come, be a sport;
Or else the joke 's on me!"

When mother took to talking slang,
The household speechless grew,
And father groaned, and sister moaned,
And all us children, too;
Still mother dear was happy:
"You love it so," said she;
"I 've learned it good and plenty,
And I hope you 're pleased with me!"

Augusta Kortrecht.

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Drawn by Reginald Birch

Humor in School

QUIZZING AN ORACLE

IT began in composition hour. I had been teaching the enticing story of the crack in the Forum and the brave leap of Marcus Curtius; but it was a side line that caused the most interest—the oracles. Great was the fascination of the idea of a hidden personality, all-seeing, infallible, and willing to solve human problems.

"It would be a snap for the Russians if there was a good, reliable oracle now," said Blayney.

"He 'd make a pile of money," added Ikey.

Womanlike, I fell. What would these children ask of the oracles? What problems were they struggling with?

"Suppose we had an oracles' cave right here in the park, in a corner of the pines down by the bear-pits, and I were to let you take five questions each there to be answered this afternoon, what would you ask?"

"Would it be free?" came in an anxious treble from little Ikey.

"Yes, free, and the answers absolutely true and reliable."

"O-o-o-o-oh!" in a long-drawn-out sigh of ecstasy, and they began.

When the question-slips were handed in, I carried my investigations further afield, and presented the alluring picture of the obliging oracles to the younger children. In the lowest class of the school the ages range from six to nine, and out of the mouths of these babes came: "How deep is the snow in the North?" "How is the world going to look when it is at an end?" "What use are snakes in the world?" "How long would it take any one to starve?" "What is the name of the man in the moon?" "Is the earth round or square?" "How far will a dog run?" "What was Moses's mother's name?" And the easily familiar, "How are you getting along?"

From the zone of nine and ten years were presented: "What would happen if the earth and moon bumped together?" "Why do *heatherns* put idols in their huts for?" "Are we going to have good swimming this year?" "Why dose the angles climb the steps when they have wings?" "How much can a horse eat?" "How long, Mister Oracle, can *you* stay under water?" (Evidently from a diving expert.) "What is the hardest word in the world to spell?" "Which is the smallest child ever born?" "Who was the first man that ever made wood-pulp, and what kind of a tree did he make it from?" And the staggerer, "How many miles will a bug travel in a day?"

In the next room a pupil of eleven handed in this essentially feminine collection: "What does it mean when people say, 'You are too young to be braiding St. Catherine's hair?'" "How many sweet peas grow in one summer?" "Who sang the first song?" "Who was the first poet?" "Tell me what I am thinking about."

Near her was a freckled boy of the same age. His questions show the workings of the masculine mind: "How many eggs has the largest salmon?" "Name all the different works of a clock." "Who first made a rifle?" "What is the middle of the earth like?" "How did you get so wise—are you married?" In this room the teacher is a very earnest thinker, and the questions of the children show her influence.

The personality of the oracle interested

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one little chap, who wrote, "I 'd ask the orracle if he went to school, if he was at school long, if he was a smart pupil, did he like school, and how old he was when he started." The lad evidently is considering the question of going into training.

A small girl with big, thoughtful eyes and the sweetest smile in the world asks: "Please tell me what makes people get blind, dead, and dum." "Please tell me can a flower feel when you hurt it." "Is there any fairies?" "Do *you* like fairy-tails?" "Do you go to church?"

The rapid transition of thought startles, as in this pair: "Is there a wishing-well?" "How many bones have I in me?" "Who was the first man that Radcliffe hung?" "What is the proper age to get married at? Why?" "Tell me where my four pigeons are."

It is a girl who queries: "What is happening on the other side of the world?" It is also a girl who demands: "Why is my hair red?" and "Why is water wet?" "When was the first lady born, and how?"

The questions that teachers so blithely propound on examination-papers about A and B digging ditches, and John being asked how many eggs he had in a basket, and saying that if he had two dozen more less one, etc., and who were the early Saxon kings, and how old is Ann, are child's play and cannot stand in the presence of these character-revealers, so quietly written and so politely handed up: "What was the name of the first family of white civilized people in the world?" "How did the ellefunt get his trunk?" "If you fell off the earth where would you fall to?" "Am I going to be a farmer's wife?" "What is a balloon like inside?" "I should like to know, dear sir, why women are not as strong as men." "Why was there ever a sea—why did n't the land be in one big piece without any sea?" "Why are some people always sad and never happy?" "Where did you learn the answers to everything?" "Who imported rabbits to Australia?" "What work is taught most in Chinese schools?" "Who is the best all-round lady-athlete in the city of Victoria?" "Will Vancouver Island ever be an active volcano?" "When will the airships be in good use?" "Why are some people black and some white?" "Why don't we live forever and not die?" "Why are some people rich and some poor?" "Is the world's cleverest person living now, dead, or not alive yet?" "What is the best book ever written?" "Why is the world like a music-box?" "Wot do men and Rooshian ladies want to smoke for?"

A skinny boy who rejoices in the playground name of "Turkey," and who from time to time occupies the penitent's bench in the principal's office, sidles up to the desk and deposits these: "How many candy-stores are there in the world?" "Do you, Mr. Oracle, know our teacher Miss Maclean?" "Have you seen Christopher Columbus?"

At noon I was besieged with requests from the uninterrogated classes: "Miss Cameron, may n't *we* take questions to the oracle?" And under the entrance steps I heard a chronic "kicker" (the son of a pilot, and himself on the highroad to development into a sea-lawyer) declare to his fidus Achates: "Aw, we 're never in it. Division Four never gets no snaps."

When Division Four, in the afternoon session, came into its own, this is what the son of the pilot evolved: "Is the earth solid or is it hollow?" "Am I going to be rich?" "Wen will the apples be ripe?" "How could I take a trip round the world for nothing?" "Where is there a big undiscovered gold-mine?" If there is not incipient anarchy in young Tully Boyce, then may I be given clearer sight. The boy who at the threshold of ten years hungers for big, undiscovered gold-mines is a walking delegate in the making.

There is a suggestion of breach of Anglo-Saxon unity in, "Who is the better general, the King of England or the President of the United States?"

Oddly enough, it is a girl who asks, "Will anything ever be invented to spoil gravity?" My own gravity was spoiled before I had finished with the mild demands of the infant class that day. I transcribe their contributions exactly as they were handed in, without comment: "In one place in the Bible it says when we die we assend into Heaven, and in another place it says we will come out of our graves when the bugle blows. How can this be?" "Where was Moses buried? Give exact spot." "What relation am I to Adam and Eve?" "What is the use of History, Evangeline, and Lambs' Tales—can we get a living by them?" "What sort of a man is the Czar of Russia?" "How could you make a teacher keep her temper down?" "How can I read a person's mind?" "Will Corea be an independent country?" "How could I learn to mummify people like the Egyptians?"

It is the boys who ask the practical things, to wit, "How can I make a dynamo at my home?" "Tell me how to fertilize the Sahara." "Am I going to marry a nice girl?" "Why did King Edward recall the North Pacific Squadron? Is it wise to leave Esquimalt unguarded?"

That nature-study is receiving its due attention is evidenced by: "How do little seeds get life?" "How do flowers get their per-

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fume?" "How is it my head is n't square?" "Why do they make bees?" "Mr. Oracle, where is whales?" "What are finger nails made of?" "How did the stars get into the sky?"

The question, "Is there any wingless birds?" brings a lump to my throat. It was handed in by a brave little girl of ten who stumbles into school each morning on two artificial limbs.

The class preparing for high-school entrance furnishes: "How can I rig up a scheme to get from one planet to another?" "Canada was peopled before the United States—how is it the United States has got so far ahead of us in population? Will we ever catch up?" "Am I going to be troubled with brain trouble?" "Why do the stars form in distinguishable form?" "When am I going to be clever?" "Why are boys so bad in school—let alone girls?" "Is it true that William Tell was only mythic?" "Who ran the oldest licensed House in England?" "Have people more than one life?" "Please tell me my ancestors from William the Conqueror." "How is it that we cannot see angles?" "Where is Heaven?" "Where is Hell?" "Do we reincarnate?" "What are the names of the best books that children can take good examples from so that they can show to others the examples which they have taken?" "Who did Cain, the child of Adam and Eve, marry?" "Why does one man get more respect than another?" "Why do rabbits stamp one foot if any one goes too near them?"

There is something surely the matter with the data of the boy who writes, "Why did Adam eat the berries?"

Most thoughtful were the questions of a girl of eleven: "If a baby dies unbaptized, is it true that it lives in outer darkness? The baby should not be punished for its parents' fault, should it?" "Who taught the angels to play harps, and where did the harps come from?" "Are women of a better nature than men? I think that some men and boys are much better than some women, don't you?" "What should you do when two people (one of whom you like) want you to do the opposite? Should you please the one you like or the one who likes you?" "Why don't the people you like most like you?" Little Pansy has started early to struggle with the Dr. Fell problem: one cannot believe that she is speaking from the abyss of experience—every one loves her.

In one of the lower classes, a little girl came shyly up to the desk to ask, "Miss Cameron, is there any special name for a female gorilla?" I told her none that I knew of; and soon she deposited: "If I should meet by accident a female gorilla would she be very dangerous?" "After we go to Heaven or Hell will the animals live on the earth, and will they live in our houses and sit around in our schools?"

I never pass that imaginative child without mentally uncovering.

Agnes Dean Cameron,
Formerly Principal of South Park School, Victoria, B. C.

If Yer Come Over

Now, Pat, yer may be supposin',
An' if yer come over the sea,
Whatever yer 'atin' or drinkin',
That allus a Paddy yer 'll be.

Whoo! though yer be Paddy O'Flynn,
When out o' ther steerage yer came,
Hut! when yer be holdin' a vote,
A handle yer 'll have to yer name.

An' though yer dwell in the alley,
A-'atin' o' praties an' grool,
Wid the king's own little gossoon,
Yer childer will go to the school.

Yer can buy a bit o' ther sod,
Ther same as the biggest o' men,
And a house all windys an' doors,
An' a nate little pig in a pen.

On Monday yer 'll wear yer best clothes,
Yer pockets a-chinkin' wid money;
Yer 'll butther both sides o' yer bread,
Along wid a lickin' o' honey.

An', Pat, though yer start in a ditch,
An' though an' yer swear an' "By gob!"
Yer 'll be an American-born,
An' when yer be bossin' ther job.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

An Impromptu by Mr. Gilder

Mr. James Francis Thierry of Cleveland, Ohio, sends us, in the handwriting of the late Richard Watson Gilder, the following impromptu lines which, as editor of this magazine, he wrote, August 27, 1909, in declining a poem which he was not able to make use of:

The trouble is that in this land sublime
Too many citizens know how to rhyme;
In fact, some ten or twenty *thousand* can
Write verses that correctly mate and scan,
And several *hundred* sometimes even reach
To no small aptitude of measured speech.
So many *scores* woo well the fickle muse
That editors dare not their songs refuse:
Thus are our safes so full of pretty verses
We can no more—so, prithee, spare your curses.

The Editor.

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A Village Census

FEW in the meetin'-house
Prayin' for more;
Stacks at the ball-game
Disputin' the score.

Two in the library,
Ten at the inn;
All at the auction
Before they begin.

One at the blackboard
Feels like a fool;
Three sawin' wood
With a gasolene mule.

One is indictin'
The trusts at the store;
Two swappin' chestnuts
They 'd swapped there before.

Crowd at the funeral,
Some of 'em sad;
Four in the choir, and
Three of 'em mad.

Swarm at the social
A-makin' rag rugs;
Three in the 'tater-patch
Cussin' the bugs.

Jam at the festival
Fourth o' July;
Two on a buggy-ride,
One sorter shy.

Two in the wood-shed
Grindin' their axes;
Lot at town-meetin'
A-kickin' at taxes.

Some do the pullin',
More of 'em balk;
Few of us thinkin',
All of 'em talk.

Lots of advisers,
And few to agree;
None you can really
Depend on—but me.

Henry Goodwin Smith.

Drawn by Charles Nuttall

FISHERMAN'S LUCK, WITH A VENGEANCE

AMATEUR SPORTSMAN: Just you wait till I get you in the frying-pan.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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"SEVEN GREEN POOLS AT CINTRA, IN THE PLEASANCE OF THE KING,
WHERE TWILIGHT SITS AND LINGERS OR FLITS ON SOLEMN WING"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXX AUGUST, 1910 No. 4

SEVEN GREEN POOLS AT CINTRA

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

SEVEN green pools at Cintra,
In the pleasance of the king,
Where twilight sits and lingers
Or flits on solemn wing.
Seven small red flowers at Cintra,
Chanting a muted chime
By the green pools of Cintra
(A toll for passion and crime,
Or fairy furies' torches
Burning since olden time?).
Seven swinging flowers at Cintra,
Red and remembering,
They sway where twilight lingers,
Slender and blood-stained fingers.

Black swans that slide like shadows,
Red beaks that reach and glow
(Red-lipped as royal lovers,
Ashes, ah, long ago!),

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Two slipped, black-clad and hooded,
At midnight through the wooded
Deeps of Almoçageme;
The tall Rock of the Spindle
Cradled their bark, who knows?
Quivering and waiting, waiting,
For the end of that mad mating.
(What was the end, who knows?)
Now the moon begins to kindle,
Like a climbing yellow rose
By the sea-wall and the Spindle,
Watching above her garden,
In violet waves enwhorled,
The highroads and the by-roads,
And the sorrows of the world.

Seven green pools at Cintra
In the pleasance of the king.
Oh, lovers, I have heard your
Challenge to happiness,
Thrilling the tropic verdure,
Filling the twilight's hollow
With silence luminous.
It was too angel-daring,
That dream of wind-free faring;
Perforce it ended—thus.
Oh, lovers, in your caring,
Epic, tempestuous,
Ye were too angel-daring,
Therefore ye ended—thus!
Seven green pools at Cintra,
In the pleasance of the king,
Where twilight sits and lingers
Or flits on solemn wing.
Twin swans as dark as shadows,
Red beaks that seek and glow
Like eager, blood-stained fingers—
Folded, ah, long ago.

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THE LETTERS

IN THREE PARTS: PART I

BY EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," etc.

I

UP the long hill from the station at St.-Cloud, Lizzie West climbed in the cold spring sunshine. As she breasted the incline, she noticed the first waves of wistaria over court-yard railings and the high lights of new foliage against the walls of ivy-matted gardens; and she thought again, as she had thought a hundred times before, that she had never seen so beautiful a spring.

She was on her way to the Deerings' house, in a street near the hilltop; and every step was dear and familiar to her. She went there five times a week to teach little Juliet Deering, the daughter of Mr. Vincent Deering, the distinguished American artist. Juliet had been her pupil for two years, and day after day, during that time, Lizzie West had mounted the hill in all weathers; sometimes with her umbrella bent against a driving rain, sometimes with her frail cotton parasol unfurled beneath a fiery sun, sometimes with the snow soaking through her patched boots or a bitter wind piercing her thin jacket, sometimes with the dust whirling about her and bleaching the flowers of the poor little hat that *had* to "carry her through" till next summer.

At first the ascent had seemed tedious enough, as dull as the trudge to her other lessons. Lizzie was not a heaven-sent teacher; she had no born zeal for her calling, and though she dealt kindly and dutifully with her pupils, she did not fly to them on winged feet. But one day something had happened to change the face of life, and since then the climb to the Deering house had seemed like a dream-flight up a heavenly stairway.

Her heart beat faster as she remembered it—no longer in a tumult of fright and self-reproach, but softly, peacefully, as if brooding over a possession that none could take from her.

It was on a day of the previous October that she had stopped, after Juliet's lesson, to ask if she might speak to Juliet's papa. One had always to apply to Mr. Deering if there was anything to be said about the lessons. Mrs. Deering lay on her lounge up-stairs, reading greasy relays of dog-eared novels, the choice of which she left to the cook and the nurse, who were always fetching them for her from the *cabinet de lecture;* and it was understood in the house that she was not to be "bothered" about Juliet. Mr. Deering's interest in his daughter was fitful rather than consecutive; but at least he was approachable, and listened sympathetically, if a little absently, stroking his long, fair mustache, while Lizzie stated her difficulty or put in her plea for maps or copy-books.

"Yes, yes—of course—whatever you think right," he would always assent, sometimes drawing a five-franc piece from his pocket, and laying it carelessly on the table, or oftener saying, with his charming smile: "Get what you please, and just put it on your account, you know."

But this time Lizzie had not come to ask for maps or copy-books, or even to hint, in crimson misery,—as once, poor soul! she had had to do,—that Mr. Deering had overlooked her last little account

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Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE HAD COME TO COMPLAIN OF HER PUPIL"

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—had probably not noticed that she had left it, some two months earlier, on a corner of his littered writing-table. That hour had been bad enough, though he had done his best to make it easy to carry it off gallantly and gaily; but this was infinitely worse. For she had come to complain of her pupil; to say that, much as she loved little Juliet, it was useless, unless Mr. Deering could "do something," to go on with the lessons.

"It would n't be honest—I should be robbing you; I 'm not sure that I have n't already," she half laughed, through mounting tears, as she put her case. Little Juliet would not work, would not obey. Her poor, little, drifting existence floated aimlessly between the kitchen and the *lingerie,* and all the groping tendrils of her curiosity were fastened about the doings of the backstairs.

It was the same kind of curiosity that Mrs. Deering, overhead in her drug-scented room, lavished on her dog-eared novels and on the "society notes" of the morning paper; but since Juliet's horizon was not yet wide enough to embrace these loftier objects, her interest was centered in the anecdotes that Céleste and Suzanne brought back from the market and the library. That these were not always of an edifying nature the child's artless prattle too often betrayed; but unhappily they occupied her fancy to the complete exclusion of such nourishing items as dates and dynasties, and the sources of the principal European rivers.

At length the crisis became so acute that poor Lizzie felt herself bound to resign her charge or ask Mr. Deering's intervention; and for Juliet's sake she chose the harder alternative. It *was* hard to speak to him not only because one hated to confess one's failure, and hated still more to ascribe it to such vulgar causes, but because one blushed to bring them to the notice of a spirit engaged with higher things. Mr. Deering was very busy at that moment: he had a new picture "on." And Lizzie entered the studio with the flutter of one profanely intruding on some sacred rite; she almost heard the rustle of retreating wings as she approached.

And then—and then—how differently it had all turned out! Perhaps it would n't have, if she had n't been such a goose—she who so seldom cried, so prided herself on a stoic control of her little twittering cageful of "feelings." But if she had cried, it was because he had looked at her so kindly, so softly, and because she had nevertheless felt him so pained and shamed by what she said. The pain, of course, lay for both in the implication behind her words—in the one word they left unspoken. If little Juliet was as she was, it was because of the mother up-stairs—the mother who had given the child her futile impulses, and grudged her the care that might have guided them. The wretched case so obviously revolved in its own vicious circle that when Mr. Deering had murmured, "Of course if my wife were not an invalid," they both turned with a simultaneous spring to the flagrant "bad example" of Céleste and Suzanne, fastening on that with a mutual insistence that ended in his crying out, "All the more, then, how can you leave her to them?"

"But if I do her no good?" Lizzie wailed; and it was then that,—when he took her hand and assured her gently, "But you do, you do!"—it was then that, in the traditional phrase, she "broke down," and her conventional protest quivered off into tears.

"You do *me* good, at any rate—you make the house seem less like a desert," she heard him say; and the next moment she felt herself drawn to him, and they kissed each other through her weeping.

They kissed each other—there was the new fact. One does not, if one is a poor little teacher living in Mme. Clopin's Pension Suisse at Passy, and if one has pretty brown hair and eyes that reach out trustfully to other eyes—one does not, under these common but defenseless conditions, arrive at the age of twenty-five without being now and then kissed,—waylaid once by a noisy student between two doors, surprised once by one's gray-bearded professor as one bent over the "theme" he was correcting,—but these episodes, if they tarnish the surface, do not reach the heart: it is not the kiss endured, but the kiss returned, that lives. And Lizzie West's first kiss was for Vincent Deering.

As she drew back from it, something new awoke in her—something deeper than the fright and the shame, and the penitent thought of Mrs. Deering. A sleeping germ of life thrilled and unfolded, and started out blindly to seek the sun.

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She might have felt differently, perhaps, —the shame and penitence might have prevailed,—had she not known him so kind and tender, and guessed him so baffled, poor, and disappointed. She knew the failure of his married life, and she divined a corresponding failure in his artistic career. Lizzie, who had made her own faltering snatch at the same laurels, brought her thwarted proficiency to bear on the question of his pictures, which she judged to be extremely brilliant, but suspected of having somehow failed to affirm their merit publicly. She understood that he had tasted an earlier moment of success: a mention, a medal, something official and tangible; then the tide of publicity had somehow set the other way, and left him stranded in a noble isolation. It was extraordinary and unbelievable that any one so naturally eminent and exceptional should have been subject to the same vulgar necessities that governed her own life, should have known poverty and obscurity and indifference. But she gathered that this had been the case, and felt that it formed the miraculous link between them. For through what medium less revealing than that of shared misfortune would he ever have perceived so inconspicuous an object as herself? And she recalled now how gently his eyes had rested on her from the first—the gray eyes that might have seemed mocking if they had not been so gentle.

She remembered how he had met her the first day, when Mrs. Deering's inevitable headache had prevented her from receiving the new teacher, and how his few questions had at once revealed his interest in the little stranded compatriot, doomed to earn a precarious living so far from her native shore. Sweet as the moment of unburdening had been, she wondered afterward what had determined it: how she, so shy and sequestered, had found herself letting slip her whole poverty-stricken story, even to the avowal of the ineffectual "artistic" tendencies that had drawn her to Paris, and had then left her there to the dry task of tuition. She wondered at first, but she understood now; she understood everything after he had kissed her. It was simply because he was as kind as he was great.

She thought of this now as she mounted the hill in the spring sunshine, and she thought of all that had happened since. The intervening months, as she looked back at them, were merged in a vast golden haze, through which here and there rose the outline of a shining island. The haze was the general enveloping sense of his love, and the shining islands were the days they had spent together. They had never kissed again under his own roof. Lizzie's professional honor had a keen edge, but she had been spared the vulgar necessity of making him feel it. It was of the essence of her fatality that he always "understood" when his failing to do so might have imperiled his hold on her.

But her Thursdays and Sundays were free, and it soon became a habit to give them to him. She knew, for her peace of mind, only too much about pictures, and galleries and churches had been the one bright outlet from the grayness of her personal atmosphere. For poetry, too, and the other imaginative forms of literature, she had always felt more than she had hitherto had occasion to betray; and now all these folded sympathies shot out their tendrils to the light. Mr. Deering knew how to express with unmatched clearness and competence the thoughts that trembled in her mind: to talk with him was to soar up into the azure on the outspread wings of his intelligence, and look down dizzily yet distinctly, on all the wonders and glories of the world. She was a little ashamed, sometimes, to find how few definite impressions she brought back from these flights; but that was doubtless because her heart beat so fast when he was near, and his smile made his words like a long quiver of light. Afterward, in quieter hours, fragments of their talk emerged in her memory with wondrous precision, every syllable as minutely chiseled as some of the delicate objects in crystal or ivory that he pointed out in the museums they frequented. It was always a puzzle to Lizzie that some of their hours should be so blurred and others so vivid.

On the morning in question she was reliving all these memories with unusual distinctness, for it was a fortnight since she had seen her friend. Mrs. Deering, some six weeks previously, had gone to visit a relation at St.-Raphaël; and, after she had been a month absent, her husband and the little girl had joined her. Lizzie's adieux to Deering had been made on a rainy afternoon in the damp

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corridors of the Aquarium at the Trocadéro. She could not receive him at her own *pension.* That a teacher should be visited by the father of a pupil, especially when that father was still, as Madame Clopin said, *si bien,* was against that lady's austere Helvetian code. From Deering's first tentative hint of another solution Lizzie had recoiled in a wild unreasoned flurry of all her scruples, he took her "No, no, *no!*" as he took all her twists and turns of conscience, with eyes half-tender and half-mocking, and an instant acquiescence which was the finest homage to the "lady" she felt he divined and honored in her.

So they continued to meet in museums and galleries, or to extend, on fine days, their explorations to the suburbs, where now and then, in the solitude of grove or garden, the kiss renewed itself, fleeting, isolated, or prolonged in a shy, silent pressure of the hand. But on the day of his leave-taking the rain kept them under cover; and as they threaded the subterranean windings of the Aquarium, and Lizzie looked unseeingly at the monstrous faces glaring at her through walls of glass, she felt like a poor drowned wretch at the bottom of the sea, with all her glancing, sunlit memories rolling over her like the waves of its surface.

"You 'll never see him again—never see him again," the waves boomed in her ears through his last words; and when she had said good-by to him at the corner, and had scrambled, wet and shivering, into the Passy omnibus, its great, grinding wheels took up the derisive burden—"Never see him, never see him again."

All that was only two weeks ago, and here she was, as happy as a lark, mounting the hill to his door in the spring sunshine. So weak a heart did not deserve such a radiant fate; and Lizzie said to herself that she would never again distrust her star.

II

THE cracked bell tinkled sweetly through her heart as she stood listening for the scamper of Juliet's feet. Juliet, anticipating the laggard Suzanne, almost always opened the door for her governess, not from any unnatural zeal to hasten the hour of her studies, but from the irrepressible desire to see what was going on in the street. But on this occasion Lizzie listened vainly for a step, and at length gave the bell another twitch. Doubtless some unusually absorbing incident had detained the child below-stairs; thus only could her absence be explained.

A third ring produced no response, and Lizzie, full of dawning fears, drew back to look up at the shabby, blistered house. She saw that the studio shutters stood wide, and then noticed, without surprise, that Mrs. Deering's were still unopened. No doubt Mrs. Deering was resting after the fatigue of the journey. Instinctively Lizzie's eyes turned again to the studio; and as she looked, she saw Deering at the window. He caught sight of her, and an instant later came to the door. He looked paler than usual, and she noticed that he wore a black coat.

"I rang and rang—where is Juliet?"

He looked at her gravely, almost solemnly; then, without answering, he led her down the passage to the studio, and closed the door when she had entered.

"My wife is dead—she died suddenly ten days ago. Did n't you see it in the papers?"

Lizzie, with a little cry, sank down on the rickety divan. She seldom saw a newspaper, since she could not afford one for her own perusal, and those supplied to the Pension Clopin were usually in the hands of its more privileged lodgers till long after the hour when she set out on her morning round.

"No; I did n't see it," she stammered.

Deering was silent. He stood a little way off, twisting an unlit cigarette in his hand, and looking down at her with a gaze that was both hesitating and constrained.

She, too, felt the constraint of the situation, the impossibility of finding words that, after what had passed between them, should seem neither false nor heartless; and at last she exclaimed, standing up: "Poor little Juliet! Can't I go to her?"

"Juliet is not here. I left her at St.-Raphaël with the relations with whom my wife was staying."

"Oh," Lizzie murmured, feeling vaguely that this added to the difficulty of the moment. How differently she had pictured their meeting!

"I 'm so—so sorry for her!" she faltered out.

Deering made no reply, but, turning on

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his heel, walked the length of the studio, and then halted vaguely before the picture on the easel. It was the landscape he had begun the previous autumn, with the intention of sending it to the Salon that spring. But it was still unfinished—seemed, indeed, hardly more advanced than on the fateful October day when Lizzie, standing before it for the first time, had confessed her inability to deal with Juliet. Perhaps the same thought struck its creator, for he broke into a dry laugh, and turned from the easel with a shrug.

Under his protracted silence Lizzie roused herself to the fact that, since her pupil was absent, there was no reason for her remaining any longer; and as Deering again moved toward her she said with an effort: "I 'll go, then. You 'll send for me when she comes back?"

Deering still hesitated, tormenting the cigarette between his fingers.

"She 's not coming back—not at present."

Lizzie heard him with a drop of the heart. Was everything to be changed in their lives? But of course; how could she have dreamed it would be otherwise? She could only stupidly repeat: "Not coming back? Not this spring?"

"Probably not, since our friends are so good as to keep her. The fact is, I 've got to go to America. My wife left a little property, a few pennies, that I must go and see to—for the child."

Lizzie stood before him, a cold knife in her breast. "I see—I see," she reiterated, feeling all the while that she strained her eyes into impenetrable blackness.

"It 's a nuisance, having to pull up stakes," he went on, with a fretful glance about the studio.

She lifted her eyes slowly to his face. "Shall you be gone long?" she took courage to ask.

"There again—I can't tell. It 's all so frightfully mixed up." He met her look for an incredibly long, strange moment. "I hate to go!" he murmured as if to himself.

Lizzie felt a rush of moisture to her lashes, and the old, familiar wave of weakness at her heart. She raised her hand to her face with an instinctive gesture, and as she did so he held out his arms.

"Come here, Lizzie!" he said.

And she went—went with a sweet, wild throb of liberation, with the sense that at last the house was his, that *she* was his, if he wanted her; that never again would that silent, rebuking presence in the room above constrain and shame her rapture.

He pushed back her veil and covered her face with kisses. "Don't cry, you little goose!" he said.

III

THAT they must see each other again before his departure, in some place less exposed than their usual haunts, was as clear to Lizzie as it appeared to be to Deering. His expressing the wish seemed, indeed, the sweetest testimony to the quality of his feeling, since, in the first weeks of the most perfunctory widowerhood, a man of his stamp is presumed to abstain from light adventures. If, then, at such a moment, he wished so much to be quietly and gravely with her, it could be only for reasons she did not call by name, but of which she felt the sacred tremor in her heart; and it would have seemed incredibly vain and vulgar to put forward, at such a crisis, the conventional objections by means of which such little exposed existences defend the treasure of their freshness.

In such a mood as this one may descend from the Passy omnibus at the corner of the Pont de la Concorde (she had not let him fetch her in a cab) with a sense of dedication almost solemn, and may advance to meet one's fate, in the shape of a gentleman of melancholy elegance, with an auto-taxi at his call, as one has advanced to the altar-steps in some girlish bridal vision.

Even the experienced waiter ushering them into an upper room of the quiet restaurant on the Seine could hardly have supposed their quest for seclusion to be based on sentimental motives, so soberly did Deering give his orders, while his companion sat small and grave at his side. She did not, indeed, mean to let her private pang obscure their hour together: she was already learning that Deering shrank from sadness. He should see that she had courage and gaiety to face their coming separation, and yet give herself meanwhile to this completer nearness; but she waited, as always, for him to strike the opening note.

Looking back at it later, she wondered at the mild suavity of the hour. Her

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heart was unversed in happiness, but he had found the tone to lull her apprehensions, and make her trust her fate for any golden wonder. Deepest of all, he gave her the sense of something tacit and confirmed between them, as if his tenderness were a habit of the heart hardly needing the support of outward proof.

Such proof as he offered came, therefore, as a kind of crowning luxury, the flower of a profoundly rooted sentiment; and here again the instinctive reserves and defenses would have seemed to vulgarize what his trust ennobled. But if all the tender casuistries of her heart were at his service, he took no grave advantage of them. Even when they sat alone after dinner, with the lights of the river trembling through their one low window, and the vast rumor of Paris inclosing them in a heart of silence, he seemed, as much as herself, under the spell of hallowing influences. She felt it most of all as she yielded to the arm he presently put about her, to the long caress he laid on her lips and eyes: not a word or gesture missed the note of quiet union, or cast a doubt, in retrospect, on the pact they sealed with their last look.

That pact, as she reviewed it through a sleepless night, seemed to have consisted mainly, on his part, in pleadings for full and frequent news of her, on hers in the assurance that it should be given as often as he asked it. She had felt an intense desire not to betray any undue eagerness, any crude desire to affirm and define her hold on him. Her life had given her a certain acquaintance with the arts of defense: girls in her situation were commonly supposed to know them all, and to use them as occasion called. But Lizzie's very need of them had intensified her disdain. Just because she was so poor, and had always, materially, so to count her change and calculate her margin, she would at least know the joy of emotional prodigality, would give her heart as recklessly as the rich their millions. She was sure now that Deering loved her, and if he had seized the occasion of their farewell to give her some definitely worded sign of his feeling—if, more plainly, he had asked her to marry him,—his doing so would have seemed less like a proof of his sincerity than of his suspecting in her the need of a verbal warrant. That he had abstained seemed to show that he trusted her as she trusted him, and that they were one most of all in this deep security of understanding.

She had tried to make him divine all this in the chariness of her promise to write. She would write; of course she would. But he would be busy, preoccupied, on the move: it was for him to let her know when he wished a word, to spare her the embarrassment of ill-timed intrusions.

"Intrusions?" He had smiled the word away. "You can't well intrude, my darling, on a heart where you 're already established, to the complete exclusion of other lodgers." And then, taking her hands, and looking up from them into her happy, dizzy eyes: "You don't know much about being in love, do you, Lizzie?" he laughingly ended.

It seemed easy enough to reject this imputation in a kiss; but she wondered afterward if she had not deserved it. Was she really cold and conventional, and did other women give more richly and recklessly? She found that it was possible to turn about every one of her reserves and delicacies so that they looked like selfish scruples and petty pruderies, and at this game she came in time to exhaust all the resources of an over-abundant casuistry.

Meanwhile the first days after Deering's departure wore a soft, refracted light like the radiance lingering after sunset. *He,* at any rate, was taxable with no reserves, no calculations, and his letters of farewell, from train and steamer, filled her with long murmurs and echoes of his presence. How he loved her, how he loved her—and how he knew how to tell her so!

She was not sure of possessing the same aptitude. Unused to the expression of personal emotion, she fluctuated between the impulse to pour out all she felt and the fear lest her extravagance should amuse or even bore him. She never lost the sense that what was to her the central crisis of experience must be a mere episode in a life so predestined as his to romantic accidents. All that she felt and said would be subjected to the test of comparison with what others had already given him: from all quarters of the globe she saw passionate missives winging their way toward Deering, for whom her poor little swallow-

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flight of devotion could certainly not make a summer. But such moments were succeeded by others in which she raised her head and dared inwardly to affirm her conviction that no woman had ever loved him just as she had, and that none, therefore, had probably found just such things to say to him. And this conviction strengthened the other less solidly based belief that *he* also, for the same reason, had found new accents to express his tenderness, and that the three letters she wore all day in her shabby blouse, and hid all night beneath her pillow, surpassed not only in beauty, but in quality, all he had ever penned for other eyes.

They gave her, at any rate, during the weeks that she wore them on her heart, sensations even more complex and delicate than Deering's actual presence had ever occasioned. To be with him was always like breasting a bright, rough sea, that blinded while it buoyed her: but his letters formed a still pool of contemplation, above which she could bend, and see the reflection of the sky, and the myriad movements of life that flitted and gleamed below the surface. The wealth of this hidden life—that was what most surprised her! It was incredible to her now that she had had no inkling of it, but had kept on blindly along the narrow track of habit, like a traveler climbing a road in a fog, who suddenly finds himself on a sunlit crag between blue leagues of sky and dizzy depths of valley. And the odd thing was that all the people about her—the whole world of the Passy pension—were still plodding along the same dull path, preoccupied with the pebbles underfoot, and unconscious of the glory beyond the fog!

There were wild hours when she longed to cry out to them what one saw from the summit—and hours of tremulous abasement when she asked herself why *her* happy feet had been guided there, while others, no doubt as worthy, stumbled and blundered in obscurity. She felt, in particular, a sudden urgent pity for the two or three other girls at Mme. Clopin's—girls older, duller, less alive than she, and by that very token more appealingly flung upon her sympathy. Would they ever know? Had they ever known?—those were the questions that haunted her as she crossed her companions on the stairs, faced them at the dinner-table, and listened to their poor, pining talk in the dim-lit slippery-seated *salon*. One of the girls was Swiss, the other English; the third, Andora Macy, was a young lady from the Southern States who was studying French with the ultimate object of imparting it to the inmates of a girls' school at Macon, Georgia.

Andora Macy was pale, faded, immature. She had a drooping Southern accent, and a manner which fluctuated between arch audacity and fits of panicky hauteur. She yearned to be admired, and feared to be insulted; and yet seemed tragically conscious that she was destined to miss both these extremes of sensation, or to enjoy them only at second hand in the experiences of her more privileged friends.

It was perhaps for this reason that she took a wistful interest in Lizzie, who had shrunk from her at first, as the depressing image of her own probable future, but to whom she had now suddenly become an object of sentimental compassion.

(To be continued)

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THE MUNICIPAL CHURCH

THE CRYING NEED OF IT, AND A PROGRAM OF ITS POSSIBLE WORK

BY THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D.

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IT is safe to assert that the state of the Christian church in this country at the end of the first decade of the twentieth century is not all that could be desired. Without indulging in any pessimistic deplorings or venturing on any percentages or estimates, I am content to rest this statement on the experience and observation of intelligent men. Put this question to any Christian minister: "Is your church to-day sustaining the relation to all classes of the community which you would like to have it sustain? Has it the measure of respect from the high and the low, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant, that you would like to claim for it? If you are a pastor of a good many years' experience, do you feel that your church is gaining in its hold upon the people round about it?"

It is possible that ministers could be found who would answer all these questions complacently, but I have not met with many such. When it is asked whether organized Christianity, as represented in the churches, is holding the place in our developing society that belongs to it, the answer, on the lips of those most competent to speak, is neither prompt nor confident. I know that various answers are given to this question and that statistics are marshaled to sustain opposing views, and I am not disposed to be dogmatic; but it is certain that there is, in the mind of the community at large, room for the question whether or not the church is decadent. That there is room for such a question is itself a disquieting fact.

We need not believe that the church is moribund, but we may believe that something serious is the matter with it: that if it is neither dead nor dying, its life is enfeebled; that while it is perhaps holding its own and gaining somewhat, its progress is slow compared with what it ought to be. This, at any rate, is my own conviction, and I suspect that most intelligent ministers who read these pages will concur in this judgment.

When we begin to explore the causes of this enfeeblement we get a variety of explanations. Some say that it is because the churches have become rich and prosperous, but this of itself does not seem to me an adequate reason. It would not hurt the churches to be prosperous if their prosperity were won in services of good will, and were shared in the same spirit. Jesus had some good friends among the prosperous when he was here, and has to-day, I doubt not.

Some say that the weakness of the church is due to the new theology; but I do not believe that the newness of a theology hurts it, if it is true, or that the oldness of it does it any good, if it is not true. Every scribe that is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven bringeth forth from his treasury things new and old. It is perilous to teach new things simply because they are startling, when we do not know them to be true; and it is equally perilous to teach old things because we deem them useful or safe, when we are uncertain about their truth. It may be that the church has sometimes lost power because her hold upon old statements has been so shaken that she does not teach them with conviction, and because she has not yet been able to get firm hold of the

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statements which ought to replace them. To this cause I am willing to believe that the enfeeblement of the church is partly due, but I do not think that it is the only or the principal cause. The failure of the church is not mainly chargeable to defects in its teaching whether of old or new theology.

Some say that the weakness of the church is due to its failure to use the Sabbath aright and to its neglect of prayer, and I am afraid that there is too much truth in both these explanations. All these things need to be seriously considered; I should not treat any of them lightly.

Those whose minds are satisfied with explanations of this nature are inclined to find the remedy for the church's weakness in united efforts to promote what are called old-fashioned revivals of religion. The multiplication of agencies and methods of this nature during the last few years is itself a strong evidence that the churches are troubled about their condition. That it is not what it ought to be is the penitent confession which underlies all this endeavor. The remedy which is suggested in these movements is the sounding, full and clear, of the evangelistic note. This is one remedy. We may admit that it is the sovereign remedy, if it is coupled with something which belongs with it, and from which it can never be separated without losing much of its power. What that something is I am going to try to tell. Meantime let no word of mine be interpreted as disparaging the value of this evangelistic note. It is of the first importance that men should be made to face the fact of sin, and the need of divine help in overcoming it. The foundation of all social regeneration is in individual character.

One thing, however, is notable in all these recent evangelistic movements—the slight impression which they make upon the great mass outside the churches. The thronging assemblies are almost wholly made up of church-members; the additions to the churches resulting from these movements are largely children from the Sunday-schools or regular worshipers whose decision has been somewhat hastened. The chasm which divides the churches from the churchless—a chasm which is steadily deepening—is not perceptibly narrowed by these evangelistic efforts.

This is not because the evangelists are not faithful and earnest in trying to reach and influence the outsiders,—that is the very thing they wish to do,—but somehow there seems to be a barrier here which they are not able to break down. I do not think that it will ever be broken down by evangelists. The churches of the community are responsible for the existence of this barrier, and it is only by the churches themselves, acting together, that it can be removed. This is the question which we are facing.

The only way to judge of the true condition of the Christian church is to bring it into immediate contact with the character of Jesus Christ. It claims to be the body of which he is the head, the organism in which he lives and through which his life is manifested to the world. The primary question is, therefore, whether its life reproduces his life. By as much as it does not must its strength be impaired and its influence annulled.

More than one instructive comparison might be made between the life of Jesus and the life of his church, but there is one which it is easy to make, and which contains the gist of the whole matter. That comparison is suggested by the question:

What was the relation of Jesus Christ to the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate, and what proportion of his public ministry was given to what we would now call social service?

It is hardly needful to go deep into the records for the answer to this question: the fact lies upon the face of them. The gospels are full of the most explicit statements respecting the relation of Jesus to the neediest social classes. Great multitudes were always following him, and his days and nights were spent in tireless ministries to their needs,—to the healing of the sick, to the feeding of the hungry, to the befriending of the friendless. The Scripture which he quoted as containing the credentials of his mission were the words of Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." [1]

[1] Luke iv. 18, 19.

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Everybody in that country knew who it was that the Son of Man had come to seek and to save. There was not one of the miserables in Palestine who did not know that this man was his friend. The sick and the lame and the lepers, the helpless and the despised and the outcasts—there was no question in their minds about his friendship. There was no barrier real or imaginary separating him from them.

I do not wish to understate that part of our Lord's ministry in which he sought to bring men into conscious fellowship with God. That work of restoring the wayward and the disobedient to the joy of sonship and the strength of virtue was never absent from his thought. We must not undervalue this, but we do need to get into its proper perspective before our minds this other phase of our Lord's ministry. And there can be no doubt that his relation to the poor and the friendless was the outstanding fact of that ministry.

We are comparing the life of the church of to-day with the life of its Master. How does it compare in this respect? Is it giving an equal proportion of its ministry to social service? Do the sick and the poor and the despised in our American cities think of the churches of these cities in the same way that the same kind of people in Galilee and Decapolis used to think of Jesus Christ?

Before we press for an answer to these questions some things must, in fairness, be said.

In the first place, it is true that Christianity has filled the world with the spirit of compassion, so that these unhappy people are cared for in all Christian lands as they were not when Jesus was here, as they are not now in non-Christian lands. We find in all Christian communities what Benjamin Kidd calls "a great fund of altruistic feeling," out of which are steadily flowing, in many channels, services of help, of healing, of restoration; and this is the work of the Christian church. It has given us a new type of humanity. The achievement is stupendous, and the church must be given due credit.

In the second place, it must be remembered that in all the earlier periods of Christian history systematic and organized philanthropy was almost wholly the work of the church. Hospitals, orphanages, infirmaries, most organizations for the care of the sick, the needy, and the unfortunate, were church agencies. Down to the Reformation this was mainly true, and the Roman Catholic church of to-day is the inheritor of that conception of the relation of the church to the unfortunate classes; which explains the fact that her work for the relief of suffering and need is so much better organized than that of the Protestant churches.

Martin Luther's idea was that the care of the sick and the poor ought to be handed over to the community instead of being provided for by the religious organizations. His expectation was, of course, that the community—the municipality or the state—would be so thoroughly Christianized that this work could be safely intrusted to it. That was the idea of the New England churches also. When the town and the church were one, the church had the philanthropic work in its hands; when the church was separated from the town, the church relinquished to the town this part of its function. But it was supposed that the political community would be so fully Christianized that the work would be properly done.

It is true that the political community has been so far Christianized that it is willing to care for the poor and the unfortunate. The people, through the State and the county, the city and the town, are ready to tax themselves for the care and the protection of the defective and the dependent classes. That is a great fact and the church must have the credit for having accomplished it.

Two questions, however, thrust themselves upon us at this stage of our inquiry. The first is whether the existing political authorities are apt to be, in fact, so thoroughly Christianized that they can really minister in Christ's name to these his brethren—even these least; and the second is whether the church can divest itself of this function to the extent which it is now doing without serious and even fatal consequences to itself. Are not the needy and the unfortunate suffering for the lack of that kind of care which the church, as the representative of Jesus Christ, ought to give them? And is not the church suffering a great loss of vitality and influence through its failure to keep the control and direction of this work?

Let us try to visualize the conditions as

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they appear in the average American city. I think of my own city, but the facts elsewhere would be essentially the same.

There is a large class of the unfortunate in every considerable community. The most unfortunate are the criminals in our prisons and reformatories, jails and workhouses. They are under the care of the State, and must be; no other authority is adequate to deal with them.

Close to them are the boys and girls in our industrial schools and reform farms and detention homes, also under the care of the public authorities. Then there are the poor in the infirmaries, and the homeless children in the county homes, and the inmates of the hospitals maintained by public funds.

The pupils in the schools for the blind and the deaf and the feeble-minded must also be added, the inmates of the hospitals for the insane and the epileptics, and the disabled soldiers and sailors and their children.

All these are wards of the State or the county or the city. The churches do not, as a rule, consider that they have any direct responsibility for their welfare.

Next to them are a large number of persons in private charitable institutions, such as hospitals, homes for the aged and the orphans, day nurseries, magdalen homes, and the like. These institutions are largely the inspiration of the churches, though they are mostly undenominational. The larger part of their support and most of their workers come from the churches, though the churches are not responsible for them.

The same is true of a number of philanthropic organizations, such as charitable relief associations, social settlements, school-extension societies, district nursing associations, kindergarten associations, playground associations, diet kitchens, and the like. In these, also, the churches are indirectly interested, but they are independent of the churches, and no one of their beneficiaries ever thinks of the church as having any direct, commanding part in the good that comes into his life through them.

Many of the churches have in their own membership, or connected with their congregation, a few persons belonging to the needy and unfortunate classes to whom they give Christian care; and a few of the churches, through mission schools or social settlements, manage to extend their influence into needy neighborhoods. Work of this kind is, however, extremely desultory and fragmentary; it touches at only a few points the great outlying regions of neglect and need.

Here, then, we have the factors of our problem. In this average city we have a hundred or two hundred Christian churches. Over against these we must put this great multitude of the poor and the sick and the helpless and the outcasts—those in the public institutions, those in the private institutions and under the care of outside organizations, and a great many thousands in their homes, living in poverty, in loneliness, often in unsanitary rooms and neighborhoods, needing love and sympathy and the intervention of the good will of the community in their behalf. On the one side we find all this mass of trouble and misery, and over against it the strong array of Christian churches. What is the relation between these two groups? Is the church in the same relation to this needy multitude that its Master maintained? Are the people in the prisons, in the almshouses, in the slums, feeling toward the churches as the people of a similar class felt toward Jesus when he was on the earth?

I do not need to press these painful questions. Some channels of communication are open between the churches and those whose need is greatest, but they are few and slender. The people in the prisons and the hospitals do not expect that the people in the churches will give them much thought or care. And while it is true that most of the work of the private charities is done by members of the churches, the connection of the churches with these private charities is so indirect and remote that the churches get little benefit from the connection, and the recipients of the charities are wholly out of touch with the churches. And as for the great mass of poor and degraded people in the slums, it is very seldom that they are in any way reminded of the existence of the churches.

There are, then, relations between these two groups—those who are put in charge with the gifts of Christ, and those who have deepest need of them; and there is some fellowship in giving and receiving,

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and some good is done; but, after all, how meager and partial and inadequate it is! How little, at its best, does the church in any of our communities represent to the people who most need its ministry Him whose name it bears! Since this is so, is there any need to look further for a reason why its life is enfeebled and its influence is waning?

I have said that this condition of things cannot be mended by the work of evangelists. It can be done only by the churches themselves. And it cannot be done by individual churches, each working along its own lines. It is almost hopeless for a single church to wrestle with such a problem; it is a case where union means strength in much more than an arithmetical ratio: "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." A hundred churches standing together are not merely a hundred times as strong as one church standing alone, but a million times as strong.

No single church can represent Jesus Christ to the people of any municipality when each church is doing its work in its own way and ignoring all the rest. Jesus Christ is not represented by any such condition of things as that, and all the world knows it. When these separated bands lift up their voices to speak for him, nobody pays any attention; they are not speaking for him. They can never represent him to the needy multitude. They cannot stand for him unless they stand together. There is the psychological fact which they cannot too soon recognize. This fact constitutes the call for the appearance in every community of the municipal church—of an organized body which shall represent the Christian people of that community, and thus enable them to represent their Lord and Master.

It is highly probable that the first Christian churches were municipal churches; that in every town or city was one church with several local congregations, each with its elder or leader, and all coöperating in the work of the city. *The need of the hour is the restoration to every town or city of the municipal church.* It ought to include all the Christians of the municipality; every Christian organization should be represented in it.

There are several things which it could not do. It could not be a teaching body; it would include too many differing opinions. It could not undertake to promote civic or political reforms; here, again, diversity of convictions and ideals would prevent coöperation except within narrow limits. It could not do much in the way of evangelization, for there could be no general agreement upon methods.

There is one thing which it could do. It could become the embodiment, the exemplar, the chief promoter of philanthropy in its community. It could take upon itself the task of stimulating, vitalizing, and guiding the charitable work or the welfare work of the town or the city. It could stand forth as the friend and helper of the poor, the sick, the aged, the orphans, the friendless, the prisoners.

Its claim to the philanthropic leadership of the community would not be disputed. If it is the body of which Christ is the head, that is its first business. In passing it over to the state, the church has divested itself of its most vital function. The loss is lamentable, almost fatal; the weakness of the church in this latter day is largely due to it. The church must recover this function; it is not a mere matter of expediency, it is a question of life or death.

For such a service as this the municipal church would require no creed. Its simple message to the world would be: *We believe in the friendship of Jesus Christ, and we live to make it known to those who need it most.*

Nor would it need any new machinery. In most communities, the nucleus of such an organization as is required already exists. There is a local Federation of Churches, or a United Brotherhood, which holds occasional union meetings, and sometimes finds it hard to justify its own existence. Let it assume this task. Let the churches commission it to represent them in this larger service to which Christ is calling them.

Let me speak now of some of the definite things which such an organization could do.

1. When it is manifest that the local churches are united for this purpose, there will be some better prospect of bringing the local charities into coöperation. The churches would find themselves standing next to the Associated Charities, and some such plans as those which have been adopted in Buffalo, by which each church is as-

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signed a different district for visitation, would naturally be suggested. The administration of relief to the poor in their homes might thus be made more intelligent and adequate, and the churches would recover that sacred and vital function which they have suffered to lapse. How greatly this would strengthen their hold upon those portions of the community now largely estranged from them needs not to be suggested.

2. The municipal church would also put itself at once into closest relations with all the voluntary philanthropies of the community, studying their problems with them, and seeking to make their service more intelligent and efficient.

3. It would also keep itself in helpful relations with the public charitable and reformatory institutions—with hospitals, children's homes, workhouses, juvenile court and house of detention, county jail and city prison. Over all the unfortunate in all these places it would exercise a watchful care. By an efficient committee it would have each one of them always under close observation, keeping the Christian community informed respecting them. It is not to be assumed that the supervision of public or private institutions would be necessarily critical or inquisitorial. Normally it would be sympathetic and helpful; it would seek only to bring the good will of the Christian community into close and practical relations with its neediest members.

Such are some of the pathological phases of the philanthropy which the Christian church, when it comes to some consciousness of its joint responsibilities, will be constrained to exercise. But the true Christly philanthropy is not merely remedial. It must discover and remove the causes of misery. Christianity has for society as well as for the individual not only redemption, but regeneration. It is futile to go on relieving these social maladies and distresses, and leave untouched the causes which constantly produce them. And the municipal church, as soon as it has fairly grappled with its problems, will discover many things.

1. For one thing it will become aware that the sickness and debility to which it is trying to minister are in considerable part due to bad housing conditions, to insalubrious tenements or to overcrowding, —and it will turn the light on these bad conditions, and stir up a public sentiment which shall abolish nuisances and pestilence-breeders, and secure healthy habitation for the people.

2. It will bring home to the Christian conscience that in most of our cities multitudes of the children have no accessible playgrounds but the streets, and that the streets are apt to be seminaries of vice and crime to our boys and girls. Safe and well-regulated playgrounds are a vital need of city boys and girls, and far cheaper than the reform schools to which we are sending many of them.

3. It is hardly needful to dwell upon the devastations of the drink traffic; it causes a large percentage of the ills which the philanthropists are trying to cure. The municipal church is more likely to be wide-awake to this evil than to any other, it is only to be hoped withal that it may discover the importance of meeting the evil influence of the saloon with counter attractions and providing safe places of social resort for the multitudes of homeless young men and women.

4. The terrible ravages of the social evil will also challenge the faith and courage of the municipal church. How much of the poverty, the disease, the degeneracy, the crime, the wreckage of homes is due to this cause it were difficult to say. Competent observers tell us that the damage done by the saloons is trivial compared with this. Might not the churches, if they would stand together, do something to meet and check this terrible scourge?

5. The devitalized condition of many of our laborers, which is a great cause of poverty and discontent, is due to child labor in earlier years. There is a large contract here for the municipal church in the way of prevention.

6. Unemployment is an ungainly name for an ugly fact. It is one of the grave misfortunes. If any man deserves a friend, it is the man in need who is willing to work. Such a man ought never to be in doubt that there is one great friend to whom he can turn, and that is the Christian church. A good many of these men do go to the ministers. There is a constant procession of them at the study-doors, but it is hardly possible for us to find work for many of them. If the municipal church were properly organ-

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ized, we could have an employment bureau.

7. Not a little of the unemployment and the resulting poverty which taxes our philanthropy is the fruit of industrial wars, which are destructive to the fortunes and the characters of employers and employed. The municipal church ought to be able to put an end to many of them. As the representative of the Prince of Peace, it could have no more sacred function than that of peacemaker. When it is united in such a resolute pursuit of the common welfare, it will have a power in service of this kind of which it is now quite unaware.

These are not the only ways in which the municipal church could exert its influence to cure and to prevent social misery; but enough has been shown to make it clear that when the Christian church comes to itself and comprehends what it means to represent Jesus Christ, it will find some wonderfully interesting and inspiring work on its hands, and a reason for being which it will be able to urge without misgiving.

And this, unless I greatly err, is the straight and practical path to Christian unity. The consolidation of national organizations is a vast undertaking, and it is doubtful whether much headway will be made along this line. Some of the sects which are closely affiliated, and whose polity is similar, might combine, but experience does not encourage any large hopes in the way of national union. Such a consolidation of the churches of the local community for a single definite purpose would, however, seem to be quite within the bounds of a reasonable hope. I am constrained to believe that such an organization as this, whose sole purpose was the expression of the compassion of Christ to the unhappy and the friendless, would manifest the unity of the church in a manner far more impressive and convincing than any formal national union of the denominations. When the churches of any community get ready to concentrate their energies upon work like this, it is safe to predict that a great multitude of men of intelligence and good will who now stand aloof from them will stand aloof no longer. Such work as this would appeal to them.

The free churches made a terrible mistake when they chose to confine themselves to what they were pleased to call spiritual interests, and handed over love, as one of the temporalities, to the state and the outside charities. In doing so, they stripped themselves of the essential Christian function. Is it any wonder that they have lost their power? Nay, can they not see what a fearful condemnation rests on them?

That judgment parable, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew—what generations of controversy it has evoked over the meaning of one Greek word, and the linear dimensions of retribution, and all the while the tremendous significance of the parable was out of sight! We do not need to repeat the familiar words: the scene is before us, the judge upon the throne of his glory; the parted multitude; the benediction upon these; the malediction upon those. It is a parable, indeed, but what does it teach?

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungry, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me."

If we could consider the leaders of our churches before that judgment-seat, could we conceive of their saying: "But, Lord, that was social work; we left that to the infirmary directors and the prison officials, and the health boards, and the associated charities." If that should be their answer, I am sure that we should hear him replying: "It was the work of saving men. It was the work in which I spent most of my life on earth. If you had taken my yoke upon you and had learned of me, you would have known how to save men."

It is not too late to learn. It is the great lesson that our churches have to learn. What a tremendous power it would give them in quarters where now they are pitifully weak! Hisses for the church would no longer be mingled with cheers for her Master; she would share in his honor, and be clothed with his victorious might.

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From J. Houdins's view of London in 1610

THE LONDON OF SHAKSPERE'S DAY

In the foreground are seen, beginning at the left, the "Bear Garden" with a flag, the Globe Theater with a smaller flag, and St. Saviour's, near London Bridge, in whose vaults are buried Edmund Shakspere the poet's brother, a player, and Massinger and Fletcher, his fellow dramatists. On the north bank of the Thames, old St. Paul's is the most conspicuous edifice, to the right of which, where a large tower appears, about as far from the cathedral as the latter is from the river, Shakspere lodged with the French wig-maker Mountjoy, at Silver and Mugle (now Monkwell) streets.

SHAKSPERE'S MONEY INTEREST IN THE GLOBE THEATER

NEWLY DISCOVERED RECORDS OF A SUIT AT LAW WHICH SHOW THAT HIS PROFITS AS PART OWNER WERE SMALLER THAN HAS BEEN SUPPOSED

BY CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE, PH.D.

Associate Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Nebraska

EVERY age has had its own conception of Shakspere, but we of to-day are enjoying a nearer approach to the man and his associates than has been granted at any other time since his death. For nearly half a century scholars have been saying that we should probably never learn anything more that was definite about the personal Shakspere, but in the last six years I have had the privilege of finding among documents preserved in various English archives, and of reporting, numerous records relating to Shakspere, his colleagues and dramatic rivals, and the contemporary theaters, which supply materials that enable us to a considerable extent to reconstruct the life of the poet.

In addition to the new data discovered by me, and published at various times (such as the records relating to the Blackfriars Chancery suit, and to The Children of the Chapel, at Blackfriars, 1597–1603), in October, 1909, I made public, through the London "Times," the records of the Osteler-Hemynges suit, in which Thomasina, the young widow of William Osteler, an actor, sued her father, John Hemynges, actor and business agent of the Globe Theater, on account of two leases held in trust for her which concerned her late husband's shares in the Globe and Blackfriars theaters. These records show that in 1614 until his death, Shakspere owned one fourteenth of the Globe and one seventh of the Blackfriars. In "Harper's Magazine" for March, 1910, I described twenty-six documents belonging to the Bellot-Mountjoy suit, in which Shakspere's name occurs twenty-four times, and which include a deposition signed by his

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own hand, thus revealing the sixth known signature of the poet. This suit was brought in 1612 by Stephen Bellot against Christopher Mountjoy, a fashionable French wig- and head-dress-maker, in whose house Shakspere had been a lodger, probably since 1598. In 1604, Mountjoy's daughter Mary was married to Bellot, who had recently finished his apprenticeship to Mountjoy. At the request of Mary's mother, Shakspere had acted as go-between in arranging the marriage, as in his signed deposition he admits; he declares that a dower was to go with the daughter, but does not remember the amount; and denies knowledge of a promise by Mountjoy to leave his son-in-law a legacy of £200. Bellot was suing to recover the promised dower, but the court after many depositions had been taken, referred the dispute for settlement to the French church in London. These documents reveal "Shakspere as a man among men" more intimately than any other records yet discovered; the additional records that I here present [1] take rank with the notable ones I have described. They reveal the business affairs of Shakspere and his associates during the successes, disappointments, and annoyances of organizing, building, rebuilding, and managing the Globe Theater. The events related pertain to the last sixteen years of the poet's life, which comprise the supreme achievement of English literature.

From a print in the British Museum

THE FALCON TAVERN, ON THE BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK

The picture shows the tavern as it appeared in 1805. It stood near the Globe, and is believed to have been a resort of Shakspere and his associates.

The chief narrators are John Heminges and Henry Condell, Shakspere's near neighbors in London, and his closest business associates, who, four years after this suit, in which they are the defendants, published, "according to the True Originall Copies," his collected plays in what is known as the 1623 folio, and now generally regarded as the most important contribution to the belles-lettres of the world. In the dedication of the volume they say of the plays: "We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue."

We owe the new information to an old quarrel, and unsettled grudge, of thirteen years' standing, between John Witter and certain of the other shareholders in the Globe Theater. Witter was an interloper through marriage, a spendthrift dandy, and the villain of a domestic tragedy that closely touched the Globe associates. In 1605, Augustine Phillipps, one of Shakspere's partners in the Globe, died and left a widow with an estate worth somewhat more than £1100, which, in the money of to-day, would probably be valued at £8800, or about $44,000. Within a year she secretly married Witter, who at once proceeded to squander £800 of her estate. In addition to that he was forced to languish the better part of the first year of their married life in the King's Bench prison, for debts she could not then pay for him. Afterward he abandoned her to poverty. John Heminges, who, upon her second marriage, succeeded her in the executorship of her first husband's will, charitably provided her and her children, and even the worthless Witter, with means to subsist, and finally, when her brief tragedy closed, gave her decent burial.

It was through this marriage that Witter, by right of his wife, came into pos-

[1] Of the fifteen documents here drawn upon, the chief set is preserved at the Public Record Office in a suit of John Witter *versus* John Heminges and Henry Condell, and consists of about 11,000 words, written on three great skins nearly as large as a newspaper spread open, and thonged together in the usual way, at the upper left corner. The writing is in a medium, modified Gothic hand, in lines that run the full width of the skins, which are fairly well preserved, the ink being generally clear; but in some places it has faded, yet one is able, with good light and a magnifying-glass, to read the impress left in the parchment. Shakspere is mentioned seven times. C. W. W.

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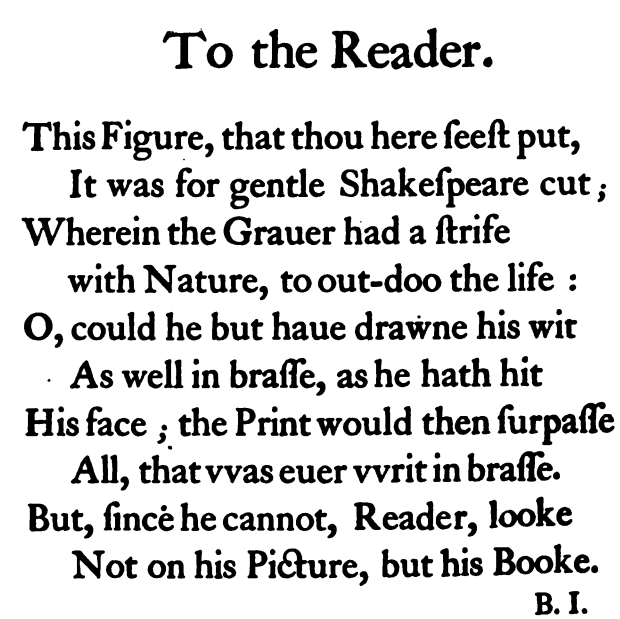
session of the share in the Globe Theater formerly owned by Phillipps. The long, complicated history of that share, related in minute detail by these records, need not here be told. It is sufficient now to note that after the Globe burned, in 1613 (three years before Shakspere's death), Witter, by refusing to contribute from £50 to £60 assessed on his one fourteenth interest for rebuilding, forfeited his share to Heminges, who then gave half of it dallying, the court dismissed his case "absolutely and forever."

In defending his right and title to Witter's forfeited share, Heminges was compelled to go with minute detail into the early history of the Globe. He draws the historical facts of the preceding twenty years from legal documents still in his possession as executor of Phillipps's will, also as custodian of the Globe company, and finally as a private business man, all of



To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a ſtrife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then ſurpaſſe
All, that vvas euer vvrit in braſſe.
But, ſincè he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

REDUCED FACSIMILES OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623 (SEE NEXT PAGE) AND OF BEN JONSON'S POEM WHICH WAS PRINTED ON THE FLY-LEAF OPPOSITE THE PORTRAIT

This portrait, signed by Martin Droeshout as engraver, was acceptable, obviously, to John Heminges and Henry Condell, the poet's fellow players, and editors of his first collected writings; and if language may have any value, Ben Jonson's tribute to Shakspere's greatness as a poet must be accepted as equally an indorsement of the portrait as a likeness. Professor Wallace's contributions to the world's knowledge of the human side of Shakspere lend new interest to this the only portrait bearing the stamp of authenticity, with the bust in the Stratford church, a possible second. Though stiff in art, the graven features with the intellectual brow, the imaginative eyes, the humorous mouth, and the strong chin convey the impression of a man of power and sensibility as well as of every-day flesh and blood. In fact this is the outward Shakspere as nearly as the world will ever come to know him.

gratis to Condell, "one of his fellows and familiar Companions," both of whom are described as of "greate lyveinge wealth and power." Five years later, in 1619, on the death of Richard Burbage, who was a large shareholder, and the star actor in the great Shaksperian rôles, and when the company was weakened by his death and by other serious changes, Witter brought suit against Heminges and Condell for the recovery of the long-forfeited share. The merits of his claim may be judged from the fact that, after two years of which he is ready to show to the court. Every statement he makes from these sources, therefore, may be taken as final authority, so far as it goes.

His recital tells us that when, in 1598, Cuthbert and Richard Burbage realized the difficulties of renewing the lease of the grounds in Shoreditch where their father had built what was known as "The Theatre," they decided upon an untried plan. Joined by five of their theatrical associates, foremost of whom was William Shakspere, they formed a company to build

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Mr. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.

LONDON

Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

LXXX–63

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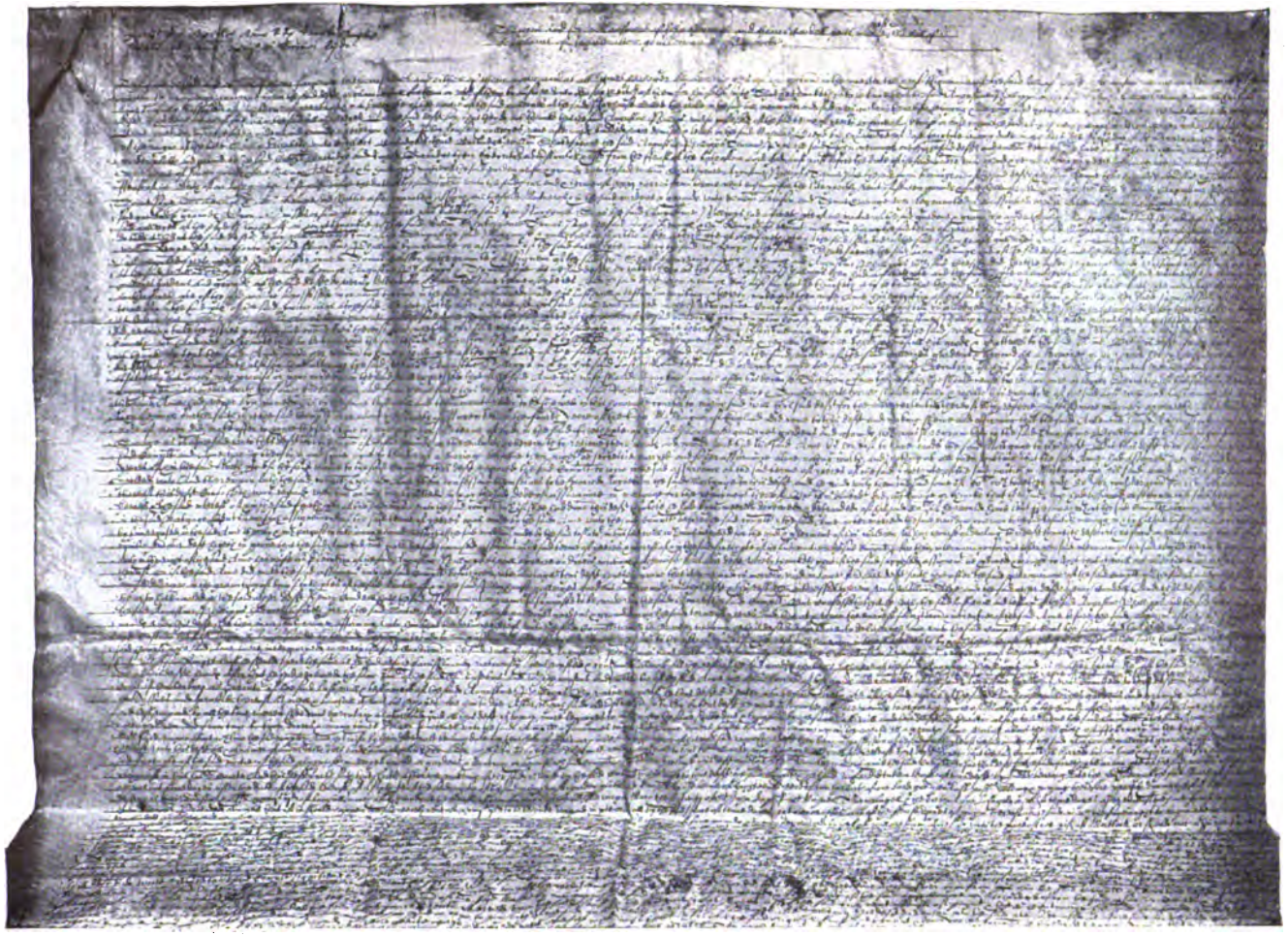

FACSIMILE OF THE MAJOR PART OF ONE OF THE SKINS BEARING THE COURT RECORD OF THE ANSWER OF HEMINGES AND CONDELL IN THE SUIT BROUGHT BY JOHN WITTER, A SHAREHOLDER IN THE GLOBE THEATER. THE ORIGINAL SKIN IS 26 INCHES WIDE BY 26 INCHES LONG

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and maintain a theater elsewhere. On the twenty-eighth of December, 1598, three days after the legal date of their organization, the Burbages and some dozen or fourteen others—whether Shakspere and the rest of the actors actually took part, it would be gratifying to know—proceeded to demolish the old "Theatre" and carry its materials for the building of the Globe across the Thames to the river street known as the Bankside. The site they chose (the bounds of which are described with great precision on all four sides by the original tripartite lease and all later leases to shareholders, as quoted in the Osteler-Hemynges records and further shown in other voluminous documents) was on the south side of the Thames just between Maiden Lane and Bankside. Contemporary views afford some notion of both the location and the structure of the Globe Theater.

In answer to Witter's allegations, Heminges sets forth, in the first place, that Augustine Phillipps had originally not one sixth, but one fifth of one half, of the Globe property. Moreover, he did not have this share directly from Sir Nicholas Brend, as Witter declared, and as the less minute Osteler-Hemynges records might, if unsupplemented by these, seem to indicate. This leads Heminges to re-

FACSIMILE OF A PART OF THE COURT RECORD ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

The writing is about the size of the original. In the sixth and twelfth lines may be found the name "Willm Shakespeare."

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From the drawing by Van den Hoeye, Amsterdam

THE GLOBE THEATER (NO. 37) AND THE BEAR GARDEN (NO. 38), IN 1630 TO 1640

late, from the original deeds, that the gardens and grounds whereon the Globe was afterward built, were leased by Sir Nicholas Brend, February 21, 1599, for a term of thirty-one years, from December 25 preceding, to Cuthbert Burbage, Richard Burbage, William Shakspere, Augustine Phillipps, Thomas Pope, John Heminges, and William Kempe. One moiety, or half, of the premises was to belong to Cuthbert Burbage and Richard Burbage at a yearly rent of £7, 5 *s.*, and the other half to William Shakspere and the four associates named after him, who likewise were to pay £7, 5 *s.* a year for their part. This created ten shares held unequally. Cuthbert Burbage had two and one half shares, as did also his more famous brother Richard, whom Ratsey the highwayman some three or four years later, in advising and mock-knighting the chief of a company of strolling provincial players he had held up, designated as the famous player of *Hamlet* under the title of "Sir Simon Two Shares and a Half." Shakspere and the rest held only one share apiece. As the total rent was £14, 10 *s.* yearly, Shakspere's share of it was only twenty-nine shillings.

From the large view of London by Vischer

THE GLOBE THEATER ABOUT 1616

This tripartite lease, granting the grounds of the Globe thus unequally, created, as Heminges points out, an estate known in law as *a tenancy in common.*

Then followed a business step that will always make these documents invaluable as a source

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of Shaksperian biography and theatrical history. Shakspere, Phillipps, Heminges, and Kempe immediately granted their half to two outsiders, William Levison and Thomas Savage, who in turn at once regranted it to them, as Heminges, through his counsel learned in the law, further points out, in such manner as to create in that half of the estate *a joint-tenancy*, the full significance of which will appear as we proceed. So these five men were now joint-tenants with one another in the one half, and at the same time tenants in common with Cuthbert and Richard Burbage in the other half.

The facts here summarized are best and most completely told in the words of Heminges and Condell's answer to the bill of complaint. Though the manner is formal, yet with what interest we listen to the repeated reference to Shakspere, who here, as in the original deeds, is always named first in the acts of the five joint-owners. In quoting from the records all signs of contraction are expanded into italics:

. . . the said gardens and grounde*s* wherevpon the said Playhowse & galleryes were afterwarde*s* builded were demised & letten by the said Nicholas Brend by his Jnde*ntur*e of lease tripa*r*tite bearing date in or about the xxjth day of ffebruary in the xljth yeere of the raigne of the late Queene Elizabeth vnto Cuthbert Burbadge Richard Burbadge Willi*a*m Shakespeare the said Augustine Phillipps Thomas Pope the said John Hemin*ge*s one of the said de*fendantes* and Wil*lia*m Kempe To have and to hould the one moitie of the said garden plottes and ground to the said Cuthb*e*rt Burbadge and Richard Burbadge their executors adm*in*istrators & ass*ign*s from the ffeast of the birth of our Lord god Last past before the date of the said Jnde*ntur*e vnto thend & terme of xxxj yeeres from thence next ensuing for the yeerely rent of seaven pounde*s* & five shillinge*s* And to haue & to hould thoth^{r} moitie of the said garden plotte*s* & grounde*s* vnto the said Willi*a*m Shakespeare Augustine Phillipps Thomas Pope the said John Hemin*ge*s one of the said de*fendantes* & Willi*a*m Kempe their executors adm*in*istrators & ass*ign*s from the said ffeast of the Birth of our Lord god then last past before the date of the said Jnde*ntur*e vnto the said full end & terme of xxxj yeeres from thence next ensuing for the like yeerely rent of seaven pounde*s* & five shillinge*s*. Which said W^{m} Shakespeare Augustine Phillipps Thomas Pope John Hemin*ge*s & Willi*a*m Kempe did shortlie after graunte & assigne all the said Moitie of & in the said gardens & grounde*s* vnto Willi*a*m Levison and Thomas Savage who regraunted & reassigned to eu*er*y*e* of them seu*er*ally a fift pa*r*te of the said Moitie of the said gardens & grounde*s*, Vpon w^{ch} pr*e*misses or some pa*r*te thereof there was shortly after built the said then Playhowse. So as the said

From a photograph

SHAKSPERE'S GLOVES

These gloves are owned by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the Shaksperian scholar and commentator, who furnishes us the following information concerning them, based on documentary evidence: In 1746, John Ward, the English actor, received them from a descendant of Shakspere's family in recognition of the performance of "Othello" by Ward and his company as a benefit for repairing the monument to the poet in the Stratford church. May 31, 1769, Ward presented them to David Garrick, on the death of whose widow, in 1822, they were bequeathed to Mrs. Sarah Siddons, who in turn left them to her daughter, Mrs. George Combe, by whom they were presented to Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who on January 17, 1874, gave them to Dr. Furness, writing that she did so "as a token of the *great* pleasure it has given me to see your name upon the American Variorum Edition of Shakespeare." Ward's letter to Garrick may be found in the latter's "Correspondence," Vol. I, p. 352. The formal presentation of the gloves to Mrs. Siddons by Mrs. Garrick's executors is recorded in Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons."

Mrs. Kemble told Dr. Furness that she received the gloves from Cecilia Combe just as she was about to go on the platform for a public reading in Boston, and was so agitated thereby, that, for the first time in her career, she made several mistakes. She had been tempted to take the gloves in her hand and, waving them before the audience, cry, "Shakespeare's gloves! Shakespeare's gloves!" Dr. Furness asked her if any one had ever dared to put them on while they were in her possession, to which she replied: "Your father [Dr. W. H. Furness] and Phillips Brooks were the only ones who ever refused." Since they have been in Dr. Furness's keeping, no one, least of all the owner, has had the temerity to put them on, save one man, who did so surreptitiously.

The gloves are of mouse-colored cheverel, the fringe and stitching on the gauntlets being in gold thread, only slightly tarnished with age, and are believed to be gloves worn by Shakspere on the stage.

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From the bronze statue in Central Park, New York City

J. Q. A. WARD'S STATUE OF SHAKSPERE

Augustine Phillipps had a fiveth p*ar*te of the moitie of the said gardens & ground*es* & after the said Playhowse was built he had a fiveth p*ar*te of the said galleryes of the said Playhowse in ioynt tenancie wth the said Willi*a*m Shakespeare Thomas Pope the said John Heming*es* & W^{m} Kempe & as tenant in Com*m*on during the said terme of yeeres demised by the said Nicholas Brend as aforesaid as the said de*fendantes* do take it

The nature, form, and time of this grant and regrant of the moiety that Shakspere and his fellows held, preclude any notion that it was for the purpose of borrowing money to build the Globe, for the Globe was not even begun until "shortly after" these transactions were completed. Moreover, we shall see that within the next six months, just after the Globe was finished, Shakspere, Heminges, and Phillipps, joined by Pope, went through the same formality in creating another joint-tenancy of the share that Kempe, in the interval, had owned with them.

The reason why Shakspere and his partners took these formal legal procedures converting their half into a joint-tenancy, was due to the same primitive instinct of self-preservation in property interests which inspired their ancestors of feudal England to establish a limited legal democracy against the encroachments of baron and king. While the first purpose of a joint-tenancy was to prevent the breaking up and scattering of an estate into frac-

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tions by keeping the property always in the hands of the members, or the longest survivors or survivor, of them all, thus not allowing it to descend to heirs, one of the commonest uses was to prevent dower and other inheritance through will or legal process. Its adoption by the partners in the Globe amounted to a safeguarding of their plans in their life-work, which continued for thirty-one years. If death should occur, there would be no danger of legal interruption or interference from outsiders. It was in effect an agreement among the members that they would not sell or give or will away their friendly interests, but that they would hold together in the venture, and that they and the longest survivors of them all would faithfully maintain the enterprise and have the profits of it, both for their individual advantage and the perpetuation of the business, for which, moreover, they were bound by the other lease from Brend. A simple agreement among them not to sell to any one, not to devise by will, and that their wives, children, and other heirs should not succeed them, would have been void in law. By fate of death, Shakspere and Heminges were long left as the sole survivors; finally Heminges alone; and we are just beginning to learn how faithfully they executed this brothers' trust.

To be sure, any one of the company might have sold his interest to an outsider, and thus weakened the enterprise, just as any one else may break a compact with a friend, if he is not quite square. But the simple fact that Kempe, when he wished to withdraw sold to his associates, and not to a stranger, shows that the spirit of their purpose, at least, was dominant, even in the hour of difference.

The episode of Kempe, and the succeeding legal steps, have additional interest. Prior to my publication of the Ostelер-Hemynges case, last October, it was believed that Kempe was never associated with the Globe enterprise, although he had for years before been a member of that company under the patronage of the Lord Chamberlain. Kempe was one of the most popular comedians of London. As a clown and dancer he had set everybody talking, and apparently he felt his own importance. While the Globe was building in 1599, he seems, from ballads and tales written in that year celebrating his exploits, to have struck out independently as a monologist in a variety program of extempore wit, morris-dance, and jig. His famous dance in February, 1600, all the way from London to Norwich, on numerous bets, attended by thousands of spectators, is one example of his favor with the public. It is surmised that he had the habit of extemporizing funny "business" and interpolating speeches, and scholars have suggested that Shakspere may have had him in mind in the advice to the players in "Hamlet" (written in 1601), beginning with, "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them."

In "Troilus and Cressida," written probably in 1602, just after Kempe had returned from a journey of adventure to Rome and had resumed acting with Henslowe's rival company at the Rose Theater, almost adjoining the Globe, Shakspere seems to satirize Kempe in the character of *Ajax*, who, if pride should prevail, "would have ten shares" of it,—that is, the whole of pride,—as *Ulysses* says of him. This passage is the only instance in any of the plays in which Shakspere refers directly or allusively to the "ten shares" of the Globe. Very much more in "Troilus and Cressida" is of a local nature, never yet made clear, which a full knowledge of contemporary history might settle. We may some day find it has to do not with the Blackfriars Theater quarrel, Ben Jonson, Thomas Dekker, and the rest, as many times suggested, but with men of the Globe and the Rose, on account of Kempe's transfer of allegiance.

Whatever the cause may have been, it is made evident by these documents that some unforeseen difference between Kempe and his fellows arose within six months after taking upon themselves mutual obligations for the erection and maintenance of the Globe, for about the time of its completion, or soon after, say Heminges and Condell, he withdrew. When he assigned his share to Shakspere, Heminges, and Phillipps in equal thirds, they at once went through the legal form of converting it also into a joint-tenancy by granting it to Thomas Cressey, and having him in turn regrant it to them and Pope, jointly, with equal interest of one fourth each. The facts of this transfer, in which Shakspere was one of the principals, are re-

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lated by Heminges and Condell in these words:

. . . the said de*fendantes* do say that about the time of the building of the said Playhowse & gallery*es* [February to July, 1599] or shortlie after a third p*ar*te of the fiveth p*ar*te of the said Moitie of the said Playhowse galleryes gardens & ground w^ch^ was the fiveth p*ar*te of the said Will*iam* Kempe did come vnto the said Augustine Phillipps by graunte or assignem^t^ of the said fiveth p*ar*te made by the said W^m^ Kempe to the said W^m^ Shakespeare the said John Hemyng*es* one of the said de*fendantes* and the said Augustine Phillipps./ W^ch^ said Last mencioned fiveth p*ar*te did shortlie after come to Thomas Cressey by the graunte & assignem^t^ of the said W^m^ Shakespeare the said John Heming*es* and Augustine Phillipps w^ch^ said Cressey did shortlie after regraunte and reassigne the said fiveth p*ar*te to the said Will*iam* Shakespeare John Heming*es* Augustine Phillipps & Thomas Pope as the said de*fendantes* do take it. So as the said Augustine Phillipps then had a fiveth p*ar*te and the fourth p*ar*te of another fiveth p*ar*te of the said moitie of the said playhowse galleryes gardens and ground*es* as the said de*fendantes* do verily beleeve for & during the same terme of yeeres/ And the said de*fendant* John Heming*es* doth also say that he thinketh it to be true that the said Augustine Phillipps being so of one fiveth p*ar*te and of the fourth p*ar*te of another fiveth p*ar*te of the said moitie so possessed in or about the time in the said bill mencioned made his Last will & testam^t^ in writing [4 May, 1605] & thereby made his then wife Anne his executrix of his said Last will & testam^t^ & shortlie after died so possessed of the said terme of & in the said p*ar*te of the said moitie as is aforesaid.

Death and misfortune came among the Globe owners sooner than could have been expected. With the withdrawal of Kempe in 1599, the death of Pope in 1603, and of Phillipps in 1605, of the original five only Shakspere and Heminges remained. Whether in the numerous later transfers and redivisions of shares necessary to admit new members the company was still maintained as a joint-tenancy or not, it is perfectly clear that it was so during the first six years by the original members. No one of them as joint-tenant could legally will his share. Yet Pope did so, and his heirs, as well as the heirs of Phillipps, were admitted by their generous associates, thereby bringing unmerited trouble upon them, as this suit sufficiently shows. On the death of Shakspere, April 23, 1616, Heminges was left sole survivor of the original five, and if the strict letter of joint-tenancy had been carried out, he should then, by the right of survivorship, have received the entire interest of his former associates.

It comes out in the course of this suit that Heminges was, by consent of all the parties, custodian of the company, and kept for them the original deed from Brend, the grant from Levison and Savage, the will of Augustine Phillipps, and evidently, therefore, all other papers, documents, plays, and the account-books he mentions in his will. This seems to explain how he came into possession of the original manuscripts of Shakspere's plays, which he and Condell, in 1623, "collected & publish'd" "absolute in their numbers [poetic form] as he conceived them," "uttered with that easinesse," as they themselves further attest, "that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Heminges is shown also as a generous and careful business man, keen to see a legal point, and watchful of the interests of his associates. Not only was he their trustee, but all records agree that he was the business and financial agent of the company.

The influence of Shakspere and his associates in creating a joint-tenancy at the Globe in 1599 seems to have affected the organization of every theater in London, and thereby also the drama. In similar manner, in 1602, three of the managers of the "Children of the Chapel" company at Blackfriars formed a joint-tenancy of one half of that theater, which, in the course of the next ten years, was one of the items of contention in several bitter suits both at law and at equity. The Osteler-Hemynges documents show that on August 9, 1608, when the Shakspere company took up the management of the Blackfriars, a joint-tenancy of seven was created and carefully maintained. About 1604, "Queen Anne's Men," at the Red Bull, began a similar organization, with title from Aaron Holland in equal sevenths, as published by me in Nebraska "University Studies." In 1607, the Whitefriars was

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occupied by six equal sharers, with original title from Lord Buckhurst. Henslowe and Alleyn had a tenancy in common in the Fortune, but the company that finally leased it of them organized after the original model of the Globe.

Our first definite knowledge of Shakspere's financial interests in the Globe and Blackfriars comes to us from the Osteler-Hemynges records (described at the beginning of this article) and from the documents revealed in the present article. Previously we could draw only general inferences from inexact data and conditions. A hundred years ago the theory was set going that Shakspere must have disposed of any theatrical interests he may have owned about the time he may have retired to Stratford. It was inferred also, and is stated positively in most biographical notices on the basis of that mere inference, that he had no shares in the theaters at the time of his death. This notion arose from the fact that in his will Shakspere does not mention any theatrical interests, and from the erroneous supposition that a will devises all the property specifically. But the fact is that wills rarely enumerate all the testator's possessions. For example, to cite only a few contemporaries connected with the theaters, Sir Nicholas Brend's will, in 1601, omits to mention this very property of the Globe freehold, which he then owned. Thomas Kendall possessed one sixth of the Blackfriars lease in joint-tenancy during its occupancy by the Children of the Queen's Revels; but his will, 1608, does not mention his share. One of the chief sharers in the Red Bull was Thomas Green, yet his will, 1612, does not devise his interests there. In 1616, Philip Henslowe failed to specify in his will that he owned a lease of one half of the Fortune Theater. Although Richard Burbage possessed one fourth interest in the Globe lease, and the whole of the Blackfriars freehold, his will, in 1619, is silent on both. In 1605, Augustine Phillipps made no disposition by will of his share in the Globe. Although Pope, Slye, Underwood, Condell, and Heminges in their wills did mention their shares, yet they omitted to specify some of their other properties. Scarcely one contemporary will makes a complete list of property. Indeed, according to the ancient practice of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, such an inventory was always made after the death of the testator and filed at probate.

So, the fact that Shakspere's will does not mention his theatrical shares proves nothing. On the contrary, it accords with the law of joint-tenancy, by which it would have been illegal for him to devise his shares either in the Globe or the Blackfriars. Before I began publishing this series of records, it was likewise generally supposed that Augustine Phillipps, as J. P. Collier says, "had disposed of his property of that kind before he quitted London," and had retired to his country home at Mortlake. Yet Phillipps neither sold nor retired, and out of the very share he owned at death, but which he could not legally will because it was held in joint-tenancy, arose this suit. Collier's supposition in Augustine Phillipps's case and its general acceptance for three quarters of a century appears not further wrong than the same sort of supposition of sale and retirement in the case of Shakspere. It seems not to have occurred to Malone, the eminent Shaksperian scholar of the eighteenth century, or to his followers, that, with the mind free from the notion that it was necessary for Shakspere to sell on retiring to Stratford (if he ever did retire thither, which is growing doubtful), it was just as easy to conclude from the evidence that he still kept his theatrical interest as to presume, without warrant, that he had disposed of it. In fact, the main evidence available then, and a hundred years since, pointed to that one conclusion. We must lay aside these old hypotheses and errors, and examine the facts with unprejudiced minds for the exact truth.

Shakspere's income from his theatrical shares is another perennial subject of debate which these documents remove from speculation. In publishing the Osteler-Hemynges suit last October, I called attention to the estimate of £300 annual profit for Shakspere's share, and gave warning that even that reduced estimate was excessive. Witter declares that his own income, previous to the burning of the Globe in 1613, and while he owned one seventh of the moiety (that is, one fourteenth of the entire property and profits of the Globe, the same as Shakspere then owned), was from £30 to £40 a year. This would not exceed from £240 to

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£320, or from $1200 to $1600 in the money of to-day. If we multiply that sum by fourteen, we shall know the profits of the entire company. In making this estimate, Witter has no motive either to magnify or to minify the amount by false statement. This income was scarcely enough to maintain Anne Witter, her spendthrift husband, and her children, says Heminges, who for years gave them additional means of support out of charity.

It is noteworthy that the amount of profit from one share in the Globe before 1613 agrees with the similar amount of £30 from one share in the Red Bull, as shown by new documents in "University Studies," and with a similar amount, estimated at from £33 to £53 for different periods, from one sixth of the Blackfriars prior to 1608, when Shakspere's company took that theater and divided it into seven shares. After the Globe was rebuilt in 1614, the profits were greatly increased, Witter says, and he now offers to accept half a share, in lieu of the one forfeited, at a yearly rent of £13, 6 *s.*, 8 *d.*, or, as an alternative, to take the profits from the house Heminges had recently been allowed to build on the Globe grounds, and from other houses there pay the rent of the entire property to Brend, and risk clearing then more than the £30 to £40, which he formerly received when each owned one seventh of the moiety.

A large fancy has hitherto assumed that Shakspere's yearly income from his share in the Globe was from £500 to £600 (in modern money possibly from £4000 to £4800, or from about $20,000 to $24,000 a year). Multiply that by fourteen, the number of shares at Shakspere's death, or by sixteen, the number after his death, when Nathaniel Field was admitted, and we have a grand total of assumed profits of from £56,000 to £66,800 (about $280,000 to $324,000 a year for the company). This sort of "biographical fancy" pictured Shakspere as a shrewd business man who, having accumulated large wealth (perhaps half a million dollars), scorned the noble art of poesy after it had served such merely sordid ends, retired to his country residence at Stratford, and there lived the life of a wealthy gentleman.

The Witter-Heminges pleadings supplement the Osteler-Hemynges records, and are also supplemented by them. Here we have Shakspere and his associates in a precarious business enterprise that they have staked their whole future upon in democratic brotherhood. Failure or success affects not merely the financial returns, but the dramatic effort of both playwright and actors. Throughout Shakspere's plays and in the history of the company so far as we know it from records like these, optimistic ideals dominated the hard conditions. Of the nine hundred Elizabethan-Jacobean dramas we have only to read the five hundred that are extant, and then to read what is known of the lives of the authors, to realize in a new way why the slug, the wasp, the beetle, feeding on the fruits and flowers of one field, do not lay up the same store as the honey-bee. Only a mind that lived nobly could remake a wanton (as she is in the original source) into the sweet *Ophelia,* or breathe into the originally revengeful, bloodthirsty *Hamlet* a noble nature, or choose themes of tragedy, shape their outcomes, and fashion the utterances of characters all on a plane that elevates rather than degrades, when choice was equal. Shakspere was right when, in saying regretfully of the hard conditions of his profession as public playwright,

> almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

He thereby recognized that the ideal must dominate and shape the materials into a worthiness it could approve.

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HENRIETTA ON ROLLERS

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

WITH PICTURES BY J. R. SHAVER

SHE won it as a prize in a newspaper guessing-contest—a season ticket to the Excelsior Roller Rink in the East End. To be sure, like many prizes, it had a string to it: it was good only for the afternoon sessions. But that suited Henrietta. Dish-washing, putting the children to bed, and reading the paper to her stepfather filled her evenings; but between the hours of two and four, while the children were at school, she could slip away; and five afternoons out of the seven found her luxuriously floating round and round the smooth floor, borne on the wings of the music from the organ in the gallery.

Besides, as the Elderly Gentleman of Thirty observed, it was nicer in the afternoons. At night, in the throng, a solitary soul, especially if unfashionably clothed, might feel solitary indeed; but in the afternoons the same few held the floor every day, and a friendlier spirit prevailed. This Elderly Gentleman of Thirty was a lean and homely person, wearing a suit of wrinkled, fuzzy tweeds, who skated slowly about the floor without attempting "stunts."

Henrietta was one of the unfashionable persons, though fortunately of a strength of character sufficient to armor her against the sneers of the "swell-dressers." Her ordinary attire consisted of a faded rose-color cotton dress, an old green jacket, and a green felt hat with a limp brim. But when she had made a circuit or two of the floor, her cheeks bloomed the very color of her gown, her lips parted over dazzling rows of teeth, and her eyes shone like diamonds. Then, said the Elderly Gentleman of Thirty, in the dusty gloom of the rink she was like a spring flower swaying on its stem. Only very simple persons, or very enlightened ones like himself, he added, were able to measure her charm. Henrietta liked the Elderly Gentleman, though she did not understand all he said.

Then there was Rob Tilton, the instructor at the rink. Henrietta was in no need of his services, for in the days before she had acquired a step-family to bring up, she had rolled the asphalt with the best of them, and she took to the floor like a little aëroplane to the ether. Nevertheless, Rob found plenty of time to attend upon her, and the Elderly Gentleman's smile was wont to become slightly envious as he watched them. Rob was twenty-one and had curly, light-brown hair, with a lock floating on his forehead that secretly fascinated Henrietta. His eyelashes were too long and curved, and his cheeks too round, for a man's, but he managed to live down his prettiness with a stern and scornful expression. Rob was poor, too, and could not afford fine clothes; but he looked with contempt, not envy, on the exquisite youths who thronged the rink in the evenings.

Henrietta was of a direct and outspoken nature, in equal degree alarming and attractive to the opposite sex. One cannot talk down to *that* kind. There was no foolishness between her and Rob, no sidelong looks and simpering. Skating constituted their sole business. Hand in hand they floated, they swam, they flew, about the floor; and the Elderly Gentleman marveled that two-legged things could be so graceful. Henrietta, leaning forward, her arms hanging loose and her skirt blowing about her, darting, twisting, turning, never in a hurry, but contriving to evade Rob's out-

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stretched fingers by an inch, was like a rainbow-fish in tropical waters, like a swallow skimming over the grass.

When Henrietta and Rob joined hands to skate, the Elderly Gentleman of Thirty guessed that the old, old magnetic current thrilled through the fingers to the breasts of each; and he made no doubt that the gushing waltzes of the old organ in the gallery, which he thought inclined to be flat and wheezy, were charged for them with a celestial significance. But if this was so, they guarded it close; and made a point of acting toward each other like two boys.

Such was the situation when Johnny Wigle came home from college. Johnny's father was captain of the precinct and, what was less well known, part proprietor of the Excelsior Rink; and so Johnny's début on the floor was awaited with considerable interest. He signalized it by falling flat, and repeated the act with variations throughout the afternoon. Henrietta, the little savage, laughed and scorned him.

Johnny was an octavo edition of his father's corpulent folio, with red cheeks and an expression of pathetic, indignant stupidity. He affected fancy waistcoats, perhaps because they set off the dearest part of his anatomy. But he had one attribute of greatness: he was dogged. With a figure ill fitted for the exercise, he was determined to learn to skate; and learn he did. Later he conceived the mad idea of winning Henrietta; and how well he succeeded—but you shall hear.

It was not, however, by his unaided efforts; for Fate, the jade, loaded the dice against Rob. She introduced to the rink Miss Mollen—Carrie Mollen that Henrietta had known all her life, but *Miss* Mollen now, if you please, by virtue of a fashionable, tight-fitting dress that set off every curve, and with eleven puffs in her back hair. How shabby little Henrietta loathed the "semi-princesse" and the puffs!

Miss Mollen immediately requisitioned the services of Rob, whereat Henrietta's lip curled, for she remembered distinctly the time when Carrie Mollen had been only less adept than herself on rollers. But now that young person was doing the helpless feminine: she staggered, she swayed, she clung to Rob's arm (always with due regard to the beautiful curves), she apologized prettily; and every now and then she sank down gracefully, and had to be lifted up by Rob. Rob was not enjoying it at all; but Henrietta, egged on by her sex, could not but visit a part of her fury on him.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

HENRIETTA

The inevitable catastrophe followed close. Johnny Wigle came upon Henrietta in her seething state, and naturally she went much further with him than she meant to go. When the indignant Rob sought an explanation, Henrietta, aware of the weakness of her position (how could she confess to the jealousy of eleven puffs?), defended it with perfect wrongheadedness, and the breach widened fast. Rob's recourse was to make Johnny's life miserable, which he did. The fourth time that he accidentally sent the fat youth sprawling on the floor, Johnny took his grievance to Sid Bowers, and Rob—well, that was the end of him as instructor.

The light of Henrietta's afternoons went with him; the organ music lost its power over her soul; and life became a drab and tasteless affair. She haunted the rink as heretofore, her eyes ever wistfully on the door; for she thought Rob would pay his way in some fine afternoon, for the sake of seeing her; but he never did. Then she was distressed to think that he might be without a job, perhaps hungry. She had no idea where to find him.

But little by little her heartache eased,

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as the worst heartaches fortunately do, and Henrietta, because it hurt her to think of Rob, finally succeeded in not thinking about him any more. Meanwhile Johnny Wigle did not neglect to pursue his advantage.

At first Henrietta tolerated him, principally for the purpose of thwarting Miss Puffs, who had been casting sheep's-eyes on the fancy waistcoats. But by the end of the winter Johnny was actually calling at Henrietta's home three nights a week, and regularly offering himself in due form. As the weeks passed, Henrietta's refusals became less positive. Johnny's prosperous papa, who could refuse nothing to his image, held out as an inducement the little corner house of a long row he was building out of his savings, and life with a choleric stepfather and a handful of trying children not of her own kin was none too pleasant. In the end, Henrietta accepted him.

ONE Saturday night after the floor had been cleared and the lights put out, Sid Bowers and Captain Wigle sat in the office of the Excelsior Rink with the weekly balance-sheet spread between them. As they looked it over, a chilly atmosphere enveloped them, notwithstanding the hissing radiator.

"Five-fifteen seventy-five!" exclaimed the captain, testily. "Dropping every week! What in thunder 's the matter?"

"Eureka Rink up-town gets it all," said Sid, gloomily. "They 're on Main Street!"

"Main Street be blowed!" said the other, scornfully. "They 've got a *manager,* that 's what!"

"Ain't I matched every move of theirs?" cried Sid, passionately. "When they hired Kettlestring's Orchestra for Saturday nights, did n't I get the Orphanage Band? Did n't I offer twice as good prizes at our races? Did n't I cop their Frivolity ball with a Rube Carnival?"

"Yes, you did," growled the other. "And the night of the carnival they threw their rink open free, and nobody come to ourn!"

"A low-down, shyster trick!" muttered Sid, bitterly.

"You 're a good follower, Sid," said Captain Wigle, patronizingly; "but you don't strike out no new lines."

"Hit out a new idea yourself," muttered Sid.

"I would, but I hain't time just now," said the officer, with dignity. "I 've got my son's weddin' to look after. It 's goin' to be a big affair."

For the space of a minute there was no sound to be heard in the office but the hissing of the radiator. Sid Bowers viciously chewed the end of his penholder, and the portly, purple captain did his best to look as if he were thinking hard, too. Suddenly Sid sprang up, and hit the table a bang that caused his partner to give a leap.

"I have it!" he cried wildly. "The greatest ever! Did n't they meet here? Don't I see them on the floor every afternoon?"

"What? Who? Why?" gasped the alarmed captain.

Sid took an excited turn up and down the room. "This 'll put a crimp in the Eureka crowd, I guess," he cried triumphantly. "Jerusalem! Think of the free advertising in it! A column reader every day! Can't you see the head-lines—'Romance on Rollers!'—How 's that?—'Love in the Excelsior Rink!' Eh? I tell you it 's great!"

"What is?" Captain Wigle managed to get out.

"As for *style,*" Sid shouted, "Great Jemima! I 'll present her with a complete outfit myself, the finest money can buy. And I 'll see that it 's written up proper, you bet! And photographs! Oh, I certainly am the goods!"

"What *is* it?" begged the captain.

Sid leaned over the table with impressiveness. "Have them married here in the rink," he said, "on rollers!"

Slowly the wonderful possibilities of the idea broke upon Captain Wigle. At last he reached over and solemnly shook Sid Bowers's hand.

FOR the first time since its opening, the Excelsior Rink was filled to the full. Long before eight o'clock the last pair of skates had been given out, and the gallery was full of the "ten-centers," who came merely to look on. Kettlestring's Orchestra and the Orphanage Band had both been engaged for the evening, and held forth alternately from opposite sides of the gallery. The roll of skates on the floor, the bustle, the talk, and the laughter, together

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Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"HENRIETTA WAS DAZED. SUDDENLY SHE FELT AN ARM STEAL ABOUT HER WAIST"

made up a kind of prosperous, humming roar that was sweetest music in Sid Bowers's ears.

The wedding was set for nine o'clock, and until then the skaters held the floor. The office was reserved for the wedding-party, and here they all waited: Pat Cushen, Henrietta's stepfather, a little crab-apple of an Irishman in a shiny, new frock-coat; Captain Wigle, purple to an alarming degree; the Rev. Link Little, who conducted revival services in the rink on Sundays; the bridegroom, visibly palpitating under a fawn waistcoat; and lastly Henrietta, pale, and wholly mistress of herself. She was clad in brown velvet, cut, you may be sure, semi-princesse, which came just above the tops of her little tan boots, to which were affixed new skates with pneumatic tires. On her head was a crafty brown-velvet turban, cocked over an eye; and her heartache was cured. The hum outside, all on her account, intoxicated her; she wished she could be sure Carrie Mollen was present; the trembling bridegroom she tolerated as an annoying but essential contributor to her evening of glory.

During their wait, Sid Bowers, like a wise showman, suggested that while he cleared the floor between two numbers, Henrietta and Johnny should exhibit themselves. Johnny balked; and in the end Sid handed her about the floor himself. A tremendous hand-clapping greeted the appearance of the brown-clad figure, and Henrietta was borne about on her pneumatic tires bowing and smiling to the right and left like a princess. All her friends and enemies were there, including Carrie Mollen, wearing her every-day clothes, with an expression of envious scorn that warmed Henrietta's heart anew.

Alas! like many a cup of triumph, it proved to have unexpected and bitter dregs in the bottom of it. Having almost completed the round of the floor, Henrietta suddenly perceived a graceful young man on skates standing near the entrance, who, instead of applauding, contemptuously folded his arms and bent a stern look on her as she passed. The Elderly Gentleman of Thirty was at his shoulder; they were whispering eagerly together. Henrietta's heart leaped in her breast, and then seemed suddenly to stop. From the proud princess of it all she suddenly collapsed in her own estimation to the smallest thing there. She staggered into the office and sank down, trying to think what was the matter with her. Fortunately every one took her excitement as a matter of course.

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She had no time to face things. Immediately, it seemed to her, the word was given to form the procession, and she was stood up to receive the final touches. She looked down at her wedding-clothes with a sudden loathing. What did clothes matter beside *real* things! She tried to speak, but her tongue was like a ball of wool. Catching sight of Johnny, livid and perspiring, she shuddered violently.

No one noticed anything amiss, and the preparations were hurried forward. The floor was cleared again, and the Rev. Link Little skated gracefully down its length, book under his arm, and took up a position behind a table placed for him at the lower end. Johnny Wigle came next, accompanied by the doughty captain, in uniform, who alone of the company declined to mount on rollers. He was obliged to trot heavily down the floor to keep up, an undignified mode of entrance, though safe. Miscellaneous relatives followed, and grouped themselves about the table. There was a dramatic pause, then the band, the orchestra, and the mechanical organ, struck up the wedding-march simultaneously in divers keys, and once more the little bride appeared.

But with what a different aspect! Where she had been sparkling and triumphant, now her colors were hauled down, and her eyes had a hunted look. But so unobservant and unthinking is humanity in the mass, that no one, except perhaps her friend the Elderly Gentleman of Thirty, was aware of any change. The crowd, moreover, was occupied with the gyrations of little Patrick Cushen on rollers. Henrietta's stepfather was the kind of man to insist on skating just because he could not. In his flapping frock-coat he backed and filled like a rudderless dory. Most of the time his two feet were hopelessly at variance with each other, and joined forces only to betray him; now they sought to run away and leave him behind; now they suddenly went back while his body was traveling forward. Laughter rippled around the gallery, and was thrown back and forth between the side-lines.

Poor Henrietta welcomed even this ridiculous situation, for it delayed the last frightful moment. Patrick got his feet together at last, and, clinging to Henrietta's hand, allowed her to pull him down the floor. Henrietta in a way was hypnotized by the crowd: just because all these people *expected* her to go ahead and be married, she felt driven to it. They had made half the distance without accident, when Patrick, inspired by a false confidence suddenly attempted to strike out for himself. There was a whirl of arms and legs and coat-tails, a great thump, and his hat was seen skipping across the floor like a playful puppy.

A shout of laughter broke from the crowd, and skaters darted out from every side to assist the fallen father. A crowd formed about them, Patrick violently objurgated the imaginary person who had tripped him, and there was much confusion. Henrietta was dazed. Suddenly she felt an arm steal about her waist. She knew who it was without looking, and a little sob of relief broke from her.

She felt herself nimbly turned about, and threaded through the gathering crowd. For an instant no one noticed; but as they got clear, the people began to stare and murmur to see the bride, on the arm of a handsome young stranger, abandoning her prostrate father.

"Come on!" cried Rob in her ear.

They struck out like a pair of birds flying for freedom. The Elderly Gentleman of Thirty skated in advance of them. The way was clear to the door except for Sid Bowers, who squarely blocked their path. But just then, by a lucky accident, the Elderly Gentleman collided with him, engaging his arms. Henrietta and Rob hurtled into the door. It swung out under the impact, and they were under the stars.

A gasp went up from the throng inside. The orphan boys were the first to recover themselves; flinging down their instruments, they dashed whooping to the chase. A small-sized panic followed. The skaters rushed for the doors, and Sid Bowers had the agony of seeing the rink's whole stock of rollers disappear into the night. The gallery followed, tumbling down-stairs. For a while the orchestra dutifully played on, but finally they wavered, stopped, and joined in the rush. In five minutes only the mechanical organ was left, serenely playing the wedding-march to the abandoned hall.

Rob and Henrietta hopped across the trolley-tracks, and sped up-town over the

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smooth asphalt. Explanations were unnecessary, even had it been possible to make them; it was enough to be reunited. The delicious night air was on their cheeks; the joy of escape was in their hearts; and hand answered to hand. Henrietta's pneumatic tires responded under her like the wings of an albatross; she laughed aloud. The occasional passers-by on the sidewalk stared open-mouthed after the flying pair. Presently the roar of pursuit began to gather far behind; but it troubled them little: they were well assured there was nothing on skates that could catch them.

They omitted from their calculations the modern magic of the telephone. It must have been Sid Bowers who thought to use it. As the skaters approached the green lights of the Third Precinct Station, suddenly some of the reserves came tumbling down the steps; and the first two managed to reach the roadway before them. A horrid chill struck to the hearts of Rob and Henrietta; the bluecoats loomed grim and enormous in their path.

"Dodge!" gasped Rob, taking a fresh grip on her hand.

They bore straight down on the two, braced to receive them, but as the policemen held out their arms, the skaters suddenly bore hard to the left and the bluecoats embraced the empty air.

But another danger immediately threatened the fugitives. Some of the foremost pursuers had managed to swing themselves on a car passing the rink, and contriving to infect the motorman with the lust of pursuit, the car was now bearing down on them at top speed, pausing for nothing. A policeman boarded it as it passed the station.

The speed of the skaters was no match for electricity; and the car overhauled them handily. But Rob had not yet reached the end of his resources. It was a car of the closed-front type; and as it came gradually abreast of them, laden

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"THE SKATERS SUDDENLY BORE HARD TO THE LEFT AND THE BLUECOATS EMBRACED THE EMPTY AIR"

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with its yelling crew, he flung an arm about Henrietta; and with his other hand grasping the front rail, let the car pull them both while they recovered their wind. Their pursuers might howl as they chose, as long as the car traveled at full speed the two were safe; and as soon as it gave sign of slowing, they were ready to let go and dart ahead.

They were now fast approaching the center of the town, where difficulties multiplied, and presently, over all the noise of the car, a new sound from behind struck on their startled ears—the ring of a well-known gong.

"The patrol-wagon!" Henrietta gasped.

Rob was still unperturbed. "Down Jefferson!" he whispered.

Letting go his hold of the rail, he turned her sharply around the next corner; and they struck down the fashionable thoroughfare with renewed wind. The trolley-car was brought to a stop as quickly as possible, and the pursuers piled off; but the lovers had already gained a block. In this part of the town all the streets are well-paved. At the next corner, they doubled into Hancock Street, just as the patrol clanged around the corner into Jefferson behind them.

After that Henrietta lost track of the streets and the turns. They went to the north side, and then came back through many streets. Rob had a definite plan in view, and never hesitated. "Three-nineteen Clinton," she heard him murmur. By this time it seemed as if the whole town were roused in pursuit of them; the quiet streets through which they sped resounded with the sound of distant shouting; and there seemed to be men on every corner to direct the patrol-wagon which way they had taken. When they finally turned into Clinton Street, the pursuing gong seemed close at their heels; and, to their dismay, by the light of an arc-lamp ahead, they perceived some skaters approaching from that direction. Henrietta abandoned hope, and a paralyzing wave of fatigue swept over her.

"Here we are!" Rob cried cheerily. "Third from the corner! Down brakes!"

They scrambled across the sidewalk, and up the steps of a sober-looking house, one of a row. Rob rang the bell. Fortunately the neighborhood was deserted.

"Telephoned him on a chance to-day," Rob panted. "He 'll be waiting for us."

Henrietta wondered what he meant.

They had an agonizing moment of waiting on the steps, while the patrol-wagon came plunging nearer and nearer down the side street, and the skaters, who had glimpsed them from afar, came shouting from the other direction. The door was opened in the nick of time. It closed behind them as the wagon swung around the corner. The Elderly Gentleman of Thirty stood with his hand upon it.

"Why, how did you get here!" exclaimed Henrietta.

"Took a short cut," he said with a grin.

Henrietta wondered still more at what happened next. A benignant old gentleman was waiting for them in the parlor, book in hand. He glanced in astonishment at their skates.

"Best we could do," said Rob, airily. "Could n't afford a carriage."

"Won't you take them off?" suggested the old gentleman, with a hint of reproof in his tones.

"Sorry," said Rob, hurriedly; "have to rush for our train afterward. I have the license and the ring O.K. Please put us through as quick as you can."

The old gentleman called a servant for a witness. The Elderly Gentleman was the other. Henrietta gasped.

Rob turned to her pleadingly. "I framed it all up just on the chance," he whispered. "Don't go back on me now! I 've an elegant job," he added.

The patrol-wagon had passed the house, and had returned. The street outside was rapidly filling. It was apparent from the sounds that a house-to-house search was in progress. Fortunately the old clergyman seemed rather deaf. Henrietta did not hesitate an instant, but, smiling in Rob's anxious face, put her hand in his; and her heart went with it.

As the benediction was pronounced, the door-bell rang imperatively, and instantly, it seemed, the house overflowed with policemen, skaters, and the populace generally. The good old clergyman was dismayed. Rob, keeping a tight hold on Henrietta's hand, faced the crowd beamingly from the bay-window.

"Just in time with your congratulations, gentlemen," said the Elderly Gentleman of Thirty, with an innocent air.

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PORTRAIT OF MRS W. U.S——

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WITH JOHN O' BIRDS AND JOHN O' MOUNTAINS IN THE SOUTHWEST

BY CLARA BARRUS

LET me tell the reader at the outset that John o' Birds is the name Mr. Gilder, years ago, in one of his poems, gave to John Burroughs. For a like reason, we may call John Muir John o' Mountains, as he has felt the call of the mountains as his friend has felt the call of the birds, and has spent many years of his life roaming in pathless places in the high Sierra, the radiant peaks of which, he says, "are more than half-way to heaven."

I have often heard Mr. Burroughs speak of himself as a reluctant traveler. "I am almost as local as a turtle," he is wont to say, "and like to poke about in a narrow field." When, last winter, one of his friends suggested to him a trip to California, he hesitated, and made excuses.

"Why should I, at my age, go about alone, just to see things?" he said. "I can see the constellations every night from my own door-step."

But the friend who had planned the journey for him was not to be easily thwarted. When Mr. Burroughs found that this friend had arranged for John Muir to meet him in Arizona and go with him to the petrified forests and to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, he began to feel the westward pull as he had not felt it before. When he finally learned that two of his friends—friends for many years—stood ready to accompany him, his conquest was completed. I esteem it great good fortune that I happened to be one of the friends. Mr. Muir I had never met, but I had read his books, and had had many lively accounts of him from Mr. Burroughs himself.

We reached the little Arizona town of Adamana at night. Mr. Muir was there as the train stopped near the inn, and there the two friends met each other for the first time since, ten years before, they had gone to Alaska in the Harriman expedition. It was good to see them meet, both a little past seventy, both earnest students and lovers of nature. Unlike in face and figure, they are equally unlike in temperament and character, in their ways of studying nature, and in their manner of reporting her.

Mr. Muir looks what he says he recognized himself to be in early manhood, "hopelessly and forever a mountaineer"; yet in certain moods one catches glimpses of much besides, his many-sided nature revealing in turn the student, the rover, the inventor, the practical man, and the mystic. Mr. Burroughs looks like the investigator and philosopher that he is—one who loves to know, and to know the reason why; who can see the highest poetry in things as they are, and whose way of studying nature has been leisurely and tranquil; who has gone quietly to her and serenely waited, confident that she would yield herself unreservedly to him; and who has, therefore, written about nature with that inevitable lucidity and charm that come only from an intimate and sympathetic companionship with her.

Mr. Muir's forte is in monologue. He is one of the most engaging talkers imaginable, discursive, grave, and gay, relating thrilling adventures, side-splitting anecdotes, choice quotations, apt characterizations, scientific data, enthusiastic descriptions, sarcastic comments, scornful denunciations, inimitable mimicry. All this and much more one will get, if one but lets him talk on uninterruptedly as he listeth.

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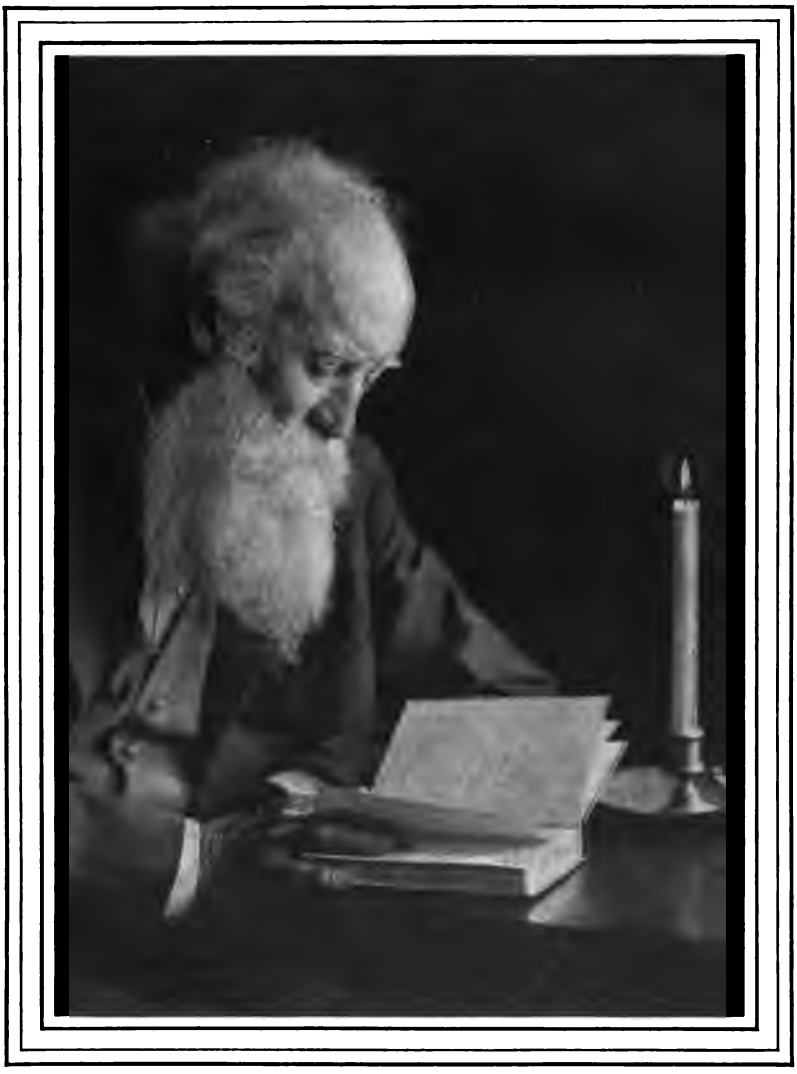
Mr. Burroughs, on the contrary, is not a ready talker. He gives of his best in his book, while Mr. Muir's admirable writing approaches more to the conventional, and has much less the flavor of the man than he is loath to push it to the bitter end. Yet when he does engage in an argument, he drives things home with very telling strokes, especially when writing on debatable points.



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JOHN BURROUGHS

his talk. Mr. Burroughs always establishes intimate relations with his reader, Mr. Muir with his listener. Mr. Burroughs is fonder of an interchange of ideas than is Mr. Muir; is not the least inclined to banter or to get the better of one; is so averse to witnessing discomfiture that even when forced into an argument,

Mr. Muir takes great pleasure in taking down or cutting under almost any remark you chance to make, though it is always from a fun-loving motive, never in a spirit of unkindness. I once heard him say, "There is nothing I hate as those three things—dirt,—physical and moral dirt,—confusion, and cruelty, especially

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cruelty." And one look into his kindly face would convince you that compassion and benevolence are in the very warp and woof of his character.

Concerning his liking for talk, one evening I heard him say, as he half apologized for having monopolized the conversation, "Johnny, I like the feel of words in my mouth better than bread," and those of us who knew his opinion of bread realized the force of the remark.

One is drawn to him, above all else, for some rare quality he has acquired in the mountain solitudes that gives him a pathetic seriousness and a certain wistfulness and furtiveness, like the wild things in nature. With all this, one has the feeling that his love of nature is a consecration; that, much as he has loved home and friends and humankind, he has loved nature more, and has obeyed some imperative need of his own in yielding to the *wanderlust,* which, with him, has not occupied a few years of his youth, but has been the master passion of his life. A line from Whitman aptly characterizes him:

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JOHN MUIR

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Wandering, yearning, curious, with restless explorations.

In contrast to Mr. Muir, the wanderer, Mr. Burroughs is the home-lover, who is under the spell of the near and the familiar, and likes to wander about in a small circle. Wherever he goes, it is to be noted that the home things continue to draw him. Looking off into the Grand Cañon to where Bright Angel Creek joins the main stream, he was reminded of Montgomery Hollow, where he fished for trout as a boy; in the Yosemite Valley, amid all the unwonted beauty and grandeur, it was the robin's song that seemed to add the touch that won his heart to the valley itself; on the Mojave Desert the alfalfa patches were all that made that arid region tolerable to him; and journeying up great Haleakala, on the island of Maui, the skylarks that soared and sang about us until we passed above the clouds were what most endeared the great volcanic mountain to him.

After our arrival at Adamana, Arizona, we rode nine miles out across the rolling desert till we came to one of the petrified forests,—the North Sigillaria Forest,—discovered about three years ago by Mr. Muir as he and his daughter Helen were riding over the sandy plateau. He told us how he could not sleep that night for excitement, for he was able to judge from the petrified remains of the trees to what order, far back in geologic times, these giants had belonged; and trying to restore the living forest in his imagination was one of the most exciting of his experiences. Most of the trees in this forest are what the botanists know as *Sigillarias*, but I remember that occasionally Mr. Muir would indicate a great, black, silicified trunk with his foot and say: "That 's a *Lepidodendron*, Johnny. See the leaf-marks there?"

How I should like a record of the talk between the two men that first day together! Mr. Muir supplied most of it. It would need to be reinforced by his slight Scotch accent, the varying expressions of his mobile face, and by his sly nudges when he made his good-natured jibes at "Johnny," as he loved to call Mr. Burroughs. I started to make notes as we sat on the sand and ate our luncheon from a petrified stump; but as Mr. Muir noticed it and exclaimed: "By Jove! 'A chiel 's amang us takin' notes.' I 'll have to mind how I 'discoorse,' " I desisted, fearing it would annoy him or make him less spontaneous.

From a photograph by Kolb Bros.

THE DESCENT OF JOHN MUIR AND JOHN BURROUGHS INTO THE GRAND CAÑON

The descent was made on March 1, 1909, by the Bright Angel Trail. John Burroughs is the third in the party, the guide leading, and John Muir is the last.

Ah, the charm of that first day as we drove across the Arizona desert, listening to Mr. Muir's tales of all the lands under the sun, yet absorbing the strange scene about us,—the trackless course over the

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rolling sands, jack-rabbits bounding over the sage-brush, bands of wild cattle in the distance,—till suddenly, on our left, there appeared a glory of rose color shining in the morning sun! "Squirrel Mountain," Mr. Muir told us, but to me it was a vision of

The light that never was, on sea or land.

Then the strange, ineffable beauty burst upon us as, from the brink of the high plateau, we obtained our first view of this weird petrified forest region. Far in the distance stretched the desert sands, and on the horizon rose curiously carved and sculptured mesas of the most wonderful pink and lilac and purple hues. Immediately below us lay the dry river-bed, and a little beyond it rose buttes of mauve and terra-cotta from which projected trunks of the petrified trees.

Those days in the petrified forests we ate our luncheons on the trunks of trees uprooted millions of years ago, Mr. Muir talking while we ate. When others congregated to eat, the Scot seemed specially impelled to talk. With a fine disregard for food, he sat and crumbled dry bread in his fingers, occasionally putting a bit in his mouth, talking while the eating was going on.

On this and other occasions we saw how insensible to fatigue Mr. Muir was when he could command companionship, and how independent of sleep. "Sleep!" he would exclaim. "Why, you can sleep when you get back home, or, at least, in the grave. That 's what I consoled myself with when I was too cold and hungry to sleep, when camping out, with the night and stars."

Mr. Burroughs, on the contrary, is specially dependent upon sleep and food in order to do his best work. On our arrival at the Grand Cañon in the morning, after a night of travel and fasting and little sleep, all the rest of us felt the need of refreshing ourselves, and taking breakfast before we would even take a peep at the great rose-purple abyss out there a few steps from the hotel. The teasing Scot jeered at us for thinking of eating when there was that sublime spectacle to be seen. Although he deigned to breakfast with us, he preceded us to the rim of the cañon, where he stood in silent contemplation as we approached. Turning, he waved toward the great abyss and said: "There! Empty your heads of all vanity, and look!" And we did look, overwhelmed by what must be the most truly sublime spectacle this earth has to offer—a veritable terrestrial Book of Revelation, as Mr. Burroughs said.

The next day we descended over four thousand feet in the cañon, to within a thousand feet of the river, several hours later making the ascent to the rim, the only part of the excursion that met Mr. Muir's approval. "Climb, climb, if you would see the glories," was always the burden of his cry.

One day, feeling acutely aware of our incalculable privilege, I said, "To think of having the Grand Cañon, and John Burroughs and John Muir thrown in!"

"I wish Muir *was* thrown in, sometimes," retorted Mr. Burroughs, with a twinkle in his eye, "when he gets between me and the cañon."

Our six weeks' stay in Pasadena, where we rented a furnished cottage and played at housekeeping, was specially welcome to Mr. Burroughs, who could not feel at home in great hotels, however genial and unobtrusive the hospitality. To formal dinners, to receptions, to clubs where men congregate and smoke, to schools or colleges or before organizations or bodies where he is expected to "show off" or be lionized in a formal way, he goes as a lamb to the slaughter, and, as a rule, he openeth not his mouth. He is not, on such occasions, a ready speaker, and it is positively painful to him to be asked to address assemblages of any kind.

Mr. Muir does not like to speak in public any more than his comrade. Neither of them likes the noise and confusion of cities or the artificial side of social life.

Once when some one asked Mr. Muir if he did not feel lonely in those years when he spent much time in the high Sierra away from everybody, he replied: "There is no loneliness except in the city. A mountain range, or even a continent, cannot separate friends." It seems strange, yet it is true, that this wanderer, who can find his way on the trackless desert, in deep forests, and on the mountains, even when the trails are covered and the snow is waist-deep, is almost as helpless as a child when he finds himself alone in a city of only a few thousand inhabitants. Even in Pasadena he had to be piloted about, and in Los Angeles he was hopelessly at

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From a photograph by George R. King

JOHN MUIR AND JOHN BURROUGHS

sea. One day, however, he came over from the latter city to our cottage in Pasadena, and, on being asked how he had got there, said triumphantly, "By Jove, I came all the way from Hooker's alone today, and only made one mistake!" A stranger piloted him to our door, but in this, as in other chance acquaintances, he had evidently given freely of his best, as he and the man were deep in the discussion of the botany of some foreign country.

In his recital of any adventure, Mr. Muir always gives much more than the adventure itself; if he starts to tell a bear-story, you get that—after a while, but you get by the way a vivid description of gentian meadows and glacier lakes; or, if, as his readers know, he tells the story of Stickeen, his sturdy dog comrade over Alaskan glaciers, we get the story of the glaciers themselves, as well as of Stickeen, and we get, too, all unconsciously, much of the story of Stickeen's master.

Mr. Muir likes a laugh at his own expense. He told us of a school-teacher in the vicinity of his own home instructing her pupils about Alaska and the glaciers, and on telling them that the great Muir Glacier was named after their neighbor, who discovered it, one little boy piped up with, "What, not that old man that drives around in a buggy!"

I may as well offset this with one of our Hawaiian experiences. When we were in Honolulu, we heard that one of the teachers there, thinking to make a special impression on her pupils, told them the main facts about Mr. Burroughs's writings,

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their scope and influence, what he stood for as a nature-writer, his place in literature, etc. Then she described his appearance, and said: "And this noted man, this great nature-lover, is right here—a guest in our city!" A little lad broke in with: "I know; I saw him yesterday. He was in our yard stealing mangoes."

One memorable day, with the artist William Keith and others, we walked in the noble primeval forest of sequoias just out of San Francisco, recently given to the United States as a national park. President Roosevelt, on the self-denying suggestion of the generous donor, Mr. William Kent, fittingly named it "Muir Woods."

At the outset of those five Yosemite days he disparaged our exclamations of delight at the wondrous beauty of the wild-flowers in San Joaquin Valley by telling us that we had come just forty years too late; that when he first came there it was "one golden and purple carpet of compositæ," but that in the years that have followed the glorious blooms have been "plowed and pastured out of existence." He told us how, forty years ago, when living in Wisconsin, he started out for a walk, not planning very particularly where he would go, and how he did not return till eighteen years afterward. When, in his journeyings, he reached California, he immediately asked the way to Yosemite, and went in with no knowledge of its topography, and with the snows so deep that the blazed trails were all covered. Yet for three weeks he had a glorious time, and "lived on three dollars the entire time in the valley."

This was the first of many excursions in the high Sierra. For many years he summered and wintered there. In those early days he had a saw-mill in the valley, which he had built himself. We wondered how he, a tree-lover, could engage in such work; but we learned later that he never committed the sacrilege of felling the trees, and "sawed only those which the Lord had felled."

On leaving his cabin in the valley, he established a home on a ranch about forty miles from San Francisco. As soon as the vineyard was prepared for the summer, he would flee to the mountains, and be gone for three months, living mainly on bread and tea, and pursuing his studies. Then he would return to harvest his grapes.

Several times I heard him say, in effect, "Few have loved beauty as I have—enough to forego so much to attain it." He told us, as he has written in "The Mountains of California," of the music of the storm in the trees, of how he used to climb to the tops of their swaying branches to feel the very pulsing of the heart of the storm; of his ride upon an avalanche; of his deep joy when he came first upon the giant sequoias; and how he sat in his creaking cabin making notes while an earthquake was in progress in the valley; how he rushed out while the air was full of the tremendous roar from the fall of Earthquake Rock and of fumes like burning sulphur from their friction. He actually climbed upon one of the newborn taluses as, grinding and chafing, it settled into place. Such reckless enthusiasm gave us a glimpse of the man's ardor. He disclaims recklessness, however; says a mountaineer learns caution, and practises it instinctively; and that he has always observed caution in dangerous places.

"How does this compare with Esopus Valley, Johnny?" called out the proud Scotchman as he saw all of us dumb with wonder and admiration at the grandeur and beauty revealed along the way. And then he told us that when Emerson was in the valley he had said that Yosemite was the only thing he saw in the West that "came up to the brag."

In speaking of certain desecrations in the valley, in spite of its having been made a national reservation, Mr. Muir said indignantly: "But what can you expect? The Lord Himself could n't keep the devil out of the first reservation that ever was made."

As we came into the deep-walled inclosure of Yosemite Valley, and looked up in amazement at its stupendous, sheer granite walls, three thousand and more feet high, and saw also the tender, winsome beauty of it all, we were awed into reverent silence, mighty El Capitan guarding the entrance, granite domes and spires roundabout, foaming waterfalls, stately trees, and the river, which we had seen tumbling over boulders as we came hither, now lazily coursing along through pastoral meadows.

"How is that for a piece of masonry, Johnny?" asked Mr. Muir, as we came to El Capitan. The next day, when we were

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journeying toward Half Dome and Mr. Muir was telling how probably the glacier had worn off at least half a mile from its top, and then had sawed right down through the valley, he turned and asked, "John, how is that for a piece of work?" Mr. Burroughs answered him, "Oh, Lord, that 's too much, Muir." He said that it stuck in his crop—this theory that ice alone accounts for this great valley cut out of the solid rocks. On our way up Nevada Fall, I heard Mr. Muir telling him of the glacial scourings that he had seen on the top of Half Dome, and of their traces all along as the glaciers had sawed down through this valley; and Mr. Burroughs had protested: "But, Muir, the million years before the ice age—what was going on here then?"

"Oh, God knows," said Mr. Muir; but he added that he had found slate fragments on the top of Half Dome, which he adduced as further proof of his theory.

When we stood as near as we could get to the thundering Yosemite Fall, and looked up at that body of water, which in a series of three great leaps has a fall of twenty-six hundred feet, Mr. Burroughs exclaimed in reverent wonder, "Great God Almighty!" and seemed more deeply moved than I had noticed him to be at any of the wonders we had yet seen.

As we neared Register Rock, a granite boulder weighing, they estimated, between twenty and thirty thousand tons, Mr. Muir said, "Think of the roar when that came down, and the smell like sulphur, and the red glow!"

The second day in Yosemite, one of us was lamenting that we could not see the giant sequoias, climb to Glacier Point, go to the tops of various falls, and do many other things. Mr. Muir retorted, "I puttered around here for ten years, and you expect to see and do everything in four days!" And again: "You come in here, and then excuse yourselves to God, who has kept these glories waiting for you by saying, 'I 've got to go back to Slabsides,' or, 'We want to go to Honolulu.' "

I shall never forget the sight of him that May day as we rushed excitedly down the trail to the foot of Nevada Fall, and saw the hilarious, tumbling waters throwing up glistening fountains of spray. With great bounds he leaped down the trail, and, on reaching the foot, threw up his arms and shouted exultantly, "Ha!" There was something almost demoniacal in his glee: his spirit and the wild free spirit of the madly rushing waterfall seemed to be saluting each other. One had a glimpse of the wild, ecstatic moods he must have experienced when, alone, he came upon those glorious scenes in the years that are gone.

As we were resting on the rocks after our climb to Nevada Fall, he showed me a tiny fern (*pellæa densa*)—"one of the bonniest of our father's bairns"—and said, "Will you keep it, if I pick it for you?" receiving assurance before he would remove it from its shelter in the rock. Just to hear him name certain flowers is a privilege; his face grows tender, and his voice is a caress as he speaks of his darlings—Calypso, Bryanthus, and Cassiope, and declares that "Heaven itself would not be heaven without them."

I see that I have kept Mr. Burroughs somewhat in the background. But so it was on our Western tour; when the Scot was there, he occupied the center of the stage, and we were content to have it so, for Mr. Muir was on his native heath.

The night of our return from Nevada Fall we found shelter in the hospitable Camp Ahwahnee, where, as happy dwellers in tents, we tasted the charm of the ideal way of living in Yosemite.

Sitting about the huge camp-fire, under the noble spruces and firs, we saw the moon rise over Sentinel Rock, lending the crowning touch to this ideal scene. After the other campers had gone to rest we lingered, loath to bring to its close a day so replete with sublimity and beauty. Mr. Burroughs summed it up as he said good night: "A day with the gods of eld—a holy day in the temple of the gods."

The next day as we reluctantly left the valley, turning back for one more glance, I surprised a wistful parting look on Mr. Muir's countenance, and, as he faced forward, he confessed: "I hate to think any time I 'm leaving the valley that it is for the last time." Later, as one tried to voice the gratitude we felt at the inestimable privilege of seeing all this wondrous beauty under his guidance, he said: "You were pretty good people when you went into the valley, but you are a good deal better now. Life is richer."

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THE CREATORS: A COMEDY

BY MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Helpmate," etc.

XLII

THE Brodricks—Hugh, Henry, all of them—stood justified. There was, indeed, rather more justice than mercy in their attitude. Jane could not say that they had let her off easily. She knew—and they had taken care that she should know—the full extent of her misdoing.

That was it. They regarded her genius (the thing which had been tacked on to her) more as a crime than as a misfortune. It was a power in the highest degree destructive and malign—a power utterly disintegrating to its possessor, and yet a power entirely within her own control. They refused to recognize in it any divine element of destiny, while they remained imperturbably unastonished at its course. They judged it as they would have judged any reprehensible tendency to excitement or excess: you gave way to it or you did not give way. In Jane the thing was monstrous. She had sinned through it the unforgivable sin—the sin against the family, the race. And she had been warned often enough. They had always told her that she would have to pay for it.

But now that the event had proved them so deplorably right, now that they were established as guardians of the obvious and masters of the expected, they said no more. They assumed no airs of successful prophecy. They were sorry for her. They gathered about her when the day of reckoning came; they could not bear to see her paying, to think that she should have to pay. She knew that as long as she paid they would stand by her.

More than ever the family closed in around her; it stood solid, a sheltering and protecting wall. She was almost unaware how close they were to her. It seemed to her that she stood alone there, in the center of the circle, with her sin. Her sin was always there, never out of her sight, in the little half-living body of the child. Her sin tore at her heart as night and day she nursed the strange, dark little thing, stamped with her stamp. She traced her sin in its shrunken face, its thread-like limbs, its sick nerves, and its bloodless veins.

There was an exaltation in her anguish. Her tenderness, shot with pain, was indistinguishable from a joy of sense. She went surrendered and subdued to suffering; she embraced passionately her pain. It appeased her desire for expiation.

They need not have rubbed it into her so hard that it was her sin. If she could have doubted it, there was the other child to prove it. John Henry Brodrick stood solid and sane, a Brodrick of the Brodricks, rosy and round with nourishment, not a nerve, Henry said, in his composition, and the stomach of a young ostrich. It was in little Hugh's little stomach and his nerves that the mischief lay. The screaming, Henry told her, was a nervous system. It was awful that a baby should have nerves.

Henry hardly thought that she would rear him. He did not rub that in; he was much too tender. He replied to her agonized questioning that, yes, it might be possible, with infinite precaution and incessant care. With incessant care and in-

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finite precaution she tended him. She had him night and day. She washed and dressed him; she prepared his food and fed him with her own hands. It was with a pang, piercing her fatigue, that she gave him to the nurse to watch for the two hours in the afternoon when she slept; for she had bad nights with him because of the screaming.

Brodrick had had bad nights, too. Jane made him sleep in a room at the other end of the house where he could not hear the screaming. He went unwillingly, and with a sense of cowardice and shame. He could not think how Jinny could stand it with *her* nerves.

She stood it somehow, in her passion for the child. It was her heart, not her nerves, that his screams lacerated. Beyond her heavy-eyed fatigue she showed no sign of strain. Henry acknowledged in her that great quality of the nervous temperament —the power of rising high-strung to an emergency. He intimated that he rejoiced to see her on the right track, substituting for the unhealthy excesses of the brain the normal, wholesome life of motherhood. He was not sure now that he pitied her. He was sorrier, ten times sorrier, for his brother Hugh.

Gertrude Collett agreed with the doctor. She insisted that it was Brodrick and not Jane who suffered. Gertrude was in a position to know. She hinted that nobody but she really did know. She saw more of him than any of his family. She saw more of him than Jane. Brodrick's suffering was Gertrude's opportunity, the open, consecrated door where she entered soft-footed, angelic, with a barely perceptible motion of her ministrant wings. Circumstances restored the old intimate relation. Brodrick was worried about his digestion; he was afraid he was breaking up altogether, and Gertrude's solicitude confirmed him in his fear. Under its influence and Gertrude's the editor spent less and less of his time in Fleet Street. He found, as he had found before, that a great part of his work could be done more comfortably at home. He found, too, that he required more than ever the coöperation of a secretary. The increased efficiency of Addy Ranger made her permanent and invaluable in Fleet Street. Jane's preoccupation had removed her altogether from the affairs of the "Monthly Review." Inevitably Gertrude slid into her former place.

She had more of Brodrick now than she had ever had; she had more of the best of him. She was associated with his ambition and his dream. Now that Jane's hand was not there to support it, Brodrick's dream had begun to sink a little; it was lowering itself almost to Gertrude's reach. She could touch it on tiptoe, straining. She commiserated Jane on her exclusion from the editor's adventures and excitements, his untiring pursuit of the young talents,—his scent for them was not quite so infallible as it had been,—his curious or glorious finds. Jane smiled at her under her tired eyes. She was glad that he was not alone in his dream; that he had some one, if it was only Gertrude.

For, by an irony that no Brodrick could possibly have foreseen, Jane's child separated her from her husband more than her genius had ever done. Her motherhood had the fierce ardor and concentration of the disastrous power. It was as if her genius had changed its channel and direction, and had its impulse bent on giving life to the half-living body. Nothing else mattered. She could not have traveled further from Brodrick in her widest, wildest wanderings. The very hours conspired against them. Jane had to sleep in the afternoon, to make up for bad nights. Brodrick was apt to sleep in the evenings, after dinner, when Jane revived a little and was free.

The year passed, and she triumphed. The little half-living body had quickened. The child, Henry said, would live; he might even be fairly strong. His food nourished him. He was gaining weight and substance. Jane was to be congratulated on her work, which was nothing short of a miracle. *Her* work, *her* miracle, Henry admitted it was that. He had had to stand by and do nothing. He could not work miracles. But if Jane had relaxed her care for a moment, there was no miracle that could have saved the child.

To Jane it *was* a miracle. It was as if her folding arms had been his antenatal hiding-place; as if she had brought him forth with anguish a second time.

She would not have admitted that she loved him more than his brother. Jacky was as good as gold; but he was good with Gertrude and happy with Gertrude. The

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baby was neither good nor happy with anybody but Jane. Between her and the little twice-born son there was an unbreakable tie. He attached himself to his mother with a painful, pitiful passion. Out of her sight he languished. He had grown into her arms. Every time he was taken from them it was a rending of flesh from tender flesh.

His attachment grew with his strength, and she was more captured and more chained than ever. He "had" her, as Tanqueray would have said, at every turn. Frances and Sophy, the wise maternal women, shook their heads in their wisdom; and Jane smiled in hers. She was wiser than any of them. She had become pure womanhood, she said, like Gertrude. She defied Gertrude's womanhood to produce a superior purity.

Brodrick had accepted the fact without astonishment. The instinct of paternity was strong in him. Once married to Jane, her genius had become of secondary importance. The important thing was that she was his wife; and even that was not so important as it had been.

In the extremity of her anguish Jane had not observed this change in Brodrick's attitude. But now she had leisure to observe. What struck her first was the way Gertrude Collett had come out. It was in proportion as she herself had become sunk in her maternal functions that Gertrude had emerged. She was amazed at the extent to which a soft-feathered angel, innocent, Heaven knew, of the literary taint, could constitute herself a great editor's intellectual companion. But Gertrude's intellect retained the quality of Gertrude. In all its manifestations it was soothing and serene. And there was not too much of it—never any more than a tired and slightly deteriorated editor could stand.

Jane had observed pitifully the deterioration and the tiredness. A falling-off in the high fineness of the "Monthly Review" showed that Brodrick was losing his perfect, his infallible scent. The tiredness she judged to be the cause of the deterioration. Presently, when she was free to take some of his work off his shoulders, he would revive. Meanwhile she was glad that he could find refreshment in his increased communion with Gertrude. She knew that he would sleep well after it; and so long as he could sleep—

She said to herself that she had done Gertrude an injustice. She was wrong in supposing that if Hugh had been married to their angel he would have tired of her, or that he would ever have had too much of her. You could not have too much of Gertrude, for there was, after all, so very little to have. Or else she measured herself discreetly, never giving him any more than he could stand.

But Gertrude's discretion could not disguise from Jane the fact of her ascendancy. She owed it to her very self-restraint, her amazing moderation. And, after all, what was it but the power, developed with opportunity, of doing for Brodrick whatever it was that Jane at the moment could not do? When Jane shut her eyes and tried to imagine what it would be like if Gertrude were there, she found herself inquiring with dismay, Why, whatever would he do without her? What should she do herself? It was Gertrude who kept them all together. She ran the house noiselessly on greased wheels; she smoothed all Brodrick's rose-leaves as fast as Jane crumpled them. Without Gertrude there would be no peace.

Before long Jane had an opportunity of observing the fine height to which Gertrude *could* ascend. It was at a luncheon party that they gave by way of celebrating Jane's return to the social life. The Protheros were there, and Caro Bickersteth. Jane was not sure that she wanted them to come. She was afraid of any disturbance in the tranquil depths of her renunciation.

Laura said afterward that she hardly knew how they had sat through that luncheon. It was not that Jinny was not there, and Brodrick was. The awful thing was that both were so lamentably altered. Brodrick was no longer the enthusiastic editor, gathering about him the brilliant circle of the talents; he was the absorbed, depressed, and ponderous man of business. It was as if some spirit that had breathed on him, sustaining him, lightening his incipient heaviness, had been removed. Jinny sat opposite him, a pale Mater Dolorosa. Her face, even when she talked to you, had an intent, remote expression, as if through it all she were listening for her child's cry. She was silent for the most part, passive in Prothero's hands.

On the background of Jane's silence

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and effacement nothing stood out except Gertrude Collett.

Prothero, who had his hostess on his right hand, had inquired as to the ultimate fate of the "Monthly Review." Jane referred him to Miss Collett on his left. Miss Collett knew more about the "Review" than she did.

Gertrude flushed through all her faded fairness at Prothero's appeal.

"Don't you know," said she, "that it 's in Mr. Brodrick's hands entirely now?"

Prothero did know. That was why he asked. He turned to Jane again. He was afraid, he said, that the "Review," in Brodrick's hands, would be too good to live.

"*Is* it too good to live, Gertrude?" said she.

Gertrude looked at Brodrick as if she thought that *he* was.

"I don't think Mr. Brodrick will let it die," she said.

It was Caro who asked, in the drawing-room, afterward, if they might see the children.

Gertrude went up-stairs to fetch them. Eddy Heron watched her softly retreating figure, and smiled, and spoke.

"I say, Gee-Gee 's coming out, is n't she?"

Everybody affected not to hear him, and the youth went on smiling to his unappreciated self.

Gertrude appeared again presently, bringing the children. On the very threshold little Hugh struggled in her arms and tried to hurl himself on his mother. His object attained, he turned his back on everybody and hung his head over Jane's shoulder.

But little John Henry was admirably behaved. He wandered from guest to guest, shaking hands, in his solemn urbanity, with every one. He looked already absurdly unastonished and important. He was not so much his father's son as the son of all the Brodricks. As for little Hugh, it was easy enough, Prothero said, to see whose son *he* was. And Winny Heron cried out in an ecstasy that he was going to be a genius; she was sure of it.

"Heaven forbid!" said Brodrick. Everybody heard him.

Little Hugh began to cry bitterly, as if he understood and resented that reflection on his mother. And from crying he went on to screaming, and Gertrude carried him, struggling violently, from the room.

The screams continued in the nursery overhead. Jane sat for a moment in agony, listening, and then rushed up-stairs.

Gertrude appeared, serene and apologetic.

"Can't anything be done," Brodrick said irritably, "to stop that screaming?"

"It 's stopped now," said Winny.

"You 've only got to give him what he wants," said Gertrude.

"Yes; and he knows he 's only got to scream for it."

Gertrude's eyebrows, raised helplessly, were a note on the folly and infatuation of the child's mother.

Caro Bickersteth and Laura left, hopeless of Jane's return to them. Prothero stayed on, conferring with the editor. Later, he found himself alone in the garden with Jane. He asked then—what they were all longing to know—when she was going to give them another book?

"Never again, Owen; never again."

He reproached her.

"Ah, you don't know what it 's been, this last year!" she said. "George told me I should have to pay for it; and you see how I 've paid."

His eyes questioned her.

"Through my child."

He turned to her. His eyes were pitiful, but incredulous.

"Owen, he said there 'd be no end to my paying. But there shall be an end to it. For a year it 's been one long fight for his little life, and I 've won; but he 'll never be strong; never, I 'm afraid, like other children. He 'll always remind me—"

"*Remind* you?"

"Yes. They say I 'm responsible for him. It 's the hard work I 've done. It 's my temperament—my nerves."

"*Your* nerves?"

"Yes. I 'm supposed to be hopelessly neurotic."

"But you 're not. Your nerves are very highly strung,—they 're bound to be, or they would n't respond as perfectly as they do,—but they 're the *soundest* nerves I know. I should say you were sound all over."

"*Should* you?"

"Certainly."

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"Then"—she almost cried it—"why should he suffer?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know what 's the matter with him?"

"Owen—"

"He 's a Brodrick. He 's got their nerves."

"*Their* nerves? I did n't know they had any."

"They 've all got them except Mrs. Levine. It 's the family trouble—weak nerves and weak stomachs."

"But Henry—"

"*He* has to take no end of care of himself."

"How do you know?"

"It 's my business," he said, "to know."

"I keep on forgetting that you 're a doctor, too." She meditated. "But Sophy's children are all strong."

"No, they 're not. Levine told me the other day that they were very anxious about one of them."

"Is it—the same thing that my child has?"

"Precisely the same."

"And it comes," she said, "from them. And they never told me."

"They must have thought you knew."

"I did n't. They made me think it was my fault. They let me go through all that agony and terror. I can't forgive them."

"They could n't have known."

"There was Henry. He must have known. And yet he made me think it. He made me give up writing because of that."

"You need n't think it any more. Jacky gets his constitution from you, and it was you who saved the little one."

"He made me think I 'd killed him. It 's just as well," she said, "that I should have thought it. If I had n't, I might n't have fought so hard to make him live. I might have been tormented with another book. It was the only thing that could have stopped me."

She paused.

"Perhaps—they knew that."

"It 's all right," she said presently. "After all, if there is anything wrong with the child, I 'd rather Hugh did n't think it came from him."

She had now another fear. It made her very tender to Brodrick when, coming to him in the drawing-room after their guests had departed, she found him communing earnestly with Gertrude. A look passed between them as she entered.

"Well, what are you two putting your heads together about?" she said.

Gertrude's head drew back as if a charge had been brought against it.

"Well," said Brodrick, "it was about the child. Something must be done. You can't go on like this."

She seated herself. Her very silence implied that she was all attention.

"It 's bad for him, and it 's bad for you."

"You think I 'm bad for him?"

He did not answer.

"Gertrude, do *you* think I 'm bad for him?"

Gertrude smiled. She did not answer any more than Brodrick.

"Miss Collett agrees with me," said Brodrick.

"She always does. What do I do to him?"

"You excite him."

"Do I, Gertrude?"

Gertrude's face seemed to be imploring. Brodrick to be pitiful, and not to rub it in.

"Do I?"

"The child," said Gertrude, evasively, "is very sensitive."

"And you create," Brodrick said, "an atmosphere of perpetual agitation—of emotion."

"You mean my child is fond of me."

"Much too fond of you. It 's playing the devil with him."

"Poor mite—at *his* age! Well, what do you propose?"

"I propose that he should be with somebody who has n't that effect, who can keep him quiet. Miss Collett very kindly offered—"

"Dear Gertrude, you can't. You 've got your hands full."

"Not so full that they can't hold a little more." Gertrude said it with extreme sweetness.

"Can they hold Hughy?"

"They 've held Jacky," said Brodrick, "for the last year. *He* never gives any trouble."

"He never feels it. Poor Baby has got nerves—"

"Well, my dear girl, is n't it all the more reason why he should be with somebody who has n't got 'em?"

"Poor Gertrude! She 'll have more

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nerves than any of us if she has to look after the house, and the accounts, and Jacky, and Hughy, and *you*—"

"She does n't look after me," said Brodrick, stiffly, and left the room.

Jane turned to Gertrude.

"Was that your idea or his?"

"How can any idea be mine," said Gertrude, "if I always agree with Mr. Brodrick? As a matter of fact, it was the Doctor's."

"Yes. It was very like him."

"He spoke to Mr. Brodrick yesterday. And I am glad he did."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because it was taken out of my hands. I don't want you to think that I interfere, that I put myself forward, that I suggested this arrangement about the children. If it 's to be, you must understand distinctly that I and my ideas and my wishes have nothing to do with it. If I offered myself, it was because I was compelled. Mr. Brodrick was at his wits' end."

"Poor dear! *I* drove him there," said Jane.

"It 's put me in a very difficult position. I have to appear to be taking everything on myself, to be thrusting myself in everywhere, whereas the truth is I can keep on only"—she closed her eyes, as one dizzied with the perilous path she trod—"by ignoring myself, putting myself altogether on one side."

"Do you hate it?" Jane said softly.

"No; it 's the only way. But sometimes one is foolish—one looks for a little recognition and reward—"

Jane put her hands on the other woman's shoulders and gazed into her face.

"We do recognize you," she said, "even if we don't reward you. How can we, when you 've done so much?"

"My reward would be—not to be misunderstood."

"Do I misunderstand you? Does *he?*"

"Mr. Brodrick? Never."

"I, then?"

"You? I think you thought I wanted to come between you and the children."

"I never thought you wanted to come between me and anything." Her hands that held her dropped. "But you 're right, Gertrude. I 'm a brute, and you 're an angel."

She turned from her and left her there.

XLIII

It seemed to have struck everybody all at once that Prothero was impossible. That conviction was growing more and more upon his publishers. His poems, they assured him, were no longer worth the paper they were written on. As for his job on the "Morning Telegraph," he was aware that he held it only on sufferance, drawing a momentary and precarious income.

His impossibility appeared more flagrant in the face of Laura's marvelous achievement. Laura's luck persisted, she declared, because she could not bear it, because it was a fantastic refinement of torture to be thrust forward this way in the full blaze, while Owen, withdrawn into the columns of the "Morning Telegraph," became increasingly obscure. It made her feel iniquitous, as if she had taken from him his high place and his praise. Of course she knew that it was not *his* place or *his* praise that she had taken; degradation at the hands of her appraisers set him high. Obscurity, since it meant secrecy, was what he had desired for himself, and what she ought to have desired for him. She knew the uses of unpopularity. It kept him perfect, sacred, in a way, and uncontaminated. It preserved perpetually the clearness of his vision. His genius was cut loose from everything extraneous. It swung in ether, solitary, and pure, a crystal world, not yet breathed upon.

She would not have had it otherwise. It was through Owen's obscurity that her happiness had become so secure and so complete. She was the unique guardian of a high and secret shrine. She had never been one who could be carried away by emotion in a crowd. The sight of her fellow-worshipers had always checked her impulse to adore. It was as much as she could do to admit two or three holy ones, Nina or Jane or Tanqueray, to a place beside her where she knelt.

As for the wretched money that he worried about, she would not have liked him to make it, if he could. An opulent poet was ridiculous, the perversion of the sublime. If one of them was to be made absurd by the possession of a large and comfortable income, she preferred that it should be she.

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The size of Laura's income, contrasted, as Prothero persisted in contrasting it, with her own size, was excessively absurd. Large and comfortable as it appeared to Prothero, it was not yet so large nor was it so comfortable that Laura could lie back and rest on it. She was heartrending, irritating, maddening to Prothero in her refusals to lie back on it and rest. She toiled prodigiously, incessantly, indefatigably. She implored Prothero to admit that if she was prodigious and incessant, she *was* indefatigable, she never tired. There was nothing wonderful in what she did. She had caught the silly trick of it. It could be done, she assured him, standing on your head. She enjoyed doing it. The wonderful thing was that she should be paid for her enjoyment, instead of having to pay for it, like other people. He argued vainly that once you had achieved an income, it was no longer necessary to set your teeth and go at it like that.

And the more he argued, the more Laura laughed at him. "I can't help it," she said; "I 've got the habit. You 'll never break me of it, after all these years."

For the Kiddy, all in her affluence, was hounded and driven by the memory of her former poverty. She had no illusions. She had never had them, and there was nothing spectral about her fear. After all, looking at it sanely, it did not amount to so very much, what she had made. And it was not really an income; it was only a little miserable capital. It had no stability. It might at any moment cease. She might have an illness or Owen might have one; he very probably would, considering the pace *he* went at it. Or the "Morning Telegraph" might throw him over. All sorts of things might happen. In her experience they generally did.

Of course, in a way, Owen was right. They did not want all the money. But what he did not see was that you had to make ten times more than you wanted in order to secure ultimately an income. And then, in the first excitement of it, she had rather launched out. To begin with, she had bought the house, to keep out the other lodgers. They were always bringing coughs and colds about the place and giving them to Owen. And she had had two rooms thrown into one so as to give Owen's long legs space to ramp up and down in. The den he had chosen had been too small for him. He was better, she thought, since he had had his great room. The house justified itself. It was reassuring to know that, whatever happened, they would have a roof over their heads. But it could not be denied that she had been extravagant.

And Owen had been the least shade extravagant, too. He had found a poet even more unpopular, more impecunious than himself, a youth with no balance, and no power to right himself when he toppled over; and he had given him a hundred pounds in one lump sum to set him on his legs again. And on the top of that he had routed out a tipsy medical student from a slum and "advanced him," as the medical student put it, twenty pounds to go to America with.

He had just come to her in her room, where she sat toiling, and had confessed with a childlike, contrite innocence the things that he had done.

"It was a sudden impulse," he said. "I yielded to it."

"Oh, Owen dear, don't have another soon! These impulses are ruinous."

He sat down, overburdened with his crime, a heartrending spectacle to Laura.

"Well," she said, "I suppose it was worth it. It must have given you an exquisite pleasure."

"It did. That 's where the iniquity comes in. It gave me an exquisite pleasure at your expense."

"*You* give me an exquisite pleasure," she said, "in everything you do."

Her lips made a sign for him to come to her, and he came and knelt at her feet and took her hands in his. He bowed his head over them and kissed them.

"Do you know what you are?" she said. "You 're a divine prodigal."

"Yes," he said, kissing her; "I 'm a prodigal, a dissolute, good-for-nothing wastrel. I adore you and your little holy hands; but I 'm not the least use to you. You ink your blessed little fingers to the bone for me, and I take your earnings and fling them away—in—in—" He grew incoherent with kissing.

"In one night's spiritual debauchery," said she. She was pleased with her way of putting it; she was pleased, immeasurably pleased, with him.

But Owen was not pleased in the very least.

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"That," said he, "is precisely what I do."

He rose and stood before her, regarding her with troubled, darkening eyes. He was indeed a mark for the immortal ironies. He had struggled to support and protect her, this unspeakably dear and inconceivably small woman; he looked on her still as a sick child whom he had made well, and here he was living on her, living on Laura. The position was incredible, abominable, but it was his.

She looked at him with deep-blue, adoring eyes, and there was a pain in her heart as she saw how thin his hands were, and how his clothes hung away from his sunken waist.

"Oh," she cried, "what a little beast I am, to make you feel like that, when you 're journalizing and agonizing day and night, and when it 's your own savings that you flung! It *was,* dear," she insisted.

"Yes, and as I 've flung them, I 'll have to live on you for a year at least. It all comes back to that."

"I wish *you* would n't come back to it. Can't you see, can't you see," she implored, "how literally I 'm living on you?"

"If you only did!"

"But I do, I do. In the real things—the things that matter. I cling and suck like a vampire. Why can't you have the courage of your opinions?"

"My opinions? I have n't any. Hence, no doubt, my lack of courage."

"Your convictions, then, whatever you call the things you *do* have. You think, and *I* think, that money does n't matter. You won't even allow that it exists, and for you it does n't exist, it can't. Well, then, why make such a fuss about it? And what does it matter which of us earns what, or who spends it?"

He seemed to be considering her point. Then he put it violently from him.

"That 's the argument of all the humbugs, all the consecrated hypocrites, that have ever been. All the lazy, long-haired, rickety freaks and loafers who go nourishing their pretended spirituality at some woman's physical expense. The thing 's indecent, it 's unspeakable. Those Brodricks are perfectly right."

Laura raised her head. "They? What have they got to do with you and me?"

"A good deal. They supply me with work which they don't want me to do in order to keep me from sponging on my wife. They are admirable men. They represent the sanity and decency of the world pronouncing judgment on the fact. No Brodrick ever blinked a fact. When people ask the Brodricks, 'What does that fellow Prothero do?' They shrug their shoulders and say, 'He has visions, and his wife pays for them.' "

"But I don't. It 's the public that pays for them. And your wife has a savage joy in making it pay. If it was n't for that, I should loathe my celebrity more than Jinny ever loathed hers. It makes me feel such a silly ass."

"Poor little thing!" said Prothero.

"Well, it 's hard that *I* should have to entertain imbeciles who would n't read *you* if they were paid."

He knew that that was the sting of it for her.

"They 're all right," he said. "It 's your funny little humor that they like. I like it, too."

But Laura snapped her teeth and said, "Damn! Damn my humor! Well—when they use it as a brickbat to hurl at your head."

She quoted furiously: " 'While her husband still sings to deaf ears, Mrs. Prothero has found the secret of capturing her public. She has made her way straight to its heart. And the heart of Mrs. Prothero's public is unmistakably in the right place.' Oh, if Mrs. Prothero's public knew what Mrs. Prothero thinks of it! I give them what they want, do I? I don't give it to them because they want it. If they knew why I give it, and how I 'm fooling them all the time! How I make them pay--for *you!* Just think, Owen, of the splendid, the diabolical irony of it!"

"So very small," he murmured, "and yet so fierce."

"Just think," she went on, "how I 'm enjoying myself."

"Just think," said Prothero, "how I am not."

"Then," she returned it triumphantly, "you 're paying for my enjoyment, which is what you want."

The clock struck six. She went out and returned, bringing an overcoat which she said had grown miles too big for him. She warmed it at the fire and helped him on with it, and disappeared for a moment

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under its flapping wings, so large was that overcoat.

All the way to Fleet Street, Prothero, wrapped in his warm overcoat, meditated tenderly on his wife's humor.

XLIV

NOTHING, Tanqueray said, could be more pathetic than the Kiddy spreading her diminutive skirts before Prothero, to shelter that colossal figure.

But the Kiddy, ever since Tanqueray had known her, had refused to be pathetic; she had clenched her small fists to repel the debilitating touch of sympathy. She was always breaking loose from the hands that tried to restrain her, always facing things in spite of her terror, always plunging, armored, indomitable, into the thick of the fight. And she had always come through, somehow, unconquered, with her wounds in front. The wounds he had divined, rather than seen, ever since, in their first deplorable encounter, he had stuck a knife into her. She had turned that defeat, he remembered, into a brilliant personal triumph; she had forced him to admire her; she had worn over that mask, as it were, a gay and pretty gown.

And now, again, Tanqueray was obliged to abandon his vision of her pathos. The spectacle she presented inspired awe, rather, and amazement, though all that she called on you to observe at the moment was merely an insolent exhibition of a clever imp. The Kiddy was minute, but her achievements were enormous; she was ridiculous, but she was sublime.

She sat tight, tighter than ever, and went on. She wrote one charming book after another, at astonishingly short intervals, with every appearance of immemorial ease. She flung them to her scrambling public with a side wink at her friends. "They don't know how I 'm fooling them," was her reiterated comment on her own performances.

Tanqueray exulted over them. They all went to Prothero's profit and his peace. It was not in him to make light of her popularity or to cast it in her hilarious face. Nor could he hope to equal her own incomparable levity. She would come to him, laughing, with the tale of her absurdly soaring royalties, and he would shout with her when she cried: "The irony of it, Tanks—the delicious irony! It all goes down to his account."

"He 's got another ready for them," she announced one day.

She always spoke of her husband's poems as if they were so many bombs hurled in the face of the enemy, her public. There was nothing like the pugnacity of the Kiddy in these years of Prothero's disaster.

She came to Tanqueray one evening—the evening before publication; she came secretly, while Owen was in Fleet Street. Her eyes blazed in a premature beginning of hostilities. She had come forth, Tanqueray knew, to brave it out, to show her serenity, and the coolness of her courage on the dreadful eve.

It was impossible to blink the danger. Prothero could not possibly escape this time. He had gone, as Tanqueray said, one better than his recent best. And Laura had got a book out, too—an enchanting book. It looked as if they were doomed, in sheer perversity, to appear together. Financial necessity of course might have compelled them to this indiscretion: Laura was bound eventually to have a book, to pay for Prothero's; there was not a publisher in London now who would take the risk of him. But, as likely as not, these wedded ones flung themselves thus on the public in a superb disdain, just to prove how little they cared what was said about them.

Laura was inclined to be reticent, but Tanqueray drew her out by congratulating her on her popularity, on the way she kept it up.

"Oh," she cried, "as if I did n't know what you think of it! Me and my popularity!"

"You don't know, and you don't care, you disgraceful Kiddy."

She lifted her face—a face tender and a little tremulous, which yet held itself bravely to be smitten, as it told him that indeed she did not care.

"I think your popularity, *and* you, my child, the most beautiful sight I 've seen for many a long year."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You may laugh at me," she said.

" 'E is n't laughin' at you," Rose interjected. She was generally admitted to Tanqueray's conferences with Laura. She

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sat by the fire, with her knees very wide apart, nursing Minny.

"He is n't, indeed," said Tanqueray. "He thinks you a marvelous Kiddy, and he bows his knee before your popularity. How you contrive to turn anything so horrible into anything so adorable he does n't know, and never will know."

"Dear me! I 'm only dumping down earth for Owen's roses."

"That 's what I mean. That 's the miracle. Every novel you write blossoms into a splendid poem."

It was what she meant. She had never meant anything so much. It was the miracle that her marriage perpetually renewed for her, this process of divine transmutation by which her work passed into Owen's and became perfect. It passed, if you like, through a sordid medium, through pounds and shillings and pence, but there again, the medium itself was transmuted, sanctified by its use, by the thing accomplished.

"I 'm glad you see it as I do," she said. She had not thought that he would see.

"Of course I see it." He sat silent a moment, regarding his vision, smooth-browed, close-lipped, a purified and transmuted Tanqueray.

"What do you expect," he said presently, "to happen?"

"I expect what always has happened, and worse."

"So do I. I said in the beginning that he had n't a chance. There is n't a place for him anywhere in his own generation. He might just as well go on the stock-exchange and try to float a company by singing to the brokers. It 's a generation of brokers."

"Beasts!"

"Aunt's lodger is a broker," said Rose. "Old furniture—real—and pictures is *'is* line."

"Aunt's lodger, I assure you, will be thoroughly well damned if he takes any stock in Owen."

" 'E 'as n't seen Mr. Prothero," said Rose, "and you 'll frighten Minny if you use such language."

Tanqueray ignored the interruption. "Owen, you see, is dangerous. He regards the entire stock-exchange as a bankrupt concern. The stock-exchange resents the imputation, and makes things dangerous for Owen. If a man will insist on belonging to all the centuries that have been, and to the centuries that will be, he 's bound to have a bad time in his own. You can't have it both ways."

"I know. He knows it. We 'd rather have it this way. I ought n't to talk as if he minded, as if it could touch him where he is. It hurts *me,* not *him.*"

"It hurts me, too, Kiddy. I can't stand it when I see the filthy curs rushing at him. They 've got to be kicked into a corner. I 'm prepared for them this time."

He rose, went to his desk, and returned with an article in proof, which he gave to her.

"Just look through that and see if it 's any good."

It was his vindication of Owen Prothero.

"Oh,"—she drew in her breath,—"how you *have* fought for him!"

"I 'm fighting for my own honor and glory, too."

He drew her attention to a passage where he called upon Heaven to forbid that he should appear to apologize for so great a man. He was concerned only with explaining why Prothero was, and would remain, unacceptable to a generation of brokers; which was not so much a defense of Prothero as an indictment of his generation. She would see how he had rubbed it in.

She followed, panting a little in her excitement, the admirable points he made. There, where he showed that there was no reason why this Celt should be an alien to the Saxon race, because—her heart leaped as she followed—his genius had all the robust and virile qualities. He was not the creature of a creed or a conviction or a theory; neither was he a fantastic dreamer. He was a man of realities, the very type—Tanqueray had rubbed that well in—that hard-headed Englishmen adore—a surgeon, a physician, a traveler, a fighter among fighting men. He had never blinked a fact,—Laura smiled as she remembered how Owen had said that that was what a Brodrick never did,—he had never shirked a danger. But—Tanqueray had plunged in a new paragraph into the heart of his subject—on the top of it all he was a seer; a man who saw *through* the things that other men see. And to say that he saw, that he saw through things, was the humblest and simplest statement of his case. To him

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the visible world was a veil worn thin by the pressure of the reality behind it; it had the translucence that belongs to it in the form of its eternity. He was in a position to judge. He had lived face to face and hand to hand with all forms of corporeal horror, and there was no mass of disease or of corruption that he did not see in its resplendent and divine transparency. It was simple and self-evident to him that the world of bodies was made so and not otherwise. It was also as clear as daylight that the entire scheme of things existed solely to unfold and multiply and vary the everlasting-to-everlasting, world-without-end communion between God and the soul. To him this communion was a fact —a fact above all facts, the supreme and only interesting fact. It was so natural a thing that he sang about it as spontaneously as other poets sing about their love and their mistresses. So simple and so self-evident was it that he had called his last and greatest song a "Song of Transparences."

"It sounds," she said, "as if you saw what he sees."

"I don't," said Tanqueray. "I only see *him*."

At that, all of a sudden, the clever imp broke down.

"George," she said, "I love you—I don't care if Rose *does* hear—I love you for defending him."

"Love me for something else. He does n't need defending."

"Not he! But all the same I love you."

It was as if she had drawn aside a fold of her pretty garment and shown him, where the scar had been, a jewel, a pearl with fire in the white of it.

XLV

THEY were right. Worse things were reserved for Prothero than had happened to him yet. Even Caro Bickersteth had turned. Caro had done her best to appreciate competently this creator adored by creators. Caro, nourished on her "Critique of Pure Reason," was trying hard to hold the balance of justice in the "Morning Telegraph," and, according to Caro, there was a limit. She had edited Shelley, and she knew. She was frankly, as she said, unable to follow Mr. Prothero in his latest flight. There was a limit even to the imagination of the mystic, and to the poet's vision of the transcendent. There were, Caro said, regions of ether too subtle to sustain even so imponderable a poet as Mr. Prothero. So there was not much chance, Tanqueray remarked, of their sustaining Caro.

But the weight of Caro's utterances increased, as they circulated, formidably, among the right people. All the little men on papers declared that there was a limit, and that Prothero had passed it.

He stood condemned in the interests of reality.

Laura knew it did not matter what they said about him, but that last touch kindled her to flame. It even drew fire from Owen.

"If I gave them the reality they want," he cried; "if I brought them a dead body with the grave-clothes and worms about it, they 'd call that poetry. I bring them a living body rejoicing in life, and they howl at me."

They were alone in his big room. Nina and Tanqueray and Jane had come and praised him. Laura had been very entertaining over Prothero's reviews. But, when they had gone, she came and crouched on the floor beside him, as her way was, and leaned her face against his hand. Prothero, with the hand that was not engaged with Laura, turned over the pages of his poem. He was counting them, to prove the slenderness of his offense.

"They can't say it 's *not* a song," he said. "Listen to this."

He read, and she listened, while her hand clutched his, as if she held him against the onslaught of the world.

The music gathered and rose and broke over her in the last verse, in the song of consummation, of the soul's passion, jubilant, transcendent, where, of the veils of earth and heaven, the veils of separation and illusion, she weaves the veil of the last bridal, the fine veil of immortality.

In the silence Laura stirred at his side. She had possessed herself of his hand again and held it firmly, as if she were afraid that he might be taken from her in his ecstasy.

She was thinking that he had used that theme before, in the first poem of his she ever heard. He was mistaken. There was more than one way of saying the same thing. She reminded him of this earlier

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poem. Surely, she said, it was the same thing, the same vision, the same ecstasy, or, if he liked, the same experience?

He did not answer all at once; he seemed to be considering her objection, as if he owned that it might have weight.

No, he said presently, it was not the same thing. Each experience was solitary, unique; it had its own incommunicable quality. He rose and found the earlier poem, and brought it to her that she might see the difference.

She shook her head; but she had to own that the difference was immense. It was the difference, so she made it out, between a vision that you were sure of and a vision of which you were not so sure. And, yes, it was more than that: it was as if his genius had suffered incarnation, and its flame were intenser for having passed through flesh and blood. It was the incorruptible spirit that cried aloud; but there was no shrill tenuity in its cry. The thrill it gave her was unlike the shock that she remembered receiving from the poem of his youth, the shiver they had all felt, as at the passing by of the supersensual. Her husband's genius commanded all the splendors, all the tumultuous energies of sense. His verse rose, and its wings shed the colors of flame, blue, purple, red, and gold that kindled into white; it dropped and ran, striking earth with untiring, impetuous feet; it slackened, and still it throbbed with the beat of a heart driving vehement blood. But she insisted that it was the same vision. How could she forget it? Did he suppose that she had forgotten the moment, four years ago, when Tanqueray had read the poem to them, and it had flashed on her—

"Oh, yes," he said; "it flashed all right. It flashed on me. But it did no more. There was always the fear of losing it. The difference is that—now—there is n't any fear."

She said, "Ah, I remember how afraid you were."

"I was afraid," he said, "of you."

She rose and lifted her arms to him and laid her hand on his shoulders. He had to stoop to let her do it. So held, he could not hope to escape from her candid, searching eyes.

"You are n't afraid of me now? I have n't made it go? You have n't lost it through me?"

"You 've made it stay."

"Have I? Have I done that for you?"

He drew in his breath with a sob of passion. "Ah, the things you do!"

"None of them matter except that," she said.

She left him with that, turning on the threshold to add, "Why bother, then, about the other stupid things?"

It was as if she had said to him that since he owed that to her, a debt so unique, so enormous that he could never dream of paying it back in one lifetime, was it not rather absurd and rather mean of him to make a fuss about the rest? How could he think of anything but that? Did not the one stupendous obligation cover everything, and lay him everlastingly abject at her feet? The only graceful act left him was to kneel down and kiss her feet. And that was what, in spirit, he was always doing. As for her, she would consider herself paid if she saw the difference and knew that she had made it.

It was only now in the hour of achievement that, looking back and counting all his flashes and his failures, he realized the difference she had made. It had seemed to him once that he held his gift, his vision, on a fragile and uncertain tenure; that it could not be carried through the tumult and shock of the world without great danger and difficulty. The thing, as he had said, was tricky; it came and went; and the fear of losing it was the most overpowering of all fears.

He now perceived that, from the beginning, the thing that had been most hostile, most dangerous to his vision was this fear. Time after time it had escaped him when he had hung on to it too hard, and time after time it had returned when he had let it go, to follow the thundering batteries of the world. He had not really lost it when he had left off clutching at it or had flung himself with it into the heart of the danger. He could not say that he had seen it in the reeking wards, and fields bloody with battle, or that he had any memory of it as he bent over plague-stricken or wounded bodies. But it had the trick of coming back to him in moments when he least looked for it. He saw now that its brief vanishings had been followed by brief and faint appearances, and that when it had left him longest, it had returned to stay. The times of utter

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destitution were succeeded by perfect and continuous possession. He saw that nothing had been fatal to it except his fear.

He had tested it because of his fear. He had chosen his profession as the extreme test because of his fear. He had given up his profession, again because of his fear—fear of success in it, fear of the world's way of rewarding heroism, the dreadful fear of promotion, of being caught and branded and tied down. He had thought that to be forced into a line, to be committed to medicine and surgery, was to burn the ships of God, to cut himself off forever from his vision.

Looking back, he saw that his fear of the world had been nothing to his fear of women, of the half-spiritual, half-sensual snare. He had put away this fear, and stood the ultimate test. He had tied himself to a woman and bowed his neck for her to cling to. He would have judged this attitude perilous in the extreme, incompatible with vision, with seeing anything but two diminutive feet and the inches of earth they stood in. And it was only since he had done this dangerous thing and done it thoroughly, only since he had staked his soul to redeem his body, that his vision had become secure. It really stayed. He could turn from it, but it was always with him; he could hold and command it at his will.

She was right. If he could take that from her, if he was in for it to that extent, why *did* he bother about the other stupid things?

And yet he bothered. All that autumn he worked harder than ever at his journalism. He seemed to gather to himself all the jobs that were going on the "Morning Telegraph." He went the round of the theaters on first nights, reporting for the "Morning Telegraph" on plays that were beneath the notice of its official dramatic critic. He reviewed poetry and belles-lettres for the "Morning Telegraph"; and he did a great deal of work for it down in Fleet Street with a paste-pot and a pair of scissors.

Prothero's genius had liberated itself for the time being in his last poem; it was detached from him; it wandered free like a blessed spirit invisible, while Prothero's brain agonized and journalized, as Laura said. There was no compromise, this time, no propitiation, no playing with the beautiful prose of his occasional essays. He plunged from his heavenly height sheer into the worst blackness of the pit, he contorted himself there in his obscure creation of paragraphs and columns. His spirit writhed like a fine flame, trammeled and tortured by the grossness of the stuff it kindled, and the more it writhed the more he piled on the paragraphs and columns. He seemed, Laura said, to take a pleasure in seeing how much he could pile on without extinguishing it.

In December he caught cold coming out of a theater on a night of north wind and sleet, and he was laid up for three weeks with bronchitis.

And at night, that winter, when sounds of coughing came from the Consumption Hospital, they were answered through the open windows of the house with the iron gate. And Laura, at Owen's side, lay awake in her fear.

XLVI

THERE was one thing at which Prothero, in his journalism, drew the line. He would not, if they paid him more than they had ever paid him, more than they had ever dreamed of paying anybody—he would not review another poet's work. For some day, he said, Nicky will bring out a volume of his poems, and in that day he will infallibly turn to me. If, in that day, I can lay my hand upon my heart and swear that I never review poetry, that I never have reviewed it, and never shall, I can look Nicky in his innocent face with a clean soul.

But when Nicky actually did it (in the spring of nineteen hundred and nine) Prothero applied to Brodrick for a holiday. He wanted badly to get out of town. He could not, when it came to the agonizing point—he could not face Nicky.

At least that was the account of the matter that Tanqueray gave to Brodrick when the question of Prothero's impossibility came up again at Moor Grange. Brodrick was indignant at Prothero's wanting a holiday, and a month's holiday. It was preposterous. But Jane had implored him to let him have it.

Jinny would give a good deal, Tanqueray imagined, to get out of town, too. It was more terrible for her to face Nicky than for any of them. Tanqueray himself was hiding from him at that moment in

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Brodrick's study. But Jinny, with that superb and incomprehensible courage that women have, was facing him down there in the drawing-room.

It was in the drawing-room, later on in the afternoon, that Brodrick found his wife, shrunk into a corner of the sofa and mopping her face with a handkerchief. Tanqueray had one knee on the sofa, and one arm flung tenderly about Jinny's shoulder. He met, smiling, the husband's standstill of imperturbable inquiry.

"It 's all right, Brodrick," he said. "I 've revived her. I 've been talking to her like a father."

He stood looking down at her, and commented:

"Nicky brought a book of poems out, and Jinny cried."

"It was th—th—the last straw," sobbed Jinny.

Brodrick left them together, just to show how imperturbable he was.

"George," she said, "it was horrible. Poor Nicky stood there where you are, waiting for me to say things. And I could n't, I could n't, and he saw it. He saw it, and he turned white—"

"He *is* white," said Tanqueray.

"He turned whiter. And he burst out into a dreadful perspiration. And then,—oh, don't laugh! It was so awful!—he took my hand and wrung it, and walked out of the room, very dignified and stiff."

"My dear child, he only thought you were speechless with emotion."

But Jane was putting on her hat and coat.

"Let 's get out somewhere," she said—"anywhere away from this intolerable scene. Let 's tear over the Heath."

She tore and he followed. Gertrude saw them go.

She turned midway between Putney and Wimbledon. "Oh, how my heart aches for that poor lamb!"

"It need n't. The poor lamb's heart does n't ache for itself."

"It does. I stabbed it."

"Not you!"

"But, George—they were dedicated to me! Could my cup of agony be fuller?"

"I admit it 's full."

"And how about Nicky's?"

"Look here, Jinny. If you or I or Prothero had written those poems, we should be drinking cups of agony. But there is *no* cup of agony for Nicky. He believes that those poems are immortal, and that none of us can rob them of their immortality."

"But if he 's slaughtered,—and he will be,—if they fall on him and tear him limb from limb, poor, innocent lamb!"

"He is n't innocent, your lamb. He deserves it. So he won't get it. It 's only poets like Prothero who are torn limb from limb."

"I don't know. There are people who 'd stick a knife into him as soon as look at him."

"If there are, he 'll be happy. He 'll believe that there 's a plot against him to write him down. He 'll believe that he 's Keats. He 'll believe anything. You need n't be sorry for him. If you or I had only Nicky's hope of immortality! If we only had the joy he has even now in the horrible act of creation! Why, he 's never tired. He can go on forever without turning a hair, whereas, look at *our* hair after a morning's work! Think what it must be to feel that you never can be uninspired, never to have a doubt or a shadowy misgiving. Neither you nor I nor Prothero will ever know a hundredth part of the rapture Nicky knows. We get it for five minutes, an hour, perhaps, and all the rest is simply hard, heavy, heartbreaking, grinding labor."

Their wild pace slackened.

"It 's a dog's life, yours and mine, Jinny. Upon my soul, for mere sensation, if I could choose, I 'd rather be Nicky." He paused. "And then, when you think of his supreme illusion—"

"Has he another?"

"You know he has. If all of us could believe that when the woman we love refuses us she does it only because of her career—"

"If he *did* believe that—"

"Believe it? He believes now that she did n't even refuse him. He thinks he renounced her—for the sake of her career. It 's quite possible he thinks she loves him; and really, considering her absurd behavior—"

"Oh, I don't mind," she moaned; "he can believe anything he likes if it makes him happier."

"He is happy," said George, tempestuously. "If I were to be born again, I 'd pray to the high gods, the cruel gods,

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'GEORGE,' SHE SAID, . . . 'I LOVE YOU FOR DEFENDING HIM'" (SEE PAGE 539)

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Jinny, to make me mad like Nicky, to give me the gift of indestructible illusion. Then, perhaps, I might know what it was to live."

She had seen him once, and only once, in this mood—the night he had dined with her in Kensington Square, six weeks before he married Rose.

"But you and I have been faithful to reality—true, as they say, to life. If the idiots who fling that phrase about only knew what it meant! You 've been more faithful than I, you 've taken such awful risks. You fling your heart down, Jinny, every time."

"Do you never take risks? Do you never fling your heart down?"

He looked at her. "Not your way. Not unless I *know* that I 'll get what I want."

"And have n't you got it?"

"I 've got most of it, but not all—yet."

His tone might or might not imply that getting it was only a question of time.

"I say, where are you going?"

She was heading rapidly for Augustus Road. She wanted to get away from George.

"Not there," he protested, perceiving her intention.

"I must."

He followed her down the long road where the trees drooped darkly, and he stood with her by the gate.

"How long will you be?" he said.

"I can't say. Half an hour, three quarters, ever so long."

He waited for an hour, walking up and down, up and down the long road under the trees. She reappeared as he was turning at the far end of it. He had to run to overtake her.

Her face had on it the agony of unborn tears.

"What is it, Jinny?" he said.

"Mabel Brodrick."

She hardly saw his gesture of exasperation.

"Oh, George, she suffers! It 's terrible. There 's to be an operation—tomorrow. I can think of nothing else."

"Oh, Jinny, is there no one to take care of you? Is there no one to keep you from that woman?"

"Oh, don't! If you had seen her—"

"I don't want to see her. I don't want *you* to see her. You should never have anything to do with suffering. It hurts you. It kills you. You ought to be taken care of. You ought to be kept from the sight and sound of it." He gazed wildly round the Heath. "If Brodrick was any good, he 'd take you out of this place."

"I would n't go. Poor darling, she can't bear me out of her sight. I believe I 've worn a path going and coming."

They had left the beaten track. Their way lay in a line drawn straight across the Heath from Brodrick's house. It was almost as if her feet had made it.

"Jinny's path," he said.

They were silent, and he gathered up as it were the burden of their silence when he stopped and faced her with his question:

"How are you going on?"

(To be continued)

QUATRAINS

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

IF GREAT LOVE DIES

IF great love dies, ask of thy years of earth
No other. Keep from lesser bondage free.
Let the great gift bequeath the next in worth—
Unto thyself thine own sufficiency.

A WARNING

NO chance can ravish from thy resolute grasp
One greatest good, no power can break thy clasp;
Only thyself, stooped to ignobler quest,
May cheat thee of the will to seek the best.

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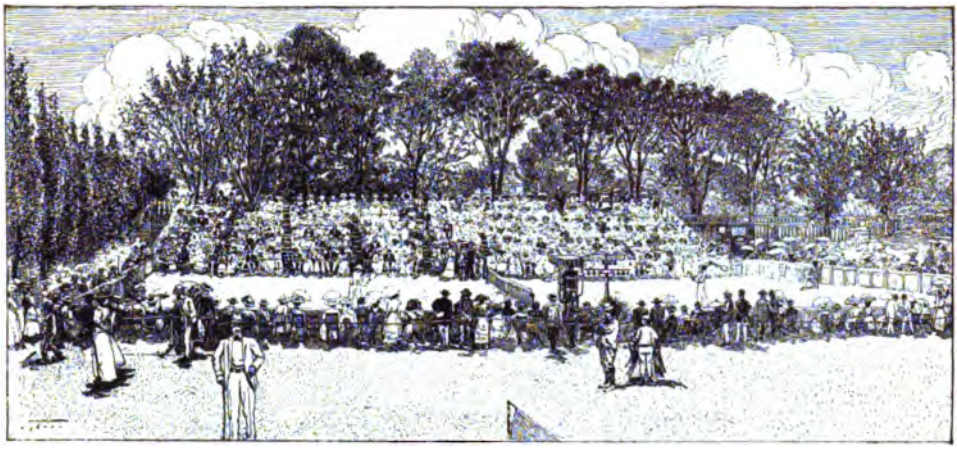

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE CHAMPIONSHIP FINALS AT THE CASINO, NEWPORT

LAWN-TENNIS, THE QUEEN OF GAMES

BY WALTER CAMP

Author of "Book of College Sports," etc.

UNDER Queen Elizabeth's window, we are told, Somersetshire men "did hang up lines in a square of greensward, marking out the form of a tennis-court with a cross line in the middle, and there with handball, bord, and cord did play a game to the great liking of Her Highness." But historians are all agreed that lawn-tennis, as now known, had not then made its appearance. The nearest approach to it was probably *la longue paume*, an early kind of hand-ball.

In the middle ages, la longue paume was played in many of the parks of the châteaux, and Villaret tells us that, in 1316, Louis X came to his death through a chill caught while playing the game in the forest of Vincennes. There are authentic records that in 1399 it was played for the amusement of Charles VI in the château Creil-sur-Oise, and, further, that in fine weather Charles IX was always out of doors, either campaigning or playing la longue paume, of which he was extremely fond. So the Somersetshire men came legitimately by the game with which they entertained their good queen.

But interest, even in France, gradually waned, although as late as 1820 there was an arena for la paume in the Champs-Elysées, and it was still played in the Luxembourg Gardens as recently as the year 1867.

At that period, in England, however, croquet had become the popular lawn game, and had grown until its wickets usurped the lawns at most country houses. In 1869, the All-England Croquet Club decided to lease a plot of ground at Wimbledon, just off the Worple Road. Thus, for the purposes of croquet, they secured for a rental of £120 a year, plus certain percentages, the ground which was destined to become the scene of all England's tennis championships for the next forty years.

Never in the history of a sport has there been so rapid and overwhelming a growth as there has been in lawn-tennis. At a Christmas party in 1873, Major Wingfield introduced to a country-house party in Nantclwyd a game which he had patented and called Spharistiké, which, while it had characteristics of the older games,

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From a recent photograph by Notman

DR. JAMES DWIGHT

Originator, with F. R. Sears, Jr., of lawn-tennis playing in America, 1874.

From a recent photograph by the Garo Studio

RICHARD D. SEARS

Holder of the American championship for the first seven years, 1881-7.

proved really the propelling motive of modern lawn-tennis. This new game, as the major planned it, was played but little, yet it gave immediate impetus to various lawn games of tennis until they crowded croquet out of prominence. Major Wingfield's court was like an hour-glass, being narrow at the net and wide at the bases, and the game was so unsatisfactory that it was played scarcely for a season. Varieties of it were introduced, and within the next two years there were so many kinds of game played with this as a basic model that it seemed as if chaos would reign. Every man made his own rules for himself, and the result could hardly be classed as satisfactory.

Then, after considerable correspondence in the columns of "The Field," players turned to the Marylebone Cricket Club, and a subcommittee of the club was appointed to draw up a code.

This was done in 1875, and it brought some kind of order out of the confusion. The rules provided that the court be divided into two equal parts, with posts seven feet high and twenty-four feet apart, and a net five feet high at the posts and four feet high at the middle. The base-lines were thirty feet in length and drawn off at a distance of thirty-nine feet, while the service-lines were at a distance of twenty-six feet from the net. The game was fifteen up, as in rackets, but, instead of being set at fourteen-all, the score was there called "deuce and advantage," as in modern tennis.

These laws, however, lasted only a short time, and, in the latter part of the year, "Cavendish"—Mr. Henry Jones—succeeded in securing the introduction of lawn-tennis into the All-England Croquet Club at Wimbledon. This marked the beginning of consistency and development in the sport. In no less than two years the name of the club was changed to the All-England Croquet and Lawn-Tennis Club, which gives some idea of the growth of the sport. New rules were adopted, the height of the net was made five feet at the posts and three feet, three inches at the middle. As can easily be appreciated, passing a man on the side-lines with a net five feet high was out of the question, and the kind of game played in those days was well described as "pat-ball." However, Mr. Spencer Gore, a former racket-player, in winning the all-comers' prize and cham-

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pionship, developed something of the volley method. Yet in a way the game was still unsatisfactory. In 1878, a joint code of laws was issued by the Marylebone Cricket Club and the All-England Club, and the height of the net was reduced to four feet, nine at the posts and three feet at the middle. The service-line was placed at a distance of twenty-two feet from the net. Still, the advantage to the server was not very marked. In 1878, out of 431 games played by fairly equal players, 229 were won by the server.

From a recent photograph

WILLIAM A. LARNED

Holder of the American championship for the last three years.

REAL BEGINNING OF LAWN-TENNIS HISTORY

THE history of lawn-tennis as a popular sport really began with the first championship. Before that time the game was in a state of chaos. Tennis-players and racket-players still continued to apply the derisive name of "pat-ball" to the game, and this certainly would have continued had it not been for the changes in the placing of the net,—that is, lowering it at the ends,—which eventually gave an opportunity to put pace on the ball, and place it at the same time. Often no fewer than forty or fifty strokes would be played before a point was finally secured, and in the tournament at Prince's Club there is a record of eighty strokes played in one rally.

The championship soon began to take on great interest, and in 1879 appeared Goold, the champion of Ireland, and with him the now tennis-historical Lawford.

There also came up to Wimbledon a man named Hartley, unheralded on these courts, but of great reputation in Yorkshire. He was known to have been a good

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tennis-player at Oxford nine years before. His game was described as a safe game of unfailing judgment, and while Goold, who took second place, presented a far more brilliant and harder-hitting game, Hartley passed him repeatedly, and won the championship. In this meeting, also, the service in games with fairly equal players showed wins of 352 games to losses of 295.

In 1880, the first marked improvement was apparent in tennis, although the net had been lowered at the ends to four feet over a year before. The game acquired greater pace and severity, and the above mentioned H. F. Lawford, who later did much for the game, began to develop that hard-hitting power with which his name became indissolubly linked in tennis phrase with "the Lawford stroke." But he was a base-line driver, remaining for the most part at the back of the court. In 1880, tournament play spread with marked rapidity. The Renshaws appeared at just the right age to be most promising. These twin brothers were the most remarkable players of their day and generation. At that time the three great championship meetings were the Irish championship, the championship of Prince's Club, and the All-England championship. W. Renshaw, then only nineteen years old, after winning the Irish championship, only to lose the Prince's to Lawford, was beaten by Woodhouse for the All-England. But he came back the next year, and at twenty years of age won the triple tennis-championship crown and the All-England title. He thereafter held the All-England championship unbeaten till 1887, when he retired, owing to an injury to his arm.

Soon after the advent of the Renshaws with their "smash," began the inevitable argument between the volleyer and the base-line player. In 1882, the Marylebone and the All-England clubs lowered the net at the posts from four feet to three feet, six inches. At the All-England championship meet at Wimbledon that year, in the match between E. Renshaw and Lawford, the server won seventeen games only, while the striker-out secured twenty-six, and when Mr. E. Renshaw met Mr. Richardson, the server won fourteen games and the striker-out won twenty-three.

So great became the feeling against the volleyer that proposals were made for legislation by which the "offender was to be abolished altogether or at least ostracized from the vicinity of the net." At this time Mr. Renshaw predicted that "before many years taking the ball off the ground would be quite the exception." On the other hand, Mr. Lawford wrote that "perfect back play will beat perfect volleying." These were the two great champions of the competing schools. But Mr. Lawford gradually adopted the tactics of his opponents, and while hitting as hard as ever to the base-line, he began to seize a chance to come up close to the net, volleying across the court, while Renshaw learned the lesson of back play and of waiting for a favorable opportunity before attempting to get to the net. Thus it was not long before each side began to show greater possibilities by adopting something out of the other man's book.

REMARKABLE CONTESTS IN CHAMPIONSHIPS

GREAT interest always attended a meeting of the base-line player Lawford and either of the Renshaws, but the excitement was particularly intense in 1883. Here, in the championship at Wimbledon, Lawford and Ernest Renshaw met in the first round. The opening set was a remarkable one. Renshaw played against a strong wind, and ran up until the score was five games to one. Lawford then won five straight games in succession and the set. When they changed courts, Lawford could win only one game in the second set. Then Renshaw, after winning three games, lost six straight and the set, and this was reversed in the fourth set, where Lawford, after winning two games, lost six straight. The spectators were dumfounded at such sudden and remarkable changes. In the fifth set, Lawford won five consecutive games. Renshaw was in despair, but he shifted to a slow, underhand twist service, which took advantage of a strong cross wind and forced his opponent out of court a considerable distance in receiving the ball. Instead of taking this service backhanded, Lawford tried to crush it forehanded, and failed dismally, sending many balls out of court. Renshaw crept up game by game, and finally won the set and the match.

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Drawn by The Kinneys Half-tone plate engraved by R Varley

A WINNING AMATEUR

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From a photograph by Brown Bros.

MISS MAY SUTTON OF CALIFORNIA

Twice a winner of the ladies' championship in England.

Another marvelous match worthy of comment was in 1889, at the All-England championship at Wimbledon, when Barlow, a promising player, came through, and met W. Renshaw in the finals. Barlow won two sets and held a strong advantage in the third, but Renshaw finally won that set by the narrowest margin, after his opponent had been within two strokes of the set and match. In the fourth set Barlow again secured a commanding lead. The score was five games to two in his favor, and four times was he within a single stroke of victory. Upon one occasion Barlow was within a single stroke of the match. Renshaw slipped after a quick return, and dropped his racket, which fell several feet from him. Barlow, with the victory in hand, made a slow lob toward his opponent's base-line. Unfortunately, it was too slow, for Renshaw recovered his footing, seized his racket, ran for the ball, and succeeded in returning it, eventually winning the point. Thus Renshaw struggled gamely, and would make that one last, desperate effort each time, so that finally he actually succeeded in winning this set, after no fewer than eighteen games had been played. Having made this great recovery, he allowed himself to go to pieces again at once, and Barlow ran off no fewer than five

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consecutive games. Surely, thought the great crowd, at last the end had come, when suddenly Renshaw came to life for the third time in the face of what seemed certain defeat, and, as the accounts of the day put it, "played grandly, and winning game after game amidst tremendous excitement, brought the score to games all, and thus caused a 'vantage set to be played, which he won, and with it the match."

In the finals for the all-comers at Wimbledon in 1895, W. Baddeley, another player who, with his brother, had become famous in British tennis annals, was at the mercy of Eaves, another later well-known player. Eaves needed only one point to win a three-set victory and the championship. He had his opportunity, and placed a lob which seemed perfectly secure; but it went six inches too far, and Baddeley won the point. From that time on the latter recovered, and finally won the match.

Another case of similar kind was that of Hillyard, who at that time was coming to the front as an aspirant for honors and was playing in wonderful form, having defeated the favorite, H. L. Doherty, and going up to meet Gore. He was ahead two sets to one, five games to four, and forty-love. At this moment he drove a ball which caught at the net, hung there for a second, and then dropped over on his own side. That was all that stood between Hillyard and the championship, but it was enough; for Gore won that set, and the next two, and the match.

DEVELOPMENT TRACED THROUGH BALL AND RACKET

THE development of the game as traceable through the alterations in ball and racket is most suggestive. It was in the autumn of 1874 that Mr. J. M. Heathcote made the experiment of covering tennis-balls with white flannel, and at once a new feature was introduced. The ball was better in every way, and the stroke, even when no intentional cut was used, had far greater power in it, as the grip of the racket on the cover produced a similar effect to the rifling of a gun-barrel. The racket has gone through many changes, those of the early days being designed with special ideas of imparting cut or twist to the ball and causing it to break; that is, bound sharply out of line on striking the ground. These rackets were not symmetrical.

As far back as 1876, the racket still had something of a curve to it, and was rather small in its surface. A few years later, a Boston firm brought out a racket distinctly triangular in shape. In fact, it was quite the triangle, the angles at the top being particularly pronounced. This shape had some effect on all rackets well into the early '80's. Then there was a small, long racket made which left very little space crosswise, but plenty of net longitudinally. This, too, however, was speedily abandoned; but even up to 1889 the top of the racket was straight across, after the triangle fashion. In the early '90's a rounder bat came into vogue. This was symmetrical and rather more nearly patterned after the racket of 1900 than those which followed it in the next few years. By the end of the '90's freak rackets were out of the question, and there was a general drift toward a perfect oval. During all this time, various eccentric methods of stringing rackets were adopted, but gradually abandoned or simplified. Heavy and light rackets have been tried alternately, Sears in the early days using a sixteen-ounce weapon, while some women use them as light as twelve or twelve and a half ounces. We have now, however, reached a reasonable balance in shape and weight, while the balls are as a rule well made.

FIRST COURTS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND EARLY TENNIS THERE

IN the United States, lawn-tennis dated from 1874, when a court was first laid out at Nahant. Dr. James Dwight and F. R. Sears, Jr., an older brother of Richard Sears, who later became prominent in American tennis, were undoubtedly the first two American tennis-players.

In the following spring a court was laid out by Mr. Sherman at Newport, and was followed by two more. At the same time a tennis-set was owned by Mr. Outerbridge in New York.

The first open tournament was instituted in 1880 by the Staten Island Cricket and Base-ball Club, holding a meeting on their courts. Woodhouse, an English player already mentioned as having defeated Renshaw on his first appearance on the courts, happened to be in New York

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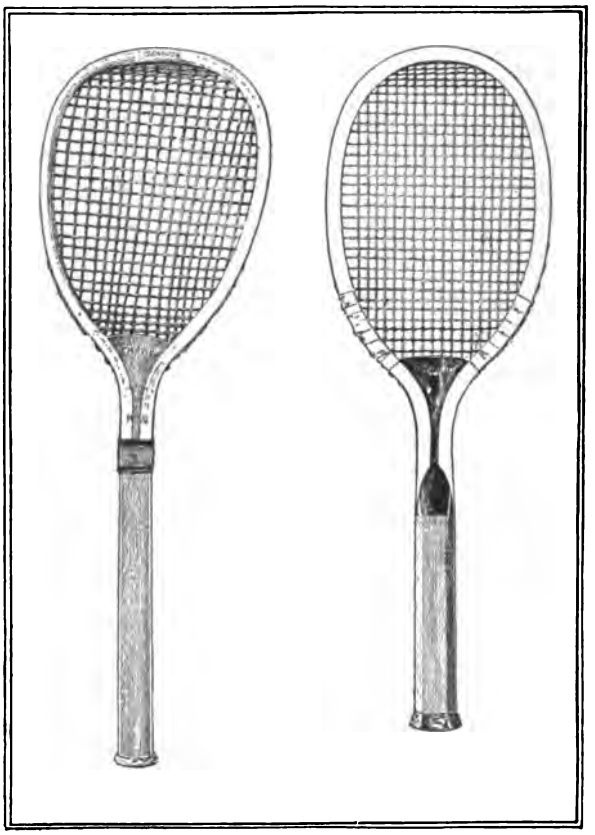
at the time, and entered for the tournament. It is needless to say that he won the cup with little difficulty.

The first intercollegiate lawn-tennis tournament was held on the grounds of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, June 7, 8, and 9, 1883, and proved so satisfactory that in the autumn of that year the first formal annual tournament was held on the same grounds.

I remember very well that first meeting, as I had the pleasure of representing Yale in the doubles with Slocum. J. S. Clark and Howard Taylor represented Harvard, and played a strong game in combination, and won out. I remember they beat us 6–2, 6–3. Clark also won the singles, with Sargent of Yale second.

The next year several of the men who later became prominent in national tennis annals appeared, a feature of the tournament being the defeat of Richard Sears (referred to later in this article), national champion, by Percy Knapp of Yale. Knapp won the tournament, Brinley of Trinity taking second place in the singles. Brinley won in 1886, while, in 1887, P. Sears of Harvard won, with O. S. Campbell second.

There appeared this year F. H. Hovey, later a national champion, then representing Brown; but he was put out in his first match. The next year Robert Huntington, Jr., of Yale won, with Hovey second. The following year, Hovey, this time representing Harvard, won, defeating O. S. Campbell. In the lists the year after that R. D. Wrenn appeared, who was a partner of Hovey in the doubles. Thus the early days of intercollegiate tennis showed names of the most prominent of the national players as well.



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

TYPES OF RACKETS USED IN 1881 AND 1909

The bulging racket on the left was used by Richard D. Sears in winning the first championship of America. That on the right was used by William A. Larned in winning the last championship.

INTERNATIONAL CONTESTS AND DAVIS CUP

INTERNATIONAL contests in sport have often proved particularly interesting, but those brought about in tennis through the trip abroad of Dwight F. Davis, a Harvard graduate, in 1899, have proved exceptional in this respect. While he was in England it occurred to him to suggest an international trophy, and the Englishmen responded with such enthusiasm that upon his return to this country he completed his plans, and in 1900 the trophy was announced.

This first year the Englishmen challenged, and though they sent over a team of fairly good men in Gore, Black, and Barrett, these men were of course not equal to the Dohertys and perhaps certain others in England, and they were rather easily disposed of by Whitman, Ward, and Davis himself.

Next year, 1901, there was a challenge from the British team, but owing to cer-

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tain difficulties, even after all arrangements had been made for sending a team, the plan was abandoned. But in 1902 a team under Captain Collins as manager was sent over, consisting of the two Dohertys and Doctor Pim. The games were played at the Crescent Athletic Club grounds at Bay Ridge. Larned and Whitman in the singles, and Ward and Davis in the doubles made up the American team. With this year began the exciting contests which ever since seem to have marked most of the matches for this historic trophy. It is somewhat of a question whether Captain Collins decided wisely in the way he placed the visitors against the Americans, entering Doctor Pim for the singles instead of H. L. Doherty. There were those who believed that the playing of H. L. Doherty instead of Doctor Pim in the singles would have won for them. Pim had been a great player, but he never showed his class here.

On the first day rain stopped the matches after two sets had been played, and as people went home that night the match seemed to be one-sided, for on the court where Larned was playing R. F. Doherty the sets stood two to nothing in favor of the former, while on the other court Whitman had secured the same lead from Doctor Pim. Most of those who watched the matches took positions the second day, confident and assured, about the court upon which Larned was facing R. F. Doherty. Larned started with winning the first two games on this third set, and stragglers were beginning to drift over to the other court when suddenly Doherty began to play his game. Then ensued one of the most remarkable matches ever seen in a contest of importance. Doherty became more and more assured, while Larned, irritated perhaps at the sudden change in fortune, seemed unable to gather himself. Presently the visitor had won the set, making it two to one in the American's favor. Even at this time it seemed a perfect moral certainty, however, that the American would win. It was not long, however, before people began to turn back from the court of the Whitman-Pim contest, having heard what remarkable things were happening in the Larned-Doherty match. The visitor took game after game. The sets now stood two to two, and almost before the American partizans could realize what was happening, R. F. Doherty had won the third set and the match.

Whitman had meantime lost a set to Doctor Pim, but followed by winning one, so that that match belonged to the Americans. However, in the afternoon Larned had no trouble whatever in defeating Pim, and Whitman beat Doherty, the latter showing some evidence of his hard work of the morning. This settled the issue. The Dohertys, however, won the doubles from Ward and Davis in four sets.

By this time the Americans had become well satisfied with their tennis, and there was perhaps a little superciliousness when talking of the great reputation of the Dohertys. Doctor Pim had indeed made a poor showing, but those who saw R. F. Doherty finish up the match with Larned, and win it after being two sets down and two games on the third set, and realizing also that H. L. Doherty, his brother, was the more enduring and lasting of the two, as well as classed by many as superior to his brother, still maintained a proper respect for British tennis and the quality of their players.

The next year, 1903, the British challenged again, and this time the matches were played at Longwood. The Dohertys came over again, and brought over with them Mahoney, a fairly capable player. Larned and R. D. Wrenn were the American selection in singles, and R. D. Wrenn and his brother George in the doubles. As soon as the visitors landed they began to play matches for practice and made a very good showing; but a piece of exceptionally hard luck came to them while playing at Nahant through R. F. Doherty wrenching his shoulder, and it looked like a foolish thing to put him in against Larned. R. F. Doherty had not complained particularly of the pain until some two days before the first of the international matches. He explained to Mr. Collins that he had felt it go wrong in a double match the day before. On Monday, after a session with the doctor, the decision was given that there would be great risk in his playing, and it would probably lay him up for several weeks; but that if he rested for twenty-four hours there was a fair chance of his being able to play.

Now the problem devolved upon the British management to decide what should

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be done under these conditions. The question was asked, Could Mahoney play in one single match, and then have R. F. Doherty go into the other, if his arm was well? The visitors thought that this substitution under one of the regulations would be allowable, provided the captain of the opposing side consented. The American captain, Mr. Larned, "while expressing sincere sympathy for the English team, decided according to regulations that if Mahoney played in the first round of the singles, he must also play in the second." He would not, however, consent to three men playing in the singles.

This left it for the visitors to determine whether they would profit more by playing Mahoney in both the singles, and thus risk losing them both, or whether they should default to the Americans in the first round, hoping that R. F. Doherty might be well enough to win the second. After considerable deliberation, they determined to default the first round, and this was done, giving that match to the Americans. The next two days were fortunate days for the Englishmen, for it rained, and the lame arm had the necessary rest.

Then came what was probably the most interesting of all the international matches. In the first round H. L. Doherty had defeated R. D. Wrenn in straight sets. In the doubles, the Dohertys met the Wrenn brothers, Robert and George, the Americans winning the first set after sixteen games, and the British the second after twelve games. The third set went to 9–7, but the Dohertys won it. The Americans came back, and by great effort won the fourth set. That effort, however, proved their undoing, for they were thoroughly exhausted, and the Dohertys won the fifth and the match.

When the two singles were played, therefore, the crowd was at the most intense pitch of excitement. The first set between H. L. Doherty and Larned went to the visitor at 6–3. After fourteen games, Larned won the second set. Then the visitor, playing magnificent tennis, walked away with a love-set. The hopes of the Americans began to flag, but were roused again by Larned winning the fourth set, 6–2. In the final and deciding set the games ran 4–4, and Larned was overcoming his opponent's service, the game standing in his favor 15–40, when a ball was wrongly called, the point was played over, and Doherty brought the score to deuce, and then won the game, making it 5–4 in his favor. Larned, however, won his service, but Doherty took the next game, the set, and the match.

While this was going on, R. D. Wrenn was putting up a magnificent struggle against R. F. Doherty in the other court, but all to no avail; for after a fine five-set contest the visitor won, and the British team took away the cup with the remarkable score of four out of the five matches, the only one they lost being the one R. F. Doherty defaulted.

Comment upon British players should include S. H. Smith, whose record against our players in the internationals in 1905 and 1906 in winning twelve sets and losing one was indeed remarkable. Smith in condition was the greatest base-line driver of the present game. He could pass any man at the net and absolutely force the would-be volleyer to play principally in the back of his court. Little and Ward, our crack players, each tried to come up on Smith, only to invite disaster. Larned tried it in 1905, and was forced to go back. Larned could win only one set from Smith, while he took two from Doherty. Smith was never for a moment bothered by the American reverse or screw services, and when the American came rushing in, the ball went shooting past him with the simplest apparent effort.

Smith and Riseley, another excellent English player, went over to the Continent for their first appearance on the Riviera in the winter season of 1903. At Wimbledon in that year they had beaten the Dohertys, thus winning the championship honors there. At Monte Carlo, Smith played in the singles, and was beaten by H. L. Doherty, who made up his mind and calmly stated that there was just one way, and only one way, to beat Smith, and that was to play him at his own game and to be prepared to run a hundred miles! Myers tells a fine story of what happened to Smith at the hands of a disgusted foreign competitor. It seems that Smith had wasted no time with this man, but had disposed of him so easily that the overwhelming character of the defeat rankled in the latter's mind. A day or two later, seeing the famous Stroud player on the street, gazing at a passing procession, the

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victim crept up cautiously from behind, and then with all his strength flung a handful of confetti in the Englishman's face, accompanying the discharge with the yell, "Take dat, Smit' of Strood!"

The victories of the Australians, Norman Brookes and A. F. Wilding, are still too fresh in the minds of British and American tennis-players alike to need comment. Brookes possessed generalship and a trying service, and made excellent use of clever hooking and short volleying, and Wilding, while not his equal in the singles, supplemented him well in the doubles.

AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP

THE American championship was instituted in 1881, R. D. Sears winning it. He was then only nineteen years old. For three years the champion played through the all-comers, and in all these three years Richard Sears was supreme. Beginning with 1884, the champion stayed out and met the winner of the all-comers. This Sears did successfully, defeating Taylor in 1884, Brinley in 1885, Beeckman in 1886, and Slocum in 1887. Then he retired. Slocum held the position for two years, followed by Campbell for three years.

In 1894, Goodbody, the first prominent foreign player to appear at our championship came within an ace of taking away the American championship, defeating Larned in the finals and only being beaten after a hard match by Wrenn for the championship. Three years later, Eaves and Nisbet, two visiting Britishers, came through, one winning the all-comers and the other being the runner-up; but again Wrenn stood successfully between the foreigner and our championship.

C. N. Clark and F. W. Taylor were the first champions in doubles, followed then for three years by Richard Sears and Dr. Dwight. In 1885, Sears took J. S. Clark as a partner, but in the following two years played again with Dr. Dwight, and was successful.

In the early days of the annual tennis championship, the Newport Casino courts had no stand from which to witness the contests. I must confess that it was extremely attractive to sit in big wickerwork arm-chairs about the courts exactly as one would at a small country house-party. People drifted in when they liked, saw such part of the contests as they enjoyed, and then went gossiping away to other pleasures. Somehow there was a lack of seriousness about it that affected even the contestants themselves, although when the day of the semi-finals came there was tension enough to make one feel the importance of the contest. Every one knew the players personally in those days.

When, after many years of one-sided contests, it began to look hopeless to play against the trim neatness of Sears, he magnanimously dropped out. After the retirement of Sears, the hard-playing Slocum held the championship for two years, and it may be said that he still plays a good game of tennis. Then Campbell came to the front with a short, snappy style of volleying and a quick, almost spider-like rush to the net. Meantime, others were coming along, for "Youth will be served" is as true in tennis as in everything else.

I well remember the first time that Robert Wrenn and Percy Knapp appeared in Newport, and the exceedingly long-drawn-out contest they had, neither at that time being particularly skilful, but each dogged, determined, and willing to run any distance for the sake of the chance of returning the ball. Toward the end of one of their long rallies they were so exhausted that they were continually falling down in the courts. But such perseverance usually brings its reward, and Percy Knapp in 1884 reached the semi-finals, in 1885 was the runner-up, while Bob Wrenn reached the semi-finals in 1892, won the all-comers and the championship the following year, and held it, as above related, in 1894 against the visiting foreigner Goodbody, who had won the all-comers. In 1896 Wrenn again won, and was champion for two years.

Hovey, too, was a figure well to be remembered. Short and thick-set, his dark, determined face was a study in these contests. He was runner-up to Clarence Hobart in 1891, and in 1892 won the all-comers, only to fall before O. S. Campbell. In 1895, however, his reward came, and he won the all-comers and became champion.

Larned, undoubtedly the best tennis-player we have developed, I remember seeing play in his first year against E. L. Hall

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in the court nearest the locker building, and even then the crowd, drifting by to other courts where there were more important matches, became interested in the fascinating play of this unknown newcomer. He was occasionally very wild, but his style was certainly attractive, and when he did strike a streak of getting balls in, it was marvelous tennis. In 1892 he was the runner-up, being beaten by Hovey. Two years later he was again the runner-up, this time losing to Goodbody. The following year he occupied the same position, losing once more to Hovey, and the third year, 1896, he lost to R. D. Wrenn. In 1897 he was beaten by Nisbet, who was runner-up to Eaves, so that it was not until 1900 that he succeeded in getting to the top in the all-comers, only to be beaten by Whitman. The following year he won the all-comers and became champion, and the next year performed the same feat for America that R. D. Wrenn had done a few years before. The redoubtable R. F. Doherty, having run off with the all-comers in spite of American players, was stopped by Larned. Again, in 1907, Larned was the winner of the all-comers and the championship, and followed this with two more successes in 1908 and 1909.

Drawn by Harold M. Brett

RUNNING UP AFTER THE SERVE

Next to Larned probably would be placed Whitman, although Beals Wright, had he not met with the injury to his hand, promised good results. Whitman, unlike Larned, did not work along slowly from the bottom, but came fast, was for a year or two runner-up, and then succeeded in securing the coveted prize. In 1898, he went straight through and held the championship for that year, 1899, and 1900, and with Larned has proved our most brilliant defender in international singles.

One can gather some idea of the spread of tournament play from the comparison of American, British, and Continental tournaments. The United States Lawn-Tennis Association controls tournament play in this country, and is made up of clubs who send delegates to its annual convention in New York. Its executive committee, in the early part of the year, draws up a schedule of open championships and invitation tournaments for those of its members who apply for dates. The main championship is played at Newport in August. Previous to that time the players are usually going from one of these championships or invitation tournaments to another, acquiring practice preparatory to the great event. In England, the championship is held at Wimbledon, but Brighton and Eastbourne have important meetings, while on the Continent all the prominent watering-places now have courts and tournaments, the championship of Germany being decided at Homburg-vor-der-Höhe. Both French and Germans have a championship open to all comers, and also a championship open to permanent residents. Australia, now holders of the Davis Cup, has been making a specialty of tennis for the last dozen years, the most prominent tournaments being held at Melbourne and Sydney. There the game can be played continuously almost through the year, June, July, and August being the poorest months.

Early and consistent training has never been regarded with sufficient emphasis in the making of a tennis-player. If one will study the history of the sport with this feature in mind, he must inevitably see the connection between brothers and victory. In other words, those who have come to the top in British and American tennis

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have been those who have had steady training and consistent practice with a comparative equal for all the years of the formative period. There is only one other way to secure high ability in the game, and that is, under an expert and competent instructor; but that is difficult. In fact, the English papers have long been declaring that the rank and file of tennis-players were not improving, and that they would have but few to draw upon for future champions. They complain that the men who could teach lawn-tennis have become teachers of regular tennis and rackets.

Less than forty years old, the game of lawn-tennis shows a record of growth unsurpassed by any other sport. It is the one game that is played under similar rules the world over, and a man may be sure of finding a chance to play in almost any country he may happen to visit. Golf is the only game that can compare with it in this respect, and the fact that a golf-course requires so much more land and upkeep offers a natural handicap largely favoring the tennis enthusiast. It is a sport that may be pursued far longer than any other save golf, and with that has the advantage of giving the most exercise in the shortest time.

WOMEN AND LAWN-TENNIS

In the early days of tennis, many writers seemed to agree that it would never do as a sport for women. The risk of strain to the muscles, the handicap of dress as a drag, and finally the danger of "being hit in the eye," all seemed to affect these pessimistic writers. Suggestions were made through the columns of the "London Field" of various means of making the game easier for ladies, such as standing nearer the net to serve, having a smaller court, and finally being at liberty "to refuse as many services as she liked."

It would have been a pleasure to see one of these men doubters matched against Miss May Sutton at the time when she won the English championship upon the occasion of her first attempt.

No sooner did the women fairly start in at the game than they began at once to show that very little handicap or special arrangement was necessary to enable them to do good work. The development of croquet in the few years previous had led to a new experience for women; namely, that of being able to compete with men on fairly even terms, and this experience was one of the factors in their desire to continue this same pleasure in tennis. Thus the game has been, like croquet, a great developer in the way of exercise and outdoor pleasure for women.

From the time when Miss M. Langrishe won the Irish championship at the Fitzwilliam Club, Dublin, in 1879, down to the present day there has been good class in women players. The National English Woman's Championship was established at Wimbledon in 1884, and in Philadelphia the National Association of America first gave its sanction in 1889, when Miss Townsend won. Since that time until the occasion when Miss May Sutton, at her best, twice visited England and won their ladies' championship, there have been high-class women players in both countries. The most promising figure among American women players just now is Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, a student at the University of California.

Miss Hotchkiss has the enviable record of winning not only the singles, but, with a partner, the doubles and the mixed doubles of 1909. She was, however, defeated in the Pacific Coast women's championship by Miss Florence Sutton. Of our former women champions, only Miss Mabel Cahill and Miss J. P. Atkinson have succeeded in a like triple honor, in 1892 and 1895 respectively. Miss Cahill also twice won the women's singles in '91 and '92, as did Miss B. L. Townsend in '88 and '89, and Miss J. P. Atkinson in '95, '97, and '98. Of all our women-players, however, Miss Elizabeth H. Moore has the best record, winning the Women's National Championship no fewer than four times, in 1896, 1901, 1903, and 1905. A lapse of nine years will be noted between her first and fourth wins. With partner, she also won the doubles in 1896 and 1903, and the mixed doubles in 1902 and 1904.

The Women's Championship of 1909 proved a very evenly divided draw, so that Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, mentioned above, and Miss Louise Hammond came through to meet in the final round, Miss Hotchkiss not losing a set, and Miss Hammond conquering almost as easily. The championship was won by Miss Hotchkiss by two sets to one.

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JERUSALEM

(THE HOLY LAND: SIXTH PAPER)

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

DAMASCUS and Jerusalem—silken garment and hair shirt! The one, a radiant city of dream held in the heart of the woods, sank away from me into a romantic mystery of blue; the other, an austere city of reality, rose before me on its stony and sterile hills, bleak, almost forbidding, under a black sky, wind-swept, with a scud of rain coming up to it from the Mount of Olives, where the Russian tower lifted itself grimly toward the traveling clouds. Like gashes made in the earth by some weapon of a giant, the ravines showed themselves below it. About it the inhospitable, waterless country rolled away toward the Dead Sea, toward Jaffa and the Mediterranean, toward the mountains of Galilee. Gone were the prairies covered with flowers, gone were the golden plains, the thickets of oaks, the languorous, grassy slopes, the silver, murmuring streams. This was a world of windy bareness, of almost cruel sterility, in summer surely of parching heat.

I rode into Jerusalem by the Nablus route, through the new town without the walls, past the Anglican bishop's palace and school-house, leaving on my right a modern quarter inhabited by Jews. Descending a hill into a slimy street in which more Jews, clad in plush and velvet coats of gaudy colors and wearing velvet hats bordered with fur, were picking their way through thick mud among puddles of yellowish rain-water, I drew up before a German hotel. I had reached my journey's end: I was in the Holy City.

That first day Jerusalem almost repelled me; but I did not know it. Later I was taken captive by the spell of its amazing complexity. Its power to interest almost overwhelmed me. Jerusalem is interesting as no other city is interesting, and that quality of it increases its grip upon you day by day, waking up the intellect, stirring the faculties to an almost untiring activity—an activity that perhaps becomes feverish at the feverish time of Easter. In Jerusalem surely the most sleepy mind must wake, the most phlegmatic temperament be whipped to a strong alertness. Conflict seems in the air, a turmoil proceeding rather from the souls than from the bodies of men. By their great wall the Jews wail day after day. They weep for vanished power, vanished glory, a possession taken from them. But there is much else to weep for in the city whose name means foundation or habitation of peace, where Moslems keep the gate of the Holy Sepulcher, and Turkish soldiers with loaded muskets hold in check the furious passions of Christians.

For thirty-eight centuries Jerusalem has been famous in history. On the day of my arrival I felt as if I were in the suburb of some strange, pale, and shabby modern town. In fact, almost the whole of antique Jerusalem lies buried beneath your feet as you walk through the narrow ways, under the arches of stone, down the slippery flights of steps, and among the shadows of the bazaars. Nevertheless, when I saw the towering walls of Solyman the

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Magnificent, when I passed within their circle and found myself in the crowded Christian and David streets, when I stood in the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher among the adoring pilgrims and those who profit by their religious ecstasies, when I wandered through the immense Haram esh-Sherif, or inclosure of the Temple, when I sat within the brilliant mystery that is the Dome of the Rock, when I stood among the Jews by the huge wall of their wailing-place, I felt as if it were a breathing of hoary age about me. And I saw courses of stone on which perhaps the eyes of Solomon once looked, and beneath arches of living rock I trod, perhaps, almost in the footsteps of David.

Upon Mount Scopus an Englishman has built himself a house. One windy day of April I paused not far from it and looked across the Valley of the Kedron to the Holy City. It was pale under the stormy sky, spread out on its limestone ridge, with its cruel hills about it. The scattered groves of its olives scarcely mitigated the austerity of its aspect—an austerity due much more to its peculiarly barren surroundings than to the grouping of its buildings, their colors, or their forms. The city looked large,—indeed, like an important capital,—with its masses of gray and sand-yellow houses, crowned with sloping roofs of a dim red shading sometimes into pink, with its cupolas and minarets, its church towers, its severe but imposing hospices, its domes of the Rock, of El-Aksa, and of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The white tower and the small white dome of the new German church stood out, and on Mount Zion rose the very imposing, almost flamboyant German Catholic church. And as in Nazareth the Russian hospice was frankly dominating, so in Jerusalem now France asserted herself, her gigantic Hospice of Notre Dame, with its towers and spreading wings, making from here the buildings set up for the pilgrims of other nations seem of little or no importance. The city wall was plainly marked above the edge of the valley. Far off were the shadowy mountains of Judea.

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THE MONASTERY OF MAR SABA, BETWEEN THE DEAD SEA AND JERUSALEM

There came a rift in the clouds. A pale sunshine fell upon the city, giving it for a moment a changed look of almost delicate brilliance. Then the clouds closed once more—clouds as lead-colored as that dome shielding the Holy Sepulcher, sunk in the heart of Jerusalem, so poor from here, so almost mean, compared with the great Dome of the Rock, yet magnetic, attracting the eyes and the mind. It seemed to crouch, as if it would get

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JERUSALEM, VIEWED FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

In the foreground is seen the Russian church of St. Mary Magdalen.

close to a precious thing—to that house of marble beneath it where, so thousands upon thousands believe, the body of Christ was laid in the rock-hewn tomb. It looked like a dome of tender protection, and I watched it till the rest of the city seemed blotted out, and I saw only that roof of lead beneath the leaden sky.

The two centers of interest in Jerusalem are the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and the Dome of the Rock within the inclosure of the Haram esh-Sherif; one the most sacred place in Palestine for all Christians, the other the most sacred place in Palestine for all Moslems. The latter is incomparably the most beautiful and most beautifully placed building in Jerusalem.

The Mohammedans of old days, like the ancient Greeks, knew how greatly the value of a noble or lovely mosque or temple is enhanced by placing it properly. The Greeks chose the positions of their temples with sheer genius. The Mohammedans, caring less for dominant heights, had a passion for great spaces. Perhaps they drew this from the desert.

Detached beauty rising out of the bosom of calm—this seems to have been the ideal of the Mohammedans who created the great mosques of the Eastern world. And there is a magical calm in the huge Haram inclosure.

One morning, escaping out of the turmoil of Jewish and Christian Jerusalem, I entered in by the St. Stephen's Gate, passed up the slightly ascending pathway

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of stone to the steps and the stone platform, under the graceful arch, with its slight columns, between the stone buildings with cupolas which join the walls on each hand, and stood still for a moment near the three large maize-trees in full leaf which threw a patch of shade almost to my feet. The city lay on my right. Close to me were the backs of the yellow houses built on the site where the Levites once lived. A shrill and gay sound of Turkish military music came to me from beyond these dwellings. When it had died away, I went on into the great inner court, with the white pavement, and sat down on a block of stone.

The inclosure was almost empty. In the sunlit distance a small band of students sauntered slowly in the direction of the Golden Gate; an old pilgrim in a long, brown garment bent over a fountain; two Arabs, squatting by the wrinkled trunk of an olive-tree, stared gravely before them. No longer did Turkish trumpets disturb the marvelous peace that reigns in the Haram. I drank it in for a moment, and then I looked.

Not far from me I saw a great building of marble and porcelain, of pearl-colored, pale yellow, gray, and white marble, of porcelain purple, turquoise blue, bright yellow, and deep green. In shape it was octagonal, each of the sides measuring sixty-seven feet; and it was crowned by a mighty dome, beneath which were pointed windows filled with glass like jewels. Porches of marble and porcelain projected from it. Near it stood a small marvel of loveliness made of the same precious materials—the little Dome of the Chain, or, as a Mohammedan called it to me, "the Mother of the Mosque." This delicate and almost ethereal creation, with its two rows of columns, its small dome and crescent, is a kiosk, the home of the airs, the sunbeams, and the happy shadows. It pro duced upon me the effect of a sweet harmony. Yet when one examines it carefully, one finds within it traces of various architectures, Hebrew and Byzantine, Greek and Roman. God, the Moslems say, once stretched a chain across the entrance of this kiosk which, if touched by a liar, broke.

Strongly the sun was shining that morning, almost as if fiercely determined to

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A GATE LEADING INTO THE TEMPLE AREA, JERUSALEM

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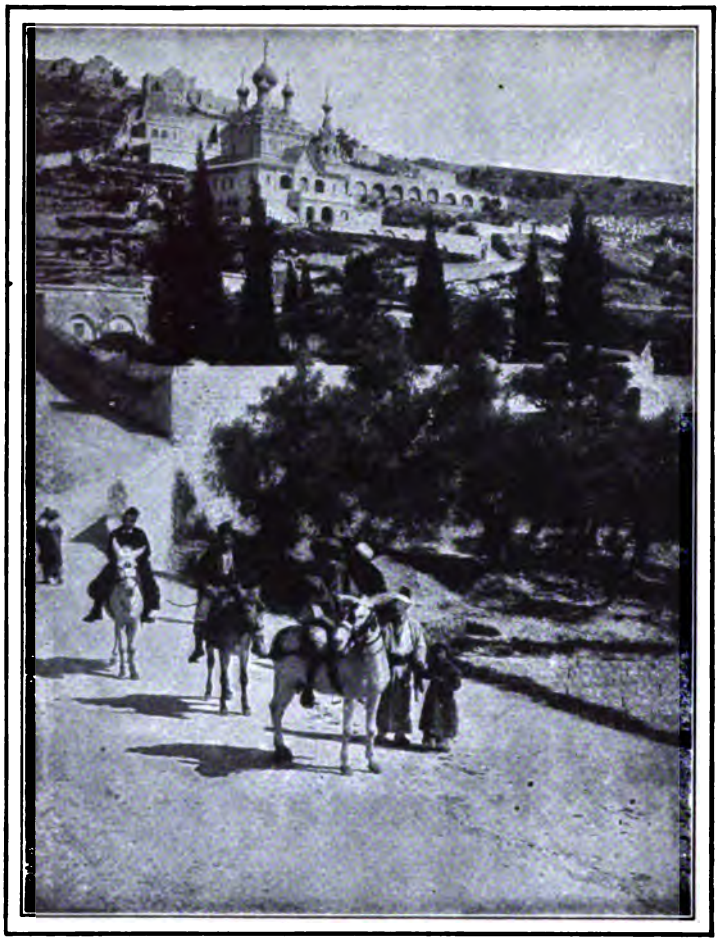

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VIEW FROM WITHOUT THE WALL OF JERUSALEM LOOKING BACK TO THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

In the middle ground is seen the Garden of Gethsemane, and above it the Russian church of St. Mary Magdalen.

show me every detail of mosque and mother. Neither needed to fear the revelation. If there is any combination of materials more beautiful, more enticing, than marble and porcelain, I do not know, and cannot imagine it. One is exquisitely cool, the other softly brilliant. Sunbeams seem to endow both with a sort of mysterious life.

Presently I entered into the mosque, and was enfolded by the shadows that kept the immense block of stone to which, so devout Moslems believe, pilgrim-angels were wont to come more than a thousand years before Adam was made from a pinch of dust. The silence within was intense—a silence some day to be broken by the trumpet of Israfeel announcing the resurrection morning. Surrounded by gilding and precious marbles, by tiles and mosaics, by inscriptions and elaborately painted stucco, by beautiful hanging-lamps and enormous chandeliers, I found the rock, like a couchant, gray-brown monster, rugged, uncouth, and severe, stretched out in a harsh repose.

Innumerable traditions cluster about it. It is said to cover an abyss in which are contained all the waters of the Flood, to have supported the Ark of the Covenant when they subsided, to have been the scene of Abraham's preparation for the sacrifice of Isaac, to have been anointed by Jacob, to be the foundation-stone of the world, to have been held down forcibly by the Angel Gabriel when it strove to follow

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Mohammed, who, mounted upon his miraculous horse, El-Burak, from the spot where it lies ascended into heaven. And upon it is supposed to have been divinely written the name of God.

The great shrine which shelters it is worthy to shelter such a fame. That first day I thought it gloriously beautiful, and subsequent visits only deepened my admiration of it. The proportions seem to me perfect. The extremely elaborate and complicated decoration—excepting only part of the roof, the bright gold and sealing-wax red of which I thought too gaudy—is amazingly effective and harmonious and full of a sort of rich and imaginative mystery. The sixteenth-century glass, and the mosaics covering the lower part of the interior of the dome, sparkling diamond-like against a background of dull gold, are superb. The general color effect is a luminous mystery of pearl and black, gold and dim blue green, lit up by the glint and gleam of mosaics like jewels. There is also a good deal of strong red. The pillars are made of dark marbles with brilliantly gilded capitals. The screen round the rock is of wood. It is bordered by a narrow passageway paved with marble, on the farther side of which is a tall screen of wrought-iron, heavily gilded, and broken up by columns. On a platform outside this second screen is a gigantic copy of the Koran, covered with a green cloth, and said to be almost the largest in existence. By it stand wooden trays for the slippers of worshipers.

I descended under the Sacred Rock, which is hollowed out, and stood in a sort of cavern upon a marble floor, while my guide pointed out in the stone a huge dent supposed to have been made by the head of Mohammed when he worshiped there. A plaque in the floor indicates the place from which the souls of the good will go up to heaven on judgment-day. All around are votive lamps. I bent my head to listen to the far-off roaring of the imprisoned waters of the Flood, but no sound reached my ears. At this moment a Moslem whispered to me that bad spirits haunt the darkness beneath the rock, so I thought it wise to ascend into the mosque, and after lingering in it for a long while, I came away from it convinced that very few buildings in the world can compare with it for beauty and splendor. In one respect it is unique. For as in that wonderful scene in the first act of "Parsifal" the poorly dressed, simple figure of the gazing and wondering boy increases tenfold the effect upon the audience of the marvels at which he is gazing, so in the Dome of the Rock the rock itself gives almost a poignant value to the glories surrounding it. Contrast supplies those wings on which alone beauty rises to the uttermost peaks of triumph. And surely the contrast between the rock and the Dome of the Rock is unique. This marvel of the Eastern world is often wrongly called the Mosque of Omar. The real Mosque of Omar is close to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

The vast inclosure of the Haram contains also, with various lesser buildings, the Mosque of El-Aksa, in basilica form, about which controversy has raged; some declaring it to be almost identical with the church set up to the glory of the Virgin by the Emperor Justinian, while De Vogüe and others convinced themselves that it is completely Arab, though founded on the site of a church, and still others, including Fergusson, have protested that it was erected by the Caliph Abd El-Melek, and that neither the Mary, nor any other church, ever stood on the spot it covers. Earthquakes have damaged it, and it has been rebuilt and repaired from time to time. It is very large, but the interior, though finely proportioned, is neither very beautiful nor interesting as a whole. Much of the dome, however, is lovely. It is heavily incrusted with gold. There is some splendid glass, and one of the most exquisite pulpits I have ever seen, in cedar and ivory. Quite alone, before the marble niche that indicates the direction of Mecca, I found a wild Bedouin from Moab, clad in black and red garments, with a sheepskin hung over his shoulders, praying. And as I watched him for a moment, gazing with his piercing eyes into the distance, as if he would traverse the spaces and look upon the sacred city, I thought of his mysterious mountains keeping guard by the Dead Sea. He bowed down, and with his forehead touched the carpet on which he knelt; and at that moment I realized the meaning of the words "Our Father" as I had never realized them before.

As I was leaving the mosque I came

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upon a very old Nubian. He was reclining on a sheepskin mat, with a venerable white coat tied over his head, writing with red ink in Arabic upon a thin sheet of wood, and singing to himself. Near to him was a Turk repeating passages from the Koran. The negro is a miracle-man and spends his life in the mosque, always reposing upon his mat, writing charms and singing. He traced one for me very slowly, holding a piece of paper against his sheet of wood, and, after it was covered, exposing it to the air. I took it away inclosed in a silver box.

More than once, after happy hours in the Haram, when perhaps a little weary of wandering from place to place,—from the Golden Gate to the Gate of Paradise, from fountain to fountain, from the Garden of Cypresses to the mysterious "Solomon's Stables," where once the steeds of Crusaders were tied up to rings of stone which may still be seen, from the "Cradle of Christ" to the "Cradle of David," niches surmounted by domes,—I made my way to the white and airy one-roomed dwelling of Sheik Kalil el-Danef, "chef de la Mosquée," as he names himself on his card. The handsome, elderly man, with venerable beard and lovely green turban, always welcomed me with a noble civility. Dressed in a striped *mudarrabieh* and a *kumbaz,* or tight-fitting inner garment of gray silk powdered with golden flowers, falling to the feet, he preceded me to the divan, while his stalwart son, a keeper of the Dome of the Rock, sauntered to the little cupboard to get out the coffee-cups and the cigarettes. And there we smoked and sipped in an airy peace, looking out to the Mount of Olives, with its few trees and its many buildings. Sometimes, lifting his tall staff of office of dark wood and silver, the sheik would tell how the German Emperor sat there with him and spoke of the glories of the Eastern world. And then again silence would fall, and against the whitewashed walls the pale smoke-wreaths would curl up, and the strange stillness and peace of Islam would gather about us—a stillness and peace made beautiful and strange not only by the absence from the little room of movement and sound, but also by the presence in it of souls of the type that knows how to resign, and, because of that knowledge, how to accept.

I have said that from this place of peace we looked out on the Mount of Olives. Upon its slopes, close to Mount Scopus, there are olive-trees, but they make little effect to-day. Indeed, they seem almost inappropriate. For no longer is this sacred hill a place of retirement. It is decorated—or defaced?—with buildings. The huge Russian tower proclaims that men, blatant, alas! even in their religion, have made Olivet a center not only of faith, but also of ostentation. Below, near the roadside, the Garden of Gethsemane, with its neat inclosing wall, its glass house, its wire-fenced beds of well-ordered, well-tended flowers,—stiff stocks, violets, pansies, pots of cyclamens, china asters,—is smart and trim as an opulent merchant's garden on the outskirts of his native city. The Franciscan fathers have carefully shored up the venerable olive-trees, which look strangely out of place, like strayed veterans, in the midst of their gay surroundings. Iron railings and wire nettings denote the determination of property-owners to keep safely all they possess. And though before the stations of the cross which surround the inclosure, and before the Agony in marble, with its creepers hanging about it, all day long the pilgrims from Russia kneel and bedew the earth with their tears, it is difficult to realize, as one pauses before the conservatory or looks at the pansies over the wire protections, that one stands in Gethsemane.

From the Russians who weep in Gethsemane one may go down into the city to the Jews who weep in their wailing-place. It is strange and interesting to compare the two griefs. Nothing in the Holy Land touched me so much as the simple faith, the deep reverence, the heartfelt love and sorrow, of the Russian pilgrims. Totally free from self-consciousness, like children, they show all the feelings of their hearts. In all the holy places they kiss the ground. Wherever they think the Saviour suffered or was sad, they weep to-day, men and women alike. The Jews are prouder, are more self-conscious; yet every time I visited their wailing-place I felt that their grief, too, in its different, less touching way, was often genuine.

The wailing-place is a rather narrow paved alley between a whitewashed wall and a gigantic ancient wall formed of huge blocks of uncemented stone, worn away,

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THE WAILING-PLACE OF THE JEWS, JERUSALEM

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so it is said, by kissing lips. Weeds sprout in places in the numerous crevices and cracks. In the alley are wooden benches. The Jews, both men and women, go there not only on Fridays, but on all the days of the week. Standing in rows close to the great wall, with their faces toward it and almost touching it, they read their Hebrew books of prayer, murmur the words aloud, weep, bow, sometimes almost to the earth, and often press their lips fervently against the blocks of stone. The women wear shawls and keep by themselves at the ends of the alley. The men cluster in the middle. Behind these mourners a blind Moslem, conducted by a Jew, often goes to and fro demanding alms from the onlookers. The wailing-place is in the Tyropœon Valley, and the great wall is at the west side of the temple area. Whereas the Russian pilgrims never even glance at those who watch their tears,—such at least is my experience of them,—the Jews are often obviously aware of the interest their mourning creates. I have seen them peep furtively round to take observations, and return to their lamentations with what seemed a greater zest when they knew the eyes of strangers were upon them. Nevertheless, many of them really weep, pray with earnestness, and rock themselves to and fro as if genuinely tormented. But the Jew is by nature acutely aware of the things and people about him. The Russian peasant is not.

Jerusalem without, and Jerusalem within, the walls of Solyman are so different from each other that at first I had difficulty in connecting them in my mind as the two halves of one whole. The outer Jerusalem has a suburban and oddly livid aspect, with its many huge buildings, hospitals, churches, schools, and convents, built solidly of light-colored stone, with its muddy or dusty roads full of pale Jews, many of them dressed in yellow. As I rode into it by the Nablus Road I received a sort of sickly, almost bilious impression from it, and this impression remained with me. There is a want of repose for the eyes. In sunshine there is a glare; in bad weather,—and when I was in Jerusalem, in April, the weather was seldom fine,—with a peculiar ghastliness such as I cannot remember having noticed in any other town. The wind often blows hard, driving the long garments of the Jews against their thin legs, flattening the fur round their hats, toying almost brutally with the tufts of fair hair trained forward against their bloodless and hollow cheeks. Whenever I think of the new Jerusalem my eyes mechanically blink, and, as in a vision, I see before me various pallors: whites, yellows, yellow grays, yellow browns, pinky reds, pale dust, pale mud, pale puddles, white-faced men in yellow moving with an air of combined defiance and surreptitious servility along roads that look suburban, between large, light-colored, new houses.

But, once within the mighty walls, a fascination of the East comes upon one suddenly, almost sharply. The so-called streets are paved, or sometimes unpaved, alleys that no carriage can enter, though donkeys slither down them, and camels pass slowly by, between the dusky bazaars, with heavy softness, under the innumerable arches of stone that are characteristic of the city. The principal streets are the David Street, the Christian Street, and the Street of the Palace, or Via Dolorosa, spanned by the celebrated arch called the Ecce Homo Arch. In this last many sites are pointed out to this day as connected with the Crucifixion; for down it our Saviour is supposed to have gone on the way to Calvary.

Jerusalem is the home of supposition rather than the home of ascertained truth. More is probably taken "on trust" there than in any other city in the world. "Here," says some pious monk, "Pilate took Jesus and, saying, 'Behold the man!' showed him to the clamoring crowd." "And here," declares a Greek priest, with a tall, black hat and flowing, auburn hair and beard, "the cross was laid upon his sacred shoulders." In the Via Dolorosa there are fourteen tablets to mark the stations of the cross, but perhaps it is needless to say that the way trodden by the feet of Christ is hidden far down beneath the dust and accumulated rubbish of the centuries. At this day no one knows where are the sites of the stations of the cross, but innumerable people solemnly claim to know, and thousands upon thousands are found every year to believe their fantastic statements.

It is both touching and absurd, as one wanders through the ways in the midst of the amazing confusion, bustle, intimacy, and secretive reserve to be found only in

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an Eastern city, to see the groups of pausing pilgrims, many of them moved to the very depths of their natures, listening and gazing, weeping and adoring, while guides and monks declaim lies almost consecrated by long usage. By that broken column Christ sank down to the ground beneath the heavy weight of the cross: the pilgrims sink down to kiss the spot. There stood the dwelling of Pilate, and there the dwelling of Dives. At the corner of this alley our Lord encountered his mother; a little farther on St. Veronica with her handkerchief wiped from his brow the bloody sweat; over there, by the monastery now occupied by the Copts, a second time the Saviour sank down to earth. With imaginations aflame, multitudes of pilgrims listen and believe. Have they not come across the lands and the seas to stand in these narrow alleys, to see, to hear, to accept? Would it not be cruel to tell them the plain truth, that the Jerusalem of our Lord is buried far down beneath the mud, the stones, or the dust to which they press their trembling lips? For some of us it is enough to know that in these depressions and on these stony hills was placed the ancient city where the greatest tragedy of the world was enacted. But for many it is not enough. So legend steps in. The mouths of men utter lies, and the minds of men receive them and cherish them.

It is interesting to walk outside the city, round the huge walls, and I did this more than once, my enjoyment upon one occasion being disturbed by a persistent fusillade of small stones which greeted me from above, where no doubt some hidden Moslem was lying in wait to pepper Christian dogs. The walls are nearly forty feet high, tremendously solid, and pierced by seven gates. For hundreds of years the eighth gateway has been filled up with a mass of stone. The bleakness of the inhospitable and melancholy country in the midst of which Jerusalem lies reveals itself nakedly as one passes by above the ravines, looking down now into the Valley of Hinnom, with the Mount of Evil Counsel above it, now into the Valley of the Kedron watched over by the Mount of Olives. Bare are the rounded hills. The huge and straggling village of Siloam on the Hill of Offense shows earth-colored and gray under the gray sky. Near by, within easy reach of two sacred places much visited by pilgrims, the Fountain of the Virgin, and the pool where the man who had been blind from his birth received his sight, is a huge building set up by Roman Catholics. The asceticism of religion is suggested by the surroundings of Jerusalem, by the almost treeless heights from which pale rocks bristle up, by the many arid plots of ground inclosed by walls of stone, by the very shapes of the hills, not fierce, not fantastic, but gravely cold, a little rigid, a little sad, and curiously reserved in their outlines. And in this aridity, this sadness of rounded hills and pallid rocks, men have elected to build themselves homes, and women to retreat from the glories of the world. From beneath the great walls of Jerusalem one looks into the grayness across the ravines, and one sees dwellings of Russians, Benedictine monks, and Carmelite nuns. There is the Church of the Dominus Flevit, there the Church of the Ascension, there the Church of the Pater, there the elaborate Russian church, with its brightly gilded pinnacles and domes shining above Gethsemane when a gleam of the sun breaks forth. And the mighty Russian tower higher up on the Mount of Olives seems proudly to assert the dominion in Jerusalem of the bishops and priests of the Greek Orthodox Church. On the hill to the north, near the Grotto of Jeremiah, bloom the shrubs and flowers before the so-called "Garden Tomb," where some suppose that our Lord was buried in a dark niche of the rock, though I believe the assertion that General Gordon felt sure that this was Golgotha is erroneous. Not far off is a traditional site of the stoning of St. Stephen. From Mount Moriah, backed by the huge wall inclosing the Haram esh-Sherif, where goats are happily rubbing themselves against blocks of stone which, I was assured, dated from the days of Solomon, you look right into the Garden of Gethsemane, and can see a train of camels passing slowly between the rocks toward the way where the man fell among thieves.

The Church of the Pater, built by the Princess Latour D'Auvergne on the spot where Christ is said to have given the Lord's Prayer to the disciples, is not beautiful, but the Cloisters of the Lord's Prayer, surrounding a garden full of irises, are interesting and touching. Standing there in the arcade, near the white

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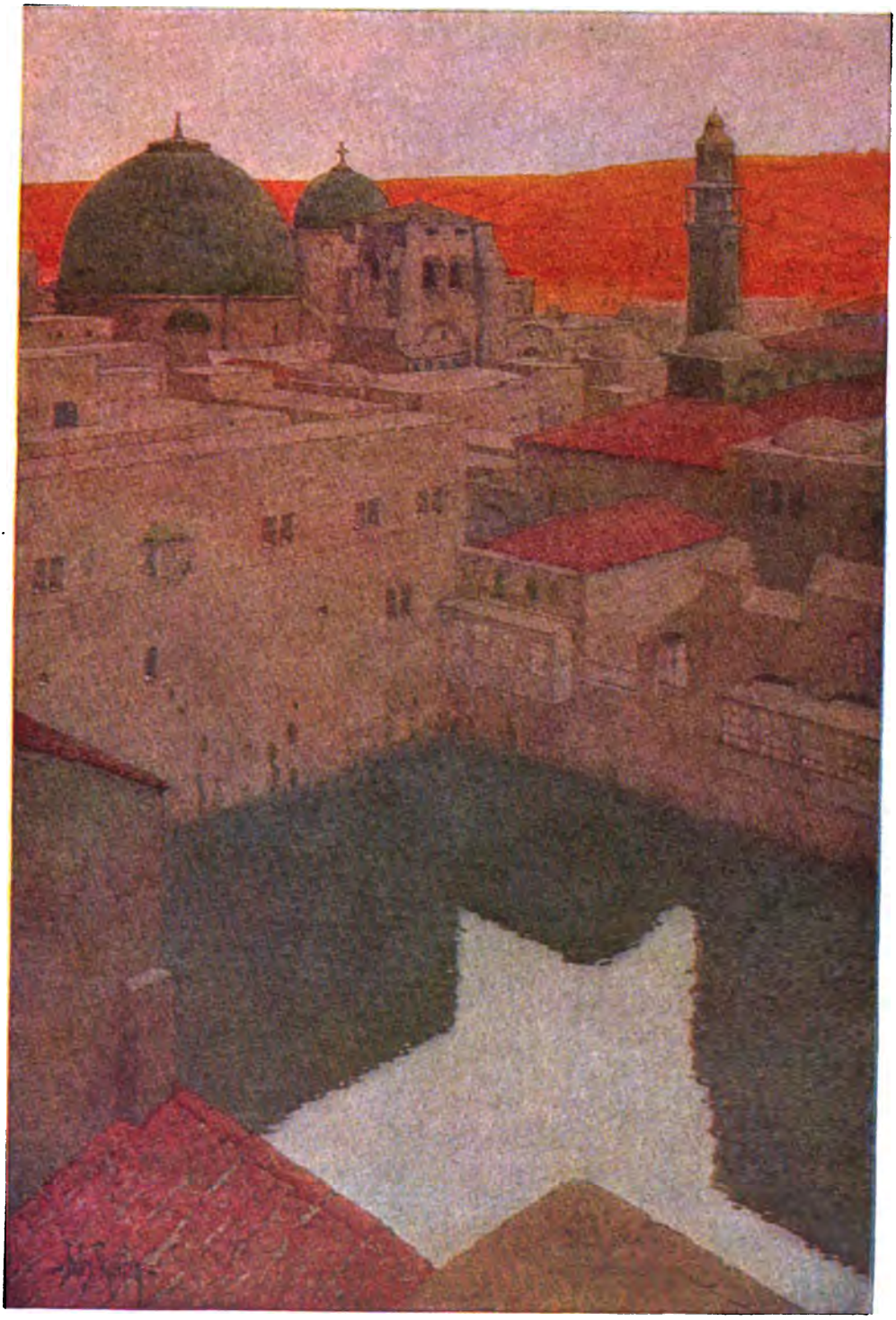

THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM

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marble tomb of the princess, and the niche in which is an urn containing her father's heart, I thought of the wonderful musical impression I received when I first heard Elgar's setting of the Lord's Prayer in "The Kingdom"—an impression of the universality of the great fatherhood, of the one Shepherd into whose flock the Bedouin is gathered with the American, the negro with the Englishman, the Moslem who sits by his brazier at the gate of the Holy Sepulcher with the Greek from the distant island of the blue Mediterranean Sea, who says his mass in the marble sanctuary. For all round these cloisters, on the walls, framed in fine tiles, covered with red and blue flowers, with open leaves on a white ground, are plaques, and each plaque presents the universal prayer in a different language. There are thirty-two of these plaques. The irises, moving in the soft wind, bend toward the thirty-two "Our Fathers." The white, recumbent figure of the princess rests with folded hands. Close by, in a narrow building from which they never issue forth, twenty-one Carmelite nuns are perpetually praying. From the cloisters it is only a step to the rock-hewn Chapel of the Credo, where, according to tradition, the first great "I believe" was spoken. As I went from one to the other, Elgar's music seemed sounding in my ears, and I saw again the Bedouin from Moab, in his red and black and his sheepskin, with his fierce eyes set toward Mecca, adoring the Universal Father in the El-Aksa Mosque.

The Tomb of the Virgin in the Valley of Jehoshaphat is always swarming with eager pilgrims, who descend cautiously in the almost mystic darkness to the church in the grotto, gleaming faintly with tiny lights from the lamps of gold and silver which hang from the low and cavernous roof. Upon the long flight of steps which leads to this sacred spot may be found people of all nationalities, going stealthily, as if under the influence of awe, toward the barbaric shrine which, seen vaguely from above, always recalled to me my childish imaginings of the Cave of Aladdin. Even Mohammedans wearing green turbans are to be found upon these steps. Sometimes the nostrils are greeted with the acrid scent of incense, and the ears with the sound of singing. Processions come and go, headed by priests wearing gorgeous vestments. In the Cavern of the Agony close by the sweet and childlike voices of Russian women are often lifted in hymns interrupted by weeping and lamentations; for between those walls of rock Jesus is supposed to have agonized till the bloody sweat fell from his body to the ground.

Everywhere in and about Jerusalem one is confronted by rock hallowed by tradition, bedewed by the tears, kissed by the lips, saluted by the voices, of thousands upon thousands of pilgrims. Of the rock in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher I shall speak in another place. Of the rock in the dome of the Haram esh-Sherif I have already spoken. The new imprisonment of Christ, the Apostles' cave, where it is believed that the Apostles concealed themselves during the Crucifixion, the cotton grotto, the Grotto of Jeremiah, and the Garden Tomb, are among the innumerable famous places of the rocks perpetually haunted by travelers and worshipers. The Garden Tomb is kept by a man from the North, I believe a Dane, who showed me round the pleasant inclosure adjoining the chamber in the rock, and stood gravely, even rather sadly, regarding his flowers and shrubs while I penetrated within. He told me afterward that he had lived there for years with his wife, but that she had recently died, and he felt terribly alone. "This is not my country," he said. I wondered, but did not ask, whether he was a believer in the tradition connected with the empty chamber of which he was the guardian. In Jerusalem controversy still rages as to where the body of Christ really lay until the Resurrection. The greater number of those whom I met disbelieved in the Garden Tomb and believed that the real tomb was situated not far from the site, or actually on the site, of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. When I visited the new imprisonment of Christ, chambers in the living rock now strangely included, as are various other rock-hewn sanctuaries, in a modern building, I heard, when I was about to penetrate into the low and dark grotto in which our Lord is said to have been imprisoned and kept for a time by the order of Pilate, a soft and strangely, innocently sweet voice singing. I stood for some minutes listening, wondering whether the singer was a child. Then I went on softly. In a small and low cav-

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ern, containing a tiny wooden altar, I found an old Russian peasant woman. She had set a votive candle upon the altar. This was her only light. Dressed in a sort of tunic of some coarse and dark stuff, with a short skirt and thick woolen leggins, she was kneeling on the hard ground, holding a small book in her wrinkled hands and singing. Now and then the tears rolled down her cheeks. When I came in she did not look at me. I stayed for some time with her in the cavern. I do not think she knew I was there. Her soul was with Christ, imprisoned, maltreated, for the sake of all the poor peasants of Russia, of all the poor peasants of all lands. And the innocent tenderness of her heart, the gratitude, the sorrow, the faith of her soul, sent such an indescribable sweetness, almost as of virginal youth, into her voice, that I shall not forget it. The votive candle on the tiny wooden altar burned low. I left her singing alone, yet surely with one hearer.

In Jerusalem the Mohammedans are in possession not only of the Place of the Temple, but of various traditional holy places. Perhaps the chief of these is the scene of the Last Supper. This famous site, which is visited by every pilgrim, is connected also with the miracle of Pentecost, with the appearance of Christ after the Resurrection, with the death of the Virgin Mary, and with the burial of David. It is the "dry and sunny mount" of Zion which was sanctified by these events, and "the vaulted Gothic chamber" to which so many thousands of persons from all lands come every year is certainly hallowed by their belief, if by nothing else. Only a copy of the tomb of David is shown to Christians. The huge stone sarcophagus, shrouded in tapestries, which is claimed to be his burial-place may not be visited. It lies under a canopy in the lowest of the three chambers which, with other buildings, are collectively called En-Nebi Daud. Once the Franciscan fathers dominated Mount Zion, but now the Moslems bear rule there. And where St. Stephen was stoned to death they exercise an authority not wholly free from arrogance over those whom, if one may judge by their demeanor and their very expressive glances, they would not be sorry to send to a similar martyrdom. For human passions run riot in Jerusalem. The voice of one religion clamors against the voice of another. One night in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher I heard the hymns of "Holy Russia" clashing with the chants of the Franciscans. Discord echoed about the walls of the house of marble. Jerusalem is the home of discord.

In my concluding article I shall try to describe the exceptional Holy Week and Easter I passed through there—exceptional because the Latin and the Greek Easters fell for once on the same day. In that week it seemed as if the religious life of the whole world centered in the Court and Church of the Holy Sepulcher. But the lesson of Galilee was forgotten, and among all the voices uplifted, not one uttered the words that seem breathed by the long slopes and the dreamy waters, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

(To be continued)

SONG

BY HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

FAIR; but what shall match thy face
In earth or sky or sea?
Fair as thou art thyself, then, Love—
So fair thou art to me.

Dear; but where shall fancy turn
For aught to symbol thee?
Dear as thou art thyself, mine own—
So dear thou art to me.

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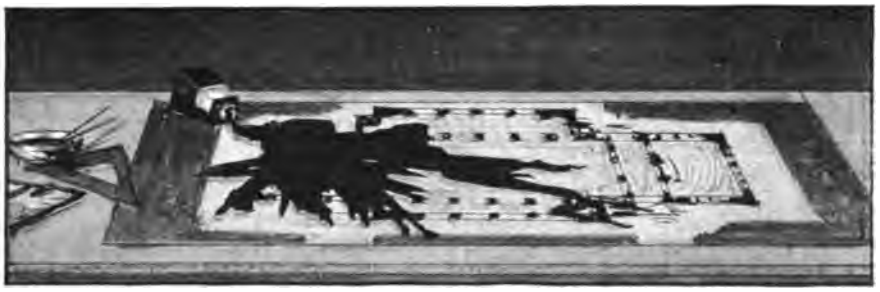

THE TRIUMPH OF GODIBET

A TALE OF THE BEAUX-ARTS

BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

Author of "A Hard Worker," "One of Them," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES EWING

JIM HUNTINGTON was in the school—actually in. He sat on the terrace of the Café des Deux Magots and beamed a smile as fixed and celestial as that of the two wooden mandarins over Madame Paul's desk. Monsieur Paul smiled also, and tendered compliments in his best manner, which was perfection indeed. The American eyed him through rose-colored glasses, speechless. In the joy of the moment he forgot all the harsh preparation—the long winter days, the longer nights, a grinding succession of architecture and mathematics, the hideous struggles with that particular form of geometry known ironically as "descriptive." All these fell from him like husks.

But Hudson, turning the corner of Rue St. Benoît, put it more simply: "Well, son, as the King said to Daniel, 'You 're in a hole: now let 's see you get out.' " And on the following day, when Jim presented himself at the door of the atelier known as the "Grand," he realized that there was some truth in his friend's simile. From the sordid depths of the "Little Studio," or "Atelier des Aspirants," he had gazed soulfully up the winding stairs leading to Olympus, the blest abode of "ancients," *diplomes,* even Grand-Prix men, who revisited the scenes of their youth with all the manner of the patron himself. And now he found himself among them, the center of a derisive circle of wagging beards, the butt of mockery, an object of ridicule, to fetch and carry, to hew wood and to draw water, a beast of burden, a dog, a pig—in short, the *dernier nouveau!*

It was certainly different, this life in the big atelier, and sometimes hard to bear. Sometimes his lean, brown fist would clench and the muscles under the loose blouse-sleeve would harden tensely at some unexpected affront, and then Mazet's blue eyes or Alaux's brown ones would telegraph a smiling message of moderation, and Hudson's sage counsel, delivered between many pipe-puffs, would bring peace and submission.

"Remember, son," Hudson had said over the coal fire in their tiny salon, "the school has been running a long time, and you get your education free. Don't try to change it in a minute."

So Jim gritted his teeth and held his tongue. He sallied forth every day of service with a long list of necessaries to be purchased prescribed by his associates,—

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pencils, rubbers, paper, T-squares, and the like, among which were skilfully mingled mythological objects, stone-joints, two meters of balustrade, selected vanishing points,—for which he searched vainly, to the great edification of shopkeepers and fellow-purchasers. Of physical violence there was little, save by an occasional shower of water from some entirely unexpected source, or a stool which collapsed suddenly at the psychological moment, and the anonymity of these attacks precluded recrimination. The punishment for disrespect, fancied or real, was to be put *en broche,* a trussing process accomplished with a broomstick, cord, and much attendant excitement. The execution of sentence was artistically delayed over a period of days, during which the coming torture was ghoulishly dwelt upon and some excellent reason discovered why each and every nouveau should be similarly rewarded. Gruesome results were forecast for any of the condemned who should fail to appear on the day of judgment, and when finally all were bound and neatly ranged along the wall, each balancing on his head a brimming glass of water, which was quickly refilled as often as it toppled over, the satisfaction of the atelier was complete. Of course Huntington was not alone in his estate. Had he been, it would have been unbearable. With the sweet naturalness of humanity, it was the woes of others in which he began to find amusement and from which he evolved philosophy. The goading which had nearly driven him to distraction was very humorous when applied to the gentlemanly Gouin, to red-cheeked Bouton-d'Or, or to poor, bedraggled Agache—Agache, the good-natured, stupid Alsatian, with a fatal desire to say something witty.

Agache's was a nature designed by Providence to be the butt of his generation, and on his tousled head the comrades broke cudgels which would have maddened a man of ordinary intelligence. But Agache was, on the contrary, of an extraordinary stupidity, against which the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" broke harmlessly: the pricking merely tickled his thick skin. Until Jim realized his institutional character, he felt profound pity for this patient source of entertainment. It was Agache's laborious drawing which first evolved the now ancient ink-blot trick. A bottle of coal-black ink was overturned on a sheet of clean paper, and the resulting blot carefully cut out with scissors. This, laid smoothly on the nearly finished drawing, with an empty bottle overturned at just the proper tip of the dark continent, gave the proper stage-setting for the return of the victim. The deception was brief, of course, but the agonized scream as the unfortunate Agache saw, or thought he saw, the work of two months ruined in as many seconds was indeed delectable. And then he laughed, poor brute! and swore that it was "très chic," and vowed never to be caught again. Next day they tried the same theme, with variations. Agache was paid the highest possible compliment of the atelier: he was asked to give his advice on a little matter of artistic arrangement. His head swimming with pleased vanity, he stood solemnly before his comrades' boards, judging this or that proposition with many wags of his beard and great fineness of diction, while his own board was surreptitiously whisked under a table. Then as he turned toward his place, a sudden battle raged about him. Balls of paper flew through the air, T-squares clashed, his nearest neighbor joined in the mêlée, and, horrors! a full bottle of ink tipped over on his board. There were loud cries, "The drawing of Agache! He is ruined!" Again the scream of anguish, for this time the blot is real, ghastly, dripping, but—there is no drawing beneath it! And again Agache laughed, laughed until he cried. "Qu'elle est belle! La belle blague: Qu'elle est belle!" and the comrades turned to their work, murmuring sadly, "He is beautifully stupid, poor imbecile!"

Withal, they liked him, as Huntington discovered when he ventured one day to remonstrate with Alaux in the nouveau's behalf. For the red-cheeked Frenchman, smiling in friendly recognition of the American's mediation, had said succinctly: "Mon p'tit, Agache is a brave type: he is solid, but he adores to be imposed upon. It gives him a certain distinction," which was true.

It remained, indeed, for Agache, the much abused, to teach Jim the real loyalty and spirit of the atelier.

It all came about through Godibet, the Toulousan. Godibet was one of those unfortunate persons who would have been

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Drawn by C. Ewing

"GODIBET . . . BLACK-HAIRED, SWARTHY, ARROGANT, AND LOUD-MOUTHED"

unpopular in an assemblage of angels, which the atelier was not. Animosity radiated from him. Black-haired, swarthy, arrogant, and loud-mouthed, he was not without a deadly humor, which made him at once feared and disliked. From his purposeless attacks there was no escape, against his crushing coarseness no adequate defense. Stalking through the atelier two days before the *rendu,* he spied the now finished drawing of Agache, lacking only border and title. In a particularly malignant burst of temper, he stumbled purposely as he passed the vacant place, and a brimming bottle of ink flowed remorselessly over the white paper. Godibet watched the ruin, licking his lips, as if tasting the black drops, and then announced with strident harshness: "And what is more funny, messieurs, the poor beast will think it is another joke."

For an instant the room was silent, the

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air charged with electricity. When the storm broke it was in the small voice of Mazet, trembling with passion, his blue eyes snapping fire: "C'est drôle, ça! en effet, c'est drôle!" There was a wicked caress in the velvet tones, then more sharply: "Eh-bien, M'sieu' Godibet; the play has just begun, and we shall see what we shall see."

And Huntington, without knowing why, but greatly to the joy of the comrades, burst into one of his "Chansons Sauvages," the burden of which was "There was something coming to Jones."

So the affair was apparently forgotten. Fraternal hands redrew the ruined drawing, the *projet* was sent in, and Agache was as proud of his mention as if he had done it all himself. Meanwhile Godibet railed from his corner, and Jim wondered at his security. But this was all preparatory. There was one weak point in the Toulousan's armor, the weakness of colossal conceit. The world was wrong, and he was the one to set it right. The patron was a camel, the minister of public instruction, a cow, and the school an infected system. "Agreed!" cried Mazet and Alaux and Pigeard and Jacquard, each in his individual manner. Had any one ever expressed it so clearly, so justly?

May warmed to June; the atelier hummed with the busy preparations for the last projet before the long vacation; and coincident with the evolution of their imaginary buildings was the planning of another beautiful structure, a huge and complicated machine designed exclusively for the annihilation of a single person. Founded upon the victim's vanity, built up patiently stone by stone, it gradually reared itself to tremendous size. Huntington's attentive mind bowed in awe before the smiling conspirators who made the Toulousan the architect, contractor, and owner of his own downfall. The materials used were extremely simple.

Godibet, according to himself, was a born manager, a natural director of large affairs. It was a favorite topic of his, illustrated with many examples. The organization of the school, for instance, how absurd it was! A hundred and one little ateliers, each with its separate and distinct systems! At the time of the Quat'z' Arts what confusion! There was no head or tail to anything. The atelier murmured its admiration. Agache alone scoffed. "I suppose you 'd like a sort of chief-pig—a massier-général." He chuckled idiotically at the absurdity of the idea.

Godibet regarded him with fine scorn. "When one is stupid, it is for a long time," he remarked sadly. "And yet, a massier-général, why not?" And Nemesis, through the mouths of Pigeard and Jacquard and Alaux and Mazet answered, "Why not, indeed?"

A massier-général! They repeated it awesomely, curiously, lovingly, fascinated by the title, dazzled by its possibilities, thunderstruck by the stupendous idea. A massier-général! A massier of all the massiers! Who but Godibet could have thought of it? The babel of discussion burst forth—the pros and cons, difficulties, advantages, and practical complications. Ah, there was a subject for oratory! And for days and weeks they declaimed fiercely, enthusiastically, patiently drawing nearer to the inevitable goal—a general election. It was a matter of no small preparation. A committee was appointed to consult the other ateliers. The idea took like wildfire. One heard it everywhere. As the date of the general election drew near, the school shook in the throes of political upheaval. Three candidates emerged from the crowd, Cayon of Scellier-de-Gisor, Willette of Pascal's, and of course Godibet, who received a tremendous ovation from the students of M. Laloux when his name was put up by the impassioned Pigeard. It was glorious the way the comrades rallied round him. Mazet, the subtle and astute, made an ideal campaign-manager. No tongue but his could have wheedled the Redon vote *en bloc* in exchange for vague promises. Alaux and Jacquard vied in forensic displays, the former attacking the aristocratic Cayon, while his mate assailed the anarchistic Willette. Hand-bills were printed, posters affixed even where expressly forbidden, and the sinews of war in the shape of frequent distributions of popular beverages were diplomatically employed by the zealous lieutenants. As for the candidate, his was a veritable metamorphosis: he was affability itself, geniality personified. None was beneath his notice.

The polls were held in the court of the school. Three guardians watched over three ballot-boxes, surrounded by knots of

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adherents, who by ringing appeals, threats, or arguments sought to draw voters to this or that camp. As the evening shadows fell across the courtyard, the boxes were solemnly carried to an adjoining lecture-room, from which all but the duly appointed counters had been excluded. An hour lapsed, during which the crowd doubled, before Mazet appeared, to affix a black-lettered list under a flickering lantern. Cheers burst from the throats of the Atelier Laloux, as Godibet's vote of 271 was recorded, for it was seen that he had won. Willette followed with a scant two hundred, the Chevalier Cayon trailing in the rear. Then pandemonium broke loose; all were eager to acclaim the victor, who, when he appeared, was carried triumphantly through the gates on his comrades' shoulders to celebrate long and expensively at the tables of the "Rocher." Carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, Jim marched down the street with the rest. They were singing the magnificent school song, and far ahead he heard the shouts of his comrades in long-drawn syllables, "Vive Godibet, massier-général!"

A halcyon period followed for the Atelier Laloux. Their comrade and representative was massier-général, first of the name. All honor to the victor! But the pigs and cows who ruled the yearly program recked little of student politics, and in the rush of the midsummer "charrette," Godibet was well-nigh forgotten. "It is an *impasse,*" thought Huntington; "there is no exit." Once more the lights burned late over the battered tables, the first-classmen toiled like galley-slaves, and, with the stress of final effort added to his new honor, Godibet was more intolerable than ever. The power of office seemed to find its only possible vent in tirade. But a remedy had been provided.

At the end of a particularly trying day, Pigeard, in a state of excitement bordering on apoplexy, burst through the doorway and leaned panting against a table. They crowded about him, questioning; he could only gasp and point spasmodically toward the street. At last he found voice enough to explain a marvelous thing: a grand-duke was to visit the atelier! Yes, my friends, a grand-duke of Russia, the Grand-Duke Vladimir himself, whose incognito trips to Paris were the gossip of the Continent. He was even now below in the court with Monsieur the Secretary of the Russian Embassy, and a beautiful carriage with two horses, and hurry, for the love of heaven! for he was coming up! A furious haste of preparation ensued: a pulling-on of coats, brushing of hair, stacking of books, straightening of boards, hiding of blouses, a frantic dress-parade, while the ancients feverishly discussed who should receive the nobleman. Who? Who, but Godibet, the massier-général? "It is the hand of fate!" cried Pigeard and Mazet and Alaux and Jacquard.

When the door swung solemnly open, the black-bearded Grand-Duke appeared in faultless frock-coat and glistening top-hat. Every line was royalty personified. And Godibet saw and trembled.

Moistening his dry lips, the massier-général bowed low. The Grand-Duke responded with a similar obeisance. The ceremony was short, but impressive. A speech of welcome, a reply in jaw-breaking Russian, translated by Monsieur the Secretary, a tour of inspection, and the final glorious departure of Godibet (at His Highness's express request) as imperial courier and guide to the quarter. As the parting cheers of the atelier rang under the archway, Mazet sank, a helpless huddle in the doorway of the concierge's box. "Vladimir! Vladimir!" he moaned, rocking to and fro. "Who is it?" asked Huntington. "A Greek, mon vieux—Polymere. He paints at Colin's. Did n't he do it well? Oh! oh!"

At eleven o'clock on the following day Godibet appeared at the atelier. His head ached from a night with royalty; but it was in a great cause. The Grand-Duke—ah, there was a man!—had even consented to dine with him, strictly incognito, and there had been talk—this was to go no further—of a diplomatic post. What a vile business, architecture! In a trance the Toulousan finished his projet. The last frantic hours of the charrette, the rush to the school, the judgment, were as incidents of a dream—a beautiful, rose-colored dream, culminating in the stupefying receipt of a large, square envelop bearing the arms of the Russian Embassy. He found it a few days after the rendu, when by custom the ancients met at the atelier to discuss the summer projets. He opened it with trembling hands. White and shak-

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Drawn by C. Ewing

"THE KING OF LOW COMEDY, BLAZING WITH JEWELS"

ing, he pushed the letter toward the ancients. Under the emblazoned arms of the Russian empire Mazet read for the benefit of the others:

"Monsieur the Secretary of the Russian Embassy takes great pleasure in informing Messieurs the members of the Atelier Laloux that His Highness the Grand-Duke Vladimir desires in some way to express his appreciation and to commemorate his visit. To that end, His Highness the Grand-Duke will, if agreeable, present himself again at the atelier on the Wednesday following, at twelve noon, when it will be his pleasure to confer the imperial order of the Black Eagle upon Monsieur Godibet, the very amiable and courteous massier-général."

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"If agreeable," indeed! They carried the motion with a shout. Wednesday? That was only two days off. The reception must be planned, and a committee appointed. As for Godibet, he had only to be present at the appointed hour. Frock-coats were *de rigueur,* of course, except for the massier-général, who should wear full evening dress. "After all, you owe it to the atelier," said Mazet, reflectively.

Godibet brought his heels together and saluted with the correctness born of military service. "Comrades, I am in your hands. Until Wednesday, then, at twelve."

They were waiting for him as the clock ticked off the slow minutes toward Wednesday noon. At 11:30 the atelier was packed, the comrades having brought their friends; and among those present were the defeated candidates Cayon and Willette. Agache had asked if he might bring his mother. The costume *de rigueur* proved to be not frock-coats, but every imaginable type of working-dress—blouse, loose velour trousers, and velvet coat. And the comrades sang uproariously, swinging their legs from the long tables, and filling the air with the acrid smoke of clay pipes and black cigarettes. At 11:55, word was passed by special courier that Godibet's cab had rounded the corner of the Grands Augustins. Silence fell over the assemblage, broken by the sharp rattle of wheels on the cobbles; then quick, nervous steps across the courtyard and up the stairs, and Godibet, in elaborate evening dress, stood on the threshold, while pent-up cheers of welcome thundered about him. It was a moment of nightmare in his life. The sea of grinning, smoke-wreathed faces, the informal dress, the new note, the yell of exultant derision in their strident greeting, were hideous details of gradual comprehension. But he could not believe it. There must be some mistake, a postponement, perhaps.

"The Grand—the Grand-Duke—" he stammered—"is he coming?"

"He is here," answered Mazet in a loud voice, and the crowd separated to disclose Polymere, this time garbed as a ludicrous royal personage, the king of low comedy, blazing with jewels, draped with ermine. Beside him, the Secretary bore on a cushion the order of the Black Eagle—a shopworn raven from the little taxidermist's near the Sorbonne.

The recipient of these honors stood staring, eyes dilated, fists clenched, paling to sickly white as the enormity of the hoax crushed and overcame him. Even the boisterous courtiers were silenced for a moment as the Toulousan's head sank slowly on his breast, the castle of his dreams toppling, reeling, falling about his ears. But whatever may be said of him, he was not spineless. Gradually two red spots on his cheeks spread until his face was crimson. With a quick upward jerk of the head he strode to a low box near the stove, mounted it, and turned to face his persecutors.

"You are cowards!" he hissed. "Cowards, every one of you! I defy you, you cowards!"

"Louder!" bawled Alaux and Pigeard and Mazet and Jacquard.

Godibet pointed an accusing finger at the quartet.

"You, you scum of drains! You group of rotten vegetables, it is brave of you to conspire against a comrade, a hundred to one. But I defy you, I defy any one of you to meet me, you—cowards!"

It was fine, it was even in a way dramatic; but it was finer still to hear the roaring tide of mirth which swelled and rose, and against which Godibet's heroics were shattered. Insults, threats, vituperation, rage met with one response: "Vive Godibet!" they shouted. "Vive Godibet, massier-général!"

And they pounded him on the back and vowed he was a good type, after all, and suddenly burst into the school chorus until the victim's tragic look softened somewhat and he stood less tensely on his guard. It had been a fearful lesson, but a lesson well learned. Then there was much babbling talk of an impersonal nature, ending with the usual general exodus in the direction of the Rocher. Only one comrade remained behind, and it was not the Comrade Godibet. In a far corner, behind the water-tank, Comrade Agache hung like a rag over a high stool, murmuring in ecstatic falsetto:

"Oh! Qu'elle est belle! La belle blague! Qu'elle est belle!"

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From a photograph by Albert Bigelow Paine. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MARK TWAIN

In his later years Mr Clemens did most of his reading and nearly all of his writing while in bed.

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A GARDEN OF THE HEART

"GREEN ALLEY," THE HOME OF MISS CECILIA BEAUX

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

A GARDEN does not necessarily mean a collection of flowers arranged more or less symmetrically, with spaces of lawn, shelter of trees, and paths hither and thither. There have been gardens that, beyond a terra-cotta jar or two holding a rose-bush or a flowering almond, have had no green thing within their gates. I know of an Oriental garden in Fez where white-garmented Moors come in the cool of the evening to sit and listen to ancient stories that they know by heart, or to music that was old when the pyramids were new, or perhaps to look at a dancing-girl or two taking soft steps while they smoke their narghiles; yet that garden is nothing more than a series of arches upholding walls beyond walls, toned a faint, mysterious yellow that is not yellow, but white, and yet not white, but rose. In the middle is a pool of water in a stone basin that looks blue because of the intense sky overhead, and that shimmers with golden reflections from the walls. In a corner stands a mighty jar full of strange, scarlet blossoms, and rugs of deep color and intricate pattern lie on the sun-warmed flags. There is always the fairy music of dropping water, and wonderful shadows move among the arches. This place is a garden for all that it is so builded of man. The word court will not do for it. It may be that a garden, as has been said of Boston, is less a material thing than a state of mind. The story of the Garden of Eden seems to hint at something of the sort; and had we all permission to create an Eden of our own, doubtless these would vary as greatly as do the secret desires of every heart, the inner life of every soul. If, therefore, in speaking of a garden, one pictures something that to another may not appear to conform strictly to the term, what matter? If the garden spirit is there, it will incarnate itself for the true believer, who is always a seer.

A BEAUTIFUL child sitting in the sun, with the sea in her eyes and the wind in her hair, brimful of the radiant love of life, born of the sense of beauty and the adoration of nature—such is the image that comes to the mind in recalling "Green Alley," the garden created by Miss Cecilia Beaux far out on Gloucester Point, with the blue bay before it, and behind it the tawny slopes of upland and the reaches of ocean, singing of eternity and adventure.

The road from the old town leads one past the fish-drying tents and the bathing-beach, past trees harassed by winter storms and houses built only for summer days, to a gate, hung in a wattled fence, that apparently opens straight into a tangled, thickly intertwined woodland, a miniature forest composed of low, small-leaved trees the branches of which lock together overhead in a passion of green growth through which the sky shows in an intricate pattern. It is a forest that fairly breathes with bird-voices and stirs with the quick flutter of wings. Surely no mere human habitation lies this way. Pan and his nymphs, the shyest dryads of the wood, may hide here; or possibly the laced boughs may be safeguarding the Sleeping Beauty, opposing their rough but lovely protection against any venturesome mortal not the Prince himself, and successfully hiding the least white gleam of her enchanted palace. Quite possible, all this; but not possible that the driver of the ramshackly hack which brought you, the retreating jangle of which still fills the ear, was right when his indicating thumb and laconic "That 's

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THE HOUSE

the way in" urged you toward this mysterious and unexpected wild-wood.

You are about to turn irresolutely away, but you are allured by the gate, set so cunningly that it is like a door offering hospitality. The aspect of the bosket, too, this glaring summer day, is very inviting. So, taking courage from desire, you lay your hand on the latch, and the next moment are within the boundary.

A narrow pathway lies before you, just wide and just high enough to let you through, albeit detaining tendrils and twigs twitch at your garments and lay soft fingers on your face as you pass along. This pathway twists every few yards, leading you this way and that,—now into deep shade, now for an instant bathing you in sunlight,—and then, at the moment when you have come to forget the fact that you are really seeking a house built by man, suddenly it ushers you straight into the front doorway, between tall sentinel hollyhocks and under a vine-hung trellis—straight through this open door into the house itself.

It is impossible to disassociate Green Alley from its house, for each is the complement and the foil of the other, each gives to each the last perfecting touch of joyous loveliness. Joy is the word. Green Alley is the flower of joy and a passionate love of beauty; it is Pippa's song translated into visibility, and cries to you,

> God 's in his heaven:
> All 's right with the world.

It is as original, as individual as a poem or a picture, and expresses the spirit of its owner as perfectly as does the timbre of her voice or the smile in her eyes.

If it is true that house and garden are one; true, too, is it that they are one also with the sky and the sea and the wild growth of the land. The bosket was not planted for effect, but crowded its close branches when the point was untenanted of man. It is a thicket of tupelo-trees intertwined with "cat-brier," that thorny enemy to our childhood wanderings, with its bright, heart-shaped leaves, and with convolvulus, Virginia creeper, and wild

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grape. Countless wild flowers reach up to the light, pale purple and gold, white and pink, crowding the edges of the paths that lead hither and yon in whimsical turnings. Where several of these paths intersect, a pool filled with all imaginable reflections of gold and green and blue lies like a wonderful jewel, and from this pool, shrouded under bending ferns, trickles a small, murmurous stream, making gently off about its pretty business with sweet sounds and sudden appearings and vanishings, playing in and out of the sunlight, and delighting the birds with its cool invitation to the bath. What a hint to those of us who cannot see that in the material at hand lie limitless possibilities! Make a garden of a thicket and some rocks. If you realize their beauty, there is nothing you cannot accomplish with the roughest or the simplest elements.

In the sunny interspaces flit butterflies, and the birds are everywhere, none so shy as to shun this magic wood, where mortals may tread only the paths made for their feet, and perforce must leave to nature's own children all the fascinating green mazes beyond. Even at noon you hear them singing—cat-bird and thrush, warbler and whitethroat, while their stir and flutter are ceaseless as you step along.

The house is of stucco, toned down from white to a shade as tender as a cloud's, with beams of dark wood, and casement windows set open to the stalwart sea-wind. From the house extend the cloisters, built of brick, the warm pink of which glows through the thin coat of whitewash. These cloisters, arch on arch, each framing a picture so lovely as to hold you silent with sheer delight, are as adorable and as characteristic as the bosket itself. They are floored with brick set in the crisscross fashion of Italy and France. Vines fling their soft embrace about the walls, accentuate the spring of the arches or veil their openings. Into the walls are set terra-cotta bas-reliefs, copies of the work of Donatello and other old masters, treated in the same manner as the brick and identical in tone. There are not too many of these, and they occur just where the eye meets them with keen pleasure. The cloisters are double, the two portions being

THE POOL IN THE BOSKET

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divided by a thick wall pierced with occasional small openings, and connecting by means of a massive door of wood painted a dull green. Thus, when the sea storms land in fog and rain, one may sit safe and dry on the landward side, none the worse for wild weather. This arrangement results in added beauty, since one archway becomes the frame for others, while the niches and openings in the dividing-wall serve to hold a vase or a statue that stands in serene loveliness, enhancing the harmony of all with a decided note of color and line. Chairs, couches, and rugs of braided grass offer a comfortable invitation, and make the outside of the house as livable as the inside. And then there is the terrace.

THE ALLEYWAY IN THE BOSKET

The terrace, which gives upon the seaward view, is quite as much part of the garden of Green Alley as the tall larkspurs that vie with the intense blue bay, or the crimson roses that laugh over the wattled fence; and it is as much part of the house as the winding staircase or the hearth, where great logs burn of evenings when the fog is abroad. It, too, is floored with brick, while short brick supports uphold broad stone slabs that form its boundary, beside supplying excellent seats. The cloisters open on this terrace through two or three of the arches, and the house seems always leading you to it. Doric columns here support the upper story, and against the pale oyster tints of the walls are placed lusty oleanders in square tubs, their exotic perfume mingling with the salt breeze and the breath of the white clover in the grass. A tall, many-branched tree throws its shade from one side, softening the brilliant light, and here the breakfast-table is often placed. Down toward the bay slopes the lawn, and grow such flowers as have been planted by Miss Beaux rather than by the large hand of Nature—the larkspurs and roses, the deeper color of which vies with the pink of their wild sisters in the bosket, neither losing in loveliness to the other. Marble benches the flowers and flowing lines of which were carved by hands long since fallen to dust, seats that heard the whispers of lovers in a more fervid land than this, stand on this lawn against the shadowy background of the wood. To sit in them is to dream of Italy and the South, and to the wild virility of this Northern spot they lend a touch of tenderness and imagination.

Green Alley is the home of an artist, and appears to possess a life of its own, to contain a hint of immortality, to be, in fact, a personality. Though it is Italian in conception, its effect is Greek—Greek in temperament, in frank joy of life, in utter confidence in nature. Time quite gives up the fight here, and leaves in its stead only the movement of shadows, the flush of sunset, the motion of the stars above, the flow and ebb of the sea below. A sojourn here is like a dip into Lethe, nothing of the outer world surviving save vague and lovely fancies, hardly memories, fit for the young glory of morning. For Green Alley belongs to morning, to spring and youth and promise. Were one to see it in winter, one can fancy it indulging in a whimsical smile, as who should say, "Is it possible you believe *this* to be anything but an engaging lark?"

Green Alley, then, has a mood and being of its own, and once you are within

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the wattled gate and have trodden the paths of the bosket, you are under its spell. It is an entity, and the center, the heart, of its living loveliness is the studio. You come upon this studio suddenly at the end of one of the paths—or, indeed, of several of them. It is another shell-toned building, with quiet, unassuming proportions, smooth surfaces, and a cool northern outlook. Within, the workroom is spacious and lofty, traversed by dark beams of heavy wood, between which the walls and the arched ceiling glimmer gray-white. A mighty fireplace dominates one side, and opposite the entrance a sort of bay is treated like a chapel. Something austerely winning pervades the place—a sense of the lofty impulse of creative labor, of a sincere devotion to truth and beauty, a feeling of the dominance of service in a high cause. It is difficult to put into words a sense of the strength of the impression thus received, or to tell how it has been achieved. It lies somewhere in the serene proportions, the cool color, the welcoming note in hearth and rugs and wide-armed chairs, the religious hint of the altar-like treatment of the bay, and in the perfect adjustment of light and space for work. Yet there is something beyond all these, and it is this for which one seeks words in vain.

THE TRELLISED ARCHES OF THE LOGGIA

It would be impossible to create another Green Alley, nor would such a thing be desirable. But to study the secret of its perfection is eminently worth while. For

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were every one to build a house and plant a garden as exquisitely suited to his or her personality, and as implicitly true to their environment as this house and garden, then a home would indeed be a unique and beautiful thing, possessing a pure sincerity. Nothing at Green Alley has been done for effect or because it cost money. It is as coherent as a living body, every part related to the others, and harmonious therewith. Despite its Italian parentage, it belongs entirely with the earth on which it stands, and with the sea and sky that make its atmosphere. The suave figures carved

THE LOGGIA THAT COMMANDS THE BAY

on its ancient marbles lose nothing in the sharp New England air, and the shadows of its cloisters are as grateful and as richly purple as those that refresh the wanderer in Florence or Naples. Miss Beaux has not slavishly yielded to her Italian model; she has simply based on it her own need of body and spirit, fulfilling that need according to her special requirements.

Therein lies the lesson, if one must look to Green Alley for anything so conventional as a lesson, of this charming house and garden. They do perfectly fulfil their owner's desire. Naturally one of her chief demands is for beauty; but this, though we do not all realize it, is really the chief demand of most of us. Beauty is, after all, the great necessity; and it is in looking on such a place as Green Alley that one feels this truth strongly spoken. Beauty is a necessity of every life, but it must be a beauty closely related to you yourself, or you cannot live with it in the harmony that makes home; for a home should as directly express your mind and heart as the expression of your face or the familiar gesture of your body.

Except that both belong to the out-of-doors, Green Alley possibly meets the conventional idea of a garden as little as the many-arched, flagged court in Fez, which is yet a garden and not a court. Both are gardens, and both are beautiful, definitions to the contrary notwithstanding. The sincerity and unity of Green Alley are its abiding charm, the essence of which is so penetrating and so satisfying that, once felt, it can never be forgotten. The place remains in your memory with an extraordinary vividness, even the shadows thrown by the big tree near the terrace living in your mind, blue on the pale walls, gray on

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THE ROAD TO THE BAY

the brick paving, subtly various on the grass. How large the garden is it would be difficult to say, for though it might not take long to circle it on the outside, within it has neither beginning nor end, and it is full of mystery. Though evidently beloved, it is left quite free. And seldom is love so wise. The wild flowers can come as they choose and bloom without fear; the granite foundation of the land crops out here and there, clambered over by vines or left bare, but beautiful in either case. Nature is trusted in Green Alley, and perfectly mated to art and human necessity.

PHLOX BY THE WATTLED FENCE

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A GERMAN TRAGEDIAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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STUDYING EARTHQUAKES

THE UNIQUE WORK OF THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE COMMITTEE

BY T. A. JAGGAR, JR.

Professor of Geology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

STUDIES of earthquake motion range from the frightful experiences of individuals to such delicate instrumental records that even the change from night to day makes a measurable tilt of the surface of the earth. The following story, related to the present writer and, I believe, not before published, is an unusual example of the first class, in that the man who tells it was of scientific mind with the training of an engineer. He was a British officer, and though nearly killed in the Jamaica earthquake of 1907, had the unusual experience of retaining consciousness throughout a bombardment of falling masonry. The following is his narrative as recalled by the writer:

I had just returned to Kingston after a leave of absence. After luncheon at the club I dropped in at a saddler's shop on the main street. This thoroughfare is about forty feet wide, flanked by four-story stone buildings, and extends the length of the town. We heard window-glass breaking in the distance, and I said impatiently, "There goes another negro riot."

But a moment later we were undeceived, for the house began to sway in long, regular, pendulum-like swings. I ran out, holding a stout stick in my hand. I could see a long way up the street, and in the distance dust was rising, and everything was shaking much more rapidly than close at hand. There was a heavy, rumbling noise, fast growing louder. The buildings beside me were swinging out over the street, but farther away I could distinctly see the *approach* of the more rapid, jarring movement, passing from house to house, with a black cloud of dust in its wake. It came on like a wave. All this happened so quickly that there was no time to run away, and there was nowhere to run to, anyway.

It was a bright, sunlit day. A runaway horse, dragging a wagon after him, came rushing at me just as I had made up my mind that if I stood where I was the building on my left would crush me in another minute. I made an instinctive military movement, two steps forward to avoid the house, and one to the left to clear the horse. I think that movement saved my life, coupled with the fact that I was physically very fit. The wagon rushed by and grazed me, and now the quick-moving, side-to-side wave was upon me. I saw houses simply leap into the air as though blown up, and then the black cloud came down, while I struggled to keep my footing on the dancing cobblestones. I remember raising my stick, with a sudden resolution to stand up and fight it and, if possible, climb on top of everything. Things hit and tore me on all sides, and I was nearly smothered in dust and mortar. . . .

Then it was all over, and I was still standing upright, with one foot crushed in a heap of masonry, clothing torn off, and body bleeding, swaying back and forth, dazed, but wholly conscious. In my bleeding right fist was the handle of the cane, and the rest of it was literally shredded. For the first time I felt an overpowering weakness, and sat down, right where I was, on fallen girders. An immense steel beam had fallen across the spot where I first stood. The buildings were all ruins. People were crying. Within a hundred yards of me three hundred persons were dead. A man was running toward me. I called to him for help; but he passed me by, crazed, with eyes like a beast. Then an old man came, and a negro, and released my foot, and supported me into a little frame-house near at hand, a drinking-saloon. Here

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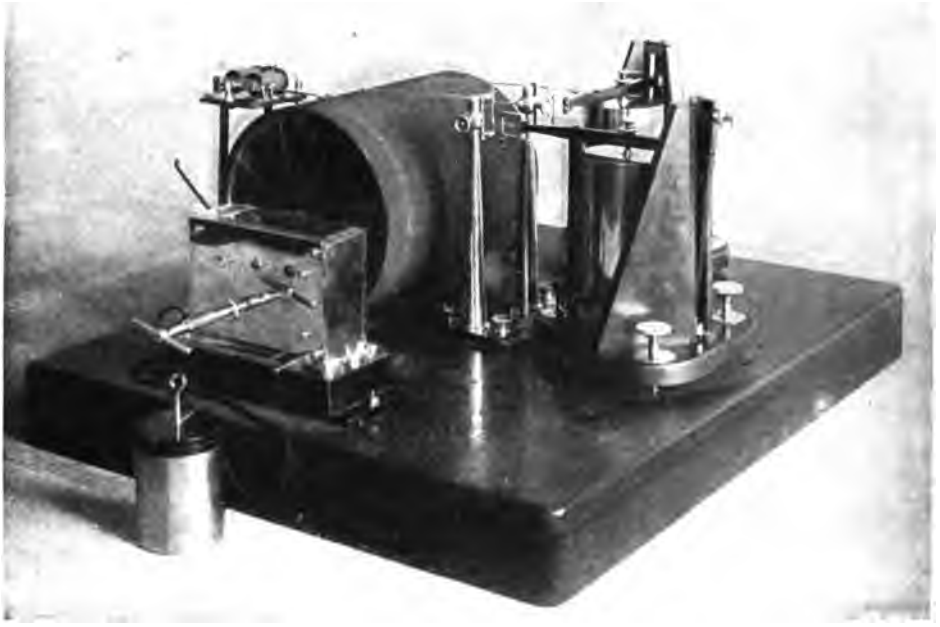

簡單微動計 大阪行

A SMALL OMORI SEISMOGRAPH, WITH DESCRIPTION IN JAPANESE

The weight in the foreground is hung over a pulley (not shown) and operates the clockwork which drives the cylinder. The electro-magnet oh the left marks the seconds. The two horizontal pendulums and their writing levers are shown on the right. The platform is about two-and-a-half feet square.

by some freak of fortune, even the bottles were uninjured. The fire followed, and I was removed in a carriage and received surgical assistance. I was later taken to a ship; but there was no lint for bandages, and for some days the conditions were frightful. Then the American war-ships came. Words cannot tell the relief when we saw them.

This narrative suggests the possibilities of an earthquake land. No place on earth is positively immune, nor is one time more an earthquake period than another; but we are spreading ourselves more and more evenly over the earth, and thus feel all the quakings. A century is not a long interval in a geological sense, and there are many places where the greater earthquakes are separated by at least that period of time. The earth's crust is always under strain, and now and then something within it gives way. The last strong Boston earthquake was in 1755, and New York was badly shaken in 1737 and 1791. The greatest of the New England earthquakes was in 1727, more than a century and three quarters ago.

The empire of Japan has taken the lead in earthquake investigation, and to this end has employed the most modern methods and apparatus. Japan, while remarkable for its catastrophes, has probably no more earthquakes than California, Mexico, or Alaska; but it is more densely peopled. I was there five weeks, and in that time felt only one very slight tremor. Centuries ago the Japanese built walls curved outward at the base, and the low wattle dwellings of the peasantry are the natural product of a logical Oriental mind. These earthquake-proof buildings were made long before the modern epoch. When the Restoration of 1868 occurred, Japan probably needed an earthquake commission less than any other seismic country. Italy has had earthquakes for centuries, but Italy has learned nothing about earthquake-proof construction. Throughout Calabria and Sicily the traveler finds

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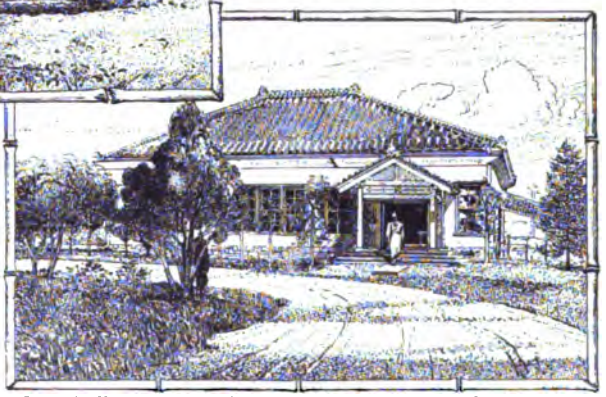
thick, loose-bonded walls, heavy cement floors, ponderous tile roofs, and narrow streets, where every detail is dangerous, and the ensemble a death-trap. In both construction and destruction, the Messina and Reggio of 1783 and of 1908 were alike. Italy is a Christian country, and Japan is Shinto-Buddhist; Italy a part of reasoning Europe, Japan of fatalistic Asia.

After the shocks of 1891 in Gifu, when the land of that district was shaken like corn in a hopper, many persons were killed, and even native houses were leveled, the Japanese government promptly established a permanent earthquake commission. Baron Kikuchi introduced the measure in the House of Peers in December, 1891, and it was voted by a large majority, despite the extraordinary burden of naval expansion which the overtaxed nation was carrying. In June, 1892, a body entitled the Shinsai Yobo Chosakwai (literally a "committee for investigating the prevention of earthquake disasters") was organized. The annual appropriation has been between twelve and fourteen thousand dollars. In 1904, summarizing twelve years of work, Kikuchi, now president of the University of Kioto, writes: "The object of the committee is twofold: in the first place to investigate whether there are any means of predicting earthquakes; and in the second place to investigate what can be done to reduce the disastrous effects of earthquake shocks to a minimum, by the choice of proper structures, materials, position, etc." Kikuchi, a graduate of Oxford, in 1901 was succeeded in the presidency of the committee by Mano, professor of engineering at Tokio and commissioner of technical education. The Japanese show by these appointments that they consider earth study a practical matter and of direct human import.

EARTHQUAKE-PROOF BUILDING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO

The brick walls have a parabolic curvature, theoretically correct to withstand a strong earthquake. The building contains seismographs.

The most active member of the earthquake committee is Omori, professor of seismology in Tokio. He is the inventor of a seismograph which is used all over the world. His many publications have covered earth physics broadly, for all phenomena of earth, sea, or air may have a bearing on earthquake forecasts. His chair was founded in 1886. Japanese seismology dates from the establishment of the University of Tokio, forty years ago. Milne, Gray, Ewing, Wagener, and Knott, English and German professors, made Japan an earthquake laboratory, founded a Seismological Society in 1880, and thereafter published twenty volumes of its transactions. These papers gave a great impetus to the study of earth movements all over the world. In 1875, the seismometer of Palmieri, Director of the observatory on Vesuvius, was set up in Tokio. There are now seventy-one minor stations in Japan provided with improved seismographs, half a dozen principal observatories



Drawn by Harry Fenn from photographs furnished by Professor Nagaoka, Tokio

SEISMOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO

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elaborately equipped, ten stations on the coast maintaining tide-gages, and over fourteen hundred observers without instruments who report earthquakes to the Central Meteorological Observatory. The United States Weather Bureau has one seismograph in Washington, and the engineers of the Panama Canal have ordered another; but there are no regular earthquake records maintained by the American Government.

The present Earthquake Committee and its forerunner, the Seismological Society, have together been publishing results for twenty-nine years, issuing in that time about fifty volumes in English and a greater number in Japanese. The memoirs are carefully edited and well illustrated. The published product is enormous as compared with the appropriation. Not one penny of remuneration has been paid to an author, the money all going for apparatus, expenses, and printing. The workers are Japanese professors, trained in England and Germany. Koto deals with volcanoes and bed-rock geology; Tatsuno, with engineering problems of earthquake-proof construction; Mano makes experimental earthquakes by machinery, and studies their effects on chimneys built upon a "shaking-table"; Tanakadate investigates magnetism and underground heat; Nagaoka, tides and rock-stresses; Terano and Tenabe, vibrations of railroad bridges and ships; Heroi, the use of concrete for earthquake-proof piers, dams, stacks, and houses; Nakamura, Director of the Meteorological Observatory, receives records of earthquakes, tides, magnetism, and weather from all Japan.

The headquarters are at the University of Tokio in a building devoted wholly to seismology. The Seismological Institute is a long, low house, resting not on rock, but on soft ground. A broad corridor separates the instrument-rooms from the offices. At the workshop mechanicians repair, adjust, and construct parts of the seismographs. The instrument-rooms are two large, adjoining halls, with heavy brick walls. The middle space of each room consists of a massive platform of brick about two feet high, separated by a channel from the surrounding floor. On this foundation are the various pendulums, each with its post rigidly bound to the earth through the platform as a foundation. Each instrument is covered with glass-paneled framework to keep off drafts. There is another brick building made on theoretically earthquake-proof lines, with parabolic walls and free roof.

Earthquakes are recorded by means of the horizontal-pendulum seismograph. The best example of horizontal pendulum in every-day use is a common hinged door. The earthquake instrument is a heavy weight pivoted delicately on a frame, which is swung at an upright hinge-line, so that the faintest movement in the post will be communicated to the frame. A light lever with a pen, at the outer end of the weighted frame, makes on a paper moved by clockwork a magnified record of the movements of the earth's crust. The pen is a bristle, and the paper is glossy and smoked, so that the record is a scratch. The weight tends to stand still as the earth waves move the post, and the pen writes an autograph of the movement, which takes place about the weight as a center. Every second an electric ticker connected with a clock scratches a mark on the side of the moving paper, so that the exact time of any earthquake autograph may be calculated.

Let us stop a moment to watch what happens when an earthquake wave passes through the earth. The weight is still, its pen is lightly in contact with the paper, and as the latter moves by clockwork there is left written a straight line. Slowly, as we watch, the writing finger moves sidewise, and begins to make little wave-marks. This lasts several minutes. Then the pen begins to creep out until it is very slowly scratching long, sweeping zigzags. In the course of half an hour this slowly diminishes. Not a single tremor has been felt. The waves passing through the ground were too broad and slow for sensation, but they have come thousands of miles from a place where walls were falling and people were rushing frantically into the streets.

The Moving Finger writes; and having
writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

It is an impressive experience to watch a

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From the Bulletin of the Imperial Earthquake Investigation Committee, Vol. I, part of Plate XIII

PHOTOGRAPHIC SEISMOGRAM OF THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE, APRIL 18, 1906

This record was made by the Milne horizontal seismograph at Wellington, New Zealand. According to Professor Omori's classification *a* indicates the first phase ("preliminary tremors"); *e*, the fifth phase ("long waves"); *e'*, the same along the major arc; *h*, the eighth phase (probably "transverse waves").

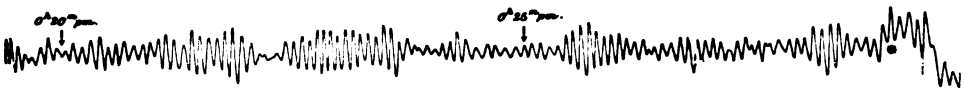
seismograph recording a heavy distant earthquake. Few operators have ever seen this, as they visit the instruments only once a day.

According to the speed of the clockwork and the magnification of the levers, instruments are made differently for strong earthquakes close at hand, moderately distant ones, and very remote shocks. A delicate instrument, with high magnification, will record an earthquake at the antipodes.

Returning to the modus operandi of the seismograph, the operator changes the smoked papers, and preserves the records permanently among his trophies. When we consider that every strong earthquake may be recorded all over the globe, and that one occurs somewhere every week or two, the sport of earthquake-catching becomes fairly exciting. If the interest attaching to seismology were better known, there would be many amateurs. An Omori seismograph may be bought for about one hundred dollars, and any cellar, on any sort of ground, will catch the passing earth-waves. Country houses are better than city ones because of less tremor from passing traffic, but the record of local trembling is distinct in character from that of a distant earthquake. A peculiar local effect known as "pulsatory oscillation" has recently engaged Omori's attention, and is very noticeable in Tokio. It seems to be a kind of earth heart-beat, but whether it is due to changes of air-pressure, the near-by ocean, or some subterranean volcanic cause, remains to be determined. Among the many fascinating problems of earth study is the question of local differences with reference to every-day tremor. Does California, an earthquake land, show different breathings in its every-day habit from Massachusetts, a land of few earthquakes? And does Massachusetts, when the date of one of its rare earthquakes is approaching, partake more and more of the Japan habit by a quickened heart-beat or some form of stertorous breathing? Such questions are clearly of human interest.

To interpret a "seismogram," as the earth autograph is called, the duration in time of the several parts of the record are measured on the paper by comparison with the ticker-marks. The parts are called "the preliminary tremors," the "principal portions," and the "tail" of the earthquake. Long experience has shown that the length of time taken by the preliminary tremors is a measure of the distance from the center of the disturbance. From published tables this distance can be quickly calculated. By going to the long-distance telephone and calling X and Y, who have other seismographs several hundred miles away, the observer may put together their results and his own on a map of the world and find the place of origin of the shock. Many earthquakes on the sea-bottom have been located in this way, and the disastrous flood-waves which have frequently devastated the shores of Japan have been traced as the aftermath of lonely earthquakes under the Pacific.

The practical value of the Japanese work is shown in many diagrams and charts on the walls of the instrument-



From the Bulletin of the Imperial Earthquake Investigation Committee, Vol. III, Plate II

HITOTSUBASHI RECORD OF FEBRUARY 1, 1908

Pulsatory oscillations of the earth, magnified about sixty times, as recorded in Tokio by Professor Omori.

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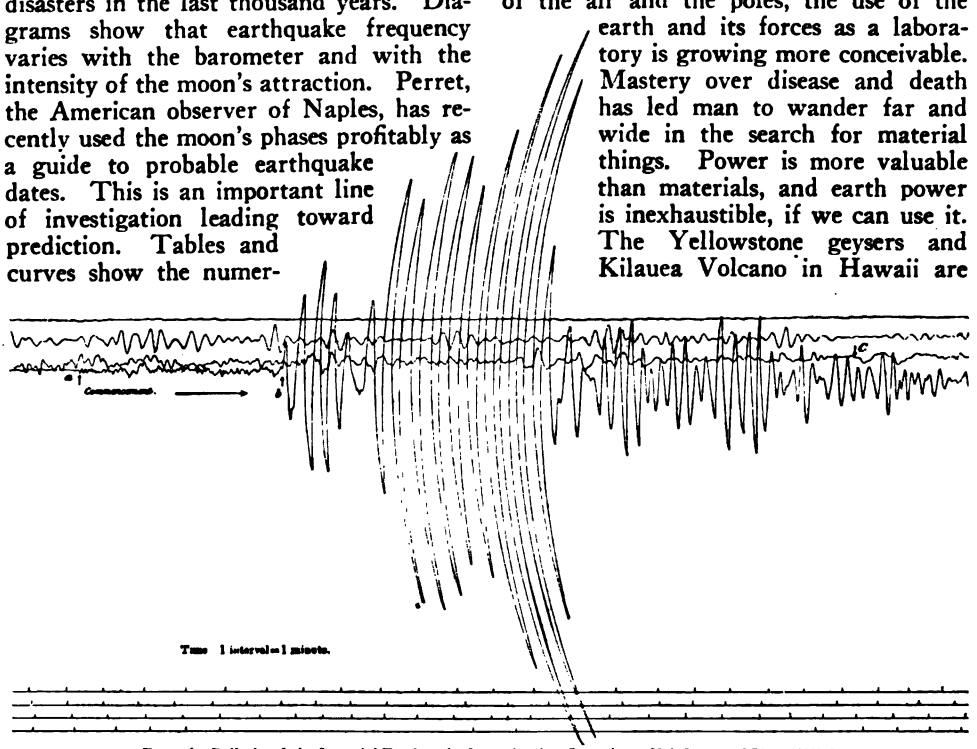
rooms. A map and calendar show that for eastern Japan most of the earthquakes occur in summer, while in western Japan the quaking season is winter. Another map shows some districts immune, and others dangerous, with a record of a dozen disasters in the last thousand years. Diagrams show that earthquake frequency varies with the barometer and with the intensity of the moon's attraction. Perret, the American observer of Naples, has recently used the moon's phases profitably as a guide to probable earthquake dates. This is an important line of investigation leading toward prediction. Tables and curves show the numerous after-shocks of a great earthquake, and the rate at which they diminish month by month. A chart of the coast-line of Japan shows tidal waves since the fifth century, numerous on the east coast, absent on the west. This becomes an invaluable datum for engineers who have to construct expensive public works, and for the guidance of the Earthquake Committee in the protection of a crowded populace. A stimulating recent study by Omori indicates that ten great earthquakes recorded instrumentally all gave evidence of small shocks *preceding* the disaster by several hours, and in some cases by several days. Some of the records suggest rhythmic intervals, and a number of earthquakes in different parts of the globe show similar intervals in their fore-shocks. This all hints at the possibility of prediction.

Earth study is a field pregnant with opportunities for discovery. In these days of conservation of water-power, and conquest of the air and the poles, the use of the earth and its forces as a laboratory is growing more conceivable. Mastery over disease and death has led man to wander far and wide in the search for material things. Power is more valuable than materials, and earth power is inexhaustible, if we can use it. The Yellowstone geysers and Kilauea Volcano in Hawaii are mighty sources of heat. The pulsatory movements of the earth, the broad heavings of surf and tide in the sea, and the constant blast of trade-winds in the tropics, may all be ranked as wealth when we learn to apply and control them; just as the buoyancy of air and its effect on the tilt of a sea-gull's wing are wealth to-day to the army of aviators. The emanations of volcanoes, gas springs, swamps, and the sea-bottom, radioactivity, magnetism, the thrust of creeping soils in mountains, the slow flow of Arctic glaciers,—in short, all terrestrial motions,—are worthy of study for possible economic ends. The avoidance of catastrophe from eruptions, earthquakes, floods, landslips, and hurricanes is



From the Bulletin of the Imperial Earthquake Investigation Committee, Vol. I, part of Plate XXIII

RECORDS RECEIVED ON THE SAME SHEET AT OSAKA, JAPAN, OF TWO DIFFERENT EARTHQUAKES

The centers were in the Aleutian Islands, Alaska (August 17, 1906), and at Valparaiso, Chile. The letter *a* represents the beginning, and *ab* the preliminary tremor.

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SEISMOGRAM OF THE MESSINA EARTHQUAKE AS RECORDED AT OTTAWA, CANADA, BY DR. OTTO KLOTZ

a subject suitable for beginning such study; for it is unquestionably useful and involves examination of occasional rapid accelerations of otherwise slow processes. Thus it was that Pasteur, through anthrax and hydrophobia, established the germ theory, which is a theory of life as well as disease. The diseases are aggravations of otherwise continuous processes. World-wide study has revolutionized hygiene as a result of these first investigations of catastrophe. So in seismology (or, better, geophysics), prediction of danger and protection of life and property are worthy motives; but the time has come for close attention not only to the dangers, but to the hidden potencies of every land. To this end coöperation and permanent experiment-stations are the urgent needs of science.

The Japanese professors of the Earthquake Investigation Committee are physicists, chemists, geologists, and engineers. These men are banded together in a labor of love—patriotism, humanity, progress. They are Samurai, and "Bushido," the tradition of chivalry, is motive enough for their work, and asks no reward. They are conducting earth study along the lines of pure science, supported by their government, with an immediate humane object, in a way that puts to shame the so-called enlightened nations of the Western World. The Japanese have no fear of earthquakes or volcanoes. Indeed, they have no fear of anything. They are not ashamed to acknowledge that their country is an earthquake land, and they do not yield to the short-sighted, barbaric, ostrich-like folly of hushing up their earth-science because of an imagined effect on investments.

I recently had some experience of Japanese courage. A countryman acted as our personal servant and interpreter in travel through the country, and I thought it well to warn him before starting for Yezo that we were going to an active volcano which was in process of violent eruption. I told him not to start unless he was prepared to camp out and rough it, climb to the crater's edge, and go through much steam and brimstone. I fully expected him to back out, but was surprised to find that he resented such a suggestion with the brief reply, "Japan boy not afraid volcano." And when we arrived at Tarumai, the volcano in question, the "Japan boy" was first on the summit, and none of the six coolies in the party showed the slightest hesitancy about going into the thick of the fray, places where rocks were hot and hissing, and avalanches of debris were tumbling. In Martinique and St. Vincent it required much persuasion to get negro porters to climb the volcanoes, and when Vesuvius becomes active the people of the Italian Campagna are always terror-stricken.

The Japanese professors convey the impression of quiet and effective intellectual power. Always deferential and self-effacing, belittling their own achievements, they behave toward Americans and Europeans as though they were our pupils. And yet they have a critical power and thoroughness which ranks with the best scholarship of Europe, and an examination of their publications and the resources of their great university makes an American doubtful whether we equal them in productive scholarship. Allowing for the difference in age of their colleges, they are a long way in advance of us.

All lands are earthquake lands. Those which have many and small shocks are better off than those which have few and great ones. The Carnegie Institution of Washington and some business men (and

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women) of Boston, Springfield, and Honolulu have recently appropriated money for the systematic study of the living earth. This is a beginning, but it is not enough. The next disaster of St. Pierre or Messina is now preparing. The earth to-day is writing its message, how and where we do not know, but surely somewhere and somehow, appointing the time, place, and vigor of its action, whereby a great sea-wave will roll shoreward, a great volcano burst, or a great block of earth crust tumble. Are we learning to read the message? Teneriffe, Vesuvius, Etna, and the volcanoes of the Caribbees will again break forth and devastate the land; Calabria, Central America, and California will have strong earthquakes; and so will the Atlantic coast of the United States. The next great Atlantic earthquake will not necessarily be at Charleston.

Trained men, well-placed observatories, and money are needed. The members of the Japanese Earthquake Investigation Committee were not educated in the United States. We have almost no earthquake science here. Seismographs should be added to every station of the United States Weather Bureau. Every important group of volcanoes in the world should have its devoted observer, ready to give health and life, if need be, to the joy of adding to the world's store of useful knowledge of the world. It is true that the immediate aim is humanitarian; but who can say what untold sources of power, wealth, and national progress lie hidden in the unexplored earth?

THE TEACHER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

CHILDREN, children, I can teach you how to play;
Games immortal never guessed by you I know.
I can make old gnarl'd December dance with May—
On a bridge of rainbow you shall pattering go!
Children, children, you shall play
As you never played before,
If you let me lead the way;
For I am the chief of children—
For I am the poet!

Lovers, lovers, I will teach you sweetest arts,
That you never dreamed in all your doting hours—
How to tole and tease and comfort your two hearts,
How to work all magics with enchanted flowers!
Lovers, lovers, you shall love
As you never loved before,
If I teach the rule thereof;
For I am the chief of lovers—
For I am the poet!

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MRS. NORTHMERE'S TREASURE

BY GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Unknown Quantity"

WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN

I

"MRS. NORTHMERE'S treasure—" Catching the words through a hubbub of general conversation, and listening curiously but vainly for more, I was amused to find, well as I had known Mrs. Northmere, how little I could tell what the speaker was talking about.

Mrs. Northmere's treasure! Was it her money, or the successful play, or the terribly efficient young lady, or the dog?

And then recalling certain little shocks and suspenses and surprises,—comedies and enigmas,—and other things, it seemed to me that I should like to tell the story.

My father, who was her publisher, has told me that I could not imagine, from Mrs. Northmere's literary rank at the end of her long career, the stir made by her first novel, "The Mystery of Trecairn."

She was Miss Hannah Dustin when it appeared, was twenty, and, according to the steel-engraving to be seen in the original edition of her poems, solidly handsome.

The book was as full of plot as of passion; its roses were very red, its caverns very black, its moonlight double-distilled. It was read from end to end of the country.

Shortly afterward she became Mrs. Northmere, marrying a man of excellent, old family, and personally full of parts. It is thought that for the three years or so of their union they kept house on the proceeds of the "Mystery," for during that time she produced only poems,—all her poems are of that period,—and no one ever knew the brilliant Dumonde Northmere to work at anything that paid in vulgar coin. He died after an illness of a few hours, leaving her with a son, whose future she had perhaps unconsciously fixed when she named him Adriance.

It was then that she returned to novel-writing, starting in at once, without transition, on her second manner—the manner of the thirty and odd volumes we owe to her pen.

I confess to not having read more than three or four of these. The domestic novel was passing out of favor when I reached the novel-devouring age. Besides, Mrs. Northmere's name had become so much a household word that it aroused little interest in the young, she was so invariably suggested by older people when one asked for something good to read.

I have lately taken up one of her books, and thought I understood how the author of the "Mystery" and the "Poems" came to write those low-toned, uninspired histories. They were a matter of business. Needing money, and the springs from which her earlier works gushed geyser-like having dried, she had sat down to turn out stuff as good as a self-respecting, clever woman, with an eye to large and steady sales, could. The work was always sincere, the observation just, the spirit edifying, the style dignified; but the author limited herself to presenting the aspect of things that would interest the nicer sort of common mind. Her books were meant to be read in the family-circle. Some of the arguments which I remember were, for example, how a young stepmother gradually overcame the aversion and prejudice of her husband's six children; how a widowed clergyman and his

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daughter went for distraction from their melancholy to a brilliant city, and a scheming beauty, laying toils for the quiet man, failed of success; how the social strife among a certain congeries of seaside cottages was brought to an end by the coming into their circle of one sensible, humorous woman.

Once in every eighteen months or so there appeared a new book by Mrs. Northmere. From Adriance's college days onward the books came thicker—one a year for nine or ten years in succession, the last of these bearing marks of effort and haste.

It almost stood to reason that a young man named Adriance could not go into business or embrace one of the ordinary professions. Inheriting something of his mother's taste for letters, and developing an inordinate love of the stage, he became a playwright, at intervals an actor. He was wonderfully attractive, I have been told. If he had lived, the money by which his mother helped him to produce his plays might have brought her the interest he promised; but he died under thirty, leaving to his mother's care the pretty actress he had married, and a third Northmere male for whom to provide.

It was shortly before this I knew her. My father used from time to time to feast his lions. I first remember her at one of his authors' dinners, a large woman of fifty, with something left of her stately beauty, an air of great reasonableness, combined with a sort of universality of understanding, and a pleasant calm. Being very young, I privately laughed at her costume, with its scant reference to the prevailing style. I know now that she had not put it on in any wish to appear singular; she had merely not given the matter consideration. She wore a diadem, made, I have since learned, of marcasite, which certainly sat well on her solid head, giving her a general look of the Juno Ludovisi. Her ample satin dress reminded me of a photograph I had seen of Mme. Pasta.

She came three or four times after that in summer to spend a fortnight at our country house, bringing with her a beautiful, delicate-looking, haughty boy. I cannot affirm that I found Innesley actually haughty in intercourse, but it seemed easier than not to credit him with the fault: with his array of personal superiorities how should flesh and blood not have been haughty? His health gave his grandmother great uneasiness. I gathered from my parents' talk that she had heavy troubles at the time of her last visit to us, the summer before Innesley died. She was burdened with overstanding debts of her son's, with the support of a bird-brained, extravagant, indirigible daughter-in-law, with doctors and luxuries and changes of air to furnish for Innesley. And while her popularity was on the wane, her power was waning as well. The books of that period are laborious and dull. My father published them from stanch affection for his old friend.

When Innesley died at fourteen, the outlook, one would have said, was dark and empty in the extreme for Mrs. Northmere. The beings she cared about she had lost, and had retained, with an inheritance of debt, a little frilly, fluffy parasite, as heavy of conversation as she was light of mind. But I saw her at that time; she had no effect of being sorry for herself. In looking at her I thought of a rugged mountain with clouds about the brow, calm shadows of clouds on its granite face. She listened with quiet interest to all one said, a fair portion of her mind uninvolved in her own affairs.

She retired to live on the farm at South Marshfield, and devoted herself in loneliness to working off her obligations. We heard with relief in course of time of young Mrs. Northmere's remarriage; then, not long after this piece of good fortune, when Mrs. Northmere, past sixty, stood alone in the world, the other piece of good fortune, great and startling.

It was at the time when the craze fell on theatrical managers for staging arrangements of novels. Mrs. Northmere dramatized "Trecairn." It held the boards for years.

We were among the host of friends to see Mrs. Northmere off when she started for Europe. She was taking Cassie with her, Adriance's old nurse. My father asked when we should expect her next novel. The look with which she considered him before answering had too many subtle meanings to admit of description; but she told him, without putting into speech any of the fun and irony in her eyes, that her next book would fill the rest of her life. She should, for her own entertainment, write her memoirs.

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We understood that she was leaving for a long time—indefinite years. Long ago, she had been to Europe with her husband for a flying visit only. She meant now to see it all, leisurely, comfortably.

II

We heard but seldom from Mrs. Northmere during her first stay abroad. A letter or two to my father was all, till we learned quite unexpectedly that she was back, after an absence of less than a year. She had arrived in hot weather and gone directly to the farm. The generous invitation to us all to come and see her could unhappily be accepted only by one member of the family. I was the lucky one.

We had wondered what made Mrs. Northmere return so soon. It was Cassie, who became homesick. My hostess merely mentioned the fact, but I had a full account of the decent countrywoman's sufferings and home-bred behavior in the strange world overseas (along with ever so many things besides) from Miss Pauline Northmere, whom I met for the first time on that visit.

She was staying with her cousin (cousin by marriage, thrice removed) and, as I gathered, running the establishment for her with briskness and competence. She was a telling sort of person, well-favored and well-endowed, like all those Northmeres, self-confident, airy in a thoroughbred way, talking much, and not always waiting for answers, but to the blindest eye capable, and to the dullest sense sterling.

Mrs. Northmere was never to be seen before lunch, spending the morning hours now, as formerly, in the seclusion of her study. Pauline and I were therefore necessarily much together, and she talked to me with the freedom we sometimes use on acquaintance of the slightest with friends of our friends, which freedom limits itself properly to the talk about the person whom both are supposed to know equally well.

I think it was the very day after my arrival, when we had taken our fancy-work out on the gray veranda, full of green, reflected light from the old apple-orchard, that she asked me, settling herself comfortably and starting to rock, "How does Cousin Hannah seem to you?"

I forget what I answered, for I did not feel correspondingly frank and at my ease, somehow, with Pauline; but I fancy I said that Mrs. Northmere seemed to me much as usual, which was not exactly true.

Pauline proceeded: "Of course you are seeing her at her best. I have been here now, looking after things generally, for two weeks or more; but I notice a great change. She has aged terribly in the last year. I suppose it is the removal of the tension. I don't think she 's exactly ill, though she 's not well, either; but some spring seems to have relaxed. The little, ordinary, daily things of life demand a concentration, a vitality, she is not able to furnish. For an instance of what I mean, she greeted me, when I arrived, attired in the following, picked up and put on just as they came under her hand: a blue woolen skirt, trimmed with black velvet; a flowered silk waist, lavender and green; and over her shoulders a gray knitted shawl, with a cardinal border. And as far as I could tell, she was perfectly unaware of not looking like the rest of us!"

What I said is of no consequence. I hardly think, anyhow, that she noticed what I said.

"It appears she met with a really distinguished reception in England," she told me further, "where she has been widely read. She took with her some good introductions, besides. One shudders to think what she looked like as the guest of honor at Lord Houghton's and Lady Seton's and Lord Ronald Gower's and the Dilkes' and the Alma Tademas'."

"She looked very impressive, I will swear," I put in, "in her diadem and her pansy-purple satin."

Pauline shook her head. "Oh, those belong to the palmy days." Her face clouded over ever so little. "Did you know she intended to go back to Europe? Yes, she is sailing early in October. Europe seems to represent to her the fulfilment of some old dream. It holds forth distraction, anyhow. I suppose this country is all too full of the past to be restful. But she is like a child, too, dead set upon its toy. I 've said all I can to dissuade her, but I fear to little purpose."

"But why should you wish to dissuade her, Miss Northmere?"

"Frankly, Miss Morton, because I don't think she 's fit to go about all by herself. I have dreadful visions of her scat-

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tering her baggage, losing her trains, fleeced by hotel-keepers, robbed by shop-people. I see her catching something and carried to a hospital where the nurses wear bright-pink uniforms and have clouds of dusty-black hair, as I 've beheld them in Paris. I see her dining with the royal family in ostrich-plumes and a wrapper. The fact is, she needs some one with her, some one to take small cares off her, buy her railway-ticket, look after her belongings, order meals, and such things even as fix her hair and tell her what to put on."

This was a rather new view of Mrs. Northmere to me. I think I was trying to determine how far it was justified by what I had myself observed, when Pauline dropped quietly, "She wants me to go with her."

"She wants me to go with her," she replied to my politely questioning eyebrows. "She would like me, in fact, to come and live with her altogether. You see, we are her nearest of kin, Floy and I. There are n't any of her Dustins left. Northmeres of course there are in plenty, but my brother and I are the closest related of those she personally knows. My mother and Cousin Hannah were devoted to each other up to the last day of my mother's life, and she has always shown affection for us. But how—how on earth can I?"

It was not a real, but a dramatic, impatience, here expressed in her voice, her gesture of tossing something up in the air, her face with the wide-open, hopeful-looking eyes.

I was wondering whether I ought to know what there was to prevent her when, "There 's my career to consider," she said, and a bit of knowledge that had lain dormant flashed awake in my memory: here must be the young relative I had at some time heard Mrs. Northmere refer to as having taken lessons from a pupil of Leschetitzky's, and as practising six or seven hours a day.

"In a year, two at the most, if I keep on without interruption, I shall be doing concert-work. Barring accident, I don't suppose there is any doubt about it. I can't, don't you see—can't afford to give up all my labor in the past, all my professional prospects, to go wandering over Europe with Cousin Hannah, fond of her as I am.

"If there were any limit to it!" she said after a space of abstractedly looking at her sinewy little hand while it ran imaginary scales. "But to go on indefinitely interviewing her landladies, settling her bills, taking her to Carlsbad for her weight and to Bad Nauheim for her rheumatism—I dare say you have noticed the poor love is beginning to have joints."

"But, dear Miss Northmere, if you can't go, what is the difficulty with her getting some one else?"

"There is a difficulty, dear Miss Morton. You see, she does n't want a maid: a maid has to be told what to do. Nor does she want a companion, being particularly well able to entertain herself. As for a friend, one can hardly ask a friend to button one's boots. What she wants and needs is some one like me—is, in fact, me, and I can't go. I simply can't."

All this left me a shade depressed. I sat on the veranda after Pauline had left me and wondered what Mrs. Northmere would do.

But at lunch I took heart of hope again. At sight of the old authoress across the table, with her St. Peter's dome of a head, her tired but reassuring face, the index of a mind as nimble as it was cool and capacious, I found myself laughing at Pauline's fears and my own that the "poor love" might not be able to take care of herself.

III

It was some years later, at Lausanne, where I had gone to see my youngest sister settled in her *pensionnat de demoiselles,* that I came upon Mrs. Northmere's name, in the "Bulletin des Etrangers," among the visitors at Montreux. I had supposed her to be in the English lake region.

The knowledge of her vicinity inspiring an instant desire to go and pay my respects, Grace and I—for her school-term had not yet begun—set out together on the little steamer that bustles over Lake Leman.

Upon landing, when the obvious thing to do was to hasten to Mrs. Northmere's hotel, we, as a fact, walked slowly up the long main street, looking in the shop-windows, those windows so precisely calculated just to that end of making English and Americans and Russians go slowly and look long and walk in and disburse. The embroideries, the carved wood, the carved

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ivory, the watches,—oh, the little watches! —the maddening traveling-clocks—these things were snares one after the other to our feet.

When we reached the hotel we were told that Mrs. Northmere had gone out; very probably she was at the kursaal, where there was music in the afternoon.

We went to the kursaal; but the concert-room was packed, and we could not find seats. We watched the gamblers getting and losing modest five-franc pieces on the "little horses" for a while; then, having failed to catch any glimpse of Mrs. Northmere among the crowd leaving the concert-hall, we went out, with the intention of going once more to her hotel, where she would perhaps have returned.

But it was now the tea-hour, and the little cakes in the windows of the tea-rooms set thick along that same main street called to us irresistibly—those Swiss cakes, made with fresh butter and without chemicals, that rouse in the new-comer forces of gluttony he had never suspected. We turned into the most alluring of these pastry-shops to refresh ourselves for further pursuit. We sat at a small table from which, across a bank of flowers, we could see the blue lake, with the blue wall of the Alps beyond it.

And there, before we had finished our tea, we became aware of Mrs. Northmere at another of the little tables, having her tea, too.

She had been there all along, but her back was toward us. Our attention was first attracted by the English clergyman whom we had heard the Sunday before. He was talking with the lady who afterward turned out to be our friend; but facing her, and so facing us, sat another lady who easily diverted the eye from his physical nullity and her wide, elderly back. From our safe distance we could freely stare and pass remarks upon her.

She was so erect, so neat of outline, so handsome, and withal so still about it, that Grace and I decided she must be a person of rank. We were sure we looked at a countess at least, and we wondered what her nationality might be, French, Italian, or Spanish. She was dark, and was dressed entirely in black. Her features were clear-cut and delicately finished; her eyebrows, a firm, slender pen-mark, described a long, drooping curve over eyes of a fascinating greenish tint, not large, but brilliant and admirably set.

Presently Mrs. Northmere turned, and her characteristic profile instantly revealed her identity. But, though excited, we did not hurry over to speak, in hopes that by waiting we might have her to ourselves. When the clergyman arose to go, however, other acquaintances came up; and when she left the tea-room, her distinguished friend was still with her. We followed, supposing they would part at the door; but there Mrs. Northmere took the countess's arm, and they went slowly down the street.

We followed at a distance, supposing now that they would part at the hotel entrance; but they went in together, and after a reasonable interval we sent up our cards.

Mrs. Northmere received us just like her dear self. Having intimated that I regarded her as a wonderful woman, I have natural misgivings about trying to report her talk, and I beg it to be remembered when I quote her that I am attempting to give only the matter of her conversation. I am not sure that many of her sayings were memorable, anyhow, but she certainly went further than any one I knew in lucidity, grasp, capacity to see the other person's side, and patience.

It was a great joy to see her under these new conditions, an *édition de luxe* of the woman I had known. She was carefully and handsomely dressed, her increasing size suitably, but not too rigidly, girt. An easy collar, an easy sleeve, an easy shoe, she still wore, but all becoming and impeccably fresh. Her powerful gray hair was done as the coiffeur would have approved, or only a little more simply and comfortably.

I say it was a joy to see her thus, and to gather from her talk the good she was getting of her days, moving from place to place as fancy prompted, literally playing and resting after the heat and burden of the day. I found it interesting to note her choice of places to sojourn in, they were mostly such unserious, lovely places, where people resorted just to be frivolous, drink things on flowery terraces, listen to music in the open air, meet for friendships of a day, loaf, and chat, and avoid the cold. They seemed to give the measure of her

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Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CAMILLA

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fatigue when a term was set to her herculean labors.

I had quite forgotten the countess, when she came in unannounced, a slender figure in black, with a little, embroidered white collar and embroidered white cuffs.

Mrs. Northmere called, "Camilla!" and presented her as Miss Cordez.

Her mere entrance seemed to mean that it was dinner-time, for Mrs. Northmere at once invited us to dine with her, and as it would be poor fun at the table d'hôte, requested Miss Cordez to have dinner brought up there in the private sitting-room.

So it was done, and all through the meal Miss Cordez, with what seemed singular condescension, filled the deficiencies of the hotel waiter by her own quickness of eye and movement. Perceiving that one of the wine-glasses was dusty, she seized a napkin and gave them all a rapid polish; the wine proving not to be what had been ordered, she avoided discussion with the hazy Swiss who had brought it by darting out to interview somebody or other and have it changed. I noticed that she hardly touched food herself, as if such things were unimportant to her. She spoke French with the waiter, English with Mrs. Northmere and us—much finer English than we spoke, beautiful, classical English, enunciated with crystal precision.

"Who is she?" I asked after dinner, the instant she had left the room. "Do tell me who she is!"

Mrs. Northmere beamed. "My discovery—my treasure." Casting a dubious, measuring look at the door through which Miss Cordez had vanished, she added, "Shall we take our chairs out on to the balcony, my dears?

"She has been with me now two years," she informed us as we sat in the gathering twilight. "I found her in Florence. She came to the pension where I was staying to give French and Italian lessons. The signora of the pension, I found out, in consideration of her personal recommendation, exacted a percentage off the price of the lessons, which brought the poor girl's receipts to twenty cents or so an hour. That first gave me the impulse to do something for her, little thinking, when I undertook the part of fairy-godmother, that she, and not I, was to prove the good fairy. From that day I have had cause to bless my stars. Alice, my dear, it passes belief, the number and kind of ways that girl makes herself useful to me. Is it a tear to mend, or a nail to drive, a cabman to bring to his senses, or a polite note to write; is it to arrange the flowers for the table, to remember the hour for my powders, see that I don't leave the house without my purse and pocket-handkerchief, shop for me, pack for me, read to me, dress my hair, send my things to the cleaner's, Camilla does one thing just as well and just as willingly as the other. I don't see now how I could do without her. When I go to bed, Alice, there on the night-stand beside me are my book, my spectacles, my candle, my matches my lozenges, my glass of water, and a hand-bell to ring if I want her. And a handkerchief under my pillow. And this 365 nights in the year, and for a monthly sum that at home would n't satisfy a cook. And, mind you, there 's no pretense about it: what she appears to do, she does. She forgets nothing, she falls short in nothing."

"And to top all," I said, "she 's so handsome it is a delight to look at her. Mrs. Northmere, again, who is she?"

"My dear Alice, I don't know." She bent so as to take a circular look at the room, and lowered her voice. "She has told me that her mother was a Roman marchesa, who died when she was born, and that her father, half Greek, was at one time the King's physician, and lost his fortune gambling there at court. And—it is possible!"

Curiously,—or, no, it was not curious, really,—no sooner had I heard these things than I knew with certainty that Miss Cordez before the end of dinner had looked to me a little less like a countess. I had seen with surprise that her hands were common, rather large, coarse in texture, devoid, in fact, altogether of the grace that distinguished her ensemble when they were hidden in black gloves. That large black hat of hers, too, as it returned to memory, with its bold sweep and plumes, I had the belated perception of a general cheapening effect from it upon the beautiful young woman beneath.

Mrs. Northmere, returning to Camilla's efficiencies, dropped an illuminating side remark: "She has excellent taste in dress, for me, at least, don't you think so?

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For herself, too, I must say, mostly. Shortly after I took her she flowered forth, as if it had been the symbol of new vistas opening with her enfranchisement, in those enormous black hats, with the fearsome, velvet-faced brim. She wore with them at first a black feather boa of uncommon luxuriance, and upon occasions, at casinos and promenades, large pearl ear-studs. She dressed, in fact, for a different novel from the one I felt disposed to figure in with her; but at the first hint she gave up the pearls and the boa so sweetly that I had not the heart to say a word against the hat. By itself it can't do much harm."

The evening was still young when Miss Cordez stepped out upon the balcony and whispered to Mrs. Northmere.

"It is time for my rubbing," Mrs. Northmere told us, with a beaming look which signified that here was only one more of the luxuries she in these days enjoyed; "but you must n't go, dear children. Amuse yourselves for half an hour, and then come and visit with me in my wrapper."

MRS. NORTHMERE had not in all our talk said a word about Pauline. I was not prepared, therefore, to see her in Montreux, and when, as we were waiting on the quay next morning for our steamboat, she approached us with an air of acquaintance, I wondered hurriedly where I had seen her before. She had been standing near, leaning over the railing and staring down into the water; at the sound of our voices she had lifted her head, looked, and come toward us.

She at once both helped and embarrassed me by giving her name.

"Of course! Of course! But I had no idea you were in Montreux!" I stupidly exclaimed.

"Did n't Cousin Hannah tell you?" she asked rather too quietly. "For no doubt you have seen her."

She was not looking by any means her best, I thought. Her year in Europe did not seem to have agreed with her. I had heard of her coming abroad with her brother Floy, who was studying singing.

"It was still so hot down in Milan," she explained her presence in Montreux, "that I ran away, and came up here to cool off."

"And Floy?"

"He stayed. He does n't mind the heat. I was tired out with it."

"His voice is very wonderful, I have been told."

"Yes; yes. Yes, indeed. Sfoglia calls it a phenomenal voice, the purest, highest tenor he has ever heard. And though Floy is lazy, like all young men, I manage to make him practise at least two hours and a half a day, twenty minutes at a time. We work together. I play for him. In a year more, two at the outside, he will be singing in public."

I had never heard any explanation of the lack of sequel to her own ardent preparations. It was a comfort to feel that she had been able so to transfer her ambition that the personal thirst might still in a way find satisfaction.

"How 's Cousin Hannah?" she asked casually, after the communication mutually of our immediate news.

"What do you mean? Have n't you seen her?"

"Seen her, oh, yes. Not, however, for the last day or two. And in view of the fact that it was expressly to see her that I came to Montreux rather than to go to one of the quieter places, I certainly have n't seen much of her."

"Why is that, Miss Northmere? I never knew her more balmy, more sociably inclined, more cordial—"

"Oh, yes; she was cordial to me, too. She invited me to stay at her hotel as her guest; but—Miss Morton, can you stand that *creature* she has got with her?"

"That—you don't mean Mlle. Cordez?"

"Mlle. Cordez, yes. Does n't it turn you ill to see her hovering about Cousin Hannah, palpably making use of that simple-hearted, short-sighted dear woman for her own darkling purposes?"

I regarded her wide-eyed.

"Oh, I can't stand it!" she continued, with unconcealable, though smothered, excitement. "I can't stand her, and I 'm sure many others feel as I do. She bids fair to estrange all Cousin Hannah's friends. She stands like a barrier—is it possible you don't feel it?—between Cousin Hannah and all who may be trying to approach her."

I seemed to catch in Pauline's eyes as she said these things an alarming little point of infatuation: I felt foolishly like

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the wedding-guest pressed into the Ancient Mariner's confidence. The eyes were gloomy, like the bottom of the water she had been gazing into, but a fixed fire of anger and grievance turned their cool, righteous grayness hot.

"Cruel, pitiful," were her words for the state of things that had called forth from me innocent rejoicings. "Oh, pathetic, to see Cousin Hannah, who used to have so much sense, giving herself over without a question or a doubt into the hands of a creature who has adventuress written in big letters from her head to her feet!"

I was hardly tempted to reveal to her, bitterly in earnest as she was, that I had taken the lady for a countess.

"I read her at a single glance," she proudly announced. "The moment I set eyes on her I knew what sort of an *intrigante* she was, and what her game."

I did here, in revolt against the uneasiness she was plunging me into, find spirit to say: "It is a game, Miss Northmere, which, at all events, involves diligent service and unmistakable hard work. For two years she has not forgotten to put Mrs. Northmere's handkerchief under her pillow at night. That 's something, you know."

"But not something to pay for with a fortune amounting to considerably over half a million, when translated into francs."

I could see her triumph at the shock of this to me.

"Oh, it 's the saddest thing I ever knew! A miserable, miserable affair," she ended, with a face of acute regret and sympathy, "that in oncoming old age she should have no one near of her own, no one who cares a rap about her! Just that loveless, scheming factotum, making material life perfectly smooth while wishing her dead the next hour, if she could first secure her money. It is only to be hoped —but here, I believe, is your boat."

My mind ran on these things all the way back to Lausanne, doubt and dismay tinging my reflections.

Then, as once before, I was restored to cheer and confidence by the consideration of Mrs. Northmere herself. Pauline was mistaken in thinking her completely "taken in" by Camilla. At all events, Mrs. Northmere knew her companion to be capable of listening at doors, knew that her statements were not to be accepted on her unsupported word. Might one not safely wager that she would see through that accomplished person just as far as was necessary for any practical purpose?

IV

THE year my father was ordered to take a holiday, and we selected quietest Oxford for our retreat, the winter proved beyond all imagining inclement, and so it was that, on receipt of a letter from Mrs. Northmere at Cannes, we made no struggle to adhere to our plans, but nimbly packed our property, and fled toward the sunny skies and sapphire seas she described —and her vaunted cream-white roses tumbling over marble balustrades.

She was essentially unchanged. I mean that the complete adequacy, the placid power, were the same: but her hair was whiter; her nose, of the type physiognomists, I believe, call cogitative, had still further broadened at the base; those wise and melancholy brown eyes, with the underlid now sagging a little, reminded one of the eyes of a good St. Bernard.

I do not remember anything having been written about Miss Cordez, but I was not surprised to see the lady standing by Mrs. Northmere's arm-chair, waiting with a faint smile for her turn to speak to us. In the four or five years elapsed since Montreux she had not changed in the very least, not aged by a day. Her beauty, to be sure, was of the gemlike rather than of the flowerlike kind.

I confess to having been haunted for a time by Pauline's uncomfortable prognostications; then my fears had been forgotten. The memory of them returned, as a thing to laugh at, when I now saw the two in quite the same relation as of old— Camilla watchful, serviceable, deferent; Mrs. Northmere appreciative, satisfied, self-congratulatory still on the score of the jewel she had unmined.

What did seem a little singular—not at once, but as the days passed—was that there should be no greater effect of intimacy between them, after so long. I did notice—but this, too, was later—a shade of difference in Camilla's manner toward her employer: it was occasionally subtly patronizing. I could not admit that this escaped my friend; I believed she suffered

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Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"AS THE MAN REACHED FOR HER ROSE, SHE SUDDENLY HELD IT HIGH"

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it because she perhaps recognized it as natural, certainly as unimportant.

But to go back to our meeting at the hotel in Cannes. Camilla, as I have said, stood near the arm-chair from which Mrs. Northmere rose to welcome us. From a cushion on the floor beside the same chair there rose another to inquire of us—a fat, white somebody, with a lifted, blunt, black nose that twitched. Prudently, he applied this to the hem of my dress. Judging rightly that I was a friend, he put up confiding forepaws against my knee to solicit attention, to make acquaintance. O Boss Brady, grateful am I to you still for having taken to me at once; yes, from the very first minute!

When Mrs. Northmere presently took my father's arm to do the honors of the garden she had lured us to from the dingy snows and biting winds of England, the white dog followed her step by step. Catching sight of him as we came to a stop on a marble terrace above the sea, she introduced him before introducing us to the wonders of the view.

"This is Boss Brady, my very dear friend." Stooping a little stiffly to pat his head, that writer of many sensible books spoke to him, unashamed, without cracking a smile, in some such way as the following: "Was mother's lamb? Was best boy in the world? Bless his precious, old, pigeon-pot-pie heart!" Straightening up a little painfully, she informed us that the mountains rearing their purple beauty against the golden sunset were the Esterels.

Before I go further, I wish to talk of Boss, to make him known from the first as I knew him finally. He played a much more important part in my life than he does in this story, and I have wished to add a memorial page to Mrs. Northmere's pages about him in her last book.

He was of the bulldog family, white, with a brindle spot on his shoulder, two brindle spots taking in his brief stubs of ears and his gold-brown eyes heavily rimmed with lampblack, like a leading gentleman's made up for the part of lover. Some one—so it looked—had inconsiderately aimed an ink-bottle at the middle of his white face, and it had broken there, scattering the ink unevenly. He was muscularly overdeveloped, which made him look fat before he actually became so: a mighty, brass-studded collar it took to encircle his brave bull neck.

But all this is of little importance. What made Boss Brady "The Only" to at least two people in the world were qualities of the heart.

One says roughly that dogs are faithful, as one says women are maternal; but there are differences and degrees. Here was a dog compact of qualities man feels flattered to have attributed to him—all truth, all devotion. He was very much a fool, really, as bright dogs go, a silly old blunderbuss; but he had in its perfection the intelligence of the heart. Where his affections were concerned, he never made a mistake. If in his whole life he had failed once for an instant in that whole-souled allegiance of a dog, that unalloyed love no human being could ever quite deserve—

He was such a strong old boy, marked all over with scars of battle; but he accepted fights, I learned, rather than sought them. He would not fight a smaller dog, but would turn him on his back if he was impudent, and, standing over him, talk to him like a father. The ladies of his kind could do to him what they would: he had no teeth, no growls for them; they could take away his bit of cake unremonstrated with, or remonstrated with so very gently! Kittens, too—he was indulgent to kittens; and to cats, if they did not rouse his just ire by spitting at his face. With all people he was friendly while they were friendly. There are a thousand things I could tell—of his playfulness, guilelessness, his child-heart. One reserves the word noble usually for larger dogs, mastiffs, Newfoundlands, Danes; but I never knew a dog to whom the word better applied than to this forty-pound Boston terrier.

And Mrs. Northmere—it came to me plainly in a day or two—Mrs. Northmere, that profound, that thoroughly practical woman, feeling it a little cold around her, after all, as Pauline had prophesied and as I had shrunk from believing, had provided for her want by this so simple means! A friend with whom to exchange points of view she did not need, but some one her heart did need to show a little gladness at her comings, dejection at her goings, to feel warm under her hand, look into her face with affection; one on whom to spend some of the elementary tenderness of which there was in her nature so much.

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Now, with Camilla to serve her, and Boss a solid bunch of love at her feet, one could feel comforted for her future.

What days they were, those first at Cannes, when we could never get used to the wonder of the thought that it was midwinter in Oxford while we walked among paths beset with roses; saw the light play of the wind among palms and bamboos, aloes and tamarinds; listened from balconies to guitars and mandolins and soft Southern voices; brought home from our stroll in the old town thick bunches of violets, of anemones, red and pink, mauve and white, and long branches of the delicate, furry, canary-colored mimosa.

We had not been there long before Mrs. Northmere announced one morning, "Pauline and Floy are coming!"

She had received a letter from Pauline detailing the small miseries of life in Paris with a landlady grudging of fire-wood, and Floy suffering from laryngitis, and she had asked them both down for a whiff of the heavenly springtime.

"Pauline has explained to me," Mrs. Northmere told us, "what went wrong, delaying Floy's début; but I confess to having imperfectly understood. He is now studying under a celebrated French teacher, who is trying, Pauline writes, to "work the fog out of his voice."

A few days later they arrived.

I had never seen Floy. He did not look over twenty, though he must have been nearer twenty-five. He was one of those youths whom people unhesitatingly call beautiful, unpopular as the word is with reference to a man. No other word will do. He made me think of the exquisite fellows described in ancient classics who are compared to flowers and other lovely things now reserved for use in compliments to women.

He looked absurdly angelic for a man, with his clear eyes and pure complexion, his blondness and the dimple in his chin. He was graceful, too. Without being like Innesley, he reminded me of him. There was the same first effect of delicate haughtiness, arising simply from his perfection. As a matter of truth, he was very far from haughty. If he had a fault, it was being something of a tame animal.

Mrs. Northmere, it seems likely, found in him some echo of her own Northmeres; certain it is that she showed him from the first a marked partiality. There was, to be sure, something unusually clear, ingenuous, unspoiled, and likable about Floy.

Pauline was looking rather worn, rather thin, rather worried; but whatever her troubles, she kept them to herself. It was gratifying to us, who had been a fortnight or more in Cannes, to watch the two frost-nipped new arrivals expanding in the warm air, luxuriating in the bath of flower-scented sunshine.

Floy particularly moved like one in a dream, or, rather, like one who, waking from a bad dream, finds himself in a strange and beautiful new world. He constantly, when out of doors, carried his hat in his hand, and went with his face lifted for the soft breeze and the full light of heaven.

I never knew a boy with better manners; he waited on Mrs. Northmere simply and sweetly, like a noble page of the olden time. He quite took Camilla's occupation from her. But how, indeed, could he let a young woman fetch a footstool or a cushion while he was by?

I don't know how long it was before I noticed something. Certainly a week had not passed when it struck me as probable that each one of the party had new thoughts which we did not lay down on the lunch-table for discussion.

It was Pauline who first put into words some part of what had been secretly agitating me. We had come up-stairs together, after the evening spent with Mrs. Northmere. Her door was first in the long corridor, and as I was bidding her good night she invited me in.

"Have you noticed?" she asked when she had placed the little ottoman for me before her fire.

"Noticed—"

"She 's frightened. And that shows I was right long ago when I told you she meant to have Cousin Hannah's money."

"But how do you know—"

"Oh, I 'll grant you such an actress does n't show it in her manner; but, my dear Alice, I can feel it, just as sailors feel an iceberg when it is n't in sight. She 's terrified at Floy's success with Cousin Hannah." There was unaffected glee in her voice. She took a colder tone to remark: "I don't mean to say I think there 's anything in it, mind you,—any-

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thing that need alarm her,—but I can't help being glad at her uneasiness. Oh, but I should like to see her defeated!" Pauline clenched her teeth and doubled her fists in saying this, and the good old stock she came of showed up in her face, with its fierce, fundamental honesty and its fiercer prejudices. "I can't stand it, Alice, even on impersonal grounds, that her scheming should succeed. That the brazen baggage should get just what she set out to, pulling wool over the eyes of the best and fairest-minded woman in the world. But can you conceive, you, of Cousin Hannah's not having sized her up yet? Not seeing through that bunch of falsity, and leaning on her like that for everything, and trusting her?"

I artfully introduced the subject of Floy, and saw that she had no suspicion of my reason for doing it. Yet, in her mood for confidences, she was franker about him than usual. She admitted at least that the fog which had risen in his voice, possibly from overpractice, might prove a fatal matter.

"Oh, I must n't let myself think of it!" she broke off, clasping her hands in a twinge of real misery, "Poor Floy! If Bouhy should fail, if he 's not to have his career, it means an office-stool for him. Think of Floy—Floy a clerk in a bank!"

I met Pauline at a crowded wedding-reception not long ago, and we spoke of those old days; but, in her rich security as the wife of a great broker, it had become somewhat unreal to her, it struck me, that she ever wrung her hands as I saw her do over the dark uncertainty of the future, or that she ever hated Camilla Cordez quite so bitterly.

I did not tell her that evening what I had observed on my side.

But next day, to make doubly sure, I took a careful look at Floy while, oblivious of all about, he was looking at Camilla. It was in his utterly self-forgetful face as if he had never seen a woman before.

She was embroidering, smooth eyelids and dark lashes shielding her from his glance. One could never have guessed she was aware of being stared at.

Dismay was upon me. I did not know what to do. It was not long, however, before I saw that there was nothing for me to do.

And soon after I decided I had been mistaken. Floy was absent-minded,—he betrayed the fact at every turn,—and had held his eyes fixed on Camilla in a fit of abstraction. He paid her as little attention, really, as was consistent with courtesy. When a stroll in the garden was proposed, for instance, he held my wrap for me and let her struggle into hers as best she could, though she stood nearer to him.

I went to my room that night feeling much lighter of mind. It was so late that when I looked for my novel to snatch a last chapter before bed, and, not finding it, remembered leaving it in the garden, where it might get stolen or rained on before morning, I decided not to go for it, for all it was a library-book. But, on second thoughts, just because it was so late, I decided differently, more sure of meeting nobody than if it had been earlier. We have often laughed at the cheap novelist's device by which Fate got me outdoors that night.

Treading softly, a little afraid of the sound of my own footsteps, I came to the marble terrace overlooking the water.

How had I supposed every one would be in bed on this divine night? How had I forgotten that there are lovers the world over? One of the figures leaning on the marble parapet with their backs to me was unmistakably feminine, the other masculine. Of course, of course.

She was draped in a long, white burnoose, the satin stripes of which shimmered faintly in the moonlight. One bare arm lay along the marble, the hand holding and playing with a large, dark rose. The hood of the burnoose concealed her head from me.

I don't know what I was waiting for, but I think it was the courage to turn and retire, when as the man reached for her rose, she suddenly held it high. He lifted his arm to have it; with a whispered laugh she threw hers quite above and behind her, by this movement displacing her hood. And after a bewildered moment, with a gasp of incredulity, I recognized against the sky the fine, firm, bronze profile of Camilla under the helmet of her black hair. I could even distinguish the great pearl studs in her ears.

Something told my sinking heart then that the other, whose face I could not see,

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was Floy. But I still hoped—oh, I did hope!—that it might turn out to be only the French viscount who sat at the table next to ours and made daily excursions to Monte Carlo.

But it was Floy; it was his unmistakable voice, his veiled tenor, that said: "Do let me have it! You can't think how I 'll treasure it!"

I crept indoors without my book.

I eased my heart of the whole story next day to my father. He said: "Dearie, let it alone! You are n't supposed to see what goes on at midnight in the garden. Floy is of age. Besides, would n't it simplify certain matters if he did marry the young lady?"

My father, I knew, rather liked Camilla.

It was amazing to me to see Floy going about just as before, with that same, pretty, misleading air of maidenly freshness.

Pauline, as far as I could see, suspected nothing. I say as far as I could see; yet I know well enough that had she not been as blind as a new-born kitten, she would have acted, oh, how differently! One hardly likes to think of the fuss Pauline would have made had her eyes been forced open. The secret of her obtuseness was, of course, that her attention was fixed upon her brother's progress in the graces of the elderly cousin.

How I burned to mention the thing to Mrs. Northmere, to wake her up, to warn her. "Brabantio! Ho, Brabantio!" I did so hate the thought of that nice boy —for Floy was nice—in the clutches of that—what? What did I know against Camilla Cordez? But there was no excuse for my carrying tales to Mrs. Northmere. The thing was in a sense no more her business than mine.

And so came the evening before our excursion to Antibes, ever to be remembered because Mrs. Northmere on that occasion was so quintessentially Mrs. Northmere.

She sat in her arm-chair at the window-door open on the garden. Boss, the old baby, much too large and heavy for a lap, had yet managed to hoist himself up on her knees, and with a sigh of contentment settled his head on her arm. And she good-humoredly held her hands tightly clasped about him to keep him from slipping off. We all sat around her, Floy, rather girlishly, on the step at her feet.

We were nearly in darkness, for the lamp stood at the far end of the room and the moon was on the other side of the heavens. Where the shadow of the house stopped, the garden lay in a quiet, silver bath; and in this romantic twilight Mrs. Northmere talked.

She was in great form this evening. Incident after incident she related from her great life, adorning the narrative with rich and pointed and delightful commentary; surprising even us, not unacquainted with her quality, by her boundless amenity, her mellow humor, perspicacity as fine as a needle, toleration as broad as the ocean, an absence of egoism one realized only when one tried afterward to analyze the charm of her talk. My father was the only one besides who spoke, and that he did only as far as was necessary to keep her talking. The rest of us felt miserably, almost repulsively young.

I did not think of it at the time, but retrospectively I perceived an element of leave-taking in her greater than usual expansiveness toward us; something testamentary, as it were, in her giving us so much to remember of her.

The last thing, she addressed herself for a space singly to Floy; asked about his plans, his prospects, made a suggestion or two. Upon closing the subject, she smoothed his hair with a motherly touch as simply as she patted Boss, and I supposed that she found it in her heart to be gently sorry for, as well as gently amused at, anything so pathetically young.

In the fervor of talk she had carelessly swept her hand across her forehead, pushing back the hair she wore decently lowered over it to conceal its formidable size. It struck me then as probable that Dumonde and Adriance and Innesley, like Floy, had had in them something of feminine uncertainty, weakness, and charm, making appeal to this man-browed woman.

We were to start early for Antibes. Right after coffee in our rooms, we were to meet at the hotel entrance.

We were gathered there waiting, Pauline and Floy, father and I,—our carriages stood at the door,—when porters, hurriedly asking passageway, carried past us and heaped upon the hotel omnibus two sizable, black-oil-cloth trunks, a canvas hold-all, a tin despatch-box, and a bundle of rugs stuck full of umbrellas. On the heels of the porters came Mrs. North-

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mere, right briskly for her, preceded by Boss, straining on his leather leader. Camilla followed discreetly, with hand-bag and dressing-case. They were in traveling costume.

"I remembered it in the night," Mrs. Northmere said, with the bright look and bright voice that so greatly ease farewells —"it came to me like a lightning-flash that the Rembrandt exhibition at Antwerp closes on Saturday—this very next Saturday. In your charming society I had forgotten all about it. Not in my lifetime will such a feast be served up again. You will forgive me, I know, my dears, for running off in this unceremonious way. H. S., may I have a word with you?"

She took my father aside for a minute's conversation, during which I confess that, to the irreparable loss of this story, I had not presence of mind to try and seize the tales told without doubt by the faces of my companions. My heart clutched unexpectedly by a dreadful pang of parting, I had got down on the floor to take leave of Boss, say good-by to satin ears and faithful eyes, and the brown spot on his shoulder.

"Now be sure to enjoy your day at Antibes," Mrs. Northmere said agreeably, returning among us. "Good-by, my dears; good-by, Alice, Pauline, Floy." She kissed us all impartially; as she looked at me I detected a spark of laughter in the depths of her good, sad eye. "Alice, you are a sweet girl to love my dog. But we shall lose our train, if we are n't careful. Come, Camilla."

V

THE last time I saw Mrs. Northmere she had sent for me. More accurately, she had written: "Are you coming this way? I should be most glad to see you; there is something you can do for me," and from Rome I had hastened to Florence.

She was at Villa Trollope. I found her in the lofty cloister that bounds two sides of the walled garden. A breakfast-tray stood at her elbow; she was crumbling the remainder of her roll to the birds. The hands, so employed,—I could see it without directly looking,—were noticeably distorted, noticeably clumsy at their task. Her forehead seemed to have grown larger, bossier, a result, as I gathered after a moment, of the face having fallen away a little and the hair grown thinner. She wore a cap; a cane was within reach of her hand.

All the same, there was not a touch of piteousness about her. Her face reflected the quiet cheer of the little garden under the morning sun. She gave the impression, as always, of being equal to whatever might befall her. She was not first learning about old age when it came upon herself, not in any sense taken unawares or found rebellious.

She told me in the course of that forenoon that the world seemed to her more and more amazing; that she discovered beauty and wisdom and order more and more as she had a greater stretch of life to draw conclusions from; that she liked it better and better. Life, its evil and pain notwithstanding, was a thrilling adventure, oh, a grand game fit for gods to play at! Indeed, she showed herself that morning quite of a mind with the Creator, when, considering it as a whole, He gave it a good name. The longer you lived, she confided to me with zest, the more you got of the fun of seeing how things worked out, how the stories ended. She would have liked to continue living on and on, had it not been that Nature in her was becoming a little tired. Even so children get sleepy before the end of the party, and are glad to be taken home and put to bed.

It had always been a matter of marvel to me that this deep-bosomed woman who, as I imagined, had loved as much more than others as her nature was richer, and then lost all her beloved, should still have so much of herself left over for interest in, sympathy for, curiosity about, the world outside her personal affections. But that it is, I suppose, to be great.

The moment after my arrival, Mrs. Northmere had amiably suggested to Camilla that she take advantage of my visit to go out for a bit of recreation,—to see her family or hear a mass,—and Camilla had carried her delicately hardy, undiminished good looks forth from our sight, perhaps to the places indicated, or perhaps elsewhere.

Boss Brady, to our surprise, and greatly to my delight, gave evidence of remembering me. He wagged his whole white body with excitement, making sounds we interpreted as signs of a tremendous effort to tell us all about it in human language. It is true that during our short acquaintance I had made love to him unscrupu-

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lously. One of his gold-brown eyes, I saw with pain, was growing milky, like an opal; bald spots were appearing over the knots in his thoroughbred tail. He trotted off out of sight after our first exchanges, and coming back laid at my feet—delicate attention!—one of his mistress's woolen bed-shoes.

"It was about Boss particularly I wanted to see you," she said to me. "If he should survive me, Alice, will you take him? No, no, child; I expect you to be sensible. I have no idea of dying; but I am old enough and rheumatic enough to see the wisdom of making sure my faithful little bodyguard has a good home. It 's a good deal to ask, I am well aware; but you, Alice, seemed to me to understand at once that Boss is a dog with a soul. You have, I judge, the right feeling about these dumb friends of man; you find nothing surprising in the flat idiocies of old women with pet dogs." She turned to him: "Mother's comfort! Blessed angel-fool! The old paladin's trusty little esquire! Little glowing stove at which mother has warmed her poor old hands these seven years!" She again turned to me. "Alice, freely and gladly I shall leave my money to Camilla; but for nothing in the whole world would I be caught leaving her my dog."

Amazement, I suppose, spoke in my face, for she laughed—laughed and nodded, with a sly look that brightened and brightened and went on brightening. "Yes, my dear; to Camilla. What did you suppose? And with joy, my dear—with joy; with glee as unbounded as my gratitude. I fairly grudge the delay, the putting off of it for a year, a month, a day. The poor creature has kept it up so long already, part of my bone-ache, I believe, is for her. For ten years, the best years of her life, that handsome, pleasure- and luxury-loving girl has had the existence of a slave. Hard work is hard work, Alice; patience, perseverance, endurance, self-control, are virtues, whoever practises them. And I who have had the wonderful benefit of her determined exercise of them all, am glad—glad what she has given me is of exactly the kind that can be paid for with money, and that I have the money to pay. I only wish, such is my estimate of what she has done for me, that it were more. She did it in hopes of my money? She shall have it, and my blessing besides. I don't love her a bit, my dear, in the ordinary sense of the word. After ten years we are still worlds apart; after twenty we should be no nearer. We have learned to understand each other, in the sense of calculating to a nicety what the other will do or say or even feel in any given case; but to see why the other should feel like that is beyond us both. We know nothing of each other from sympathy; just from unaided intelligence, observation, memory. She has a fundamental, matter-of-course contempt for me, and I have indulgence for her as for one who is defective in some of the human organs—and we get on without a rub. I say I don't love her, but that does not affect my admiration. To do anything so well for so long, to pursue an object so undeviatingly, deserves the success I mean to crown it with. Alice"—her fine old face broke into a smile that spread in a thousand sunny wrinkles—"Alice, I *gloat* on the picture of Camilla with my money at her disposal. The old novelist, I tell you, *gloats*. Though we have few surprises, I judge, for each other, still I doubt if she dreams that I have observed the person with tired eyes, white waistcoat, waxed mustache and goatee, who reappears at intervals along the course of our peregrinations, and the signs by which I know, though they laboriously never look at each other, that they are as thick as thieves. I gloat on the picture of her leading *la grande vie* with that species of ruined noble,—just the figure for the story I see unfolding,—bowling in lustrous carriages, sitting in opera-boxes, catching the eye by their elegance on the grand stand at races. She will get so much for her money; he is mistaken if he thinks she will let him have it to squander. A little villa on Lake Como, summer at St. Moritz, winter in Algiers, occasional appearances at Wiesbaden, Homburg, Trouville, and such black ostrich-plumes to her immoderate hats, real pearls in her ears hereafter, her perdurable beauty set off as it deserves by feathers as fine as she may please. I tell you, Alice, I can hardly wait to make room for her."

I was spurred to try and reflect her enthusiasm, but I am afraid my smile was only faint and forced.

"It is kindness to Floy."—Mrs. North-

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mere seemed to divine my thoughts—"If Floy were to have my money, my dear, Camilla would simply arrange to have Floy. And I should n't be there to bundle her off to Antwerp." We both laughed at the remembrance. "No, no," she continued, "the best thing in the world for Floy is to be obliged to work. A good thing Pauline's plans for him had to be dropped. A good thing his uncle has taken him into the rubber business. Singers, Alice, should be very ugly; makers of rubber-boots, on the other hand, ought to be beautiful. But I am not altogether forgetting him in my will. He 's to have the rights of the memoirs which your father will publish. Pauline is to have the bits of Northmere silver and the farm. I should like it to remain in the family. From the rest of my American real estate, annuities will be paid to two or three old people in South Marshfield. And you, Alice, are to have a troublesome old dog, getting blinder and deafer, fatter and more disgracefully lazy every day. See his ears twitch, Alice; he knows I 'm talking about him. A spoiled old dog, a greedy dog, Alice, a dog who thinks nothing of bringing his muddy hoofs into the parlor, who has the impudence to ask a lady to scratch his silly old stomach—I leave you the only thing, Alice, my sweet girl, that I care enough about to wish I could take it with me. And for a remembrance, when Boss has followed me, I 'm bequeathing you that diadem of mine—do you happen to remember? It belonged to Rachel, the tragédienne, and was a gift to her from Prince Belgiojoso."

When Boss Brady, as it fell within the year, became mine, he hardly seemed for a period the same dog. He would not play or be cozy; he was too busy waiting for something. At the lightest sound he would run to the door and listen, his puzzled eyebrows working, and scratch to be let out and search the premises once more. Then for a long time he moped.

But as, singularly, there had come to be an indefinable likeness between him and his old mistress, so that one smiled to see them walking out together, stiff and portly, so there were points of similarity in their dispositions. Boss had a streak of natural philosophy; he accepted inevitable things. He was large-hearted, besides, and would not forever meet my fondness and attempts to make him happy with selfish rejection.

I had him over five years. He lived to be an old, old dog; we became fast friends, and he showed before the end no less attachment to me than he had shown to Mrs. Northmere.

I loved him only the better for the conviction that if he could suddenly have heard her whistle, he would, with ears pricked, nostrils twitching, have jumped from my lap and gone nosing blindly after his first love to the depths of eternity.

DANCE OF THE WILLOW-LEAVES

SAPPHICS

BY EVERETT STANLEY HUBBARD

SWIFTLY all the day have they danced together,
Led by lilt of lark and the flute of veery;
Now the sunset, trailed like a crimson feather,
Leaves them aweary.

Still they dance, but drift to a dreamy meter,
For the wind has signaled a softer motion
With the locusts' whir and the fainter, sweeter
Tone of the ocean.

"Sleep," the wind sighs, "leaves o' the dancing willow,
Morn will wake us tripping through sunny mazes.
Slumber well." And so to his quiet pillow—
Dew and the daisies.

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THE AMERICAN GIPSY

BY RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY

THIS paper, dealing with Gipsy home-life, is based on first-hand investigation and knowledge of Romany life in America, Mrs. Berry having had rare opportunities of making intimate studies of these people in Florida, Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and other States.—THE EDITOR.

TO most people Gipsies are "just Gipsies." The majority of humankind cannot conceive of radical differences among them. To such people the Romany is necessarily a thief, a kidnapper, a liar, and personally unclean; or he is viewed as a strange zoölogical specimen of peculiar habit, or as a prehistoric remain, and is "investigated" accordingly. The fact is, there are many camps and types of Romanies with whom the better class of Gipsies themselves will not associate, but upon whom they look down as too far beneath them to permit more than "passing the time of day" as they accidentally meet.

THE ROMANY'S "CASTLE"—HIS COURTESY AND CAUTION

IT is not always wise to go unintroduced into strange communities, where customs and language radically differ from one's own, especially if one goes merely to gratify curiosity. If it were not that Romanies have a natural courtesy of feeling and a grace of manner in addition to cleverness in business beguilement, strangers would not always receive as civil treatment from them as they do. Visitors seldom realize how they are watched and commented upon before their very faces in the secrecy of the Romany tongue, and how fun is freely made of them if they deserve it. This hawklike barricade is the result of centuries of experience. The gorgio [1] is often presumptuous beyond what his business warrants, and Gipsies openly or covertly resent bald curiosity. A Romany's tent, though at times it may welcome strangers, is his castle, to be protected from intrusion.

THE ROMANY LANGUAGE

WITH no written records, and segregated as they have always been,—not merely separated in small groups, but scattered among widely differing nations,—perhaps the most marvelous thing about the Gipsies is their tenacity to their ancient traditions and to the Romany tongue, the "kalo jib," or "black language," which has hidden secrets rather than told them. Very few indeed outside the Gipsy race know it, and with passionate loyalty to it and to one another, the Romany is keenly alert to recognize even a partial possession of it as the mark of one set apart from the common herd.

This friendship of tongue is explained by something Patience, a Gipsy woman, said to me one day. The name of her second little boy was "Gillie," and when I expressed my delight in that poetical name, since "gillie" is the Romany word for a song, Patience replied quickly: "I 'll warrant ye know many a gillie yerself. Ah, ye can't soft-soap me," she went on; "you 've been on the road yerself. You know it 's only once in a thousand times a Romany will teach a gorgio any of his language, and the first day you drove up and spoke to my husband in Romany, why, Alfred, he was just plumb struck."

I laughed, for I did not forget how Al-

[1] Any one not of the Gipsies is called a gorgio; feminine, gorgie.

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

FOUR GENERATIONS OF GIPSIES

fred had that first day refused to believe his ears; had absolutely professed not to hear me when I greeted him.

THE "PATTERAN"

To communicate with one another, Gipsies now use letters,—and they use the telegraph, too, when necessary,—especially in this country. But the modern Romany also follows the "patteran," tracing the footsteps, or wagon-tracks, of his friends on the road by the same method employed by his ancient prototype, reading directions where no words are written as clearly as the gorgio does a roadside sign-board. But the patteran can be read by the Gipsy only: it is as hidden and secret, although it may be in plain sight, as a sign-board is open and public. The pat-

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THE YOUNG WOMEN OF A TYPICAL GIPSY CAMP

teran may be formed of sticks or stones or grass, placed cross-fashion at the parting of roads in such manner that only a Gipsy would instantly notice and understand. To him it means much; first of all, the direction taken by Romany predecessors.

METHODS OF TRAVEL

In this modern day Gipsies sometimes travel by rail; but the ordinary method and choice on the road is by means of a train of wagons—large sleeping-vans, and often spring-wagons, buggies, or other light vehicles. For when they are camped outside of a place where no trolley-lines are at hand, they may wish to take quick, unhampered trips, or show off horses in light harness. The big vans (*wardos*), with the transplanted southern European type of Gipsy, are often dazzling, with gaudy-painted coat or remarkable decorations of the exterior, with lace or gay-colored curtains, and perhaps even stained glass windows, and with pictures within. But the big wagons of the high-class real American Gipsy have a certain dignity, and are comfortable and roomy, their outer walls usually a dark red. There are often cots and chairs to be carried, as well as stoves, tents, and tables. Sometimes, too, feed for the animals has to be taken on from some special point of supply, and where a long stay in one spot is made, the feed bill of a Gipsy camp runs up alarmingly.

GIPSY COOKING-CONVENIENCES AND CLEANLINESS

American and English Gipsies in America, as a rule, use modern cook-stoves instead of the ancient tripod-and-kettle, though the latter may still be found. They often make use of a straight piece of iron, sharp at one end, for driving into the ground, and bent at the other to permit the hanging of a kettle. This is called a *sarshta,* and is much more convenient than putting a vessel or kettle immediately over pine-cones and sticks, as I have often had to do. High-class Gipsies thoroughly appreciate good tea, as well as other good things. I shall not soon forget a certain delicious Christmas plum-pudding I once shared with them, or the beautiful bowl out of which it was served, for the cubbyholes of their compact wagons hold not only kitchen utensils, but dishes and often silverware. Gipsy cook-

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ing, even served out of the plainest, most ordinary ware, has always tasted uncommonly good to me. The tables spread in the tents, and the food that appears upon them, show no lack, though Gipsies naturally cannot carry all the paraphernalia that gorgio cooks think necessary. They are sensible, and travel "light," but Gipsy pans and kettles are ordinarily so clean as to shame gorgio kitchens or camps.

This is true of the English and Irish Gipsies who have adopted America as their home, but not of the southern European type who wander over the United States, or of those from Hungary, Russia, Germany, or Switzerland, general groups among whom are found the picturesque exhibitors of bears, monkeys, etc. Yet I have been a guest of French-Hungarian Gipsies of the better class with whom I could eat with great enjoyment the food hospitably spread before me.

GIPSY METHODS OF DOMESTIC WORK

As a rule, all Gipsies except those of the lower class of "dark Romanies" are "in good circumstances," and do not by any means always do their own work. Very frequently they carry with them a servant or two, often a negro boy who can help with the horses as well as with the cooking and dish-washing. Washing and ironing are more often than not "done out" by gorgios, white or black, near the camping-place; and while they sometimes do their own sewing, quite as often it is done by a professional seamstress. I remember certain tiny garments, fashioned for a Gipsy wife, which must have cost a pretty sum, for they were beautifully made and of fine material.

TRAITS AND HABITS

MUCH stress is laid by the Gipsy's critics on his keenness in money affairs, his ability to drive a bargain, whether in a horse-trade or in fortune-telling. His possibility in lavish generosity is not generally known, although I have spoken of his hospitality to those who are akin or *afficianados*. His appreciation of the gifts of others is not believed in, as he is usually painted as a beggar, or with the assumed indifference of a sharper. In the minds of gorgios, his humor and quickness of tongue are associated with these two aspects. One of the book-gifts I prized most was from a Gipsy away up on the

A GIPSY CAMP IN THE SUBURBS OF CLEVELAND

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From a photograph by Nicholson's Sons. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A TYPE OF THE FOREIGN-AMERICAN GIPSY

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banks of the St. Lawrence, and around the neck and wrists of a dress of mine I have stitched some real torchon edging I much value, the gift of another of my Gipsy sisters. Time and again have I had evidence of the most graceful appreciation of small attentions.

While Gipsies are shrewd money-makers and accumulate good bank-accounts, they spend generously on what they need or want. Many Gipsies invest in real estate, and own homes or farms where they live part of the year. During such times, Anglo-American and American Romanies send their children to school, for they are ambitious for their offspring. Though Romanies may go year after year to such temporary homes, they are never happy to stay long in one place, especially within wooden or brick walls. Restless as their blood makes them, there are yet many Romanies who never openly go "upon the road." These are quite "respectable citizens," who would never be suspected of being Gipsies or half-bloods—men and women in business, farmers, soldiers, livery-stable men, and those of the indefinite social or leisure class to be met on one's travels.

From a photograph by Nicholson's Sons

A HUNGARIAN-AMERICAN GIPSY

GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLING

THE fortune-telling of the Gipsies, or "dukkering," as they themselves call it, is a wonderful thing, and a power undeniably supernormal which reads "past, present, and future, yer wish an' all ye want to know." But, though the Romany's gifts are marvelous, they cannot strictly be said to be related to psychical phenomena. Yet they are as interesting, being delightfully human, and as mysterious and baffling as East Indian jugglery.

The Romany's usual method of divining the future is by the palm, though it is sometimes by cards, sometimes by dropping coins into clear water, and again by certain charms, varied by trifling sleight-of-hand performances. In the Gipsy's palmistry there is no book-learning and little "science," although she professes to attach some importance to the lines of the heart and life. For the lines and mounts Gipsies have their own explanations, which sometimes happen to coincide with those of the ordinary gorgio palmist, but which for the most part are not to be found in any written book.

It is almost entirely upon face-reading and a cultivated, keen, ready perception of general characteristics that the Gipsy depends. Nothing escapes her quick eye and brain. The bearing of a stranger, the dress, speech, and manner, the expression and type of feature, and a thousand details which would be overlooked as unimportant trifles by a gorgio, count with the Romany. She refuses to "dukker" before more than one person at a time, possibly on the plea that she belongs to a "secret order" which forbids it, or that a fortune told in such manner would not come true. These statements, though deliciously appetizing, are lacking in truth, for the fact is only that she needs the undivided attention of the one who consults her in order to get the best results of concentration of mind. In justice to the Gipsy, it should be taken into consideration that the atmosphere of skepticism which is apt to surround a gay party of curiosity-seekers is not conducive to success in the exercise of any profession.

The Romany fortune-teller is an adept in the art of flattery, for there are few exceptions to the rule that nothing is so interesting as one's self. The Gipsy knows how to draw out unconscious admissions or confessions by her oft-repeated, "Do ye on'erstan' me?" and "Can ye look me in the eyes an' say it 's not the truth I 'm a-tellin' you?" She forces the acknowledgment of truths at which she has al-

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From a photograph by Nicholson's Sons

A GIPSY MADONNA

ready shrewdly guessed, and such admissions are the stepping-stones by which her "knowledge grows from more to more." She can, for instance, recognize at a glance the tokens of sadness to which the casual observer is blind, and whether the unmistakable stamp is from sorrow by visitation of death or the result of bitter earthly disappointment, the odds are that the Gipsy will make the sitter tell her without being aware of having done so.

As a rule, as I have said, she flatters with brave promises of fair future, but if displeased, she may so threaten with the vigorous, compelling, dramatic art of which she is complete mistress that the horrors conjured from imagination stand out before the "doomed" hearer with the real effect of a curse.

The application of generalities—love-affairs for the young, business matters and journeys, sorrow or riches for the middle-aged—completes the solution of nearly all the mystery of the "dukkering" of stray visitors at temporary camps when Gipsies are "jall'n the drom" (on the road); but when they encamp for weeks in one locality, as frequently happens, or season after season return to the same place, then, indeed, the opportunity arrives for most remarkable readings. The Romany men who trade horses, the children who run about the village streets or country roads, and the clever, glib women who peddle from house to house, fortune-telling when they can wheedle any one into it by their graceful art, all extract and seize upon bits of information, report them at headquarters, compare notes, and by "putting two and two together" apply the result with startling success.

In judging the Gipsy who "dukkers," remember that she may be as good a woman as your next neighbor and quite as "honest" in business principle; that she may, by the ten-millionth chance, have the gift of "second-sight," but that the odds are in favor of her having merely used her natural and marvelously gifted faculties of observation and deduction. In these she is undoubtedly your superior, for you are the product of a complex civilization; the Gipsy is the child of a pure, primitive race.

DEVOTION TO FAMILY LIFE

THE apparently predominant trait of shrewdness is really overshadowed by a still more remarkable, fundamental Romany quality—devotion to family life and home, and the fact, unusual among any class of human beings in these days, that divorce is virtually unknown with them. Among the better type of American Gipsy, disloyalty to marriage-vows by man or woman is an almost unmentionable disgrace and impossibility, and they guard their young girls from gorgio at-

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tentions, since they do not care for such marriages any more than gorgios in general care to seek Gipsy wives, and since such attentions, therefore, can usually mean nothing honorable.

The principle of home-making is part of the Gipsy's very being, instilled by precept and example, and it is accepted as a law of the universe that marriage and families are the natural order of life. Early marriages are the rule, and particularly among the foreign type of American Gipsies. A grandmother once consulted me in regard to the matrimonial prospects of a grandson about ten years old.

It is among this foreign type of American Romany that one hears occasionally of "buying" and "selling" brides. But with the English-descended type of Romany it is radically different, for elopements are not only frequent, but very often expected. Many Gipsies oppose the marriage of their daughters upon a principle founded in good sense, for the opposition, whether real or simulated, is apt to confirm young people in a determination to marry, and throws all the responsibility upon them. Festivities are often celebrated afterward, when the expense can much better be proportioned among the families of all concerned. A justice of the peace generally performs the ceremony. Catholics, of course, have a priest's sanction, but the old, traditional "jumping over the tongs" is now *only* traditional.

DIVISION INTO FAMILIES

ONE of the striking features of Gipsy home-life is the division into individual families. Sometimes families travel entirely alone, a father, mother, and children, or, if they are well along in years, a husband and wife. But very often, specially if bound toward some general meeting-place (a funeral or a summer camping-ground), a large company may be seen together. Often three generations of the same family, perchance four, may roam the country together. No matter how limited the grouping, there is no mixing of intimate domestic arrangements and affairs: each family has its own cooking division of stove and table and very likely an eating-tent, in addition to a separate sleeping-tent and wagon. This independence would not be considered natural or right among gorgios, but it is the proper one for the development of individual home-atmosphere, saves many bickerings and discordant situations, and is one great reason of success in Gipsy marriages.

RESPECT GIVEN AGE—GIPSY QUEENS

OLDER people are looked up to with respect. The Gipsy queen is almost unknown to-day in America, though the foreign Romany of this country may claim allegiance to some princess with queenly title. The Hungarian-American Stanleys (sometimes written Stanko or Stackowitch), for instance, a few weeks ago mourned the death of their old queen, and almost immediately crowned her successor, a young girl of about twenty, at Topeka, Kansas. The Irish-American Gormans, the German-American Freyers and their connections, have a queenly head to their respective groups, but such cases are comparatively few. The English-descended Romanies have come to regard themselves as members of a great democracy, and

AURA MARY, QUEEN OF AN ITINERANT GIPSY BAND IN THE MIDDLE WEST

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER

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have conformed to some extent with the customs of their adopted land. Here, where gorgio women are held in higher esteem than in any other country in the world, we have a man at the head of government affairs, and so English and American Gipsies rather resent the idea of the foreign "queens." And though American Gipsy women have an equality with the men, one finds these groups very often with a man at their head like that "Harrison" whose funeral was recently celebrated at Evansville, Indiana.

GIPSY WIVES AND MOTHERS

GIPSY women have a distinctly unique status in the hearing given to their opinions by the men of their families, which may be directly traced to the ancient custom of queen's rule, though they could not have retained this traditional respect had they not continued to command it through their loyalty as wives and mothers. This always comes first with the Gipsy woman, and even her apparent independence in business is subservient to family duties. She *may* go out to tell fortunes or sell lace or baskets, but it is usually done at her tent, and her husband always knows where she is. The husband respects the wife's ability, and is not ashamed to admit it or to take an interest in his family. Consequently—and a pretty little illustration of the law of woman's nature is thereby given—the Gipsy woman is not tempted to be in reality independent of her husband and does not tire of her family ties.

Gorgio women may look down upon Gipsy women because they are "just Gipsies," and because they tell fortunes, but my Romany sisters have their own opinion of the same women who do not know how to live simply and have no time for their children or for real home-life. Especially have Gipsy women a contempt for the laxity of gorgio marriage relations. However, the Gipsy wife has not the same temptation to loosen marriage "fetters," for she has a real companionship with her husband, her children have their father's close guardianship, and she has frequent change of scene in nearly or quite the same degree as the man of the family. Undoubtedly this is one great secret of the strength and durability of the Romany race.

RELIGIOUS FAITH

RELIGION—so called—has little outward part in Romany life. The English-American Romany has his *boro duvel* and *tickno duvel,* his great God and little God, and the Irish-American and foreign-American Gipsies are either Greek or Roman Catholics and carry always with them tangible tokens of their faith in prints or images of favorite saints, rosaries, etc. Wholly incongruous as the term "religious" would ordinarily be applied to Romanies, these unpretentious wanderers could teach many a devout church-goer lessons of devotion to family life, of companionship and loyalty as husbands and wives, and as parents and children.

THE APPARENT RENEWAL OF "PERSECUTION"

IT has been reported that a concerted effort will be made by European powers to drive from Europe all bands of Romanies. While there is still a stigma attached to the name of Gipsy everywhere, this blow is not aimed directly at Romanies.

It has recently been discovered that many anarchists have evaded the police and fled, making their way into other countries by means of truly innocent Gipsy camps.

RESULTS AND SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING SUCH NEW-COMERS

IN the course of time, many of these refugee Romanies will likely seek the two Americas, where already, from Canada to South America, thousands roam, and it is not to be expected that those who now consider these hemispheres their home will welcome such comers any too cordially. The real American Romany is well off and does not need to resort to beggary and theft to thrive. But upon his shoulders must fall the brunt and blame of misdeeds of the foreign type who bring with them many ways of their old-country life, where begging is possibly the least unpleasant of Gipsy habits. Where kidnapping by Romanies has occurred in the United States, it has in the main been done by those of the foreign type. For the sake of the American Gipsy, it is to be hoped that these European children of the road will be permitted, gradually and thoroughly, to learn the lessons of this country.

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MacBURNIE AND THE CHEESE

BY J. R. STAFFORD

WITH PICTURES BY C. F. PETERS

THE call for brakes, resounding through the desert stillness, meant that the engine pulling the local was in need of a tank of water; trains rarely stopped for anything else at Dope Flats. Nevertheless, MacBurnie, station agent, like a man who expected important business, rose from his chair in the dingy office and conscientiously made sure of a lead-pencil.

Five days before, a package containing a can of tea and a bottle of whisky had been tossed from a passing train upon the platform, and several hours later, MacBurnie, on his way from the station to Mulligan's for supper, found it. Therefore he knew that now within a few minutes the conductor of the local would come in demanding receipt for that item of freight.

Presently the man with the way-bills entered the waiting-room. He thrust two sheets of yellow paper through the wicket and demanded, "Well, Mac, how 's the war between Scotland and Ireland?"

He referred, of course, to the immemorial feud between MacBurnie and Mulligan. Mulligan ran the only establishment in Dope Flats where food was obtainable; MacBurnie boarded with him. The two could not meet and say "Good morning" without getting into a violent quarrel because of their radically opposing views on the value of beans as a steady diet.

But MacBurnie, seeing no connection between this and the freight-bills, calmly ignored the conductor's question. Anyhow, the bills were the business.

The first sheet was a statement of one parcel of freight shipped from Albuquerque and delivered to the company's agent at Dope Flats. MacBurnie compared the date on the manifest with the one marked with red ink on the wall calendar, and then methodically scribbled his O.K.

The second sheet was an itemized statement, showing that the package from Albuquerque had contained, in good order, one can of tea, one bottle, one drum of cheese.

MacBurnie made his check-mark for the tea and the bottle, and then pushed the bill back with the explanation, "The cheese did no' come."

"Well, ye went an' receipted fer the package; that included ever'thing in it. Don't go ballin' up the bills over a little thing like that. Let the party that got it make a claim for shortage."

MacBurnie pointed to the name of the consignee on the top of the bill. It was his own. "Mon," he demanded, "d' ye think me soft enou' to permit mysel' to be eemposed upon by mysel'? Na! I wu' no' do anything o' the sort. Gang along wi' yer bills. If the cheese should come, I wu' receipt for it; but no' before!"

"Lookee here, Mac, that ain't reg'lar. You gotta receipt for it, and if you did n't git the stuff, all you got to do, is to put in a claim for shortage the reg'lar way."

MacBurnie's light-blue eyes gleamed dully. He said nothing.

"Come, Mac, you know I can't go on without this receipt. Say, it would go clear to the freight auditing department, and make no end of trouble. Be a good feller and sign reg'lar."

The look of all Scotland with its mind

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made up was upon MacBurnie. He shook his head as he declared: "If ye can no' go on wi'out the receipt, then ye wu' stay. But unless ye ha' a digestion like a burro, or other food than Mulligan's, ye wu' no' stay verra long. As for the freight auditin' department, I ha' no thing to say about that. An' ye only waste wind tryin' to make me play the boy by your recommendation o' gude fellowship. I wu' no' sign, an' that is the end o' it."

"Awh, say, Mac—"

"Ha' ye naught muir wi' the station than jist this?"

"No, Mac; I have n't anything else. But, say—" He did not finish his appeal, because at that moment the wicket door, sliding down gently within three inches of his nose, left him talking to the wall. He strode up and down the waiting-room, pausing only to pound at the shutter or to swear at the man behind it.

Presently the voice of MacBurnie came from the other side, advising dispassionately: "Henderson, ye wu' do weel to eexamine yer watch. It wu' be no excuse to the train-master that ye were late because ye wasted ten minutes in antics so fulesie that I wad no' even raise the wicket to watch them."

The conductor looked at his timepiece. It showed that he had been fifteen minutes in Dope Flats. The time allowed for taking water was five. He dashed through the doorway.

Relieved of the possibility of further annoyance, MacBurnie hoisted the shutter and then sat down, with his heels cocked up on the key-table, his arms folded, his head bowed in profound retrospection. He was thinking about that cheese.

Some eight days before, he and Mulligan had fallen out. Mulligan had exacted pay for a meal too many, or else he had failed to put a proper allowance of canned corn on the table. MacBurnie had insisted on reparation for breach of his rights. Getting no satisfaction, he had resolved to board himself.

Accordingly he had ordered a can of tea, a bottle of Scotch, and a drum of cheese from Albuquerque.

Drawn by C. F. Peters

"'WELL, MAC, HOW 'S THE WAR BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND?'"

The very next morning, Mulligan, desperate at the thought of losing his one sure-pay boarder, had come down to the depot, keen to do whatever had been asked.

But MacBurnie had accepted the belated satisfaction only on condition that Mulligan, when the supplies came, would take the cheese and serve the same generously when any one wanted it. Cheese, no matter what it might cost, must become henceforward a part of Mulligan's menu.

Simply because there was no help against this ruinous exaction, the boarding-house keeper had suffered it. MacBurnie chuckled now as he recalled the expression on Mulligan's face at the time.

However, his victory had not been complete; for when he picked up the parcel there was not even the familiar odor of cheese about it. Instead, there was a strong smell of kerosene.

Now, of course he had no means of knowing that Mulligan had lain in wait for that package; that the moment it had been flung down on the platform, unknown to MacBurnie, Mulligan had dashed round the corner, whipped out the cheese, and then, after carefully retying the bundle, had sprinkled coal-oil over it; that, with crowning astuteness, the Irish-

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man had already sent a check to the wholesale house in full payment for the purloined item.

All unaware of this, MacBurnie yet cherished his first theory. This was that the wholesale merchants had either made a mistake or had been out of cheese when his order came in. Sometime within a few days, or at the latest by the end of the month, he would receive a letter or a statement or perhaps the cheese. In any event, the matter would be made clear.

In the meantime he did not purpose to receipt for something he had not received. The conductor, the freight auditing department, aye, the whole organization of the G. & T. might come in and rant in his waiting-room: he would shut down the wicket, and they might howl at the bare walls.

To this determination he adhered faithfully. Once or twice before the end of the month the freight office wrote him, but he paid no attention to the letters. Henderson dropped in again, too, but he paid no heed to Henderson. Finally the statement came from the wholesale house. It showed that he was indebted for one can of tea and one bottle of whisky. Nothing was said about the cheese. If they chose to overlook a part of his order, that was their fault. He would waste no time in calling their attention to such childish disregard of business principles.

Accordingly, when he made up his report and remittance at the end of the month, he struck the sum of thirty-seven cents from the accounting of moneys received for freight. By careful calculations, based on the rate-schedule, he had ascertained that the proper charge on ten pounds of cheese from Albuquerque to Dope Flats was exactly that sum.

Along with the amended balance-sheet, he sent a letter, which ran as follows:

FREIGHT AUDITOR, G. & T. R.R. Co.

The wholesale house has me charged with nothing but a bottle and a can of tea. No other man in Dope Flats but me would order a cheese: Mulligan is too stingy; neither Norris nor Miller would order one because Norris would spend all of his money for whisky and Miller has no money at any time. It is therefore plain that no cheese was shipped here. I ordered one, but it did not come. I have therefore refrained from sending the thirty-seven cents, which would make up the balance to correspond with the receiving manifest. It is a plain matter that, since the cheese did not come, I could not collect for it. But I may add that if it should happen that a cheese were shipped here, I would doubtless be able to collect for it, unless it were shipped to Miller. He is no pay at all. However, I do not believe he could get credit at any wholesale house where he was known. So I believe there will be no further misunderstanding in this connection.

Two or three days passed; then this came to him from the auditor's office:

Your attention is called to the fact that a cheese *was* shipped to your station and delivered to you in the usual manner. Who or who would not buy a cheese in Dope Flats cuts no ice in this office. Neither do we propose to lose any sleep over the risk of a cheese being shipped to Mr. Miller. The one important fact is that you are thirty-seven cents shy in your remittance. You *must* send this money at once. We cannot and will not keep open accounts with station agents, not even with such an exceptional station agent as you seem to be, with your tabulated rating of the financial abilities of all the men in your town.

MacBurnie read the letter carefully, and then made pipe-lighters of it.

Four days afterward another written demand came. MacBurnie filed it—in the stove. For a week, then, the mail, every time it passed, threw off a bag. The bag always contained a lone envelop. This envelop invariably held a few tensely constructed sentences, requesting payment of the thirty-seven cents.

Finally, instead of the usual demand, came this query:

How, in your estimation, can this account be closed unless this thirty-seven cents is remitted by you? If the G. & T. is to be compelled to reorganize its system of business. we should like to know how we are to proceed.

He answered immediately:

If you ask for my suggestion in your difficulties, as it seems you have done, in a

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more genteel manner than I had conceived of you, I can only recommend that which any wise person would see at a glance. You should refrain from nineteen letters to me. The saving in postage will close the account, and leave one cent over. Any sum on that side will never cause you any trouble.

Shortly afterward, all communication from the auditor's office ended. MacBurnie decided that the auditor had seen the wisdom of that suggestion. Being human, he felt good over it.

But at the end of the month he was shocked from his complacency. His pay-check, instead of calling for even money, demanded only forty-four dollars and sixty-three cents. Pinned to the voucher was a note which explained:

We regret that while your suggestion may have seemed feasible in your office, it would not work out in ours. Accordingly, since the account had to be closed, we held out the required balance from your last month's pay. Now, should you be dissatisfied with this, should you wish to balance this account in your own favor, we would suggest that you try your own suggestion. Refrain from nineteen letters to this office relative to this matter, and then send us the odd cent. However, you may use your own pleasure in the matter. The account had to be settled. It is settled.

MacBurnie made neither protest nor reply; but at the end of that month, when he made up his report, he included a claim-voucher, filled as follows:

Paid to A. MacBurnie, claim of thirty-seven cents. Same proved by said A. MacBurnie, and approved by station agent at Dope Flats. Authority for same taken under Rule IX of Instructions for Station Agents, in which it is said that any just claim not exceeding fifty cents shall be settled by the agent, provided the complaining party will not be put off. He will not be put off, for the cheese did not come.

On the remittance-sheet he wrote as follows:

I made no request of you for suggestion as to how my claim was to be settled. It seems to me you have mistaken the man you are dealing with. I am no boy. You may conceive this to be a fact now. I trust you do, for I have no desire to be bothered with matters that do not belong properly to my office.

Two days later a very jolly, yet very impressive, gentleman got down from the "limited" at Dope Flats. It was the first time in years that the "limited" had so much as slowed up for the sidings. Plainly the mission of the man on the platform was important.

Entering the deserted waiting-room, he introduced himself through the wicket. He was the company's claim agent, and he said he had dropped off just to see how MacBurnie was making it.

MacBurnie, seeing in all this a very proper spirit, invited him to come inside the office and sit in a chair.

The claim agent accepted eagerly. Then, as he took in the unsuggestive detail of the station agent's appearance, he began to laugh. Finally he said: "MacBurnie, now this is a great joke, is n't it? Come to think about it, the office did send me up here on a bit of business with you. What the dickens have you been quarreling about with the freight auditing department for the last sixty days? Baled hay or groceries or mining machinery?" Then as he waited to be informed exactly of the business which he had come two hundred miles to discharge, he opened his grip with great method, bringing to view at last a big box of cigars.

But MacBurnie did not thaw at the prospect of the cigars. There was nothing funny to him in a man like the claim agent pretending to have come so far on a purpose too light to be recalled. But divining that this was only another scheme for getting his thirty-seven cents, yet not wishing to discuss such an absurdity, he said: "Ye ha' come a few days too late. I settled the business wi'out ye."

"Yes, yes; but you see they sent me, anyhow."

"The sillies! Did they no' see that if I justly owed the thirty-seven cents, I wad noo be owin' the eexpense o' ye comin'? D' ye no' see that yoursel'?"

"Now, MacBurnie, that 's not it, at all. Of course it 's all foolishness. But, here, you know I 'm on a salary to attend to all such matters. The office would send me a thousand miles for a cent. It

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was a matter of thirty-seven cents, you say? Well, now, would n't that jar you? Here we 'll have to smoke on that. Take a cigar."

MacBurnie took the weed. Having lighted it, he smoked reflectively. Presently he cleared his throat.

The claim agent smiled in spite of himself. This was going to be an easy matter after all.

"It is a fairish bit o' tobaccy," said MacBurnie. "I wu' noo treat ye to a dram o' verra fine whusky." And rumbe fiddled wi' jist wind out o' what is justly his? If yer ain daddy were a true Scotsmon, ye canna forgit o' him. Was he a tall mon wi' high cheek-bones an' light hair? If so, he was like to be a Lowlander."

The claim agent laughed quietly. He seemed to have forgotten any interest in his father or matters pertaining to Scotland. "Of course," he said, "I know it does look like an imposition to you. But, see here: the company must have a system or it would go to pieces. In order to keep

Drawn by C. F. Peters

"'LOOK HERE, THIS HAS GOT TO BE SETTLED!'"

maging under the key-table, he produced his bottle of Scotch, capped as to the neck with a water-glass.

The eyes of the claim agent bulged. Things were not going at all as he had anticipated. However, he took his drink, set the glass down, and then, after a revising sort of stare at MacBurnie, he observed: "Mr. MacBurnie, you were born in Scotland, were you not? It is a great country. I have had that from my father. He was born near Glasgow. Let us get rid of this foolish business, so that we can have all the time between now and the next train for talking over things that mean something to Scotchmen."

"Mon," MacBurnie answered impressively, "d' ye no' see that a Scot is no' to the system from going to pieces, everything must be strictly accounted for. Not a single rule can be violated. Even the management dare not violate a rule."

"I ha' no thing to say consarnin' the management o' the company," MacBurnie returned, with the gravity which wishes to correct without offense.

"Look here, this has got to be settled!" The claim agent was desperate at the fear of having to stay overnight in Dope Flats.

"Ye need ha' no alarm,"—MacBurnie paused to blow a cloud of smoke through his nose,—"the account is a'ready settled. An' if ye really wished to discuss matters that ye conceived to be interestin' to Scotchmen, ye may as weel begin."

The claim agent was human. He

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swore. Leaping from his chair, he threatened, "Why, you lobster, we 'll fire you if you don't settle this."

"As I said before," MacBurnie postulated, "I ha' no thing to say in the management o' the company. If ye wish to discharge me, ye may do so. But I shall no' pay the thirty-seven cents. The cheese did no' come."

"Oh, come off, MacBurnie!" The claim agent reseated himself. "Come off! Be reasonable! You 're the only man that ever could stick it out at Dope Flats. It takes a sensible man to do that. Use some of your patience in this deal. Come, settle it like a good fellow."

"Mon, ye wu' no' whim-wham me wi' yer palaver any muir than ye could affright me wi' yer bluff."

"You are as stubborn as a mule."

"Ye may conceive that to be true o' me; but it is like many o' the defieecient perceptions o' the management. I am no' at all obstinate: I am right."

Under the burden of sudden laughter the claim agent nearly rolled from his chair. Regaining his composure, he said: "Well, MacBurnie, I guess we 'll let the matter end in so far as it concerns you and me. But I warn you, I 'll have to report it just as it is."

"An' why should ye no' report it so? D' ye no' see that my position is impreegnable? Mon, I tell ye that the cheese did no' come at all."

On the next train the official left.

Two days later a very seedy gentleman got down from the "local." His air was that of a man who intended to run off with whatever he could find, provided it was not too heavy for him. He presented a letter, authorizing him to take charge of the office at Dope Flats.

MacBurnie, having verified the letter by a telegram, turned over the keys and the books. Then having packed his trunk, he bought a ticket for division headquarters. There was pay due him for six days' work since last settlement, and he knew how they would try to settle with him.

Sure enough, when next day he presented himself at the paymaster's window, a clerk tendered him his proper wage, less thirty-seven cents.

"I wull see ye in the Supreme Coort." The Scotchman refused solemnly, though there was a faint glow on his swarthy cheeks. Hastening out into the town, he hunted up a lawyer, whom he employed to file suit.

Two days later this counselor told him that the company's attorney had just called up for a conference in the company's office.

"Ha!" MacBurnie exulted, "they ha' taken the wit to inveestigate. They ha' deescovered, as I told them, that the cheese did no' come at all." And without waiting for further information, he marched out like a Highlander to the music of bagpipes. His mien was so grandly challenging that people on the street thought him some newly made Bonanza King.

Of course when he reached the office he learned that the officials had made no inquiry at all about the cheese. That was all that he learned. It was no part of their plan that he should know of the new station agent at Dope Flats having run off with three dollars of the company's money. Nor did they want him to know that they were trying to hire him to go back to his old place.

Presently the company's attorney proposed the drinks at a convenient bar.

MacBurnie, who was without malice, gladly accepted the invitation.

"Now," said the lawyer, when they leaned against the rail and tipped glasses, "here 's to a speedy settlement of this business between you and the pay-roll, or whatever department you 've sued! It 's a rotten mess, of course; they are always getting me mixed up in their foolishness. Still, there will always be a little pleasure to me in the memory of this particular case, because of the fact that it has brought me your acquaintance. That will be something, even if I do have to go into the court-room and take the hide off you."

"Ha' no' worriment about that. Ye wu' lose muir hide than I. I ha' the right side o' the case. The cheese was no' shipped."

"Blow your old cheese!" The legal adviser of the G. & T. artfully held his glass at arm's-length. "But, see here, that was n't what I was driving at, at all. I want to have you dismiss this suit. I 'll get your wages in full for you."

"Are ye done wi' yer toast—if that was what ye were tryin' to deliver to me."

The attorney dropped his glass on the bar.

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Drawn by C. F. Peters

"'NOW, MACBURNIE, . . . I 'M GOING TO SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR OLD JOB AT DOPE FLATS'"

MacBurnie took his whisky seriously, then observed: "I shall treat ye in turn, after a decent interval. In the meantime, syn there is naught else to do, I wu' discuss what ye were attemptin' to bring round a minute ago. Ye should ha' thought o' settlement in full before ye dro' me to eemploy counsel. D' ye no' see that I wu' be bound to pay him for advice?"

"Well, I can fix that, too. I will fix it."

"Verra wise o' ye," MacBurnie commented judiciously; "verra wise."

But without stopping to argue or approve the Scotchman's dictum, or to let pass the decent interval for the return of the treat, the compromisor took the victor by the arm and hurried him back into the general offices. He marched him into the auditor's office, which was next that of the claim agent. The claim agent got up from his revolving-chair and, coming in, shook hands with MacBurnie. Then he loitered expectantly near the door.

Presently the general freight agent entered. He was a disheveled-looking man, for he was burdened with the care of many station agents. He was worried now over the possibility of never getting another man who, like MacBurnie, could withstand the terrific internal pressure of nothing to do in Dope Flats. But when he saw MacBurnie, he smiled gladly.

The division superintendent came in. He grinned like a boy waiting for the parade to come around the corner.

The auditor of course was already there; but he did not smile at all. The auditor had been compelled to make some three hundred entries—extra entries—on account of that thirty-seven cents. In fact, he was very angry.

As soon as the papers for withdrawal of suit had been signed, the general freight agent started brusquely to dismiss his own troubles:

"Now, MacBurnie, having got rid of all this foolish business, I 'm going to send you back to your old job at Dope Flats. There won't be any more foolishness."

"Na," MacBurnie returned, with a shake of his head. Then with a more emphatic nod, he added, "There wu' no' be any fuleishness."

The claim agent tittered.

The general freight agent looked daggers at him; then turning to MacBurnie, he addressed him: "All right, then. Everything is O.K. Here is a trip-pass back to Dope Flats. And I 'm mighty glad that it 's all settled and you 're on the pay-roll again."

No wave of gratitude swept the inflexible MacBurnie. He did not mutter a mechanical set of thanks; neither did he take the proffered trip-pass; he observed dryly: "But, mon, it is no' at all settled. Did ye think I was jist mouthin' words when jist noo I said that there wad be no

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muir fuleishness? D' ye no' see that I am out money for a ticket fro' Dope Flats to this place, in addition to the differ' between my board at the hotel and at Mulligan's for the same length o' time? I admit that the food at the hotel is better —so much better that my grateful stomach prompts me I should pay the whole differ'; but it is a matter of principle, and I wu' no forsake my contention that ye should stand at least half o' it. Ye wu' be payin' me eleven dollars before things are settled between me an' the G. & T."

The eyes of the auditor rolled like a pair of jostled marbles. He foresaw the necessity of opening an entirely new set of books if such a preposterous claim was allowed. So he fairly shouted: "Good Lord, man, do you imagine a railroad company can do business in such a fashion?"

"Mon,"—MacBurnie looked down on him as from a great height,—"I ha' no thing to do wi' the troubles o' a railroad company. Its defeeciencies are no consarn o' mine. Neither ha' I any worriment ower the deeficulties ye ha' eemposed upon yoursel'. But as a candid man, who bears ye no ill for a' yer excitable way o' addressin' him, I canno' refrain from suggestin' that if ye wu' but inveesitigate, ye wu' ha' no muir call to go bogglin' ower this matter. Because, when ye git to the bottom o' things, ye wu' apprehend that the cheese did no' come at all."

"See here, MacBurnie," the lawyer intervened, "I would n't have settled this suit this way, if I had known you were going to cut up—"

"Rats!" snorted the general freight agent, who knew he would get no more sleep for weeks under the strain of experimenting with new men at MacBurnie's old station. "Here, you, MacBurnie. Take this ticket and this fifteen dollars, and don't let me hear of you until you are at work."

"Verra weel. But ye ha' owerlooked the fact that I must return the four dollars, an' syn I ha' but eighty cents in my posseesion, I can no' make the change until I go out an' come in ag'in." Then, with the faintest glimmer of a smile, he added: "But I will presently return ye the change, for I will go out noo an' buy a cheese, for which Mulligan must credit me on my board an' serve upon the table as was agreed."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE FERMENT IN THE WEST

THE political spirit recently shown in many Western States, in both of the great parties, has sorely perplexed politicians in the East. They have stood before it as much puzzled as Dr. Holmes's pointer dog gazing at the turtle. They could not be blind to the facts, but they have not known how to interpret them. They could see that this political manifestation went deep and wide, that there was something in it like a revolutionary stir, that men's minds were bubbling with new thoughts and emotions; but the cause and the aim of it all they have not been able to discern. They could see no principle in it, and so they read into it personalities: they said that it was a movement for or against one or another political personage, or what not. Partizan motives were alleged; ambitious men were scheming to bring about new political alinements to their own profit, and so on.

All this is so gross a misunderstanding of what has been and is actually going on in the West that it is highly desirable to try to ascertain the truth. Whatever may be the differences of opinion between the different parts of the country, it is important that one part should at least know the tendencies of another. And it needs only the slightest contact with Western men, and with the press and the elected officials that speak for them, to see what a mistake many in the East are mak-

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ing in their reading of the signs of the times in the Western political sky.

The ferment and protest and mounting discontent in State after State west of the Alleghanies cannot be explained by superficial or temporary causes. Great masses of intelligent people do not break old party ties for nothing, nor do members of Congress go on taking their political lives in their hands unless they have deep and compelling reasons. This new Western spirit is, indeed, non-partizan in the sense that men of all parties display it, and that they declare that they will permit no party to stand in the way of what they wish to accomplish. Nor is it aimed at persons, if by that is meant that it is bent on advancing or retarding the political fortunes of any man whatever. No; it is clear to those who have the patience to search out the truth of this extraordinary political phenomenon, that the mighty stirring of Western sentiment has to do with principles that lie near the heart of American democracy, and that deep answers to deep in the West because men on all sides there are coming to feel the sway of powerful motives and are determined to assert them in our public life and make them prevail.

If one were to seek to put the movement in a single phrase, it would be, growing hatred of privilege. In one guise or another, this is the feeling which is driving the people of the Western States into such remarkable forms of political striving and revolt. There can be, for example, no doubt that the West is greatly dissatisfied with the new tariff law. But note the reasons for this. It is not that the West can point to marked discrimination against her interests, nor that she is unduly taxed. Nor, primarily, is it a question of high or low tariff, as a theory. Her grievance lies, rather, in the conviction that the tariff law was framed too largely by men who were the spokesmen of privilege. The West does not want any man or any industry to be free to write into the laws raising the public revenue sections designed mainly to meet private ends. It is in vain that Western people are told that the new law is a good revenue-producer, or that their own part of the country is prospering under it. In their opinion that does not meet their charge that the tariff embodied too many of the arrogant demands of privilege. The same law, framed differently and more representatively, would have failed to afford occasion for the present revolt.

Again, the West does not like to be patronized. It resents that kind of well-being which is benevolently allowed it as an overflow of the profits of great capital. The theory of some in the East that legislation should be so molded and government so conducted as to give the highest possible activity to big corporations, is treated only with scorn in the West. There they say that they would prefer less prosperity with more manliness and a truer equality before the law. They want the quickening impulse to come from themselves rather than have it thrust upon them from the outside, even by men who may be as wise as they are powerful. They wish no interference of Eastern corporations in Western State or municipal politics. It is, in a word, the defiant and swelling assertion of the right of the governed to have full voice in their government that is the dominant note in all this Western outcry. It is a revolt against privilege in legislation, whether national or local, and a determination to make an end of it.

If all this is so, it is high time that it were better understood. It is important that there should be no line of cleavage between East and West. On one hand, the West is inclined to exaggerate grossly any superficial indifference or lack of sympathy of the East. On the other hand, the East must not regard this Western discontent as if it were freakish or malicious. Public men should open their minds to perceive the meaning of this new attitude of the West, which is big with political change. It is so because it is in a true sense a return to the aspirations and the moving ideals of democracy. When we really come to understand what is now astir in the West, we shall see it to be, with whatever mistakes of detail, a spirit of equality and of justice.

SYNDICATING ART FOR SMALLER CITIES

IT is good news to the art-loving public that our larger cities are to have the opportunity of seeing the pictures of the Carnegie Institute International Art Exhibit at Pittsburg, which has come to be our

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most distinguished annual collection. In this way will be established a sort of traveling salon at widely distant centers,—in the North and Middle West, at least,—stimulating art-education and, incidentally, adding immensely to the prestige of the Institute. The project affords an admirable working substitute for government patronage of the arts, and the idea is sure to spread.

In this we shall be following in well-trodden European paths. Led by France, many countries in Europe have ways of assisting the outlying provinces by the loan of art resources. The large annual purchases which the French government makes from each Salon do not, as many suppose, all go to the Luxembourg or the Petit Palais. Many are designed, sooner or later, for exhibition in the provincial museums, and make their rounds from city to city. In Germany the situation is different, for there art is neither centralized nor homogeneous. Yet in the great annual displays in Berlin and Munich every city and every art society in the land is represented as a compact unit, a plan which promotes a high degree of solidarity and fosters a fine spirit of combined effort. No nation, with the possible exception of Belgium, does more for general artistic culture in all walks of life than Austria, while Hungary is particularly progressive in its policy toward art-education in the provinces. The National Gallery at Budapest systematically sends its experts to various cities to organize the local galleries and museums, many of which are wholly or partly equipped by the state. In Russia, there was founded at Warsaw, some forty years ago, the Peredvizhnaya Vistavka, or Society of Traveling Exhibitions, the displays of which have been the most important single factor in the empire in the dissemination of artistic culture. In Great Britain art is less under direct state patronage than on the Continent, but even England can teach her American cousins not a little in the way of fostering esthetic endeavors. There are many features connected with the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and the Tate Gallery, which we should do well to consider. Furthermore, we have no organizations to compare in function, scope, and appeal with the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers or the New English Art Club. Both societies exhibit frequently outside of London, and this influence on the various local centers is stimulating and salutary.

In this country the time has come to set on foot a more systematic effort than even the Carnegie Institute plan affords, to minister to the hunger and thirst for art manifest in our smaller cities and remoter territory; and to that end we venture to make some practical suggestions.

Beginning with a distinct interest in art on the part of a community, which can be tested, first of all, by its response to a small loan collection of good pictures, say, in the city hall or (as in Richmond, Indiana) in a well-lighted school building, the next step should be to establish a museum. This is not putting the cart before the horse: *the building should precede the exhibits.* Any city of 50,000 inhabitants can have such a museum through the efforts of its prominent women. It would be superfluous to tell American women how to go to work to accomplish this result. The women's clubs might well take the leadership, and the rich men of the city could doubtless be induced to do their share. The activities of social life, furthered by local pride, could be made to concentrate on the enterprise.

The financial resources assured, from that point on there would be need of competent artistic advice. Whatever shortcomings there might be occasionally in the standard of the exhibits, the museum itself must be beautiful. It must proclaim its purpose and its excuse for existing by the attractiveness of its character. It need not be large, and, while planned for growth, might, for its better maintenance, temporarily give up some of its space to historical or antiquarian exhibits. Admirable models can be had in such museums as those of Worcester and Indianapolis,—and there are a number of others,—well planned and lighted and conducted with distinguished taste and good judgment.

A building and a sustaining fund being assured, to which men of means might be relied upon to contribute a fund for purchases, the first exhibits to be secured are a set of casts of the chief sculptures of renown and a collection of Braun autotypes of the best-known paintings. Five

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thousand dollars, we are told, would be sufficient to provide all these, but the emulation and pride of local societies may be invoked to contribute most of them. In the Worcester museum one comes with pleasure upon many casts bearing the inscription "Gift of the Lawyers," "Gift of the Elks," "Gift of the Board of Trade," etc. Even the bridge-whist clubs and the base-ball teams could be induced to help. After these exhibits have been secured the way is open to enter into the advantages of the peripatetic collections. By the coöperation of various museums the principle of the newspaper syndicate could be invoked, and, at moderate expense of insurance and transportation, the small cities of America could thus be placed in the charmed circle of the world of art.

This stage of the work ought to be left to a director who shall have been selected by well-known authorities on art, and to whom should be left complete artistic control. The higher his standing in reputation and taste, the more valuable he will be in obtaining the loans of notable paintings which reinforce the interest of the museum, and make it a source of pride to the citizens and of attractiveness to those who live in the region roundabout. A well-stocked art gallery might be made to "draw" like a county fair.

The American Federation of Arts, which has its headquarters at The Octagon, Washington, D. C., with Francis D. Millet, the painter, as Secretary, and Charles L. Hutchinson of Chicago as President, is contemplating, as part of its important work, giving advice and assistance in the establishment and maintenance of smaller museums. It is in a position to organize this work and to further the syndicate distribution of objects of art, and it is to be hoped that it will undertake it. It is understood that the Federation of Women's Clubs, conspicuous for large public service, is also turning its attention in this direction. In order that there may be no loss of effectiveness it would be well for the two organizations to "get together." The imagination is touched by the fortunate results which could thus be accomplished. The country is seething with interest in art, and, now that the tariff barriers have been taken down, the generosity of our collectors, large and small, may still more be relied upon to assist in the patriotic work of feeding and stimulating the national love of beauty.

DR. GLADDEN'S NEW IDEA

WE Americans have been accused, with justice, of being somewhat deficient in imagination, a quality which is not necessarily found in an inventive people, such as we are acknowledged to be; and it is therefore all the more refreshing to come in contact with a mind so imaginative and germinal as that of Dr. Washington Gladden, who in his seventy-fifth year shows the same mental vigor which has made him a vital force in American social and public progress.

Many of our readers do not need to be reminded of two notable contributions which he made to this magazine: "The Christian League of Connecticut" in 1882–3 and "The Cosmopolis City Club" in 1893. Here under the guise of realistic narrative he laid down a program of two coöperative movements which have since taken very firm hold upon the country. The former gave great impulse to the comradeship of Christian people across church lines, and his idea served as an example to similar movements in various quarters. The second group of papers exerted a distinctly traceable influence upon the movement for coöperation among good citizens, being the originating motive in the formation of many similar clubs, among which was the Civic Federation of Chicago.

As one who has the power of conceiving such large movements in terms of popular comprehension, Dr. Gladden does not need that we should commend the paper which he has contributed to the present number of THE CENTURY on "The Municipal Church." It is the fruit of long pondering over the relations of church and society and is all the more valuable that it is touched with regret at the shortcomings of the church on this side of its activities. That the municipal church is no "irridescent dream" will be understood when we say that already an organization on this principle has been well begun in the city of Columbus, Ohio. The Christian world, firm in its belief in moral forces, will not need to wait to see the workings of this parent organization before setting on foot similar experiments elsewhere.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Mythological Animals

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

Drawn by Oliver Herford

I—THE SIREN

THE Siren may be said to be
The Chorus-lady of the Sea;
Though Mermaids claim her as their kin,
Instead of fishy tail and fin,
Two shapely feet rejoice the view,
With all that appertains thereto.
When to her other charms we add
A voice that drives the hearer mad,
Who will dispute her claim to be
The Chorus-lady of the Sea?

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II—THE MERMAID

ALTHOUGH a Fishwife in a sense,
She does not barter fish for pence.
Fisher of Men, her golden nets
For foolish Sailormen she sets.
All day she combs her hair and longs
For dimpled feet and curling tongs.
All night she dreams in ocean caves
Of low-tide shoes and Marcel waves.
And while the Fishwife, making sales,
May sell her wares upon her scales,
The Mermaid, wonderful to tell,
Must wear her scales upon hersel'.

Canned Classics

I. "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"
(After Anthony Hope)

BY HARRY GRAHAM

IN the days of George the Second,
When (to make my story short)
Immorality was reckoned
Nothing singular at court,
Rudolph, Prince of Ruritania,
Of the Royal Elphberg line,
Had an overwhelming mania
For an ancestress of mine.
She, alas! returned his passion,
In a most un-English fashion.
This suggests, if not discloses,
How it was I came to wear
One of Elphberg's clear-cut noses
And the crimson Elphberg hair.
Mother's beak is like a parrot's,
Father has a raven pate,
Yet my locks resemble carrots,
And my nose is long and straight.
Thus the meanest of God's creatures
May inherit royal features.

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Though a Rassendyll and British,
I need not apologize
For acquiring, through my skittish
Ancestress, the Elphberg eyes—
Eyes that ever since have glistened
Bluer than the Hellespont,
Eyes that caused me to be christened
"Rudolph" at the parish font.
Thus greatgrandma's indiscretion
Found its ultimate expression.

Once, in search of occupation,
I from London town took wing,
To attend the coronation
Of that very callow king
Who had suddenly succeeded
To the Ruritanian throne,
Which, as people hinted, he did
Not intend to fill alone,
Having started a flirtation
With a royal blood-relation.

Rudolph ('t was his name) had never
Any aptitude displayed,
And a popular endeavor
Had but recently been made
To enthrone somebody else, how-
Ever base, and, rumor said,
Crown Black Michael, Duke of Strelsau,
In his brother Rudolph's stead.
Michael, too, so gossips clamored,
Was of Rudolph's bride enamoured.

When I reached the town of Zenda,
Though to Strelsau City bound,
I at once resolved to spend a
Little time in looking round.
To the local woods I hied me,
Fell asleep there ('t was in spring),
And awoke to find, beside me,
Rudolph, Ruritania's king.
How we stared at one another!
Each was like his own twin brother!

Both the aides-de-camp-in-waiting
(Fritz von Tarlenheim and Sapt),
Spellbound, kept ejaculating,
"Kolossal!" and laughed and clapped,
While, upon a brief inspection,
Such a likeness I could trace,
That I saw my own reflection
Mirrored in the monarch's face,
Like as button is to button,
Like as leg to leg of mutton!

When His Majesty had slightly
Rallied from this sudden shock,
He invited me politely
To discuss a pint of hock.
Magnum after magnum followed,
Till beneath the board we fell,
And I knew that I had swallowed
Oh, not wisely, but too well,
As the King, with wider throttle,
Won by more than half a bottle.

On a seat those courtiers propped me,
Poured cold water on my head;
"What the douche!" I cried. They stopped me.
"Help us rouse the King!" they said.
All in vain his face we lathered,
Pinched him, pushed him, pulled, and lugged,
Saying, as at last we gathered
That his liquor had been drugged,
"Here 's a pretty situation!
What about the coronation?"

Fritz von Tarlenheim was weeping,
Tears obscured the sight of Sapt,
When the latter, lightly leaping
To his feet, my shoulder slapped.
"*You* shall play the part!" he shouted,
As my hand he tried to wring;
"*Your* credentials won't be doubted,
You must represent the King!
'T is a pious imposition,
And we 'll risk a recognition."

By their arguments persuaded,
I consented to conspire,
And as Rudolph masqueraded
In that monarch's late attire,
While His Majesty, poor feller,
Of his uniform bereft,
In the corner of a cellar
Was appropriately left,
Lulled by alcohol's aroma
To a pleasant state of coma.

Off I rode, with little warning,
Reached the capital in state,
And was there installed, next morning,
As a full-blown potentate.
Royal kinsfolk, by the dozen,
Came their humble court to pay,
And I met King Rudolph's cousin
And, alas! his fiancée.
As I kissed her brow discreetly,
Princess Flavia colored sweetly.

Such delights did I discover
In this single chaste caress,
Never having been the lover
Of a crimson-haired princess,
That I yielded to the beauty
Of this angel without wings,
Quite forgetting honor, duty
—All those disagreeable things
Which no decent person smothers
When, ah, me! he loves "another's."

Sapt, who saw that I was smitten,
And that Flavia's heart was won,
Begged me to return to Britain,
Which, indeed, I should have done
If a messenger, by cycle,
Had not come that very night,
Bearing tidings that Black Michael
Had discovered Rudolph's plight
And, our agent was instructed,
Had him forcibly abducted!

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh

'HOW WE STARED AT ONE ANOTHER!"

Swiftly on his tracks we followed
To that residence remote
Where, within a dungeon hollowed
Underneath the castle moat,
On a slow-starvation diet,
In an atmosphere of drains,
Michael kept his brother quiet,
Loaded with abuse and chains.
Long and keenly we debated
How he should be liberated.

In the fortress lived a lady
Named De Mauban (Antoinette),
With a past a trifle shady
And a present black as jet.
She, of Princess Flavia jealous
(Michael loved them both, it seems),
Was inspired to come and tell us
All about that scoundrel's schemes;
She it was our footsteps guided,
When on action we decided.

Rudolph, by his captor's orders,
Had, to keep him safe and fast,
Three disreputable warders,
Each more loathsome than the last.
One a Belgian (from that nation
Which the Congo stocks with loot);
One, called Rupert, a relation
Of Black Michael, and a brute;
One a Scot who, said De Mauban,
Hailed—forgive the rhyme—from Oban!

Late one night we made an entry
Into Michael's citadel;
Sapt and Fritz engaged the sentry,
I repaired to Rudolph's cell.
There I struggled hard and long, oh!
And, in true heroic style,
Slew the caitiff from the Congo
And the villain from Argyle,
While my brave collaborators
Dealt with all the other traitors.

Thus Black Michael's plot miscarried.
Rudolph, to his rights restored,
Took the pledge, and shortly married
The princess whom I adored.
She, poor soul, was broken-hearted;
I was speechless with distress,
And, when I at length departed
By the Overland Express,
Sapt, with great consideration,
Saw me off at Strelsau station.

. . . . . .

Years have passed, but still my finger
Bears the ring of Rudolph's queen;
Still my mem'ry loves to linger
On the things that might have been.
In my boudoir in Belgravia,
When the lights are burning low,
I recall the lovely Flavia
Of those days of long ago,
And, though old and silver-headed,
Reader, I remain unwedded!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

THE BATHERS

BY

JEAN-BAPTISTE-CAMILLE COROT

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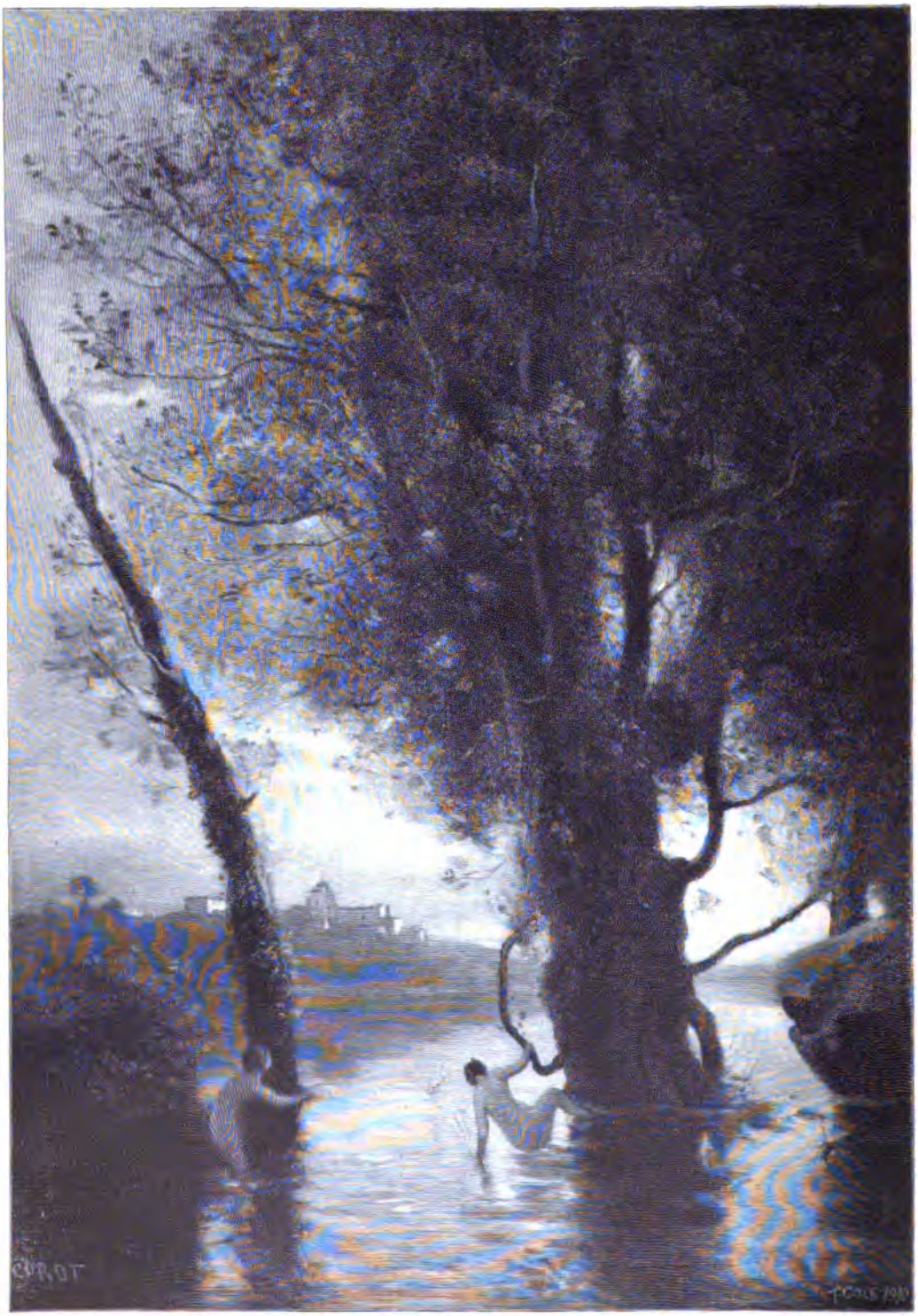

From the painting in the collection of M. Rouart, Paris

THE BATHERS. BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-CAMILLE COROT

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS — XVIII)

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXX SEPTEMBER, 1910 No. 5

THE LETTERS

IN THREE PARTS: PART II

BY EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE story opens in the August CENTURY, with a scene between Vincent Deering, an American artist living in Paris, and Lizzie West, who for two years has been daygoverness to the artist's young daughter, a discouraging pupil, mainly because she is neglected by an indolent, novel-reading mother. In the privacy of the studio, Lizzie West tells the artist that she must resign her fruitless charge. Deering pleads that in such case little Juliet will be hopelessly neglected, and in the teacher's wavering attitude he kisses her and establishes a relation of confidence and affection, which is discreetly cultivated, until, through the sudden death of Mrs. Deering, the teacher has reason to expect a devotion without evasion or concealment. But Deering's reserved attitude awakens feelings of uncertainty, until the affectionate interview which precedes his departure for America to settle his late wife's estate. His fervent letters of farewell from train and steamer, and one on his arrival in New York, make her eager for the next. This is the situation at the opening of the part which follows.—THE EDITOR.

IV

MISS MACY'S room was next to Miss West's, and the Southerner's knock often appealed to Lizzie's hospitality when Mme. Clopin's early curfew had driven her boarders from the *salon*. It sounded thus one evening just as Lizzie, tired from an unusually long day of tuition, was in the act of removing her dress. She was in too indulgent a mood to withhold her "Come in," and as Miss Macy crossed the threshold, Lizzie felt that Vincent Deering's first letter—the letter from the train—had slipped from her loosened bodice to the floor.

Miss Macy, as promptly noting the fact, darted forward to recover the let-

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ter. Lizzie stooped also, fiercely jealous of her touch; but the other reached the precious paper first, and as she seized it, Lizzie knew that she had seen whence it fell, and was weaving round the incident a rapid web of romance.

Lizzie blushed with annoyance. "It 's too stupid, having no pockets! If one gets a letter as she is going out in the morning, she has to carry it in her blouse all day."

Miss Macy looked at her with swimming eyes. "It 's warm from your heart!" she breathed, reluctantly yielding up the missive.

Lizzie laughed, for she knew better: she knew it was the letter that had warmed her heart. Poor Andora Macy! *She* would never know. Her bleak bosom would never take fire from such a contact. Lizzie looked at her with kind eyes, secretly chafing at the injustice of fate.

The next evening, on her return home, she found Andora hovering in the entrance hall.

"I thought you 'd like me to put this in your own hand," Miss Macy whispered significantly, pressing a letter upon Lizzie. "I could n't *bear* to see it lying on the table with the others."

It was Deering's letter from the steamer. Lizzie blushed to the forehead, but without resenting Andora's divination. She could not have breathed a word of her bliss, but she was not altogether sorry to have it guessed, and pity for Andora's destitution yielded to the pleasure of using it as a mirror for her own abundance.

DEERING wrote again on reaching New York, a long, fond, dissatisfied letter, vague in its indication of his own projects, specific in the expression of his love. Lizzie brooded over every syllable of it till they formed the undercurrent of all her waking thoughts, and murmured through her midnight dreams; but she would have been happier if they had shed some definite light on the future.

That would come, no doubt, when he had had time to look about and get his bearings. She counted up the days that must elapse before she received his next letter, and stole down early to peep at the papers, and learn when the next American mail was due. At length the happy date arrived, and she hurried distractedly through the day's work, trying to conceal her impatience by the endearments she bestowed upon her pupils. It was easier, in her present mood, to kiss them than to keep them at their grammars.

That evening, on Mme. Clopin's threshold, her heart beat so wildly that she had to lean a moment against the door-post before entering. But on the hall table, where the letters lay, there was none for her.

She went over them with a feverish hand, her heart dropping down and down, as she had sometimes fallen down an endless stairway in a dream—the very same stairway up which she had seemed to fly when she climbed the long hill to Deering's door. Then it suddenly struck her that Andora might have found and secreted her letter, and with a spring she was on the actual stairs and rattling Miss Macy's door-handle.

"You 've a letter for me, have n't you?" she panted.

Miss Macy, turning from the toilet-table, inclosed her in attenuated arms. "Oh, darling, did you expect one to-day?"

"Do give it to me!" Lizzie pleaded with burning eyes.

"But I have n't any! There has n't been a sign of a letter for you."

"I know there is. There *must* be," Lizzie persisted, stamping her foot.

"But, dearest, I 've *watched* for you, and there 's been nothing, absolutely nothing."

Day after day, for the ensuing weeks, the same scene reënacted itself with endless variations. Lizzie, after the first sharp spasm of disappointment, made no effort to conceal her anxiety from Miss Macy, and the fond Andora was charged to keep a vigilant eye upon the postman's coming, and to spy on the *bonne* for possible negligence or perfidy. But these elaborate precautions remained fruitless, and no letter from Deering came.

During the first fortnight of silence Lizzie exhausted all the ingenuities of explanation. She marveled afterward at the reasons she had found for Deering's silence: there were moments when she almost argued herself into thinking it more natural than his continuing to write. There was only one reason which her intelligence consistently rejected, and that was the possibility that he had forgotten

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her, that the whole episode had faded from his mind like a breath from a mirror. From that she resolutely turned her thoughts, aware that if she suffered herself to contemplate it, the motive power of life would fail, and she would no longer understand why she rose up in the morning and lay down at night.

If she had had leisure to indulge her anguish she might have been unable to keep such speculations at bay. But she had to be up and working: the *blanchisseuse* had to be paid, and Mme. Clopin's

Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski

"BUT ON THE HALL TABLE, WHERE THE LETTERS LAY, THERE WAS NONE FOR HER"

weekly bill, and all the little "extras" that even her frugal habits had to reckon with. And in the depths of her thought dwelt the dogging fear of illness and incapacity, goading her to work while she could. She hardly remembered the time when she had been without that fear; it was second nature now, and it kept her on her feet when other incentives might have failed. In the blankness of her misery she felt no dread of death; but the horror of being ill and "dependent" was in her blood.

In the first weeks of silence she wrote again and again to Deering, entreating him for a word, for a mere sign of life. From the first she had shrunk from seeming to assert any claim on his future, yet in her aching bewilderment she now charged herself with having been too possessive, too exacting in her tone. She told herself that his fastidiousness shrank from any but a "light touch," and that hers had not been light enough. She should have kept to the character of the "little friend," the artless consciousness in which tormented genius may find an escape from its complexities; and instead, she had dramatized their relation, exaggerated her own part in it, presumed, forsooth, to share the front of the stage with him, instead of being content to serve as scenery or chorus.

But though to herself she admitted, and even insisted on, the episodical nature of the experience, on the fact that for Deering it could be no more than an incident, she was still convinced that his sentiment for her, however fugitive, had been genuine.

His had not been the attitude of the unscrupulous male seeking a vulgar "advantage." For a moment he had really needed her, and if he was silent now, it was perhaps because he feared that she had mistaken the nature of the need and built vain hopes on its possible duration.

It was of the very essence of Lizzie's devotion that it sought instinctively the larger freedom of its object; she could not conceive of love under any form of exaction or compulsion. To make this clear to Deering became an overwhelming need, and in a last short letter she explicitly freed him from whatever sentimental obligation its predecessors might have seemed to impose. In this studied communication she playfully accused herself of having unwittingly sentimentalized their relation, affirming, in self-defense, a retrospective astuteness, a sense of the impermanence of the tenderer sentiments, that almost put Deering in the fatuous position of having mistaken coquetry for surrender. And she ended gracefully with a plea for the continuance of the friendly regard which she had "always understood" to be the basis of their sympathy. The document, when completed, seemed to her worthy of what she conceived to be Deering's conception of a woman of the world, and she found a spectral satisfaction in the thought of making her final appearance before him in that distinguished character. But she was never destined to learn what effect the appearance produced; for the letter, like those it sought to excuse, remained unanswered.

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V

THE fresh spring sunshine which had so often attended Lizzie West on her dusty climb up the hill of St.-Cloud beamed on her, some two years later, in a scene and a situation of altered import.

The horse-chestnuts of the Champs-Elysées filtered its rays through the symmetrical umbrage inclosing the graveled space about Daurent's restaurant, and Miss West, seated at a table within that privileged circle, presented to the light a hat much better able to sustain its scrutiny than those which had sheltered the brow of Juliet Deering's instructress.

Her dress was in keeping with the hat, and both belonged to a situation rich in such possibilities as the act of a leisurely luncheon at Daurent's in the opening week of the Salon. Her companions, of both sexes, confirmed and emphasized this impression by an elaborateness of garb and an ease of attitude implying the largest range of selection between the forms of Parisian idleness; and even Andora Macy, seated opposite, as in the place of cohostess or companion, reflected, in coy grays and mauves, the festal note of the occasion.

This note reverberated persistently in the ears of a solitary gentleman straining for glimpses of the group from a table wedged in the remotest corner of the garden; but to Miss West herself the occurrence did not rise above the usual. For nearly a year she had been acquiring the habit of such situations, and the act of offering a luncheon at Daurent's to her cousins, the Harvey Mearses of Providence, and their friend Mr. Jackson Benn, produced in her no emotion beyond the languid glow which Mr. Benn's presence was beginning to impart to such scenes.

"It 's frightful, the way you 've got used to it," Andora Macy had wailed in the first days of her friend's transfigured fortune, when Lizzie West had waked one morning to find herself among the heirs of an old and miserly cousin whose testamentary dispositions had formed, since her earliest childhood, the subject of pleasantry and conjecture in her own improvident family. Old Hezron Mears had never given any sign of life to the luckless Wests; had perhaps hardly been conscious of including them in the carefully drawn will which, following the old American convention, scrupulously divided his hoarded millions among his kin. It was by a mere genealogical accident that Lizzie, falling just within the golden circle, found herself possessed of a pittance sufficient to release her from the prospect of a long gray future in Mme. Clopin's pension.

The release had seemed wonderful at first; yet she presently found that it had destroyed her former world without giving her a new one. On the ruins of the old pension life bloomed the only flower that had ever sweetened her path; and beyond the sense of present ease, and the removal of anxiety for the future, her reconstructed existence blossomed with no compensating joys. She had hoped great things from the opportunity to rest, to travel, to look about her, above all, in various artful feminine ways, to be "nice" to the companions of her less privileged state; but such widenings of scope left her, as it were, but the more conscious of the empty margin of personal life beyond them. It was not till she woke to the leisure of her new days that she had the full sense of what was gone from them.

Their very emptiness made her strain to pack them with transient sensations: she was like the possessor of an unfurnished house, with random furniture and bric-à-brac perpetually pouring in "on approval." It was in this experimental character that Mr. Jackson Benn had fixed her attention, and the languid effort of her imagination to adjust him to her requirements was seconded by the fond complicity of Andora and the smiling approval of her cousins. Lizzie did not discourage these demonstrations: she suffered serenely Andora's allusions to Mr. Benn's infatuation, and Mrs. Mears's casual boast of his business standing. All the better if they could drape his narrow square-shouldered frame and round unwinking countenance in the trailing mists of sentiment: Lizzie looked and listened, not unhopeful of the miracle.

"I never saw anything like the way these Frenchmen stare! Does n't it make you nervous, Lizzie?" Mrs. Mears broke out suddenly, ruffling her feather boa about an outraged bosom. Mrs. Mears was still in that stage of development when her countrywomen taste to the full

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Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"IN THE FIRST WEEKS OF SILENCE SHE WROTE AGAIN AND AGAIN TO DEERING, ENTREATING HIM FOR A WORD, FOR A MERE SIGN OF LIFE."

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Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski

"A LEISURELY LUNCHEON AT DAURENT'S IN THE OPENING WEEK OF THE SALON"

the peril of being exposed to the gaze of the licentious Gaul.

Lizzie roused herself from the contemplation of Mr. Benn's round baby cheeks and the square blue jaw resting on his perpendicular collar. "Is some one staring at me?" she asked with a smile.

"Don't turn round, whatever you do! There—just over there, between the rhododendrons—the tall fair man alone at that table. Really, Harvey, I think you ought to speak to the head-waiter, or something; though I suppose in one of these places they 'd only laugh at you," Mrs. Mears shudderingly concluded.

Her husband, as if inclining to this probability, continued the undisturbed dissection of his chicken wing; but Mr. Benn, perhaps aware that his situation demanded a more punctilious attitude, sternly revolved upon the parapet of his high collar in the direction of Mrs. Mears's glance.

"What, that fellow all alone over there? Why, *he 's* not French; he 's an American," he then proclaimed with a perceptible relaxing of the facial muscles.

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Mears, as perceptibly disappointed, and Mr. Benn continued carelessly: "He came over on the steamer with me. He 's some kind of an artist—a fellow named Deering. He was staring at *me,* I guess: wondering whether I was going to remember him. Why, how d' 'e do? How are you? Why, yes, of course; with pleasure—my friends, Mrs. Harvey Mears—Mr. Mears; my friends Miss Macy and Miss West."

"I have the pleasure of knowing Miss West," said Vincent Deering with a smile.

VI

Even through his smile Lizzie had seen, in the first moment, how changed he was; and the impression of the change deepened to the point of pain when, a few days later, in reply to his brief note, she accorded him a private hour.

That the first sight of his writing—the first answer to her letters—should have come, after three long years, in the shape of this impersonal line, too curt to be called humble, yet confessing to a consciousness of the past by the studied avoidance of its language! As she read, her mind flashed back over what she had dreamed his letters would be, over the exquisite answers she had composed above his name. There was nothing exquisite in the conventional lines before her; but dormant nerves began to throb again at the mere touch of the paper he had touched, and she threw the little note into the fire before she dared to reply to it.

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Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski

"A SOLITARY GENTLEMAN STRAINING FOR GLIMPSES OF THE GROUP"

Now that he was actually before her again, he became, as usual, the one live spot in her consciousness. Once more her tormented throbbing self sank back passive and numb, but now with all its power of suffering mysteriously transferred to the presence, so known, yet so unknown, at the opposite corner of her hearth. She was still Lizzie West, and he was still Vincent Deering; but the Styx rolled between them, and she saw his face through its fog. It was his face, really, rather than his words, that told her, as she furtively studied it, the tale of failure and slow discouragement which had so blurred its handsome lines. She kept afterward no precise memory of the actual details of his narrative: the pain it evidently cost him to impart it was so much the sharpest fact in her new vision of him. Confusedly, however, she gathered that on reaching America he had found his wife's small property gravely impaired; and that, while lingering on to secure what remained of it, he had contrived to sell a picture or two, and had even known a brief moment of success, during which he received orders and set up a studio. But inexplicably the tide had ebbed, his work remained on his hands, and a tedious illness, with its miserable sequel of debt, soon wiped out his small advantage. There followed a period of eclipse, still more vaguely pictured, during which she was allowed to infer that he had tried his hand at divers means of livelihood, accepting employment from a fashionable house-decorator, designing wall-papers, illustrating magazine articles, and acting for a time, she dimly understood, as the social tout of a new hotel desirous of advertising its restaurant. These disjointed facts were strung on a slender thread of personal allusions—references to friends who had been kind (jealously, she guessed them to be women), and to enemies who had darkly schemed against him. But, true to his tradition of "correctness," he carefully avoided the mention of names, and left her trembling conjectures to grope dimly through an alien crowded world in which there seemed little room for her small shy presence.

As she listened, her private pang was merged in the intolerable sense of his unhappiness. Nothing he had said explained or excused his conduct to her; but he had suffered, he had been lonely, had been humiliated, and she suddenly felt, with a fierce maternal rage, that there was no conceivable justification for any scheme of things in which such facts were possible. She could not have said why: she simply knew that it hurt too much to see him hurt.

Gradually it came to her that her unconsciousness of any personal grievance was due to her having so definitely determined her own future. She was glad she had decided, as she now felt she had, to marry Jackson Benn, if only for the sense of detachment it gave her in dealing with the case of Vincent Deering. Her personal safety insured her the requisite impartiality, and justified her in dwelling as long as she chose on the last lines of a chapter to which her own act had deliberately fixed the close. Any lingering hesitations as to the finality of her decision were dispelled by the imminent need of making it known to Deering; and when her visitor paused in his reminiscences to say, with a sigh, "But many things have happened to you too," his words did not so much evoke the sense of her altered fortunes as the image of the protector to whom she was about to intrust them.

"Yes, many things; it 's three years," she answered.

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Deering sat leaning forward, in his sad exiled elegance, his eyes gently bent on hers; and at his side she saw the solid form of Mr. Jackson Benn, with shoulders preternaturally squared by the cut of his tight black coat, and a tall shiny collar sustaining his baby cheeks and hard blue chin. Then the vision faded as Deering began to speak.

"Three years," he repeated, musingly taking up her words. "I 've so often wondered what they 'd brought you."

She lifted her head with a quick blush, and the terrified wish that he should not, at the cost of all his notions of correctness, lapse into the blunder of becoming "personal."

"You 've wondered?" She smiled back bravely.

"Do you suppose I have n't?" His look dwelt on her. "Yes, I daresay that *was* what you thought of me."

She had her answer pat—"Why, frankly, you know, I *did n't* think of you." But the mounting tide of her poor dishonored memories swept it indignantly away. If it was his correctness to ignore, it could never be hers to disavow.

"*Was* that what you thought of me?" she heard him repeat in a tone of sad insistence; and at that, with a quick lift of her head, she resolutely answered: "How could I know what to think? I had no word from you."

If she had expected, and perhaps almost hoped, that this answer would create a difficulty for him, the gaze of quiet fortitude with which he met it proved that she had underestimated his resources.

"No, you had no word. I kept my vow," he said.

"Your vow?"

"That you *should n't* have a word—not a syllable. Oh, I kept it through everything!"

Lizzie's heart was sounding in her ears the old confused rumor of the sea of life, but through it she desperately tried to distinguish the still small voice of reason.

"What *was* your vow? Why should n't I have had a syllable from you?"

He sat motionless, still holding her with a look so gentle that it almost seemed forgiving.

Then abruptly he rose, and crossing the space between them, sat down in a chair at her side. The deliberation of his movement might have implied a forgetfulness of changed conditions, and Lizzie, as if thus viewing it, drew slightly back; but he appeared not to notice her recoil, and his eyes, at last leaving her face, slowly and approvingly made the round of the small bright drawing-room. "This is charming. Yes, things *have* changed for you," he said.

A moment before she had prayed that he might be spared the error of a vain return upon the past. It was as if all her retrospective tenderness, dreading to see him at such a disadvantage, rose up to protect him from it. But his evasiveness exasperated her, and suddenly she felt the inconsistent desire to hold him fast, face to face with his own words.

Before she could reiterate her question, however, he had met her with another.

"You *did* think of me, then? Why are you afraid to tell me that you did?"

The unexpectedness of the challenge wrung an indignant cry from her.

"Did n't my letters tell you so enough?"

"Ah, your letters!" Keeping her gaze on his in a passion of unrelenting fixity, she could detect in him no confusion, not the least quiver of a sensitive nerve. He only gazed back at her more sadly.

"They went everywhere with me—your letters," he said.

"Yet you never answered them." At last the accusation trembled to her lips.

"Yet I never answered them."

"Did you ever so much as read them, I wonder?"

All the demons of self-torture were up in her now, and she loosed them on him, as if to escape from their rage.

Deering hardly seemed to hear her question. He merely shifted his attitude, leaning a little nearer to her, but without attempting, by the least gesture, to remind her of the privileges which such nearness had once implied.

"There were beautiful, wonderful things in them," he said, smiling.

She felt herself stiffen under his smile.

"You 've waited three years to tell me so!"

He looked at her with grave surprise. "And do you resent my telling you even now?"

His parries were incredible. They left her with a breathless sense of thrusting at emptiness, and a desperate, almost vindic-

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tive desire to drive him against the wall and pin him there.

"No. Only I wonder you should take the trouble to tell me, when at the time—"

And now, with a sudden turn, he gave her the final surprise of meeting her squarely on her own ground.

"When at the time I did n't? But how *could* I—at the time?"

"Why could n't you? You 've not yet told me?"

He gave her again his look of disarming patience. "Do I need to? Has n't my whole wretched story told you?"

"Told me why you never answered my letters?"

"Yes, since I could only answer them in one way—by protesting my love and my longing."

There was a long pause of resigned expectancy on his part, on hers, of a wild confused reconstruction of her shattered past. "You mean, then, that you did n't write because—"

"Because I found, when I reached America, that I was a pauper; that my wife's money was gone, and that what I could earn—I 've so little gift that way!—was barely enough to keep Juliet clothed and educated. It was as if an iron door had been suddenly locked and barred between us."

Lizzie felt herself driven back, panting, upon the last defenses of her incredulity. "You might at least have told me—have explained. Do you think I should n't have understood?"

He did not hesitate. "You would have understood. It was n't that."

"What was it then?" she quavered.

"It 's wonderful you should n't see! Simply that I could n't write you *that*. Anything else—not *that!*"

"And so you preferred to let me suffer?"

There was a shade of reproach in his eyes. "I suffered too," he said.

It was his first direct appeal to her compassion, and for a moment it nearly unsettled the delicate poise of her sympathies, and sent them trembling in the direction of scorn and irony. But even as the impulse rose, it was stayed by another sensation. Once again, as so often in the past, she became aware of a fact which, in his absence, she always failed to reckon with—the fact of the deep irreducible difference between his image in her mind and his actual self, the mysterious alteration in her judgment produced by the inflections of his voice, the look of his eyes, the whole complex pressure of his personality. She had phrased it once self-reproachfully by saying to herself that she "never could remember him," so completely did the sight of him supersede the counterfeit about which her fancy wove its perpetual wonders. Bright and breathing as that counterfeit was, it became a gray figment of the mind at the touch of his presence; and on this occasion the immediate result was to cause her to feel his possible unhappiness with an intensity beside which her private injury paled.

"I suffered horribly," he repeated, "and all the more that I could n't make a sign, could n't cry out my misery. There was only one escape from it all—to hold my tongue, and pray that you might hate me."

The blood rushed to Lizzie's forehead. "Hate you—you prayed that I might hate you?"

He rose from his seat, and moving closer, lifted her hand gently in his. "Yes; because your letters showed me that, if you did n't, you 'd be unhappier still."

Her hand lay motionless, with the warmth of his flowing through it, and her thoughts, too—her poor fluttering stormy thoughts—felt themselves suddenly penetrated by the same soft current of communion.

"And I meant to keep my resolve," he went on, slowly releasing his clasp. "I meant to keep it even after the random stream of things swept me back here in your way; but when I saw you the other day, I felt that what had been possible at a distance was impossible now that we were near each other. How was it possible to see you and want you to hate me?"

He had moved away, but not to resume his seat. He merely paused at a little distance, his hand resting on a chair-back, in the transient attitude that precedes departure.

Lizzie's heart contracted. He was going, then, and this was his farewell. He was going, and she could find no word to detain him but the senseless stammer "I never hated you."

He considered her with his faint grave

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smile. "It 's not necessary, at any rate, that you should do so now. Time and circumstances have made me so harmless—that 's exactly why I 've dared to venture back. And I wanted to tell you how I rejoice in your good fortune. It 's the only obstacle between us that I can't bring myself to wish away."

Lizzie sat silent, spellbound, as she listened, by the sudden evocation of Mr. Jackson Benn. He stood there again, between herself and Deering, perpendicular and reproachful, but less solid and sharply outlined than before, with a look in his small hard eyes that desperately wailed for reëmbodiment.

Deering was continuing his farewell speech. "You 're rich now, you 're free. You will marry." She vaguely saw him holding out his hand.

"It 's not true that I 'm engaged!" she broke out. They were the last words she had meant to utter; they were hardly related to her conscious thoughts; but she felt her whole will suddenly gathered up in the irrepressible impulse to repudiate and fling away from her forever the spectral claim of Mr. Jackson Benn.

(To be continued)

POEMS

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

SONG

WE who were near in the life long ago,
Nothing shall part us more, borne on the flow
Down the quick stream whither no man may know.

Though the winds bellow the black heavens under,
Terror pursue in the lightning and thunder,
Hand clasped in hand again, what now can sunder!

Hand in hand, heart to heart, ever abiding,
Heeding no ill of earth, losing, or chiding,
On to the shadow-land joyously gliding.

Let the old laughter go lilting and ringing,
Heart of youth close to the heart of youth clinging,
On to the shadow-land, hoping and singing.

MOLIÈRE[1]

HE was the first great modern. In his art
The very times their very manners show;
But for he truly drew the human heart
In his true page all times themselves shall know.

[1] Written for the forthcoming volume by Brander Matthews on Molière.

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THE PRESIDENT

GOLFING WITH PRESIDENT TAFT

BY WALTER J. TRAVIS

MR. TRAVIS

PRESIDENT TAFT is an ardent devotee of golf. Not only has he a keen love of the game for itself, born of an intimate acquaintanceship of over fifteen years as a player,—a record, by the way, that comparatively few in this country possess,—but he fully recognizes, and on several occasions has publicly dwelt upon, the great advantages it possesses for men who, like himself, have passed the meridian of life, who are not so young in respect to physical activity as to take any sustained interest in base-ball, tennis, or kindred games. Until golf was introduced here, there was little in the way of outdoor sports to appeal to the man who had reached, to say nothing of having passed, the prime of life. Now all this is changed, and Mr. Taft has been a potent factor in bringing it about.

To the uninitiated, who have never tasted the poignant joys and sorrows of the game, golf is a silly thing. Their attitude of mind toward its devotees is one of ill-concealed ridicule and intolerance, mixed with a certain scoffing contempt that a sane man can possibly find attraction in such a puerile pastime as knocking a little ball into a little hole. The very simplicity of the aim only makes it harder for the outsider to understand why it should be the subject of such intense and absorbing concentration at the hands of its followers. The truth is that those who are keenly interested in the game live in a world apart from those who do not play, and there is created among the brotherhood a spirit of freemasonry, an active, dominant sympathy, quite irrespective of relative degrees of skill or discrepancies in age. It is enough that they worship at the same shrine.

A dozen years ago the game was confined to a few of the larger centers. Now nearly every small town has a golf-club. A decade hence, at the present rate of progression, it will be played everywhere. Not a little of this is undoubtedly due to President Taft's example. Many men who otherwise might not have been led to take up the game have done so since Mr. Taft became Chief Executive, a little over a year ago. Brushing aside the undisguised lack of sympathy, and ignoring the ridicule which surely would have been their portion a couple of years ago, they have consoled themselves with the reflection that what is good enough for the President is good enough for them.

On every hand we see men of mature age playing golf, and reveling in it. It little matters to them that they have no great hope or expectation of ever playing well enough to enter any competition, much less any championship event. It is enough that they can now and then beat a chosen opponent who is in their class; and no matter how indifferent their game, they can always find a man of their own caliber to make a good match.

A year or so ago the President told me that his golf was of such a quality as to warrant his describing it as "bumble-puppy." He was altogether too modest. I know personally scores and scores of golfers who would almost be tempted to sell their immortal souls could they but put up such a game as he does. Quite out-

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THE FOURSOME

From left to right the players are President Taft, Mr. Travis, General Edwards, and Captain Butt.

side this, however, they, like the President, are fully alive to the inestimable benefits conferred upon them by an occasional round.

Many a man I have met who has freely and gratefully admitted that golf has saved his life. Thousands more have been rejuvenated, have been given an object in life that takes them out into the open, to their immediate benefit physically, morally, and spiritually.

As I have already said, Mr. Taft has, both by example and precept, directly been the agency which has given numberless men a new lease of life. And it has not ended there. A round of golf, even though it be indulged in only once a week, puts a man in better shape for his daily task, no matter what his profession or occupation.

Golf makes better husbands, better citizens, enriching both the domestic and civic circles.

Golf in its very essence is preëminently a game that puts a man upon his honor, one that unflinchingly demands square dealing between man and man, and necessarily cultivates and develops in the highest and broadest degree uprightness of character, followed, as a natural corollary, by courteous consideration of the "other fellow." It is true, unfortunately, that there are some black sheep, but golf, if anything, can convert a black sheep into a white one.

A player for fifteen years, the President is not a novice. No man can serve an apprenticeship of that length of time, and have so keen a love for the game as Mr. Taft has, without being able to play well. And the President does play a good game —a very good one considering, if I may be allowed to say so, the handicap of avoirdupois. One of the most noticeable features of his game is his entire obliviousness to all outside influences when playing a stroke; and even more striking is the intensity and duration of his gaze when addressing the ball. There is virtually no preliminary waggle. A glance in the proper direction, and the stance is at once taken, the right foot rather back of the left, both somewhat closer together than usual. At the same time the club is laid back of the ball, and there it remains stationary for an appreciable time,—much longer even than with the ordinarily slow

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player,—during which the eye is glued on the ball. Then, with a faster up-swing than all this would indicate, going back a little more than half-way to the horizontal, down comes the club with corresponding speed, the finish being about equivalent to the back-swing.

Usually, the results are good. Now and then the stroke is made a little heavy, particularly with irons. With wood there is, if anything, a tendency not to get down to the ball sufficiently. How much of these half-flubs is attributable to the unusually long time consumed in the address is an open question. It would really seem that such fixity of gaze could not be maintained for more than a few seconds without materially affecting the retinal image of the ball or of paralyzing in some measure the intensity of the stimulation necessary for the proper exertion of the stroke.

In "The Mystery of Golf" we are told:

Muscles are moved by orders issued by the neurone or nerve center governing these muscles; when the neurone receives conflicting orders from headquarters, it transmits only one, and this is determined by (a) its strength; (b) its character; or (c) its freshness. Accordingly, the task for the golfer is by no means an easy one, for he has to move several sets of muscles, and he has to see to it that the orders issued to their respective neurones are strong, are of a particular character, and are fresh. If he does not know what sort of an order to issue; if, for instance, he forgets for the fractional part of a second any one of the numerous injunctions imperative for a proper stroke—the firm grip, the eye on the ball, the head steady, the right foot fixed, the rhythmic back-swing, the twist of the wrists, the accelerated velocity, the hit at the impact, the glorious follow-through, to say nothing of the preliminary stance, waggle, judging of distance, and correct angle of feet, elbows, body, and what-not—well, all I can say is that woe betides him.

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THE PRESIDENT WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF THE BALL

The President plays with clubs that are fairly long and heavy, the irons specially so. His driver and brassey are about forty-seven inches and weigh about fourteen ounces. His putter would not allow him to compete in any of the British championships. It is of the center-shafted type that has been barred by St. Andrew's. When I asked him how he would manage in the suggested match against his excellency Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, he laughingly intimated that he was not worrying a bit about that.

I had the honor of playing with Mr. Taft last year, and again in the early part of June at Chevy Chase, just outside of Washington, which, by the way, he negotiates right along in the nineties. Last summer he played a good deal at Myopia, which he told me he has done under one hundred, notwithstanding that it is generally regarded as a very difficult course to score on, due in no small measure to the inordinate keenness of the greens, a feature which does not appeal overstrongly to him, nor to any one else, for that matter. As some one rather aptly

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put it, "It is like playing billiards with the cloth off." Then the "rough" is very rough, so that lost balls are not at all uncommon. Last summer two of the President's friends played there. I am told, on reliable authority, that the first hole was won in 18 to 19, the second in 23 to 26, the third in 11 to 13, and thereafter both went to pieces! When the President inquired the outcome of the match, Judge W—— said that he was one up, he having lost only six balls as against his opponent's seven.

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THE PRESIDENT SCORING UP A THREE

Some of the features of a more recent Presidential match may be worthy of notice. It was a best-ball match, with the President and myself against Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards and Captain

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Archie W. Butt, military aide to the President. The arrangement was that we were to allow them a stroke a hole on the best ball at match-play, with another side match conceding a stroke a hole on the combined medal scores. This is known as the Presidential system. For instance, on the first hole (292 yards) our side got threes, making our aggregate score six. Our opponents got fives, making a total of ten, less the one stroke allowance. So that we won the hole on both methods of scoring. The President got his three by hitting a very good tee-shot, followed by a fine approach and a superb down-hill putt of eight yards.

At the second tee Mr. Taft remarked that he could not keep up that pace; and he did not, for he topped his tee-shot. So did Captain Butt, much to his chagrin, for he "did everything all right," as he said. Some one suggested that General Edwards, who had cracked off a good shot, had left undone several things which he should have done, and had done several things which he should have left undone, but he had hit the ball: that was the chief difference between the strokes.

The second hole was halved; so was the third (344 yards), where Mr. Taft got a good four. The fourth (145 yards) we won in two to a net three, thanks to a long putt, whereupon Captain Butt sententiously observed, with a tinge of sadness in his tones and a deprecatory shake of the head, "There must be something in this putting, after all." For, be it known, the captain is not a good putter, seemingly trusting to luck rather than to any clearly defined system to get his ball into, or even near, the hole. Halves followed at the fifth and sixth; the military couple lost the next, but got divides at the eighth and ninth, turning three down.

Going to the eighth, Captain Butt sliced his tee-shot into a clump of trees. As we were walking along, I said to General Edwards: "The last time we played, you enriched golf terminology with the word 'pampas' [the rough]. Now can't you make a further contribution by telling me what the equivalent is for woods?"

"Bosky," replied the general.

"I beg your pardon, how do you spell it?"

"Bosky—b-o-s-q-u-e."

"Now, look here," interjected Captain Butt, "it 's all very well enriching the vocabulary of golf, but what I object to is its being done at my expense."

It was on this hole that the President betrayed the one and only outward sign of irritation during the entire match, or, rather, the whole series of matches. Unlike the most of us, he is imperturbable over his mistakes, philosophically accepting them as part of the game. On the other hand, he is visibly pleased when he makes a particularly good shot, frequently indulging in a hearty, whole-souled laugh. And he takes a kindly pleasure in good-naturedly quizzing his opponent when anything out of the way happens. However, on this particular occasion he had an easy putt, which he failed to make. And he missed the next, a little bit of a thing! Scores, hundreds, nay, thousands, of men have been known, under like circumstances, to say and do things which could not be repeated here. With an air of mild disgust the President contented himself, however, with a mere, "Oh, pshaw!"

Do not imagine from this little episode that he is not vitally interested in the game all through. Every stroke is played as though he were a Braid or a Vardon competing for the world's championship. He never gives up. No matter how darkly the goddess of golf may frown upon his efforts, he still strives his hardest to regain her favor, playing the game for all he is worth all the time. And when he has holed out, whether it be a three or a seven, the score is duly recorded in his score-book without any exultation on the one hand or "hard-luck" stories on the other. You never hear him wailing against fate and bemoaning his luck when he gets a poor lie or a bad kick-off—or the hundred and one things that go to make up the chapter of hard-luck stories with which the average golfer regales his admirers, sympathizing friends, and others. No, the President plays the game all through the piece. Many of us do not. Just to show how keen he is, I may perhaps be allowed to say that before the game came to an end, which it finally did on the fourteenth green by six up and four to play in our favor, the bye-holes being played out, and our best ball for the round being sixty-nine, the President said: "Brother Travis, what are you going to do to-morrow?" I replied that, unfortunately, I had to get back to New York, and had made all ar-

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rangements to leave that night. Well, all objections were finally overruled, and a return match was fixed for the following day. Despite the fact that it rained, and rained hard, Mr. Taft was duly on hand, and the entire match was played—the full round—in an ever-increasing downpour. The President played even better than on the day before, for the first nine, to the tune of three strokes, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, and that, too, with a six on the first hole, as against a three the previous day.

They have at Chevy Chase a very trying drive on the seventeenth hole. Paralleling the line of play on the left is Bradley Lane, which is out of bounds. To the right is a "spinney," or clump of woods, the "bosque" being some 220 yards from the tee. The fairway is rather narrow, and a pull means Bradley Lane, while a slice means a lost stroke. When the Presidential side prepared to tee up, General Edwards proceeded to dwell at length upon the necessity of placing the tee-shot straight down the alley, so as to avoid Bradley Lane. Bradley Lane was out of bounds and Bradley Lane was the one place that a man must steer clear of. The General grew eloquent on the subject of Bradley Lane. But, alas! for the power of suggestion, it recoiled only on the author's head. All except General Edwards, who struck off last, steered clear of Bradley Lane.

They digged a pit,
  They digged it deep,
They digged it for their brothers;
  But for their sin
  They did fall in
The pit they digged for t' others.

IN ABSENCE

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

I KNOW that others wait like me,
  But, oh, their eyes! They strike me blind.
'T is when they 're kindest that I see,
  Now she 's away, how hers were kind.

The word each heart with good intent
  Speaks from the sorrow that it knows
Reminds me that the sweetest scent
  Comes with the wind that strews the rose.

And every clasp they reach to still
  The ache, and show they understand,
But proves the whole world cannot fill
  This hand that 's empty of her hand.

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WILLIAM ORPEN, A NEW BRITISH PAINTER

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Author of "Modern Artists"

THE recent characterization of the Royal Academy as the War Office of British art, inasmuch as it seems to care for nothing save its old custom of plodding along far in the rear of present-day requirements, is scarcely accurate, in view of the progressive spirit which has marked its career during the last few seasons. Nothing better indicates the temper of such an organization than the periodical accessions to its ranks, and every now and again the academy has the sagacity to administer to itself an infusion of fresh blood from some radically outside source. It is to the New English Art Club that the Burlington House oligarchy usually turns for this much-needed rejuvenation, such men as Sargent, Clausen, La Thangue, and Furse having successively been enfolded by the older institution. That other vital spot in current British art, the Glasgow School, has also proved a propitious recruiting-ground, having contributed George Henry and William Strang, while prominent among independent acquisitions may be mentioned the name of J. J. Shannon.

It is, however, in the recent appointment of William Orpen as an associate that the academy has particularly distinguished itself for progressive discernment. Being an Irishman, it is not unnatural that Mr. Orpen should be independent, even refractory, in his attitude toward approved discipline and established authority. He was certainly so in his student days, and it is doubtful whether the esthetic quiescence of his present surroundings will materially diminish that racy individuality which is his cherished characteristic both as man and artist.

The career of the new associate has been singularly brief and successful. Born just two-and-thirty years ago at Stillorgan, County Dublin, he entered the Metropolitan School of Art at the none too august age of eleven. After seven years of routine instruction in Dublin, during which he mastered with native aptness and facility the principles of academic training in drawing, composition, and color, he went to London in order to complete his apprenticeship at the Slade School.

If the early tuition had been systematic and soulless, that which the youthful prize-winner received at the Slade was the exact contrary, for nowhere are the priceless gifts of personality and independent vision more scrupulously fostered than in the Gower Street classes. Here the young artist was no longer required to execute minutely measured drawings or painfully to copy still-life or the model. It was a free yet unified impression of reality which he was inspired to transcribe. He was furthermore taught to think in, rather than to think of, paint; and it is precisely these qualities which to-day give his work its unfailing zest and spontaneity.

The young man's exit from the Slade, after a sojourn of two years, was peculiarly typical of his temperament. As a definitive test of attainment, he was given Shakspere's "Hamlet" for a theme. Instead of treating it in the historical manner still beloved of the schools, his composition showed the actual interior of a theater, with a rehearsal of the play in progress. Though dark in tone, the sketch was full of ready fancy and vivacity of handling, and, despite this liberal interpretation of the conditions of the compe-

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tition, those in authority were obliged to accord the promising insurgent his cleverly but unconventionally won honors.

Painted by William Orpen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"YOUNG IRELAND"

The same year that saw Mr. Orpen's piquant departure from the Slade, also witnessed his début at the summer show of the New English Art Club, that goal toward which all students of the Gower Street institution logically strive. If the Slade is the cradle of the best contemporary British art, membership in the New English is the most cherished distinction within grasp of the younger generation. It took William Orpen only a twelvemonth to achieve this honor, his portrait of Augustus E. John, exhibited the suc-

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ceeding year at the Dudley Gallery, winning him the coveted election.

For just a decade the young Irishman has been one of the stanchest supporters of the club, his canvases dividing attention with those of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Steer, and Mr. John. While his most individual work both in oil and in black-and-white has been seen at the always tonic displays of the New English, during the interval Mr. Orpen has widened his appeal and met with commensurate appreciation. In 1904 he was awarded the diploma of an associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy, attaining full membership four years later; in 1905 he became a member of the Society of Portrait Painters, and the following season he joined the more cosmopolitan ranks of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. So fresh are his recent honors in the mind of the public that it is merely necessary, as a matter of record, to recall that, in addition to having been appointed an associate of the Royal Academy, this spring he also won the first prize and gold medal at the Car-

Painted by William Orpen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE DEAD PTARMIGAN"

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Painted by William Orpen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"A BLOOMSBURY FAMILY" (THE FAMILY OF WILLIAM NICHOLSON)

negie Institute, Pittsburg, for his whimsical and joyously clever "Portrait of the Artist," showing himself reflected in the big mirror of his picturesquely furnished studio.

The art of this latest aspirant to be added to the category of modern masters may be seen to advantage not only at the current exhibitions in London and elsewhere, but in numerous public and private collections throughout the kingdom. While not as yet admitted to the callous and conservative Tate, it already enlivens the galleries of Dublin, Belfast, Leeds, and Oldham, and will shortly find representation at Johannesburg. Wherever and whenever it appears, it produces the same impression of sprightly, unfettered observation and supple, assured craftsmanship. During his early, formative years, the painter won initial recognition in the field of what may be termed interior genre, usually supplemented by more or less explicit portraiture, and it is in this same province that his most congenial triumphs are to-day recorded. Mr. Orpen, together with his colleagues in the ranks of the New English Art Club, Mr. McEvoy and Mr. Rothenstein, have virtually recreated this neglected phase of esthetic expression. Their work breathes a distinct mid-Victorian flavor. Steeped in the quaint atmosphere of the past, it is not without the power of offering an authentic picture of the present. The figures are now accorded more, now less, prominence; the setting varies at will as to completeness, but that which they all strive alike to attain is a persuasive emotional unity. Built up with care and patience from scrupulously observed details, the work seldom lacks that broad power of suggestion with-

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Painted by William Orpen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"SIR VERE FOSTER, LADY FOSTER, AND CHILDREN"

out which painting remains an inert and inorganic formula.

Mr. Orpen's range, however, is by no means confined to the restrained and dignified note of "The Hon. Percy Wyndham" and kindred portrait interiors, as the whimsical "Bloomsbury Family" eloquently testifies. The quaint humor, the delightful treatment of accessories, and the resourcefully suggested atmosphere of the Regency period, render this canvas a memorable one in the painter's onward march. While it is impossible to accord kindred praise to the more florid and pictorial presentment of "Sir Vere Foster, Lady Foster, and Children," it is necessary to give the artist due credit here as elsewhere for courageously attempting to combine the decorative and realistic elements of a scene within the compass of a single frame.

Not the least significant phase of Mr. Orpen's endeavor is that which is revealed in such subjects as "The Dead Ptarmigan" and certain more racy native studies, which include "A Colleen" and "A Young Man from the West." In the earlier days his touch was flexible, but timid, coupled with a tendency to reduce the figure to too restricted a scale; but these latter canvases clearly foreshadow the approaching maturity of the artist's talent. The vivacious charm of "Grace Orpen," seen at the New English Art Club two years since, the fluent ease of the "Portrait of a Lady," which was one of the successes of the International Society's Fair Women Exhibition, and the graphic power and

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Painted by William Orpen. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THE HON. PERCY WYNDHAM"

tonal mastery of the more recent canvas "The Dead Ptarmigan," give their author assured position in the front rank of contemporary British painting. As may be inferred, his range is wide, embracing, in addition to the subjects already cited, studies in the nude, landscapes, still-life, and certain delightful portraits of children. He now and again discloses a hint of grotesque imagination in nowise incompatible with his temperament, and in nothing that he does is there the slightest diminution of that ready initiative and deft, spirited statement which were his from the outset of his career. Above all this work reveals an unusual sensitiveness to the transfusing magic of light.

Mr. Orpen is not thus far a colorist in the full comprehension of the term. His palette has little downright chromatic brilliancy. He is, rather, a luminist, and light with him becomes a veritable living pres-

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ence. It is not the solar effulgence of the South which attracts him, but that permeating radiance which filters through a London fog or tinges with silver a drifting Irish mist. It is in his manipulation of light that he evinces his incontestable mastery, and it is out of light that he evokes his subtlest yet most significant effects.

In common with the work of all the members of the modern British school, that of William Orpen is eclectic in its tendencies. In certain of these carefully wrought interiors there are memories of the serene and patient vision of the Little Dutchmen. In not a few of these portraits there are echoes of the vibrant ambience and swift, assured brushwork of Velasquez, and here and there a friendly acknowledgment has been paid the proud, incisive Manet. And yet, despite such inevitable tributes to the past, the rightful personality, the precious Celtic idiom, even, of the man has never been sacrificed to his esthetic affinities. He remains, above all else, an Irishman—an Irishman in his wit, his imaginative sensibility, and his persuasive charm of manner.

THE PROBLEM OF EFFICIENT CITY GOVERNMENT

BY WILLIAM J. GAYNOR

Mayor of the City of New York

HAVING been obliged to put off until the eve of going to press the writing of an article on municipal government, requested by the editor of THE CENTURY, I cannot now do more than say a few words on the subject generally. But had I the time, I could not well say anything of the particular things I purpose doing, or am trying to do, as Mayor of the city of New York. There is much to be done, and I am fully aware of how little I am doing, and of how little, at best, I shall have done when my time is up. Corrections and improvements in government, as in all things, may not be done at once, but only patiently and gradually, and—may I say?—charitably; explaining and teaching as you go, even as Isaiah says, "Precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little."

For instance, to recall a police force from long-continued methods in defiance of fundamental principles of free government,—principles and safeguards without which free government cannot exist or survive,—and teach it that the only effective method to preserve order and enforce the law is that prescribed by the law itself, may not be done at a stroke. In such matters you have to feed with a spoon, and a teaspoon at that. Good growth has to be slow growth, as a rule. It is God's order of the universe in all things, material and mental.

FIRST OF ALL, HONESTY AND COMPETENCY

(1) THE great problem of all is to get the government of large cities into honest and competent hands. It is in this that we have long signally failed. If a dishonest political tool was not chosen, an incompetent was, and often in the name of reform. And in the case of an honest incompetent the general result is in effect the same as in that of a dishonest competent. But the contempt of the community in the end is always greater for the former than for the latter; for with all his fine professions he does nothing. Worse than that, for lack of ability to grasp and control his government, it gets loose from him, and corruption is soon all about him,

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generally without his being able to see it. He has not eyes even in front, let alone in the back of his head.

THE "HONEST MERCHANT" DELUSION

As the times for election periodically approach, the same demand of a large number of people is regularly heard: "Just select some merchant or business man, and let him run the city government as he runs his own business." How easy it sounds! But this is one of the worst delusions concerning city government. It is true that the business affairs of a city should be carried on in a business way, and that good business and technical men should be put at the head of departments and details; but for the general management and political control—a prime essential which cannot be dispensed with—something more is needed. The government of a large city is a highly complex legal and political machine. It has, prescribed by law, all sorts of necessary checks and limitations upon official power. Government has to be conducted in accordance with those settled principles of government which have been found to be necessary to keep government within bounds and safeguard individual rights. The mayor who should disregard this, or not be able to appreciate it, or not know the distinction between a government of laws and a government of men, would straightaway have everything, or many things, in confusion. In a few months he would be a fit subject for removal or indictment. A business man may do just as he likes in his business, but not as a mayor or in any public office. There he is a mere instrument to carry out the laws. His power-of-attorney is the law.

THE TRAINING NEEDED FOR A MAYOR

No one has the right to aspire to be the mayor of a city in which the mayor is given the large and controlling powers which have grown to be the rule in American cities, without having first qualified himself by studying law and government, and by practical experience therein. Government is a science to be learned like any other science. This does not mean that a mayor must be a lawyer. Any man of good ability can prepare himself for the mayoralty of a city, as for the governorship of a State, or for the Presidency of the United States, by devoting a sufficient number of years thereto. It is a false notion that a man may jump, *per saltum,* from a bank or a business house into the mayoralty of a great city and, without any previous study or experience in government, succeed. You might as well call in a cobbler to amputate your leg as call in such a mayor to run your city. The cobbler would cut your leg off, to be sure; but what a mess he would make of it! And the same is true of such a mayor.

TO OBSERVE THE LAWS THE FIRST DUTY OF OFFICIALS

THE thing, then, is to get men who are honest—fanatically honest, if you will—and competent. Only the union of these two qualifications can suffice; and with them you will have good government whether with a good charter or a poor one; one is almost tempted to say in spite of bad laws. Such an official will know how to keep within the laws, which should be the first and most scrupulous care of all officials in a free government, and still fashion and turn good and intelligent purposes to them. Such an administration lifts government up and makes it respectable, while the other kind degrades and corrupts it and makes it contemptible in the sight of all. No one who appreciates this can enter upon the office of mayor of a large city otherwise than in a spirit of the utmost diffidence. He cannot help turning for guidance and help to Him who helps all who turn to Him sincerely. I feel certain that the able men who are my associates in the government of the city of New York are all of this same feeling.

THE FOLLY OF PARTIZANSHIP

(2) THE chief obstacle to the nomination and election of fit men to city office is national and State party prejudice or bigotry carried into local politics. It should never be mentioned there. The motto of every sensible man should be, national politics and issues for national elections, State politics and issues for State elections, and local politics and issues, and none other, for local elections. Every time this is said people who talk more than they

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think, including some newspaper editorial writers, immediately cry out that it is visionary, that parties cannot be done away with, that they are necessary. Certainly they are necessary, and there is no suggestion of doing away with them. Every party is left to make its nominations, and when all the nominations have been made, the contention is that voters should determine how they should vote without any regard to national or State parties or politics, but solely on local politics, men, and issues. Voters in local elections should cross the national-party line freely, being influenced by local considerations only. Certainly a voter who will vote for the candidates of a party in a local election simply because he believes in a protective tariff, or in free trade, or in a tariff for revenue only, or in a single standard of metallic money, which has nothing whatever to do with the case, is doing a very stupid if not degrading thing. He is responsible for local bosses: his party prejudice plays right into the hands of the boss. Macaulay would say of him that he is in that most happy of all conditions: namely, not quite sane enough for liberty, and yet not sufficiently insane for Bedlam. But I have no disposition to be so harsh as that.

LOCAL QUESTIONS SHOULD DOMINATE

NOTHING should influence the voter in a local election except the local questions of men and measures which are up for consideration. And it is a misnomer to call officials non-partizan who are elected in this discriminating way. They are partizans, but only on local issues, and it is entirely seemly and proper for them to make their appointments to office or place from the local party which elected them. There is much misunderstanding on this head. Everything being equal, they may properly prefer those who supported them. Indeed, it is necessary that a mayor's appointees be in sympathy with him and his policies. The notion of making appointments without regard to this is fanciful, some would say nonsensical, without going too far. A provision was put in the New York State Constitution of 1894, our present Constitution, separating local elections from national and State elections, to the end that voters should be freed from the distractions and bigotries of State and national politics in local elections, and its effect has now grown large.

BOSS-CONTROL PASSING

(3) AN inevitable cause of corrupt local government is the control of the government or the conduct of officials by outside bosses or organizations. The long era of that condition is passing. When the writer of this article so stated in Tammany Hall during the last mayoralty contest in the city of New York, he received more ridicule than sober consideration for it. And yet we are on the eve of being completely emancipated from such condition. Only an ignorant or corrupt community could elect a mayor who would be such a tool. A public official should act from a sense of official responsibility only. This does not mean that he should ignore politicians or party leaders, or refuse to consult with them or listen to them, but only that in the end he should follow his own enlightened official judgment in every official act. A mayor, governor, or President may learn much in respect of what not to do, as well as of what to do, by listening to the advice of political leaders, or even political bosses, as they are called. It is only a weakling who will declare after reaching some high office that he will have nothing to do with "politicians"; and it is always painful to see such an official so distrustful of his own fortitude or integrity, or else so confident that he knows everything, as to assume such an attitude. It is the sign of a little man. Party leaders and politicians should receive the honorable treatment which is their due, but should not be suffered to be the real government from the outside, like the leaders of the Jacobin Club in the French Revolution.

THE "IGNORANT FOREIGNER" MISTAKE

(4) IF the people of a city are generally ignorant, base, and corrupt, they will have that kind of government, except now and then by accident or by a fortunate combination of circumstances. Government, like water, does not rise higher than its source. There are many who blame the political condition and bad government of our large cities upon what they call the

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foreign vote. The writer while he was a judge saw the day saved by the foreign contingent in the jury-box too often to be able to agree with this. The major part of the foreign vote in the city of New York is discriminating and intelligent; it is also unselfish and disinterested. There are thousands of men in the city of New York who pretend to be interested in securing good government for the city, and who talk much of reform, and denounce "Tammany," and criticize the administration of justice, and the quality of our jurors, and some of whom also enroll themselves in citizens' unions and serve on political committees, who are not voters in the city at all, having actually taken nominal or voting residences outside of the city in order to escape paying their just share of personal taxation to the city and serving as jurors a week or two once in about two years. These are the kind of people who would have you believe that the great trouble lies in the foreign vote.

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

We have also a large number of so-called "leading" citizens who call themselves reformers as each election draws near, and talk reform, although they never do any, and whose object is to see that at all hazards no real reformer be nominated or elected for mayor. They are men whose object is to control the city government for their own advantage. They are ever on the alert for franchises and privileges, to sell lands and tumble-down properties to the city at several times their actual value, and are in all large city enterprises as contractors or furnishers of material, openly sometimes, but generally under cover of other names. They haunt newspaper offices and seek to deceive the honest men of the community by inspired articles. Of all the elements in our city politics this is the most pernicious. They get a million dollars out of the city dishonestly while the "boss" gets a thousand, and secretly share with bosses. The misleading of genuine reform movements which spring from the intelligent, honest, and sincere community, is a chief business with them, and they generally succeed. The usual way is to "appoint" a committee of one hundred to take charge after the movement has got under full headway. Who the actual appointers are is observed by very few. They do not show themselves; but if you are observant enough, you may see them peeking out from behind the backs of their appointees. This committee in turn forms an executive committee of a small number, and in this executive committee the reform movement becomes locked fast, and its direction and fate are settled. The people all along may have had their minds centered on some honest and competent men whom they wanted to nominate and elect, but from this time on these are carefully excluded by the committee. Some good, safe, sane, and incompetent man is nominated, and, it may be, elected. He goes into office with the high hopes of the community, but turns out to be a failure, and every honest voter soon perceives that he is duped.

When people can be fooled in this way, you cannot blame some of them if they are ready next time to follow some miserable scamp or demagogue, who cares nothing for the city, and will assist no one in giving it good government, having nothing in view but his own laudation and his selfish purposes.

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MUNICIPAL NON-PARTIZANSHIP IN OPERATION

WHAT HAS BEEN SAVED AND GAINED IN NEW YORK IN THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF MAYOR GAYNOR'S ADMINISTRATION

BY JAMES CREELMAN

IN considering Mayor Gaynor's demonstration of the possibilities of municipal government divorced from national or State politics, and free from the control of irresponsible political bosses, it must be remembered that two thirds of the people of the country live in municipalities, and that the city of New York alone spends, including bonds and corporate stock, much more than $200,000,000 a year, or about one third of the whole cost of the government of the United States.

Stripped of all personal or party considerations, and leaving the future to itself, the results accomplished by this unusual Mayor in the first six months of his administration of the greatest and most complex municipal system in the world—for London is divided into several administrative jurisdictions, and has a homogeneous and long-settled population—furnish an impressive answer to the despairing idea that non-partizanship in local government is a mere professorial dream, an aspiration of the righteous impracticables, a moral romanticism leading to weakness and confusion.

"There is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States," wrote James Bryce. "The deficiencies of the National government tell but little for evil on the welfare of the people. The faults of the State governments are insignificant compared with the extravagance, corruption, and mismanagement which mark the administrations of most of the great cities."

Whatever bears upon the solution of this vast and humiliating problem is an inseparable part of the continent-wide movement in which the underlying common sense and civic morality of the American people is finding expression.

AN UNPLEDGED CANDIDATE

AFTER more than thirty years of fighting against political rings and bosses, William J. Gaynor, a Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, was nominated for Mayor of the American metropolis. He refused to make pledges to Tammany or to any of the organizations which supported him. To the public he said that if his lifelong record of work in behalf of pure and efficient government was not a sufficient guaranty that he would administer the city's affairs cleanly and without regard to partizan politics, he had nothing else to offer. To the committee of nine citizens which presented his name to the conventions of the several leading parties in the city he had insisted that he would not consent to be

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Mayor of New York unless he could have the office without conditions of any kind, so that the real power of the Mayoralty should be exercised by the Mayor himself, unembarrassed by political pledges or understandings, direct or indirect. He saw nothing in the office as a job; he saw much in it as an opportunity for service.

It was that refusal to allow any of the elements of a bargain to enter into his nomination, coupled with Tammany's fear of defeat,—forcing the acceptance of an unbound candidate with an irreproachable record,—that put into Mayor Gaynor's hands the supreme and indispensable instrument of non-partizan and progressive government, which is absolute independence.

As soon as he assumed office, the Mayor made it plain that the order of things had been reversed. He refused to go to the bosses. He refused to send to the bosses. The bosses went to him and submitted their suggestions, and he dealt with them as he saw fit. Even the dullest politician saw that the day had passed when "the organization" could work out a program in secret and hand it to the Mayor for fulfilment. He appointed men of character, ability, and experience to conduct the various departments of the city government. Several of them were millionaire business men. Not one was a saloonkeeper. Even the newspapers which had most bitterly opposed his election frankly applauded his appointments. When he desired advice, he consulted his official associates, not the district political leaders.

APPOINTEES FOR FITNESS

BEING free, the Mayor appointed officials who would look to him for direction, and not to any boss. He selected as Bridge Commissioner, Mr. Kingsley L. Martin, a trained and efficient engineer, of whom it is said that he knows every nut and bolt on the mighty bridges spanning the East River. The Health Commissioner, Dr. Ernest J. Lederle, held the same office under the administration of Seth Low, the Fusion-Republican Mayor, and when the question of his politics was raised recently at the City Hall, no one there could say whether he was a Democrat or a Republican. For Commissioner of Docks and Ferries the Mayor selected Calvin Tomkins, an independent Democrat and member of the Chamber of Commerce, who had deeply studied the dock facilities and commerce of New York. Mr. Tomkins is an important manufacturer, and has been frequently mentioned as an independent candidate for Mayor. The President of the Park Commission in the Borough of Manhattan, Mr. Charles B. Stover, is a public-spirited citizen who for fifteen years, without office or pay, has devoted his intelligence and strength to the cause of public parks in New York. The Deputy Commissioner of Police in Brooklyn is a Republican. The Fire Commissioner is Rhinelander Waldo, a university-bred man and a member of one of the oldest and richest families in the country. The Commissioner of Water-Supply, Gas, and Electricity, Mr. Henry S. Thompson, is a young millionaire builder, a university graduate. The Corporation Counsel, Mr. Archibald R. Watson, is a scholarly writer on legal questions, a man wholly free from association with "machine" politics. The Commissioner of Accounts, Raymond B. Fosdick, was the chief assistant of the former Commissioner, Mr. John Purroy Mitchel, whose fine record in unearthing municipal corruption caused him to be elected President of the Board of Aldermen on the ticket nominated by the Mayor's political opponents. And thus, in every direction, Mayor Gaynor made ready for a practical, sober, and reasonable test of non-partizan government.

One of the most singular and gratifying results of his course was that the other members [1] of the great Board of Estimate and Apportionment—which holds the purse and the principal powers of the municipality—several of whom were elected by the political enemies of Mr. Gaynor, supported his policies as heartily as though they had been his firm political allies. In this the Mayor proved one of his favorite theories: "Take ten Democrats and ten Republicans of equal education, ability, and honesty and put them in

[1] The Board of Estimate and Apportionment consists of Mayor Gaynor, Comptroller William A. Prendergast, President of the Board of Aldermen John Purroy Mitchel, and the five borough presidents, George McAneny, Lawrence Gresser, Cyrus C. Miller, Alfred E. Steers, and George Cromwell.

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a room: you may then present every problem of city government to them and they cannot find an excuse for dividing on lines of party politics."

DISCIPLINING THE POLICE

In order to deal with the brutality, corruption, and negligence of the police, the Mayor took the affairs of the Police Department into his own hands. All complaints came to his desk. No policeman could be "transferred" without his knowledge and authority. Within a few weeks, he dismissed about twenty-five members from the uniformed force for assaulting citizens or shirking duty. He made it known that he would "break" every one of the ten thousand policemen in New York if that should be necessary to put an end to the clubbing and insulting of citizens. New Yorkers rubbed their eyes. Could it be possible? The Mayor announced that he would not only dismiss policemen guilty of unjustifiable clubbing, but would have them prosecuted in the courts like other criminals. Scores of uniformed offenders, from inspectors and captains down to the humblest patrolmen, were summoned to the City Hall. There was no escape; the Mayor knew the law, and was determined to enforce it. There was no hidden political council to which the policemen could appeal. They were face to face with unshakable authority. There was nothing to do but obey, and for many months the people of New York City have been wondering why they tolerated police ruffianism so long when it was so easy to put a stop to it.

When the organized saloon-keepers of the city found that he had destroyed the political channels through which they usually sought protection when they were violating the law, they went to the Mayor and admitted to him that it was their practice to raise hundreds of thousands of dollars every year as a secret fund to influence legislation and save their members from punishment. The Mayor promised to see that they should get just treatment in the future, but insisted that they should cease collecting money for such purposes. Since then the saloon-keepers' big fund has been abandoned.

Then Mr. Gaynor struck a tremendous blow at the giant system of police blackmail by issuing an order that, as the excise law provides, the police should require all saloon-keepers to have the windows of their bar-rooms uncurtained and unobstructed, so that everything within should be clearly seen from the sidewalk. Policemen were forbidden, on pain of dismissal, to enter saloons for the purpose of making excise arrests, but were instructed to take notes of what they saw from the outside, swear to their statements, and turn them over to the proper authorities for prosecution. That made it impossible for a policeman to become rich by blackmail, as before.

The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, a great organization embracing virtually the whole police force, began to gather a secret fund of something like $125,000 by collecting twenty-five dollars from every policeman. This was not a new thing. By means of such funds the police had secretly purchased legislation, and had even controlled the powers of their superiors. Mayor Gaynor made a search for this fund. He found that between $12,000 and $13,000 had already been raised and deposited in a trust company; but from that day on not another dollar was contributed by the policemen to the fund.

In his determination to take the real control of the police and fire departments out of the hands of the political leaders, and to make intelligence and efficiency the only possible path for an ambitious policeman or fireman, Mr. Gaynor ordered that in future all appointments for promotion in the police and fire departments, without exception, should be made in numerical order from the civil-service list. This was the refinement of cruelty. The Fire Commissioner discovered in his office a civil-service list in which every applicant for promotion or appointment had the name of a Tammany district-leader written opposite his name as his sponsor.

ELIMINATION OF GRAFT

One of the Mayor's first acts was to direct the removal of a principal lieutenant of "Big Tim" Sullivan, Bowery boss of Tammany, from office as Water Register. In spite of the fact that he was one of the best-known Tammany men in the city, and for years the almost inseparable companion of one of its most powerful and unscrupulous leaders, the administra-

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tion of his office was pitilessly investigated. Among other things, it was found that something like $4000 had been spent on an automobile that cost less than $1000, and that he had actually purchased a fine private yacht for his use as Water Register. After reading the report of the investigation, the Mayor ordered Water Commissioner Thompson to remove the Register at once. The fine yacht was turned over to the Sinking Fund Commission for sale. The offender's place was promptly filled by a young business man and builder whose political views or associations the Mayor did not know for many months afterward. This made a great stir among the politicians still holding city offices, for it was an unmistakable and inescapable notice that no partizan political influence could serve to hold an unfit man in his position.

The direct result of this action, aside from its moral aspect, is interesting. In the first five months after the Register was removed, the city's collections from the sale of water increased $1,279,202.63, as compared with the same period last year. Surely it is not an unworkable theory of government that can add more than a million and a quarter of dollars to the city's funds in five months! Besides, the financial clerk in the Water Register's office in the Borough of Queens was found to be short in his accounts. He was arrested and indicted. There were discrepancies discovered in the accounts of the Water Register in Brooklyn and he was dismissed from office. The whole system of collecting water taxes was completely reorganized.

Through his Commissioner of Accounts, the Mayor searched the Department of Docks and Ferries, the most politics-ridden division of the city government. For years this department has been a stronghold of corruption and a thorn in the side of New York's commerce. It was found that the city was being robbed of certain wharfage fees. Six out of the twenty dockmasters had pocketed a part of the money collected. Not more than forty per cent. of this revenue had been turned into the treasury.

Notwithstanding the fact that these six dockmasters were protected by great Tammany leaders, warrants were issued for all of them. Three escaped to Canada; the other three were caught. After the first one had fled, Mayor Gaynor, reviving an ancient prerogative of his office, drew up a warrant with his own hands for the arrest of a dockmaster who was not only a relative of Boss Murphy of Tammany, but was also a brother-in-law of one of the Mayor's most important commissioners. When the prisoner was taken to the City Hall, this brother-in-law, a man of high character and greatly respected by Mr. Gaynor, appeared and, with much distress, announced his relationship to the accused man. Nevertheless, the Mayor's spear knew no brother-in-law, and in the very presence of the embarrassed commissioner, he held the dockmaster in $5000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Dividends on non-partizan government? Well, it is estimated that the substitution of honest men to take the place of these six dockmasters will increase the revenue of the city more than $100,000 this year. In addition to this, the investigation showed that $175,000 a year could be saved in pay-rolls for the municipal ferry-boats operated by this department. The pay-rolls were padded because men had to be "taken care of" for political reasons.

NON-PARTIZAN ECONOMY

HAVING no political obligations to hamper him, the Mayor caused the Commissioner of Accounts to investigate the cost of a gigantic tuberculosis hospital at Sea View, Staten Island. His predecessor, Mayor McClellan, had actually let the contracts for this work. The estimated cost was $3,500,000, and $2,500,000 was already authorized in corporate stock. The investigation resulted in cutting off $100,000 in the actual expense, and the plans were so reorganized that it was made possible to construct a thoroughly equipped tuberculosis hospital for $2,500,000, thus saving $1,000,000 from the original estimate of cost.

An investigation into the Children's Bureau of the Department of Charities showed that a clerk, charged with the duty of receiving moneys from the parents of children committed to charitable institutions, had been stealing large amounts of these moneys for three years. It is believed that this discovery, followed by

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the installation of a proper business system, will enlarge the city's revenues this year by at least $25,000.

An extensive examination by the Commissioner of Accounts was made into the affairs of the office of the President of the Borough of Queens. As a direct result of these examinations, a number of indictments were secured from the Grand Jury. An ex-superintendent of sewers was indicted for grand larceny. A former secretary of the borough, and now justice of the Third District Municipal Court, Borough of Queens, was likewise indicted for grand larceny. An important Democratic leader was indicted for grand larceny. The Democratic boss of Long Island City and political manager for the President of the Borough of Queens, was indicted for grand larceny. A former superintendent of sewers was also indicted for grand larceny. All these men have been important leaders in the Democratic party in Queens, and their indictment is a severe blow to the hopes of the organization.

The Mayor's tireless searching revealed the fact that many laborers and watchmen in the Department of Docks and Ferries were working under dead men's names, in order to cheat the civil-service rules. The responsibility for these crimes was fixed on a Tammany district-leader. A number of arrests were promptly made.

Three days after Mr. Gaynor took office he received an anonymous letter saying that an important official in the Fire Department spent most of his time in a saloon and that he was the owner of two saloons. Avoiding the usual futile investigation through routine department officials, the Mayor found that the official complained of gave a large part of his time to his two saloons and to the Brooklyn Democratic headquarters, where he was well known. The man was at once removed. This is only one of many similar investigations, with similar results. Politicians soon gave up trying to interfere.

MILLIONS SAVED WITH EASE

A WHISK of the Mayor's free pen saved the city more than $1,000,000 in the business of the great Catskill water-supply work. An army of more or less useless political favorites were discharged from their places. The land condemnation methods were reorganized. The bills of the condemnation commissioners were cut about $10,000 a month. The force of a hundred appraisers was reduced to fifty. Yet the work went on better and faster than before. The 129 condemnation commissioners, receiving $50 a day, were forced to wind up their business more promptly. A staff of young lawyers, at $250 a month, took the place of favored lawyers at high prices. For instance, one lawyer who got $170,000 for two years' services in connection with the Catskill land condemnations, was superseded by a young man who did more work for $250 a month. It is a moderate thing to say that the reforms effected in the Catskill Water-Supply enterprise will save New York at least $1,000,000 a year.

The Mayor also had the Aqueduct Commission abolished. It was an unnecessary department, a refuge for political hacks, which cost about $250,000 a year. The duties of the commissioners were put upon the Commissioner of Water-Supply, who receives $7500 a year. That one stroke, when matters are adjusted, will save about $200,000 a year.

But it was not only in punishing dishonest and incompetent officeholders, in stopping waste, in compelling the police to abandon their brutal and lawless methods, in reorganizing the business of the great municipal departments, that the Mayor showed the enormous value of non-partizanship in action. The story of that sort of reform is almost endless—discoveries of discrepancies in the accounts of clerks in the courts of inferior jurisdiction throughout the city; the removal of oppressive and extortionate Mayor's marshals, both Democrats and Republicans; the discovery and punishment of a perjured professional bondsman, and the exposure of the system under which such a crime was possible; the wholesale exposure by a special commission of deliberate waste in the printing of the "City Record," an official paper published daily by the municipality, demonstrating an unnecessary loss of perhaps $150,000 a year through the methods of a Tammany-favored printing company, the head of which was president of the Mayor's own club and had recently given a banquet to Mr. Gaynor; to say nothing of the discovery by the same able commission of an

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inexcusable waste of $100,000 a year in the cost of publishing official reports; of $120,000 a year in the purchase of stationery; and of $40,000 a year for other supplies, a total loss of $410,000 a year in the conduct of the "City Record" office. The appointment as Supervisor of the "City Record" of David Ferguson, whose party politics the Mayor did not inquire into, has already resulted in a reorganization that may, it is estimated, save to the city from $800,000 to $1,000,000 a year. These were not the only products of official independence in the first city of the American continent.

FOR JUDICIAL DESPATCH

In appointing judges for the inferior courts, under a new law the Mayor named for Chief-Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, a $10,000 office, Professor Isaac Franklin Russell, whose politics he did not know. When the newspapers printed sketches of Professor Russell's career, they were divided as to his party, some saying that he was a Republican and others that he was a Democrat. When Mr. Adamson, the Mayor's secretary, called attention to this dispute, Mr. Gaynor wrote the following letter to the new magistrate:

DEAR PROF. RUSSELL:

My secretary calls my attention to the fact that one newspaper says this morning that you are a Republican and another that you are a Democrat. We have worked together all these years for certain principles and ideals in government without it ever occurring to me which you were.

If you really are a Republican, I am more convinced than ever that between a good Democrat and a bad Republican there is very little difference after all.

Sincerely yours,

W. J. Gaynor.

The Mayor also wrote this characteristic letter to Professor Russell:

CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.

June 30, 1910.

SIR:

In appointing you head Justice of the Court of Special Sessions I desire to call your attention to the arrears of business and other conditions in that court. I appoint you to see that they are done away with. The ample powers of direction and control given to you by the new act should be exercised by you to the full to that end, and the other justices will loyally support you, no doubt. I receive constant complaint of the said delays and conditions. It is coming to pass that business men prefer to let criminal offenses against them go than prosecute them. They have to go before a magistrate, often several times, and then several months later that is repeated in the Special Sessions. The annoyance is more than should be borne. The administration of justice in these courts should be prompt. Nor should gross offenders be induced to plead guilty with a promise of being dealt too lightly with. Trials are troublesome, but should not be avoided in that way.

Very truly yours,

W. J. Gaynor,
Mayor.

Prof. Isaac Franklin Russell.

The other judges appointed were all Democrats, but among them was Otto Kempner, notable as a fighter against the methods and influence of Richard Croker, the old Tammany boss.

His political independence enabled the Mayor to deal sanely with bills affecting the city which came to him from the Legislature for approval or disapproval. A great list of foolish measures come to the Mayor every year. Mr. Gaynor made a unique record in his first six months' work, vetoing something like sixty per cent. of this legislation.

SUMMARY END TO A TAX SCANDAL

It has been said that a moral proposition cannot be altered by expressing it in terms of five figures; but there are moral considerations worked out in the first six months of Mayor Gaynor's administration that can be expressed in terms of many millions. Among these are the astonishing corporate tax cases, to which Mr. Gaynor applied the principles of honesty and common sense.

One day a prominent lawyer representing the nine great corporations which supply New York City with gas and electricity walked into the Mayor's office and informed him that for nine years his clients had not paid their taxes, nor had the city paid to them any of its vast bills for light. For nine years the city and the corpora-

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tions had been at war. For nine years litigation involving many millions of dollars had been going on in the courts. His clients had tried to get the city to allow them to pay their taxes and to get an adjustment on other than sharp technical lines. They had gone to one official, only to be sent to another, and another, and still another.

The Mayor invited the officials of the lighting companies to come to his office. He introduced them to the Comptroller and Corporation Counsel, and asked them all to get together and bring the wasteful conflict to an end. In a few days a settlement involving $15,452,235, including the claims of both sides, was made, a balance check for $572,863 was paid into the municipal treasury, and litigation that was costing the city more than $200,000 a year was brought to an end.

That frank, fair treatment of the lighting companies brought the Receiver of the Third Avenue Railway Company to the Mayor. For nine years the company had been trying to have its taxes adjusted and its money accepted; for nine years it had been fighting in the courts. Again the Mayor asked the Comptroller and the Corporation Counsel to work out a settlement. Within a week or two the matter was arranged, and the Third Avenue Railway Company paid $1,800,000 to the city. That also ended nine years of costly litigation.

Then the Metropolitan Street Railway Company asked the Mayor to have the taxes of its thirteen lines adjusted, so that it might settle in cash with the city. That also terminated an expensive series of lawsuits and brought $3,750,000 to the city.

The aggregate assessed values of corporate franchises and other corporate property involved in litigation when the Mayor assumed office at the first of the year was the enormous sum of $1,489,849,478, nearly a billion and a half of dollars. Taking the results of test cases in the courts as a basis, this sum was reduced by compromises to the extent of $392,886,615.75. In the first five months of Mr. Gaynor's non-partizan government, about $20,000,000 of corporate taxes were adjusted and many years of wasteful fighting in the courts avoided.

From even the most sordid and material point of view it pays a city well to deal fairly with business men. Mayor Gaynor not only gave the great corporations of New York a chance to pay their taxes on a just basis, but he showed his broad and reasonable attitude toward citizens of wealth and property by appealing to the legislature to abolish the tax on personal property. In former times this tax brought a great revenue. But special laws taxing bonds, stocks, and other kinds of personal property have cut down the general personal tax revenue of the metropolis to about $4,500,000 a year. The personal-tax system was an open and prolific incentive to perjury. Its inquisitorial features exasperated thousands of the richest citizens of New York, who, to escape it, made their homes elsewhere. For instance, Andrew Carnegie has paid $50,000 a year rather than be questioned by the tax commissioners about his personal affairs, although the officials who enforce the tax frankly admit that Mr. Carnegie is probably not liable for more than a few hundred dollars. Mr. Carnegie wrote a letter to Mayor Gaynor expressing his indignation, and saying that unless the system was abolished he should feel like leaving New York and living somewhere else. The Mayor made an earnest effort to get rid of the personal tax in order that thousands of the ablest business men and property owners who once lived in New York might be drawn back, to vote in the city, to become interested in its government, to regard it as their home, and not merely a place to work in.

THE MAYOR AS A LETTER-WRITER

THE number of letters received by Mayor Gaynor daily is very large—larger, it is said, than the White House mail. He writes freely to every one, with no fear of expressing his convictions. Some of his letters, like that to the learned rat-catcher, and to the minister who asked for a license to preach Christianity to the Jews, found their way into the newspapers. The latter is as follows:

April 21, 1910.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

It seems to me that this work of proselyting from other religions and sects is very often carried too far. Do you not think the Jews have a good religion? Have not the

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Christians appropriated the entire Jewish sacred scriptures? Was not the New Testament also written entirely by Jews? Was not Jesus also born of the Jewish race, if I may speak of it with due reverence? Did not we Christians get much or the most of what we have from the Jews? Why should any one work so hard to proselytize the Jew? His pure belief in the one true living God comes down to us even from the twilight of fable, and is the one great unbroken lineage and tradition of the world. I do not think I should give you a license to preach for the conversion of the Jews in the streets of the thickly settled Jewish neighborhoods which you designate. Would you not annoy them and do more harm than good? How many Jews have you converted so far? Very truly yours,

W. J. Gaynor,
Mayor.

Rev. Thomas M. Chalmers,
65 Central Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THERE is a civic reformatory spirit that goes at things in a rage, smashing systems of corruption, and stripping official incompetency and oppression of their disguises, but setting nothing brave and constructive in their place. Good government is not a statement of principles, but an achievement. It is nothing new to see an American city purge its government and punish ruffianism, dishonesty, or neglect in its officials. But, as a rule, one kind of partizanship has been substituted for another. A committee, a ring, an organization, or a group of politicians, however well-meaning at first, has seized control of the government, and presently the officials, from the mayor downward, have responded to the power of men without oath-bound and public responsibility. Under such conditions, corruption, waste, or mismanagement is only a question of time.

In New York, perhaps for the first time, the seat of government is in the City Hall. And if a successful administration, uncontrolled and uninfluenced by national or State politics, is possible in a city of more than 4,500,000 inhabitants, most of them of foreign birth or parentage —a municipality that has 70,000 office-holders and employees—what American city can be without hope?

THE LAST LOVER

BY SHELLEY PATERSON

TOGETHER they had lived long summer days,
And warm sweet nights were theirs. Always he knew
Her heart a nest for love, where homing flew
His little whispering songs; knew the dear haze
Of mother-dreams that veiled her starry gaze
So gentle in the brooding dusk. A hue
Of tender gold hung down their avenue
Of years; he guessed no leaden other ways.
But there came one, the lover ultimate,
Whose silent, swift caresses made her thrill
With alien passion. The other vainly kissed
Her cold lips; bared his soul, all palpitate
And bleeding. But, dream-folded, she lay still;
And passed, strange-smiling, to her death-long tryst.

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CHAMELEONS OF THE SEA

SOME NEW OBSERVATIONS ON INSTANTANEOUS COLOR CHANGES AMONG FISHES

BY CHARLES HASKINS TOWNSEND

Director of the New York Aquarium

FISHES inhabiting tropical seas are usually of brilliant coloration. They are perhaps more showy than tropical birds or butterflies; but their remarkable colors are not so well known, as they persist only during life, and the living fishes cannot be seen outside of the tropics except in a few public aquariums.

The various species of tropical fishes on exhibition in the New York Aquarium have lately been found to possess the capacity of instantaneous changes in color and at different times of assuming from three to seven sets of colors or markings, according to their moods or to excitements, brought about by artificial means. Moreover, no two perform the same fantastical color pranks.

After some preliminary observations had shown the variety and frequency, as well as the suddenness of their color changes, the following label was attached to all tanks containing fishes subject to quick changes in appearance:

This species may change color at any moment.

A few minutes' observation of the fish is usually enough to reveal a change either in color or in pattern of marking.

The color cells of the inner skin are under the instant control of the fish. Under natural conditions the changes of color are made chiefly for the purpose of concealment from enemies. They are also used for the capture of prey, for signaling, warning, mimicry, courtship and other purposes.

Through this label many of the visitors to the Aquarium learned to detect the changes, and found a new enjoyment in watching the more showy species.

The methods by which fishes produce changes in appearance are fairly well understood. The chromatophores, or color cells in the under skin, are contractile, and as they may contain red, blue, yellow, or other pigment, the different colors result from nervous action upon one or more kinds of cells.

Some months ago daily observations were begun on the colors of fishes, which have been continued to the present time, and enough has been learned to show that many kinds of fishes, Northern as well as tropical, disport themselves habitually under phases of coloration which are unrecorded in the standard works on ichthyology. In order to discover as many color changes as possible for each species, various experiments were tried. It was found that immediate effects could be produced by throwing food into the tanks, both dead and alive, by frightening the fishes, turning on electric light, introducing other kinds of fishes, cutting off the flow of water, driving compressed air into the tanks, and by other methods. The most interesting records, however, were those secured by patient observation of normal changes when the building was quiet and the fishes free from disturbance.

It was also found that colors and markings were to some extent dependent upon the construction of the tanks, whether they were lined with artificial rockwork or supplied with bottoms of white sand or gravel or were without accessories of any

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sort. The more varied the surroundings, the more changes could be recorded in a month's observation.

The normal phases of color and marking are to some degree determined by the position of the fishes in the tank. When swimming in mid-tank, they are likely to have colors wholly different from those assumed when resting against a dark background, while those displayed when at rest upon a bottom of white sand or gravel may differ from both.

It does not appear that there is any phase of color in the numerous species under observation which can be called the permanent life color. Frequent changes take place, which are dependent upon activity, rest, play, anger, fright, temperature, food, distress, light, or other causes. There are usually two or three phases of common occurrence, others being of less frequent appearance. The color changes are not necessarily connected with the breeding season, since they can be observed daily throughout the year.

Fishes newly introduced to captivity do not remember their alarms very long, but, when quiet is restored, emerge from their hiding-places. They soon show interest in life by feeding, fighting, and playing, and the observer in the New York Aquarium will discover that the fishes habitually masquerade in colors and patterns which are unknown to ichthyologists.

A little frightening of most of these fishes drives them to the lower or the darker portions of the tanks, where what may be termed *hiding colors* are maintained as long as the fishes try to conceal themselves. The turning-on of artificial light above the tanks usually has an enlivening effect on them, many swimming nearer the surface and showing brighter color. It often has the effect of drawing all the specimens of certain species from the bottom to mid-tank or higher. Feeding produces a change in certain species which may last for some time after they have ceased darting at the particles of food falling through the water.

Feeding and the turning-on of electric light produce what may be called *mild excitement colors;* the cutting-off of the water-supply and the operation of the air-pump cause *distress colors,* and it seems possible to name phases caused by fighting as *anger colors.* The latter are never seen in a fish which has a whole tank to itself. Other variations in color have not yet been named. With few exceptions, the various sudden changes occur in the young as well as in the adult specimens, and the heavily scaled parrot-fishes change as readily as the more lightly scaled red hinds or groupers.

Recently I had the opportunity of seeing the fine collection of tropical fishes living in the Bermuda Aquarium, where many of the tanks are as large as those in New York. Observations made in Bermuda served in general to confirm those made in New York; but the results were not always the same, due perhaps to the fact that none of the tanks in the former were supplied with white sand bottoms or rockwork linings. Some additional phases, however, were noted.

In the study of the subject at the New York Aquarium, the fishes were placed in a small portable aquarium and carried out of doors in order to photograph their markings. This involved considerable handling of the specimens, and all the photographs secured showed only those phases of coloration and marking peculiar to frightened and hiding fishes. Attempts to photograph their normal changes in the large exhibition-tanks were, owing to the lack of light, seldom successful.

The colors shown on many well-known colored plates of West-Indian fishes published in standard works on ichthyology are, we find, not those of normal conditions, but rather those of dying, dead, and rapidly fading fishes. Experiments in the Aquarium have shown that such colors are merely the vestiges of the last convulsive color excitements of the specimens used. This is the explanation of the rapid changes for which the dying dolphin is celebrated. Even if painted from newly caught wild fishes, held in a portable aquarium, as some of them were, they show hiding or alarm colors only, and in every case represent merely one of several possible phases of coloration.

In fact, it has been possible to show by experiments with living fishes in the Aquarium just which paintings and photographs reproduced in standard works were made from dead specimens and which were not.

It is well known that Northern sea fishes habitually frequenting green or yellow seaweed acquire to some extent the

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THE QUEEN-TRIGGER FISH. PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

The picture represents four color phases of this chameleon fish, from studies made at the New York Aquarium. The brightest and the lightest phases, shown at the top, are both normal; the dull coloring, in the middle at the left, is assumed when resting, and also in case of fright; the fourth phase, at the bottom, indicates distress when the flow of water is stopped and the tank is aërated artificially.

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general color tone of their habitat, and that trout from dark water are dark-colored, while those inhabiting waters where there is sandy or gravelly bottom are light-colored. Such conditions have long been appreciated at the Aquarium, where fishes kept in tanks lined with white tiles habitually wear their lighter colors, only an occasional blind fish remaining unchanged. The pale, colorless fishes of the Mammoth Cave gradually become darker when exposed to light in the Aquarium. These fishes, although with eyes that are virtually useless, are still able to distinguish light from darkness.

One of the large floor pools contains twelve specimens of striped bass that have never been moved since they were first placed in the pool fifteen years ago. This pool is lined with white tiles, and all the specimens are pale and colorless, while their characteristic stripes are scarcely noticeable. The only normally colored fish in the lot is blind, and it is also undersized, since it has never been able to secure its full share of the daily supply of food.

Another white-tiled pool contains skates and rays, all of which became pale and colorless within two days of their capture, and ceased to exhibit their original rich brown tones. A newly arrived specimen is remarkably conspicuous when placed among them. Changes of color in both Northern and tropical fishes depend upon the eye, blind specimens alone remaining unaffected by their environment. In most of the Northern fishes which reflect the tone of their surroundings the changes are *slow,* requiring days or even weeks, but the color changes of tropical species are actually instantaneous.

While our Northern sea-fishes seldom possess brilliant colors, some of them have very distinct markings, such as dark bands or blotches, and these we find are capable of varying their patterns with the same rapidity as tropical fishes. In this catagory may be placed such local species as the sea-bass, tautog, porgy, and puffer.

The objection may be raised that the color phases here described as habitual among fishes in the New York Aquarium are merely the results of captivity; but this is not the case, since changes of color occur hourly,—may, in fact, occur at any moment,—and are usually instantaneous. New specimens begin to show the change within an hour of their arrival, or as soon as they recover from the alarm caused by handling, and continue to show the change as long as they live in the tanks. Let us now tell, without entering too much into ichthyological detail, how a few of our chameleons of the sea behave.

The common Nassau grouper (*Epinephelus striatus*), abundant nearly everywhere in the West Indies, affords a good example, and specimens have been kept on exhibition in New York for many years. Seven phases of coloration are commonly observed in a tank containing several specimens of this species. In one, the fish is uniformly dark, without markings of white; in another it is uniformly creamy-white, without dark markings; in a third it is dark above, with pure white under parts; in a fourth the upper half of the body is sharply banded, the lower half creamy-white; in a fifth the uniform dark coloration is deeply suffused with red; in a sixth the body is snowy white below, dusky above, with a median black band from the pectoral fin to the tail; in a final phase the fish is mottled with white.

This last change is the phase usually assumed by the fish when at rest among the rockwork of the large exhibition-tank, and it can be produced in all the specimens instantly by frightening them. It is, however, no more the normal appearance of the fish than the uniformly dark, the uniformly white, or any other phase. Singularly enough, no two photographs of this banded phase are quite alike, the extent of the markings being dependent apparently upon the degree of handling to which the fish has been subjected.

The queen trigger-fish [1] has four phases of coloration. The characteristic blue markings of the head and tail persist in all of these without change except that of intensity. In the dark phase, which is the customary dress, the head below the blue bridle is a rich golden-yellow, all blue markings being brilliant, and the body and fins dusky olive, especially above. The pale phase is a great change from this, the body becoming yellowish white, with the blue markings faint. A third change is less pale, with the fins very dark. The fourth is a phase resulting from distress, the body and fins becoming very dark,

[1] See colored plate.

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while the head, both above and below the blue bridle, fades to the palest yellow, and the blue bands become very dim.

Another striking example of chameleon changes may be found in the red grouper (*Epinephelus morio*), which has many phases of coloration. There is, first, a common swimming phase in which the fish is uniformly of a rich fawn color, with small, irregular specklings of white on the sides; second, a pale olive-brown, with the white bands of head and body distinct; third, a pale olive-brown, most of the fins being narrowly black-edged. The fourth phase is still paler, with a broad, reddish-brown band from snout through eye to near the first dorsal, with the fins narrowly black-edged. The fifth is a white-banded phase in which the body is a rich fawn color, the white bands of head and body being thrown out sharply. The sixth is a dark-banded phase, with the body a pale olive, the fawn color becoming dusky; so that the fish appears to be light-colored, with dark bands. It is almost a reversal of phase five.

To visitors at the Aquarium the red parrot-fish (*Sparisoma abildgaardi*) is the most interesting among the species subject to sudden changes in color. The changes occur frequently when the fishes are in motion, and are decidedly marked in character. In the brightest and most conspicuous phase there is a brilliant and nearly uniform red on the under surface and the lower fins. The color comes like a sudden blush, reaching its intensity in two or three seconds. The sides and upper surface at the same time quickly turn very dark brown, especially on the margins of the scales, with the result that each scale is sharply outlined. In the second, fourth, and sixth rows of scales, counting from the dorsal, each third, fourth, or fifth scale in the row remains pure white, giving the fish about sixteen regularly distributed white spots, which, in the dark phase, are very distinct. The head and the dorsal fin quickly become darker; the pale pink of the tail turns crimson red, its pale bands becoming pure white. In this scarlet livery, with white trimmings, the red parrot-fish is a very showy creature. In its palest phase, the fish is almost colorless and nearly without markings, resembling a dead fish from which color has disappeared. In the dark phase, the swimming fish, especially if disturbed by its companions, will sometimes turn pale below, and the red wholly disappear, while the darkness of the upper parts will remain unchanged.

When the change from the dark to the pale phase takes place slowly,—say, in four or five seconds,—the obliteration of the different marks and colors can be easily followed with the eye. More often the change is instantaneous. When the two extremes of coloration are shown in separate fishes, as is often the case, the casual observer naturally supposes there are two species in the tank.

Here we have wonderful tricksters, appearing now in red, now in white, again in mottled garb, without retiring behind the scenes for change of costume.

Between the extremes of coloration there are several intermediate phases, one of which shows a pale fish, wholly lacking the white scales and the red underparts, but with the free margins of all scales so dark that they are outlined with a distinctness not to be seen in any other species known to me.

When in the half-pale phase, the rich brown color, white spots, and gorgeous red can be produced instantly by touching the fish with a stick. Another phase is sometimes assumed when the fish is at rest, the dark upper color and the red under color being separated by a pure white band extending from the upper jaw through the eye to the lower half of the tail, the fringe of the opercle turning jet-black.

The palest phase of this species was not observed in the tanks of the Bermuda Aquarium, probably because none of the tanks was supplied with a white sand bottom.

The ordinary coloration of the red-mouthed grunt (*Hæmulon flavolineatum*) in mid-tank is a uniform, pale golden-yellow, with narrow, silvery stripes. When alarmed, the whole school bunches together at the bottom, all immediately assuming a dark-mottled appearance, the ground color becoming so dark that the fish is completely changed. The dark blotches disappear at once when the disturbance ceases, the specimens one after another assuming their ordinary coloration with, however, two lengthwise very dark bands, one extending straight from the

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From photographs by E. R. Sanborn made in the New York Aquarium

RED-MOUTHED GRUNT (*HÆMULON FLAVOLINEATUM*)

The dark phase results from fright. The pale phase is often assumed during mild excitement.

snout through the eye to the tail, the other curved upward from the forehead to the end of the soft dorsal. These conspicuous bands show at intervals until the excitement caused by the disturbance dies down. When specimens are placed in the photographic tank, a fourth phase, entirely dark, is assumed and retained; but the striped phase may be produced in them temporarily by touching the fishes with a stick.

Two striking phases of coloration are assumed by the blue tang (*Teuthis cœruleus*), one a bright blue, the other a creamy white. The blue phase is the one usually seen, since it is assumed whenever the fish is in the least disturbed by visitors passing the tank, and this lasts all day long. The other phase is seldom seen until the building is free from visitors, then

From photographs

NASSAU GROUPER (*EPINEPHELUS STRIATUS*)

Banded phase (above) generally assumed for concealment or rest, and always during fright; dark phase, below.

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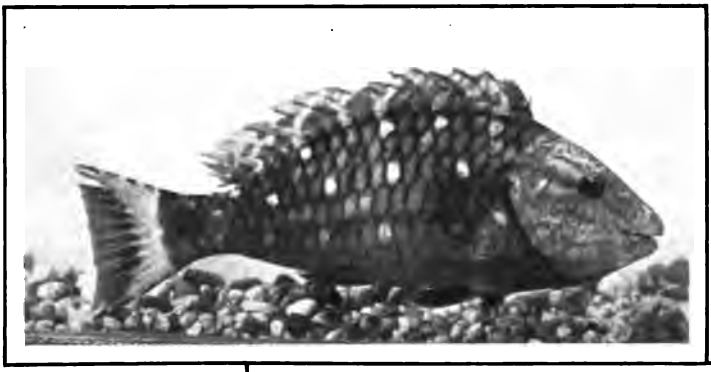
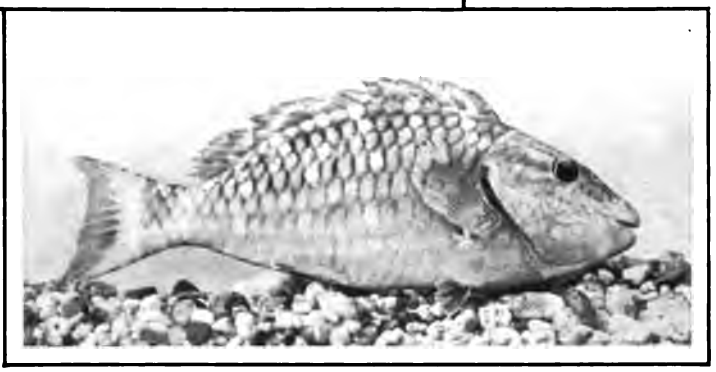


One of these consists of seven or eight irregular, vertical, dark bands, not unlike those of the Northern tautog.

Since a number of heavily banded tautogs (*Tautoga onitis*) were placed in the tank with the pig-fish, the latter has worn its vertical bands habitually. This fact was noted



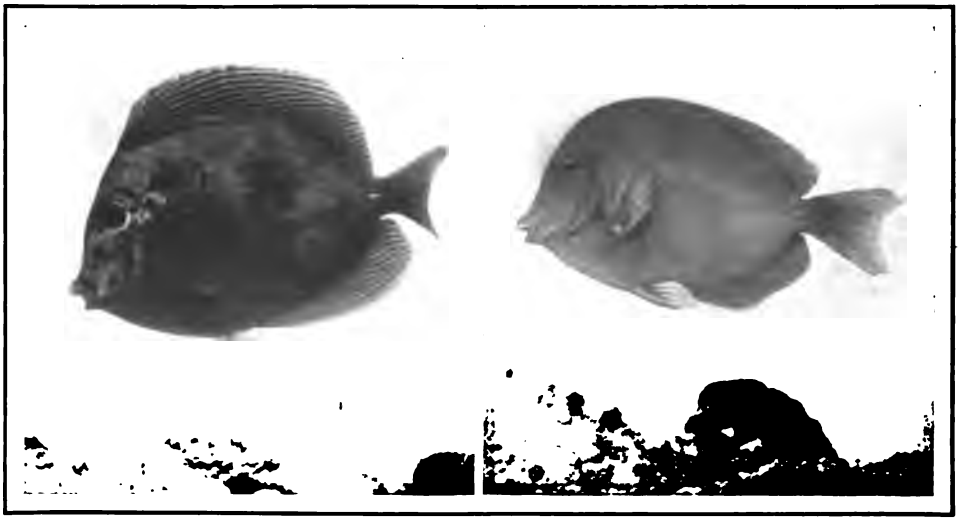
From photographs by E. R. Sanborn made in the New York Aquarium

RED PARROT-FISH (*SPARISOMA ABILDGAARDI*)

Red phase (above) frequently assumed during play or when fighting, and always during fright; pale phase, below.

the fish may settle down toward the white sand bottom and take on a ghostly whiteness, but any disturbance instantly brings back the blue color. No amount of experiment with this species in the photographic tank ever produces anything but an intensely blue fish.

The common pig-fish (*Orthopristis chrysopterus*) has four liveries that it may put on and off within a few moments.



From photographs made in the New York Aquarium

BLUE TANG (*TEUTHIS CERULEUS*)

Blue phase at the left; white phase with contracted fins at the right.

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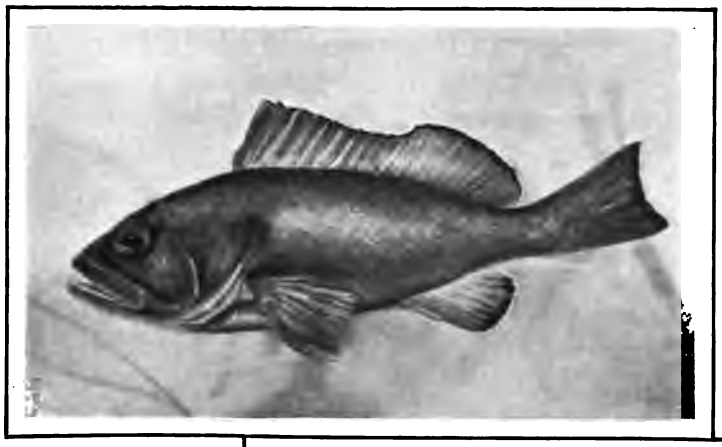


From photographs

RED GROUPER (*EPINEPHELUS MORIO*)

Normal phase, above; red phase (below) generally assumed for rest or concealment and always during fright.

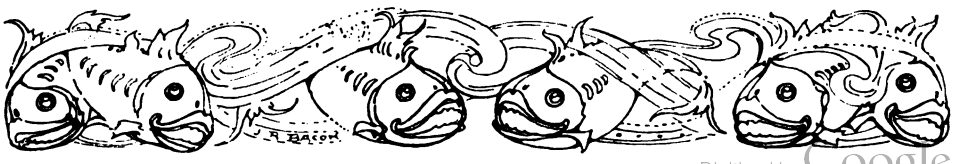
of animals in the sea.

One is at first inclined to a feeling of surprise that the ability of fishes to assume half a dozen different costumes within the space of a few moments was not earlier understood, but many kinds of observations are scarcely possible in the natural state. It is necessary that certain details of animal behavior be studied under conditions involving captivity and the continuous observation of each individual, such as may be arranged in the large tanks of a well-equipped aquarium.

and reported to me by several of the attendants, independent of my own observation. Moreover, the pig-fish has wholly changed its habit of actively swimming about, and now usually rests on the bottom among the tautogs, from which a casual glance does not distinguish it, so nearly perfect is the mimicry. This change of habit we are surely correct in naming *mimic colors*.

In our observations in recording normal changes in color, and our experiments in producing other changes by artificial means, twenty-eight tropical species were closely watched. All of these were proved to have the capacity of making instantaneous changes from one set of colors or markings to another, while from three to seven guises each, according to the species, were clearly distinguished. It is possible that each kind is capable of additional transformations in its natural habitat, but as yet we know little of the habits

Let the watery stage be properly set, and we soon see what the actors do. It is a dumb show we have here; the play is in pantomime, and the showy stranger from the tropics is the harlequin with his party-colored drollery, performing for his own diversion without regard to his audience.



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THE CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE HOUSE AT ENFIELD (LONDON), WHERE JOHN KEATS WENT TO SCHOOL

The inscription in the handwriting of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke reads: "The house where Charles Cowden Clarke was born, and where he and John Keats were school fellows at Enfield, London, N. Sketched for his [Gigliucci's] uncle C[harles] C[owden] C[larke] by Mario Gigliucci, Genoa, March 26, 1876. Taken partly from a sketch in the 'Illustrated London News' for 3d March, 1849, partly from his uncle's suggestions. Mary Cowden Clarke."

THE SOJOURNS OF JOHN KEATS

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED[1]

WITH NEW ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIALS

THAT John Keats was city-born and spent his early childhood in London possibly made his appreciation of the country all the keener. Yet his love for beauty, whether in art or in nature, would have accounted for his delight in the loveliness of rural England. As early as June, 1816, he wrote a sonnet in the fields,

To one who has been long in city pent.

It was written in the same period in which he first qualified himself as a poet of power by writing for Charles Cowden Clarke the familiar sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

Before 1816, however, Keats had seen something of rural life, for he was at Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield for several years before his mother's death in 1810. Then he went to live with Dr. Hammond at Edmonton to study medicine and surgery. This, too, was comparatively rural, for the country was near, and in his frequent walks to Enfield to visit the Clarkes, with whom he always kept up an intimate friendship, he passed through green lanes, flower-grown, and populous with birds. At Edmonton his mind seemed more occupied with poetry and the changing face of nature than with medical studies and the "gallipots" to which the brutal Gifford bade him return when "Endymion" had been given to the small public which then took note of it. The fields, the flowers, and the birds occupied much of his time, and at lectures, when he walked the hospitals, he filled his note-books with rhymes; yet he passed a good examination, and might have succeeded in this profes-

[1] Mr. Speed, who died in 1909, was the grandson of Keats's brother George, formerly of Louisville, Kentucky. The facsimiles (except the lines from "Hyperion"), the portrait of Fanny Keats, and the photographs by Mr. Holman, are now first published; and the portraits of the poet's brothers have previously appeared only in Mr. Speed's edition of Keats's "Poems and Letters," now out of print (Dodd, Mead & Co.).—THE EDITOR.

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sion, into which he had been forced by his guardian, had it not been distasteful to his sensitive nature. At Edmonton he probably did not get on over smoothly with Dr. Hammond, for in one of his letters to his brother George he said, "It was not this hand that clenched itself against Hammond." The house at Edmonton is no more, but the façade is in the South Kensington Museum, not as a memorial of Keats, however, but as an architectural specimen illustrating a certain period of Georgian style in building.

When Keats left Edmonton he returned to the city, and, with his two brothers, who were clerks in their guardian's counting-room, lived in the Poultry, which was indeed a cockney location. During the residence here Keats was introduced by Charles Cowden Clarke to that interesting circle of men which included Leigh Hunt, Benjamin Robert Haydon, John Hamilton

DR. HAMMOND'S HOUSE AT EDMONTON, WHERE KEATS STUDIED MEDICINE AND SURGERY

From photographs by Louis A. Holman

"WENTWORTH PLACE"—AFTERWARD CALLED "LAWN BANK"

Here Keats lived for some time and here, on the lawn, he wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale."

where Keats was an apprentice remains very much as it was a hundred years ago. Keats was with Dr. Hammond five years, and it is more than likely that he was longer associated with it than with any now standing. Dr. Hammond was still living in 1855, according to a directory of that year. To an American it seems a curious coincidence that the house should still be occupied by a medical man, as "Dr. Wilmot" is now on the doorplate; but in England the good will and the "stand" are sold by a practitioner, or his heirs, to another, just as so much merchandise would be transferred.

The residence of Mr. Clarke at Enfield

Reynolds, and Charles Wentworth Dilke, who were his intimate friends during the remainder of his short life. The health of Tom Keats gave way, and George Keats left the employment of his guardian, so the brothers took lodgings in Well Walk, Hampstead, the sister, Fanny Keats, afterward Mme. Llanos, living in the house of Mr. Abbey, the guardian.

In Hampstead, Keats was a near neigh-

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bor of Charles Wentworth Dilke, who lived at Wentworth Place—afterward, when it became the residence of Miss Chester, the actress, known as Lawn Cottage and Lawn Bank. Here he met Charles Armitage Brown, who was his very intimate friend and companion. When Tom

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

GEORGE KEATS, ELDER BROTHER OF THE POET

From the miniature by Joseph Severn, presented by descendants of George Keats to the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome.

Keats's health seemed to require it, he was removed to Devonshire, and there he and George remained while the poet made a visit to the Isle of Wight, spending the month of April, 1817, at Carisbrooke. From Carisbrooke he wrote to his friend Reynolds:

At this moment I am about to become settled, for I have unpacked my books, put them in a snug corner, pinned up Haydon, Mary Queen of Scots, and Milton with his daughters in a row. In the passage I found a head of Shakespeare, which I had not before seen. It is most likely the same that George spoke so well of, for I like it extremely. Well, this head I have hung over my books, just above the three in a row, having first discarded a French Ambassador; now this alone is a good morning's work. Yesterday I went to Shanklin, which occasioned a great debate in my mind whether I should live there or at Carisbrooke. Shanklin is a most beautiful place; sloping wood and meadow ground reach round the Chine, which is a cleft between the cliffs, of the depth of nearly 300 feet at least. This

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cleft is filled with trees and bushes in the narrow part; and as it widens becomes bare, if it were not for primroses on one side which spread to the very verge of the sea, and some fishermen's huts on the other, perched midway in the balustrades of beautiful green hedges along their steps down to the sands. But the sea, Jack, the sea, the little waterfall, then the white cliff, then St. Catherine's Hill, "the sheep in the meadows, the cows in the corn." Then why are you at Carisbrooke? say you. Because, in the first place, I should be at twice the expense, and three times the inconvenience; next that from here I can see your continent from a little hill close by, the whole north angle of the Isle of Wight, with the water between us; in the third place, I see Carisbrooke Castle from my window, and have found several delightful wood alleys, and copses and quick freshes. As for primroses, the Island ought to be called Primrose Island, that is, if the nation of Cowslips agree thereto, of which there are divers clans just beginning to lift up their heads. Another reason of my fixing is, that I am more in reach of the places around me. I intend to walk over the Island, east, west, north, south. I have not seen many specimens of ruins. I don't think, however, I shall ever see one to surpass Carisbrooke Castle. The trench is overgrown with the smoothest turf, and the walls with ivy. The Keep within side, is one bower of ivy; a colony of jackdaws have been there for many years. I daresay I have seen many a descendant of some old cawer who peeped through the bars at Charles the First, when he was there in confinement.

FANNY KEATS (MME. LLANOS), SISTER OF JOHN KEATS

From the original painted by her son, Juan Llanos y Keats, in Madrid, and presented by her grandnephew, John Gilmer Speed, to the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome.

From the Isle of Wight, Keats went to Margate and continued his work on

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"Endymion," which he had begun early in the spring at Teignmouth, Devonshire. This was also his serious business at Carisbrooke. Margate does not seem to have filled his needs, for on the 16th of May he wrote to his publisher, John Taylor:

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

TOM KEATS, YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE POET

After the water-color by Joseph Severn, presented by John Gilmer Speed to the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome.

This evening I go to Canterbury, having got tired of Margate; I was not right in my head when I came. At Canterbury I hope the remembrance of Chaucer will set me forward like a billiard ball. . . . I have some idea of seeing the continent some time this summer.

From Canterbury he rejoined his brothers at Teignmouth, staying there till sometime in September, when he went to Oxford to visit his friend Bailey, who was reading for the church, and who, after many changes of clerical life, became Archbishop of Colombo, in Ceylon, where he won much affection and esteem. Bailey was lodged in Magdalen Hall, and he thus described the habits of the poet, who was still at work on "Endymion":

He wrote and I read—sometimes at the same table, sometimes at separate desks—

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from breakfast till two or three o'clock. He sat down to his task, which was about fifty lines a day, with his paper before him, and wrote with as much regularity and apparently with as much ease as he wrote his letters. Indeed, he quite acted up to the principle he lays down, "that if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves of a tree, it had better not come at all." Sometimes he fell short of his alloted task, but not often, and he would make it up another day. But he never forced himself. When he had finished his writing for the day, he usually read it over to me, and then read or wrote letters till we went for a walk.

While at Oxford he was also somewhat on the water, as we find from a letter to Reynolds:

For the last five or six days, we have had regularly a boat on the Isis, and explored all the streams about, which are more in number than your eyelashes. We sometimes skim into a bed of rushes, and there become naturalized river-folks,—There is one particularly nice nest, which we have christened "Reynolds's Cove," in which we have read Wordsworth and talked as may be.

About this time he was invited to visit Shelley, and explained his declination to Bailey, "I refused to visit Shelley, that I might have my own unfettered scope." He was now at Leatherhead, whence he went to Dorking, in Surrey, and at the Burford Bridge Hotel, November 28, 1817, he finished "Endymion." Some parts of this hotel are doubtless very like what they were when Keats was a guest. They show a room in which he was lodged, and a very pleasant room it is, but the furniture is very much of to-day.

From Dorking he went to Teignmouth, rejoining his brothers. Thence he returned to Hampstead, being engaged in the revision of "Endymion" and correcting proofs as the poem was put into type. He was again lodged in Well Walk, across the heath from Mr. Dilke's home, Wentworth Place, where Keats did much of his copying and proof-reading, walking back and forth across the heath nearly every day. Although intensely worried by his brother Tom's illness, and harassed also by lack of funds, his winter was pleasantly spent with his friends, his society being much sought after. When Lord Houghton published his "Life and Letters of John Keats," there were many alive to bear testimony to

the delightful combination of earnestness and pleasantry which distinguished his intercourse with all men. There was no effort about him to say fine things, but he did say them most effectively, and they gained considerably by his happy transition of manner. He joked well or ill, as it happened, and with a laugh which still echoes sweetly in many ears; but at the mention of oppression or wrong, or at any calumny against those he loved, he rose into grave manliness at once, and seemed like a tall man. His habitual gentleness made his occasional looks of indignation almost terrible. On one occasion, when a gross falsehood respecting the young artist Severn was repeated and dwelt upon, he left the room, declaring "he should be ashamed to sit with men who could utter and believe such things."

He had arranged to spend Christmas with Bailey at Oxford, but his occupations in town prevented, and he remained at Hampstead until he joined his brothers at Teignmouth in March, 1818, the revision of "Endymion" having been finished. The rain in Devonshire depressed him, but he laughed to keep his spirits up, and at the end of his first week thus wrote to Reynolds:

Being agog to see some Devonshire, I would have taken a walk the first day, but the rain would not let me; and the second but the rain would not let me; and the third but the rain forbade it. Ditto fourth, ditto fifth, ditto—so I made up my mind to stop indoors, and catch a sight flying between the showers: and behold, I saw a pretty valley, pretty cliffs, pretty brooks, pretty meadows, pretty trees, both standing as they were created, and blown down as they were uncreated. The green is beautiful, as they say, and pity it is that it is amphibious—*mais!* but alas! the flowers here wait as naturally for the rain twice a day as the mussels do for the tide; so we look upon a brook in these parts as you look upon a splash in your country. There must be something to support this—aye, fog, hail, snow, rain, mist blanketing up three parts of the year. This Devonshire is like Lydia Languish, very entertaining when in smiles,

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From a photograph by Louis A. Holman

BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL

Here Keats finished "Endymion." The window above the dormer window belongs to "the Keats Room."

but cursedly subject to sympathetic moisture. You have the sensation of walking under one great Lamplighter: and you can't go on the other side of the ladder to keep your frock clean.

Having decided to reject his first preface to "Endymion," he set about writing the second, and produced it in twenty-four hours. Lord Houghton pronounces this second preface "one of the most beautiful 'Introductions' in the range of our literature." That, too, has been the judgment of posterity.

At Teignmouth, before the end of April, he finished "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," and worked on the "Ode to Maia," which was left as a fragment. In May he returned to Hampstead, where he stayed till he went with his friend Brown to Liverpool to see George Keats and his young bride off for America. Thence with Brown he made a tour of the Lake Country, calling at the home of Wordsworth, who was away, taking an active part in the general election. On this tour he became sensible for the first time of the full effect of mountain scenery. "At a turn of the road above Bowness, where the Lake of Windemere first bursts on the view, he stopped as if stupefied with beauty." Then followed the Scotch tour, the walking beginning at Lancaster, and the pilgrimage to the birthplace of Burns. From Carlisle, on July 1, he wrote to his brother Tom, who was in Hampstead:

After Skiddaw, we walked to Treby, the oldest market town in Cumberland, where we were greatly amused by a country dancing-school, holden at the "Tun," it was indeed "no new cotillion fresh from France." No, they kickit and jumpit with mettle extraordinary, and whiskit, and friskit, and toed it, and go'd it, and whirl'd it, and twirl'd it, and stamped it, and sweated it, tattooing the floor like mad. The difference between our country dances and these Scottish figures is about the same as leisurely stirring a cup of tea and beating up a batter pudding.

About the middle of July he visited the cottage of Burns.

We were talking on different and indiffer-

From a photograph by Louis A. Holman

THE LODGINGS OF KEATS AND HIS BROTHERS IN TEIGNMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE

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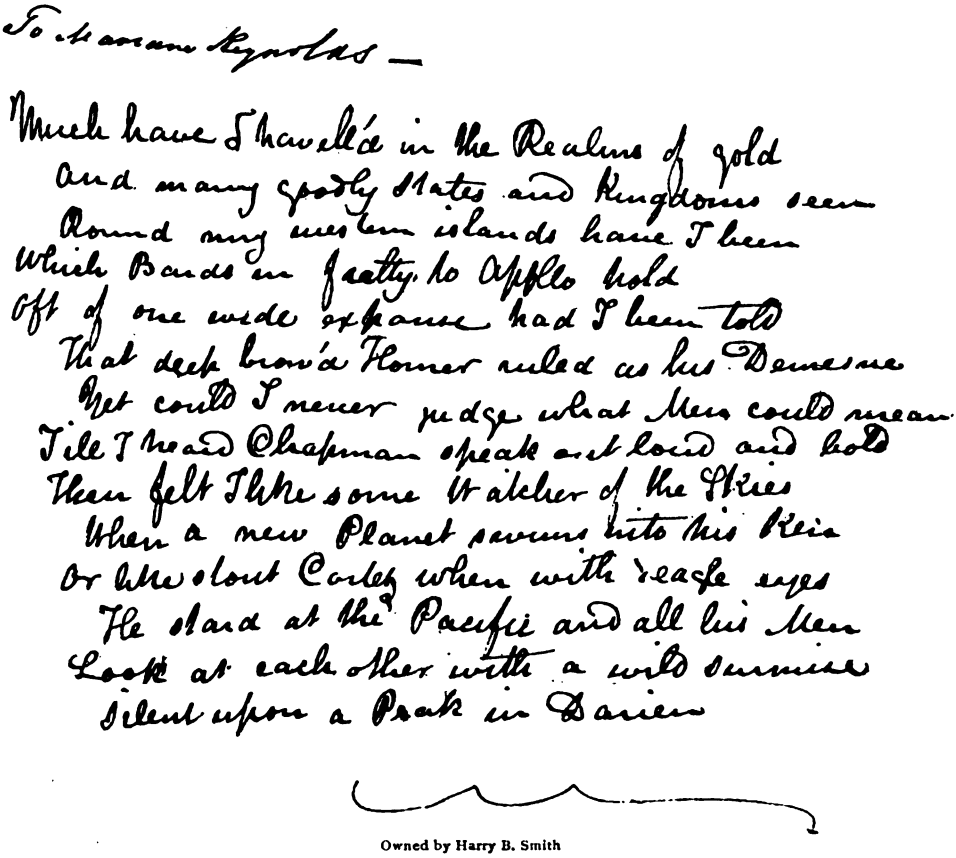
ent things when, on a sudden, we turned a corner upon the immediate country of Ayr. The sight was as rich as possible. I had no conception that the native place of Burns was so beautiful; the idea I had was more desolate: his "Rigs of Barley" seemed always to me but a few strips of green on a cold hill—O, prejudice!—It was as rich as green in tree, meadow, and hill: the stream of the Doon, as a farmer told us, is covered with trees "from head to foot." You know those beautiful heaths, so fresh against the weather of a summer's evening.

He wrote a sonnet in Burns's cottage, but was not pleased with it, being very


To Thomas Keats —
Much have I travell'd in the Realms of gold
And many goodly States and Kingdoms seen
Round many western islands have I been
Which Bards in fealty to Apollo hold
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep brow'd Homer ruled as his Demesne
Yet could I never judge what Men could mean
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold
Then felt I like some Watcher of the Skies
When a new Planet swims into his Ken
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stard at the Pacific and all his Men
Look at each other with a wild surmise
Silent upon a Peak in Darien

Owned by Harry B. Smith

KEATS'S SONNET "ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER," IN THE POET'S HANDWRITING

The seventh line was happily changed by Keats to read: "Yet did I never breathe its pure serene."

Devon. I endeavored to drink in the prospect, that I might spin it out to you, as the silk-worm makes silk from mulberry leaves. I cannot recollect it. Besides all the beauty, there were the mountains of Annan Isle, black and huge over the sea. We came down upon everything suddenly; there were in our way the "bonny Doon" with the brig that Tam O'Shanter crossed, Kirk Alloway, Burns's Cottage, and then the Brigs of Ayr. First we stood upon the Bridge across the Doon, surrounded by every phantasy of bored with the anecdotes of the old man who lived in the cottage and had known Burns.

On a trip to the Isle of Mull Keats took a violent cold and thenceforth he was always troubled with his throat. The tour being finished, he returned to Hampstead. His throat becoming worse, he went to Teignmouth in September, but soon returned to Well Walk, Hampstead. Here he stayed until January, 1819, being all the while greatly troubled with his throat,

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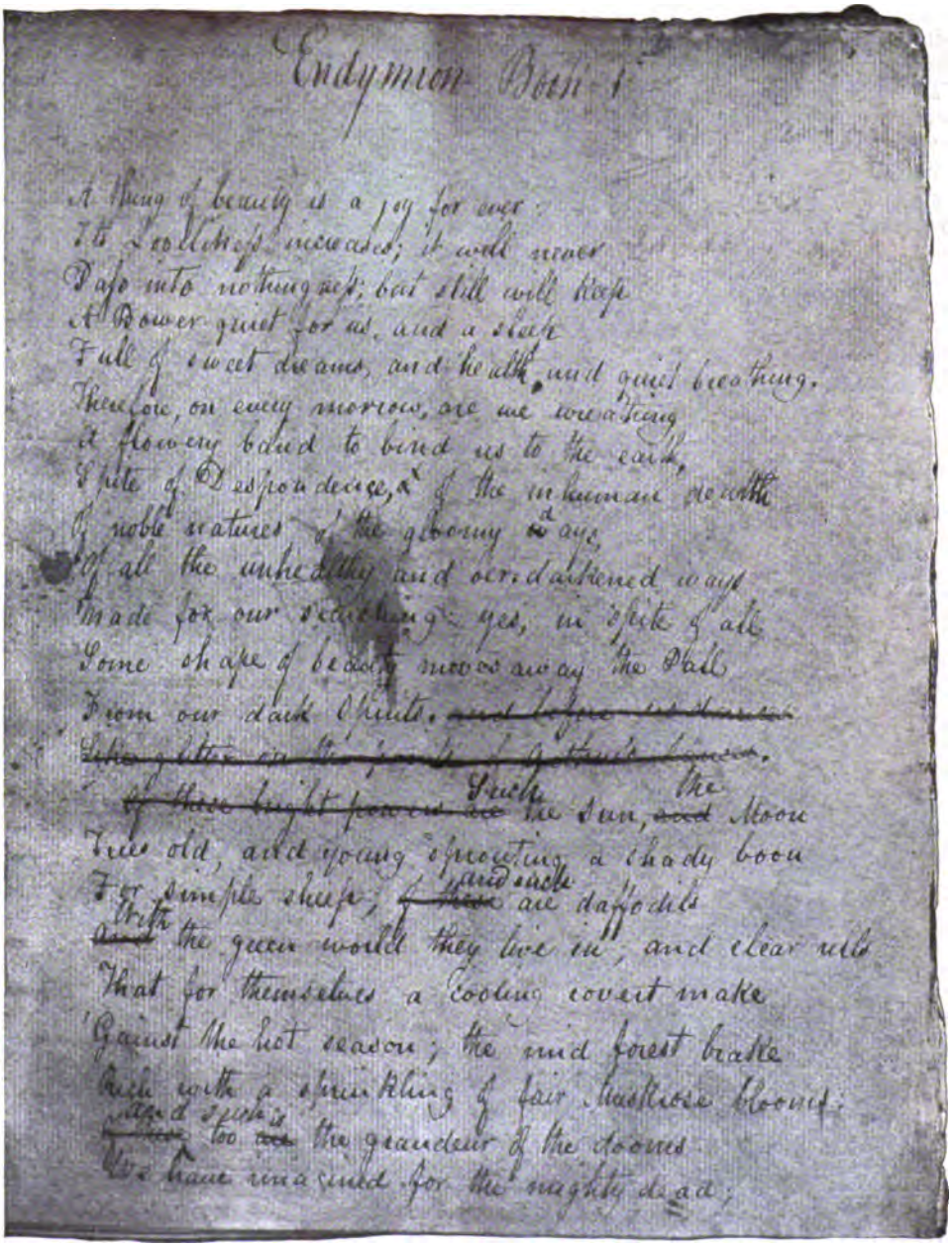
Endymion Book 1
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of Despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.
Such the sun, the Moon
Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;

Owned by J. Pierpont Morgan

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "ENDYMION"

when with Brown he went to Chichester and Bedhampton.

Before going away in January, 1819, Keats had his fateful meeting with Fanny Brawne at Dilke's house in Hampstead. Brown's house adjoined Dilke's, and it had been rented to Mrs. Brawne, who up to that time was a stranger to the Keats circle. When Brown retook his house, the Brawnes moved to another at the top of Devonshire Hill. The acquaintance with the Dilkes, however, was kept up, and Keats often met Fanny Brawne there. Tom Keats had died in December, 1818, and Keats left his lodgings in Well Walk and went to live in Wentworth Place with

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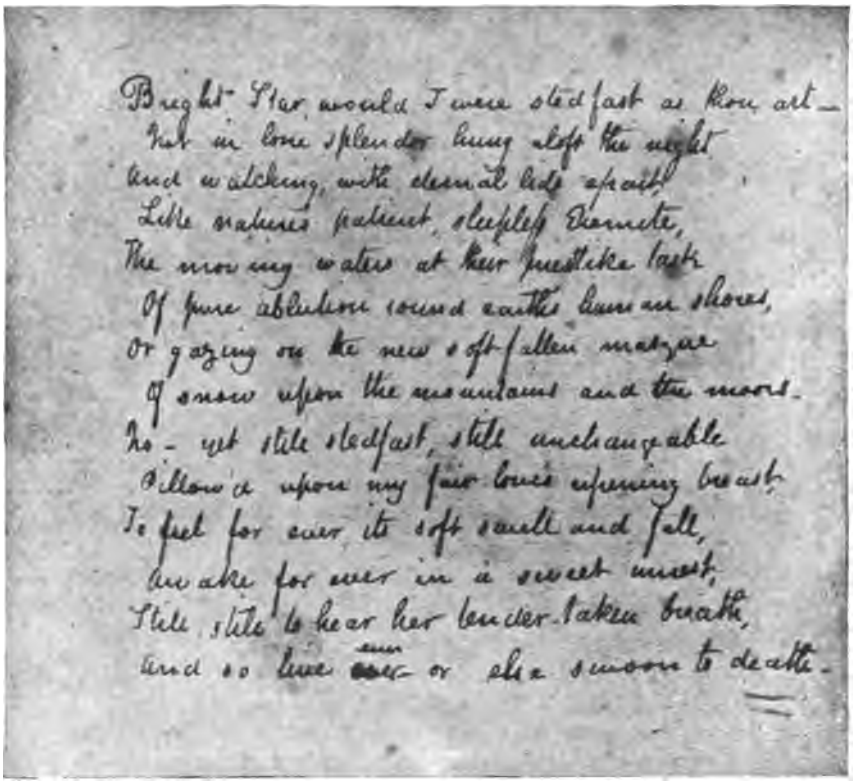
Brown, not as his guest, but on shares. During the spring of 1819 his health was very bad, but it is supposed that he became engaged to Fanny Brawne in April. There is a note in my grandmother's copy of Lord Houghton's "Life and Letters of John Keats" that says, "they would have married but for the ill health of the poet and the intervention of friends."

who was very much of an invalid. The young men, being ill, did not have a good effect on each other, and Keats did not enjoy the Isle of Wight as much as on his former visit, declaring it to be "but so-so."

It was during this stay at Shanklin that Keats wrote the first five of his published letters to Fanny Brawne. During part of the time Brown was with the invalid, and


Bright Star would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

From a photograph by Louis A. Holman of the manuscript owned by the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke

KEATS'S LAST POEM

The sonnet is written on a blank page, opposite "A Lover's Complaint," in a volume of Shakspere which had been presented by Reynolds to Keats, and which he gave to Severn a few days before his death.

While living at Wentworth Place that spring, Keats wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale." He is represented as having composed this poem beneath the shade of a plum-tree just outside the breakfast-room. Mr. Forman discredits this because he could find no plum-tree at Wentworth Place some sixty years later, apparently forgetting that plum-trees do not live forever.

In July, Keats again went to the Isle of Wight, this time stopping at Shanklin, his companion being his friend James Rice,

he and Keats were engaged together on the tragedy, "Otho the Great," Brown supplying the plot and Keats writing the dialogue. In August, Keats and Brown went to Winchester for the convenience of a library. In September he made a flying business visit to London, but returned to Winchester, where he stayed until in October. Then he returned to Hampstead for the winter. While at Winchester he wrote the ode "To Autumn," finished "Otho the Great," finished "Lamia," abandoned "Hyperion," and revised

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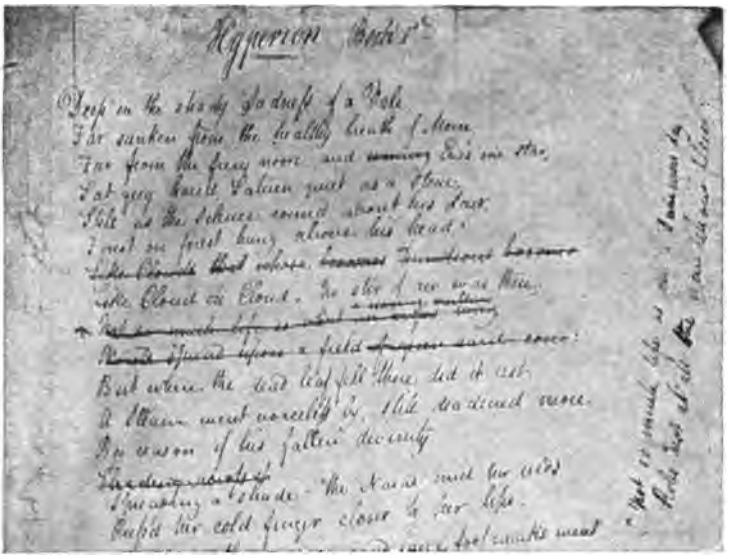

From a print of the original manuscript in the British Museum

THE OPENING LINES OF "HYPERION"

The first page contains thirty-four lines. Note the fortunate changes. The ninth line was still further improved before publication to read: "Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass."

"The Eve of St. Agnes," which he had written the previous January.

During this last stay at Wentworth Place he was almost continuously ill, but he was by no means idle. He wrote new poems and revised those previously written. His fatal illness was recognized by him as such on the 3d of February, 1820, and afterward he had several severe spittings of blood. In May, at Gravesend, he parted with Brown, who went on another walking tour in Scotland. In June and July he stayed with the Leigh Hunts at Kentish Town. In August he returned to Wentworth Place, and was nursed by Mrs. and Miss Brawne. His illness getting no better, he set out with the artist Joseph Severn, who had been his friend since 1813, for a sojourn in Italy. On board ship he wrote his last poem on a blank page facing "A Lover's Complaint" in his copy of Shakspere.

The voyage was tedious, stormy, and uncomfortable, but not so bad as a ten-days' miserable quarantine at Naples. From Naples the travelers went to Rome, where Keats, after months of miserable suffering, died in the night of February 23, 1821, in the house in the Piazza di Spagna which has recently been purchased by admirers of Keats and Shelley, and dedicated as a permanent memorial to them.

By permission of the owner, J. Pierpont Morgan

KEATS'S LAST NOTE TO FANNY BRAWNE

This was written just before sailing on the vessel which took him from England to Italy. It reads: "The passport arrived before we started—I don't think I shall be long ill. God bless you—farewell. John Keats."

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THE TROUBLE AT SCHOENECKER'S

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," "Partners of Providence," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARMAND BOTH

HEINZBURG is situated mostly on the right-hand side of the C. W. & M. Railroad going west, and Doty occupies a similar site only four miles away. Midway between them, at a crossing, is Schoenecker's cheese-factory.

Heinzburg and Doty are rivals for the farmer trade. The towns are so near together that a large share of this valuable patronage can incline itself to one or the other as a mere matter of preference. As the farm-wagons which line Main Street in each of these live trading centers are attracted from miles away, a little distance more or less makes no great difference; and so, prices being the same, it is all a matter of sentiment which way the horses are headed. Hence it arises that the two towns are in a chronic state of Progress—that being the name of it in both the Doty "Item" and the Heinzburg "Intelligencer." And as nothing succeeds like success, it has devolved upon each of them to be at all times the biggest and best.

It was a great victory for the latter city when the Heinzburg Giants won three straight games from the Doty Blues. As the contest had been well advertised in both papers, and victory boasted of beforehand, the grand stand was crowded, and the diamond was hemmed in by buggies, farm-wagons, and automobiles. When Doty had repeatedly struck out and been killed on bases, conversation in the grand stand became a mere noise. Again, when Doty's crack batsman whaled away and simply fanned air, the Heinzburg Home Band broke forth with "A Hot Time," much to the disgust of the visiting Dotyites. Doty lost, 6 to 0. To make matters worse for themselves, the Blues and their adherents did not take defeat with good grace. The game was a continual wrangle over the decisions of the umpire; and once again Heinzburg had occasion to make reference to Doty's old-time reputation. They were "kickers" and "beefers" and "quitters," no real sport in them.

Doty got a little consolation later on. The Doty Firemen's Band met this same Home Band in a contest at the Annual Band Convention up at Norton, and won. According to the decision of the judges, the Doty band was one of the best; and then the "Item" spread it on thick. It said that Doty's musicians had put the Heinzburg horn-blowers "clean out of business," tune for tune.

But if Heinzburg was a little shy on art, she had power in other directions, and it was not long before the tables were turned. This was at the State Firemen's Tournament. The Water Sprite and the Swan were both there with strong crews to represent their respective municipalities, and though the Dotyites pumped themselves red in the face, the Heinzburgers outsquirted them by more than six feet. The editor of the "Intelligencer" had an exasperating way of taking things calmly at times, and merely stating the facts. He did so in this case, adding laconically that

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"the boys reported that they really did not have to exert themselves, as the Doty people did not have a strong crew." Heinzburg could strike home terribly.

One would have supposed that this was enough. But, nevertheless, and possibly because they could think of nothing better to do, the Heinzburgers decided to put their policeman in uniform. Heretofore there had been nothing to distinguish him from the deputy sheriff except that the one wore a shield while the other wore a star. In this, its latest, move, Heinzburg may be said to have taken undue advantage, because Doty did not have a policeman. Heinzburg was a trifle the bigger, having been well established at her mill-dam at the time that the railroad was built, whereas Doty came along afterward; and though Doty could *almost* have a policeman, she had yet to depend upon a deputy sheriff, whom the county clothed in no wise different from an ordinary man. When Heinzburg took this step, nothing could be done about it; and even the "Item's" few attempts to say something were not a success. It is merely my own observation that possibly it was not exactly sportsmanlike for Heinzburg to push Progress in this particular direction.

When this project, fathered by several of Heinzburg's prominent merchants, came up in the city council, there was some little argument, two aldermen maintaining that as the policeman was on duty at night,—the Heinzburgers being perfectly able to protect themselves when they were not asleep,—this idea of dressing him in clothes of a particular quality and color was an unnecessary expense, because they could not be seen in the dark. Immediately it was pointed out that the officer really came forth in the afternoon, it being his duty to be on the depot platform when the six o'clock train arrived, in which case he certainly ought to look like a policeman. To this the alderman from the first ward added that as the electric lights burned till one o'clock, except on moonlight nights, and as the officer had to meet the midnight train and frequently show visitors the way to the hotel, there was every reason why he should wear blue and make a good appearance. Immediately the motion carried. The policeman was voted into full uniform, with a blue-corded billy and a cap lettered in gold bullion to the following effect—No. 1. The number occasioned some argument, the alderman from the second ward showing a lingering preference for No. 3, with which he thought they might as well start; but this the honest council immediately put down without any vote at all. Thus Heinzburg took another stride forward, and one, too, which was perfectly honest and aboveboard, although, to be sure, the traveling public, seeing Officer No. 1, might easily conjure up a mental picture of officers two and three patrolling other parts of the city. But this is one of the things which cannot be avoided.

This gives us an idea, without going into endless details, of the sort of thing that Heinzburg and Doty were always doing. As there was no show of ill feeling between the towns in the ordinary run of business, it all went on in a spirit of emulation that might seem entirely praiseworthy. Indeed, you might live in Heinzburg several months without taking sides or even inclining toward your home town. But sometime when you got into the midst of base-ball or something competitive, and heard all that was said and saw all that was done, you would soon decide where you lived. And if you were a farmer who lived within a radius of eight miles and did not make up your mind where your allegiance belonged, it would be because your human nature needed attention.

As between the business men, all was cool and quiet. When Heinzburg introduced trading-stamps, Doty did likewise. When Doty did that, Heinzburg offered double stamps, advertised in English and German—*verdoppelte stampe.* Then Doty bought more space in the "Item." This was about all that was done, the merchants supporting the ball-team and other public enterprises liberally, but always observing the proprieties. But when matters came into the hands of "the boys," it was a different thing. It is all easy enough to be a business man and be cool and calculating,—business is business,—but in order to play ball or the bass tuba, a man has got to be in earnest. Then the truth comes out. From which we see—and this is really what I have been trying to say—that the ball-nine, the band, and such things, were Heinzburg's means of *expression.* It remains only to say a few words

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about the fire department, and we shall have paved the way for trouble.

Heinzburg has a very neat city hall, a brick structure, stone-trimmed. On one floor is the council-hall, which is also used for the regular meetings of the fire-company, with its annually elected chairman, secretary, and treasurer. As there are regular meetings, but no regular fires, the fire department is usually officered on the convention basis. At a fire, if one occurs during the year, they fall in under the captain and work each according to his talents. Excepting a strong strap-iron cell in the basement, into which the policeman puts some of the visitors to the city, there is no further use for the building, and so the whole ground floor can be given over to the Water Sprite and her attendant hose-wagon, fire-axes, ladders, and lanterns.

Now, one summer afternoon, it being the monthly Fair Day, when Heinzburg was thronged with farmers, and Main Street was one continuous exhibit of salable live stock, a crowd stood about the wide-open doors of the city hall and feasted their eyes on the Water Sprite. Corey, a diligent member of the department, was polishing up her brass lanterns and trimming them for the night. The Sprite's lanterns burn punctiliously every night in the year; only once in history were they neglected. And as the ever-watchful officer called out the department on a cold night to light them, and teach a lesson, I daresay it will be the last. These lanterns, burning always, are as Heinzburg's vestal flame; and there could be no better light on the nature of good city government than the one shed by the Heinzburg lanterns. Corey was polishing them. Having them done, he rubbed up the Sprite's big copper pressure-bulb, and then gave an extra touch or two to the surmounting golden eagle, while the crowd looked on. The Water Sprite made a brave display. Her polished metal work, her fancy pumping-levers curved like a swan's neck, her bells drooping from their springs like brass lilies on steel stems—all these made her positively graceful; something far more than a mere piece of machinery. But there had not been a fire for a long time now. But the Doty crew had distinguished themselves at a small fire a few weeks before.

When Corey was putting away his polish, the mayor himself came rushing in from his law office, and, seizing the bell-rope, began clanging away at a great rate. The cheese-factory was afire! Schoenecker had 'phoned him.

The alarm was responded to in a way that did Heinzburg credit. Donovan the blacksmith dropped a hot shoe and came tearing down the street, untying his leather apron as he ran. Right on his heels was Green, head clerk in Miller's Cash Grocery, the pencil still sticking behind his ear. Stark the painter bounded suddenly around a corner and came jumping across the street; then another, and another.

At the time the bell struck, Jim Kelly was delivering ice at the hotel with his team of grade Percherons, and Kelly, having a quick ear for the five dollars which is awarded to the first team which answers an alarm, was almost prompter than the rest of them. At the fourth tap, more or less, he snatched the snaffles from the neck-yoke, dropped the traces, and came trotting in behind his horses only an instant ahead of a live farmer with a team of Shires. Kelly took to the hook and ladder, the farmer to the hose-wagon and machine, and soon they emerged. There was consternation among the live stock as they tore down Main Street that afternoon. The auctioneer's strings of horses crowded together like bashful maidens, pigs turned tail in their crates, sheep bleated, and innocent calves stood thunderstruck. The whole town, and much of the surrounding population, stood still and held its breath as they turned at the railroad-tracks and let loose down the road, the whole department clinging to their outfit and swaying in the flying wagon.

The run of two miles was made in good time. It was a very promising fire, for though the factory itself was not going as yet, the addition was in flames, and the fire was reaching up over the edge of the factory roof. The men fell to with a will. While the suction-hose was being laid to the creek, Donovan and the painter put up a ladder, and proceeded to the roof with a lead of hose, Donovan carrying the nozle.

Just as Donovan got his head above the cornice, he saw another head appear directly opposite him. It was the fat, red countenance of Schmierhagen, captain of the Doty outfit. The Dotyites had also responded. They had run up their ladder

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Drawn by Armand Both

"SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THE HOSE BROKE"

and set to work on the opposite side of the building. Donovan was taken aback for a moment, and while he was staring the head disappeared. He stepped to the roof, gave the hose a jerk to let it rest on its slack, and then, while Stark the painter was coming up, he directed his amazed attention to the place where he saw the head disappear. But when next he saw Schmierhagen, it was at the foot of his own ladder. A voice addressed him authoritatively. Donovan looked down. Schmierhagen waved his arm, and repeated:

"Come down from vere you are! Ve don'dt need you."

Donovan's lip curled as he realized the import of this.

"Oh, you don't, don't you!" he said.

"No," roared Schmierhagen. "It iss our fire. Come down!"

Stark the painter now put in his say, whereupon the captain of the Dotyites waved his finger emphatically in air and addressed everybody in general:

"Go home! It iss our fire."

As a matter of precaution, the captain of the Heinzburgers had run up another ladder farther away from the flames; and having it up, he had taken that route to the roof. He was now standing in mid-air, on the edge of the cornice, listening. Having gathered the situation, he placed the trumpet to his mouth, aimed it at Schmierhagen, and said: "You go to the devil!"

The pumping crew, reinforced by three hands from the factory, had taken their places at the handles of the Water Sprite; but as Donovan was not pointing the nozle anywhere in particular, they were moving the levers slowly. And now Donovan was coming down the ladder. His ire was up. Having stepped on earth, he ran along the length of the building and turned the corner.

The Doty crew, not having been interrupted, was already pumping. The Swan was in full operation; she was chugging away in response to the lively motion of her handles, and a strong stream was curving over into the flames. Donovan stopped

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about twenty feet away from the preoccupied crew and lay hands upon the suction-hose. And bracing himself solidly, he gave it a pull which jerked the intake end of it clear out of Chippewa Creek, a hundred feet away. The Swan chugged a few times more, gurgled, coughed, and spit the last few drops from her nozle. Then she flapped her wings lifelessly in the hands of her friends. The pipeman found himself squirting air.

Schmierhagen, apprehending that Donovan had gone round the building for no good purpose, now appeared on the Doty side of the scene, and seeing what had been done, he bore down upon the hose and gave it a vindictive pull in the opposite direction. This, however, did not put the end of it into the water again; and so he hastened down to get it in at once.

But just as he picked it up and started to pull, the red-shirted Donovan, who had not left his post, picked it up again and pulled in opposition. Schmierhagen, enraged, set his heels into the bank, let out a yell, and leaned back with all his power. But it was no use. Donovan was strong. The Dotyites had remained at their places because they were expecting water at once; but now every man of them dropped hose and handle and ran to help the captain pull. And just at this juncture the Heinzburgers, hearing the tumult, came running in a body around the corner of the building. Seeing Donovan struggling manfully, they all rushed spontaneously to lend him a hand at the hose. Then ensued the celebrated contest between Heinzburg and Doty.

At first the Swan's men seemed to have a little success. As their part of the hose extended down over the sloping bank of the creek, they had a strong footing; they could stand almost horizontal as they pulled. They gathered the hose in a few inches at a time by sudden efforts; but when the powerful Heinzburgers felt it being taken away from them, they dug their heels in deeper, and set themselves like brakes. And after that they could not be budged. They kept right on that way for a long time. It was a motionless

Drawn by Armand Both

"THE DOTYITES, TOO, WENT OVER LIKE A STRIKE OF TEN-PINS, MOST OF THEM INTO THE CREEK"

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pulling match, or tug-of-war, a sort of strenuosity of *statu quo*. But I do not feel that I can describe it. Suffice it to say that the hose broke. An old section that had been put in to lengthen it, snapped with the suddenness of rotten rubber, and the Heinzburgers simultaneously sat down on each other, the blacksmith on the painter, the painter on the clerk, the clerk on the captain, and so on to the end. The Dotyites, too, went over like a strike of ten-pins, most of them into the creek.

The Heinzburgers, when they came to their feet, saw that their opponents had vanished, all except three, and these turned and went down the bank as if they were in a hurry. But presently they all appeared at the edge of the bank, dripping mud and water. There they came to a halt in a spell of indecision. The two sides viewed each other from a distance as if they were wondering what would happen next. Thus the two contingents contemplated the contingency, but not for long.

The Heinzburgers saw that this turn of affairs meant victory for their side. They smiled, made boastful remarks, and turned to go back to their own machine; but they had no more than started when the Dotyites turned as one man and ran to get there ahead of them. When the hurrying Heinzburgers arrived, the Dotyites had already pulled *their* hose out of the creek; and now they were standing in readiness beside it, expecting the recent performance to be repeated. But the Heinzburgers, being able to learn by experience, had no mind to pull their own outfit to pieces. Under the circumstances, there was only one thing to do, and that was not to pull on their own hose, but to pull on the persons of the Dotyites themselves.

The real contest started in just that way. Donovan lay hands upon Schmierhagen and Schmierhagen lay hands upon Donovan; whereupon one of the Dotyites flew to the assistance of his captain; whereat the painter felt called upon to end this unequal contest; and right there the whole congregation became one tangled mass about a nucleus of trouble. Result—a thirty-man wrestling-match. They were too close together to do much but push one anothers' faces and tear one anothers' clothes: it was a peculiar combat. Maybe it was not a fight at all; possibly it was just thirty men all trying to part one another: it would be hard to say what it was. The more they hauled and mauled, the closer they conglomerated, and the whole "mix-up" revolved upon its axis and drifted here and there. Occasionally a member would be thrown out suddenly from its circumference as somebody got a grip on his collar and gave him a fling; whereupon he would gather himself together again and butt into the fray like an irate goat.

This took longer than it takes to tell it; meanwhile the fire was doing things in its own way. Smoke and blazes now filled the factory. There was a brick chimney which had been lengthened so much, in the hope of making it draw, that it had to be braced with wire; and this chimney, instead of having a foundation, rested upon a bracket on a partition. As one side of this partition became eaten away by fire, the giddy pile of brick toppled and fell lengthwise on the roof, breaking the timbers with such force that they upset the flimsy walls. The whole structure sprang apart and fell into itself as if there had been an explosion. The wrestling-match came apart at almost the same instant, and then the Heinzburgers saw that they had other work to do.

The Water Sprite, because of the nearness of the creek on that side, had been drawn up rather close to the building; and now its tongue was pinned down by a blazing timber, while firebrands were strewn under and upon it. The company came to the rescue; they seized the intake hose, and pulled it out by its tail, as it were. The ladder was in the fire. The Dotyites, seeing this, hurried away to see what had been the fate of their own ladder and hose.

In this interregnum the cheese-maker at last made himself heard. At the beginning of the trouble, when he still had hopes of saving the factory, he had run hither and thither, shouting advice and arguments and trying to bring order out of chaos; but he was lost in the shuffle. Now that the factory was a mere pile of kindling-wood and the firemen had done nothing, he became fully indignant. And he came down upon the Dotyites with his whole load of righteous anger. He said it all, and then ordered them off the place.

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"Und don'dt you *effer* come back und make your troubles on my place. I show you whose fire it iss. It iss *my* fire. Und it iss my place. Git out! Go!"

Having finished with them, he went around and took up the Heinzburgers. When he had berated them soundly, he ordered them also off the premises.

"Shame on you—such firemens vat you are! *Ach,* such firemens! Go home!"

Not a man replied. Right is might. The Heinzburgers solemnly rolled up their hose, hitched the horses, and took their departure. On the way home not much was said. In fact, when they went through the darkening tamarack swamp there was entire silence. Then the farmer, who had been a studious spectator of it all, clucked to his horses, turned about in his seat, and spoke.

"Wa-a-all," he observed, "you fellers did n't do as bad as you might 'a' done. Anyways, you saved the *injine.*"

A SUMMER FESTIVAL IN TAHITI

A SOUTH SEA CELEBRATION OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL HOLIDAY

BY SOPHIA BLEDSOE HERRICK

"THE first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea island, are memories apart, and touch a virginity of sense."—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

AS the ship approached Tahiti, the island grew like some lovely, faint-toned vision into full reality. From what seemed a heap of cumulus clouds lying low on the horizon, it resolved itself into a mighty mass of rock, broken into sharp, almost crystalline fractures, and clothed from foot to crown with vivid vegetation. In shadow the gorges were a shimmering purple, or, in the farther distance, a smoky blue; while the fleecy clouds clung to the peaks or drifted slowly down into the valleys. But words are futile; its charm utterly eludes description. The mountain, with its beautiful diadem, a crown of rocky points, seemed to spring full-grown from the sea.

As the ship took its curving course around the north side of the island, the diadem was lost to view, while Papéite, the capital, came into sight, lying on the low, level land close to the lagoon.

On the quay were people of all shades of color and of every variety of costume, from the bronze boys, with a mere fig-leaf of colored rag, who dived into the water after the coins dropped overboard by passengers, to the smart French *gens d'armes* and sailors: from European and American civilians, in their white duck, to native men in picturesque *pareu* and half-caste girls in bright calico *holokus,* a mere full skirt set on a short yoke, their broad, bare feet curiously incongruous with the ornate hats trimmed with wreaths of natural flowers. Over all and everywhere the French colors floated in the soft trade-winds.

Two hundred years have gone by since the shores of Tahiti were first visited by Europeans. In 1706, the Spaniards did little more than land and take possession in the name of their sovereign. It was not until 1767 that Wallis visited it, and,

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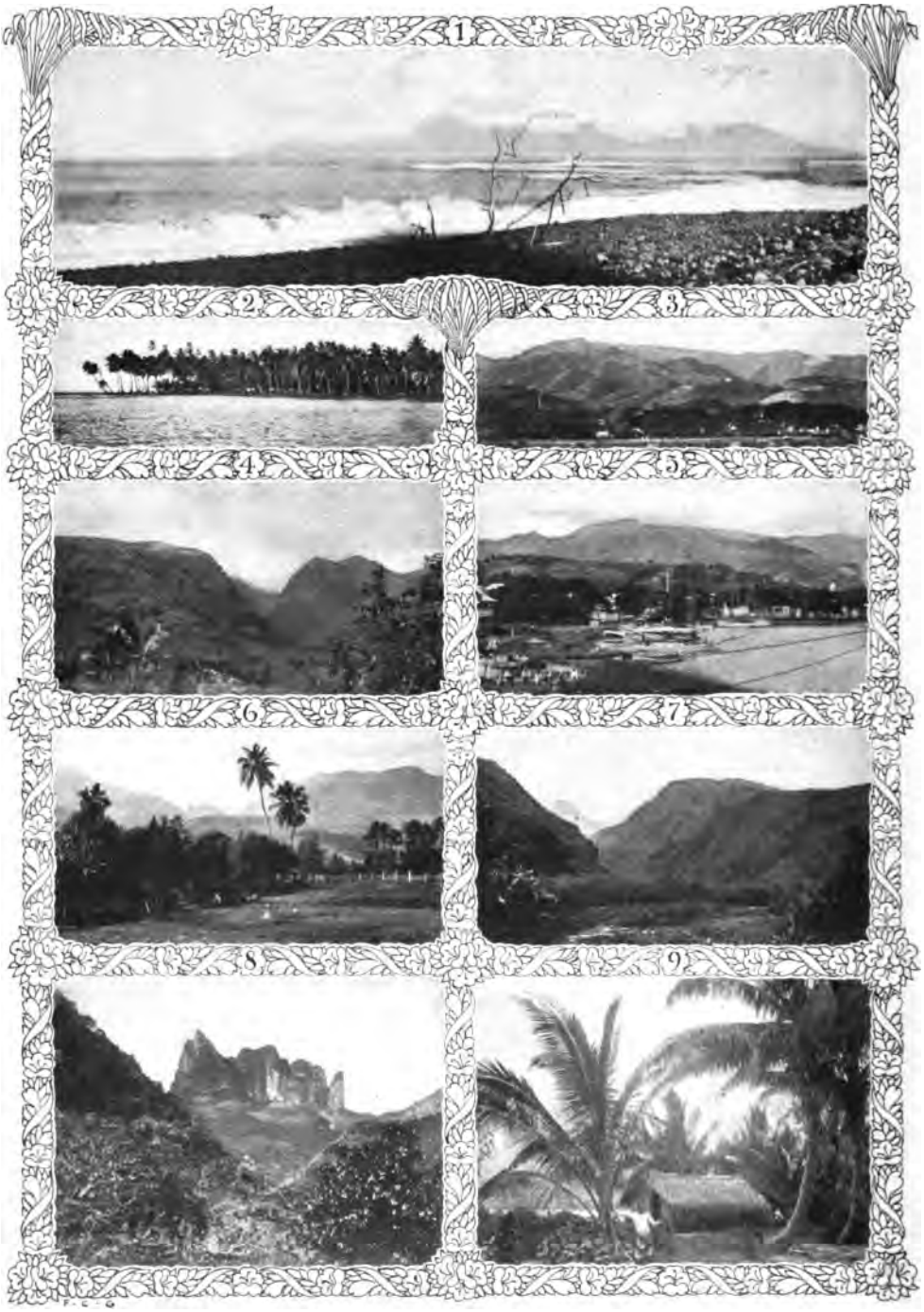
THE SURF AT TAHITI—MOREA IN THE DISTANCE



A LINE OF PALM-TREES
MOUNTAIN SCENERY
VIEW FROM THE SHIP
THE DIADEM

A VIEW OF TAHITI FROM THE WATER
HARBOR OF PAPÉITE
A VALLEY IN TAHITI
A NATIVE HUT

SCENES IN TAHITI

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claiming it for England, named it for King George III. A year later the French, under Bougainville, laid claim to it, and renamed it La Nouvelle Cythère. Again Spain took possession, and yet again England. And so it has been tossed to and fro, like a bright bauble, between the nations, scarcely touched by European civilization till the coming of the English missionaries in 1797.

The first full records we have are those made by Captain Wallis in 1767, later by Captain Cook in his "Voyages," and by Ellis in his "Polynesian Researches."

In the early days the natives showed a perplexing mixture of barbarous cruelty, on the one hand, and of gentleness and generosity, on the other. Infanticide prevailed to such an extent that two thirds of the babies were destroyed. Human sacrifices were frequent and revolting in detail, and the treatment of enemies in battle was cruel in the extreme. European civilization has always lain lightly upon the original savagery of the islanders. There has never been any real fusion. The brutality of the past is gone, sloughed off as if it had never been any real part of the life of the people. Crime is almost unknown among them, and the negative vices of social laxity and laziness are all that remain.

Every phase of native life shows a two-sidedness, the foreign and the native touch, and lightly part, only to touch again. This is very noticeable in the great yearly festival. On July 14, the tribes gather from all the districts of Tahiti itself and from the neighboring islands to celebrate the fall of the Bastile! What can this phrase, which carries with it such poignant significance to the French, mean to these brown, sunny, flower-decked natives? Yet perhaps in this yearly festival the rulers and the ruled, the French and the natives, come nearer together than at any other time.

On July 13, the streets, as we took our drive of orientation, were full of the stir and promise of the coming fête. The sound of the tom-tom and the drum was in the air; groups of people were streaming up and down the street; women in their bright holokus, with their abundant dark hair worn in one or two bushy plaits or hanging loose below their flower-decked hats, while mingling with these were the spick-and-span French soldiers and sailors, and the Europeans and Americans in conventional dress.

It was a wonderful moving picture, with the closed booths of plaited cocoa-mats lining the white coral road on one side, and the shimmering lagoon, where the native canoes, with their primitive outriggers, lay, on the other. Out on the coral reef, half a mile away, rose palm-crowned Motu Otu, and beyond, in the dim distance, lovely Morea lifted her rugged peaks to the sky.

By chance the sound of the native band drew us into the governor's grounds, the gate guarded on each side by dense thickets of bamboo quite twenty-five feet high. Here we found the acting governor, in regulation white duck, standing with an interpreter by his side and above his head a sheaf of French flags. Opposite to him was a group of natives, also carrying the French colors. The governor was addressing the crowd, exhorting them to patriotism, his words being translated into the native tongue as he spoke. An old man, evidently the leader of the tribe, in an oration, as it seemed from his manner and gesture, replied to him. All the while the air was thick with the beating of drums and tom-toms, the bleating of accordions, and sounds not intelligible to us until the crowd parted. Then we saw four men advancing, each pair carrying between them, across their shoulders, a long pole upon which were hung various offerings. A sucking pig, with his four legs tied together, was slung upside down over the pole, and was filling the air with his squeals and grunts; a cock, equally vociferous in his protests, hung in the same uncomfortable position; while maturer pigs added their quota to the noise. The poles bent beneath the weight of *feis,* or wild mountain bananas, cocoanuts, and other fruits.

The musical instruments, like everything else in Tahiti, showed a mixture of the native and the European—commonplace drums and accordions, tom-toms and empty oil-cans, the last beaten with the greatest solemnity. The native tom-tom is the most simple instrument imaginable —a hollow tube closed at both ends, with a wide longitudinal slit on one side. It is beaten with one or two sticks. In every case these seem to constitute the instru-

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HARPOONING FISH. CANOE WITH OUTRIGGER

A NATIVE BOAT-RACE
THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING
THE FIRE-WALKER

A NATIVE FAMILY
A HAT-MAKER

THE QUAY
TOMB OF KING ROMANE
ONE OF THE DANCES

SCENES IN TAHITI

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ments used to accompany the chants and the dances.

At eight o'clock in the evening of the 13th, at the Place du Gouvernement, there was to be a dress-rehearsal of the Himene,—a word corrupted from the old hymn-singing meetings held by the missionaries,—where people of the different tribes were to contest for prizes offered by the French government.

Posts had been erected about the central stand, and on these were affixed improvised candelabra. Four bars crossing in the middle, making an eight-rayed star, were strung, row upon row, with blue, white, and red transparent cups; and these, partly filled with cocoanut-oil and supplied with a wick of the fiber, gave a beautiful effect when lighted. From the top of the stand, radiating to the edges of the inclosure, were strung myriads of Chinese lanterns, making the place aglow with color.

In an open space before the stand the Himene were to play their parts. Ranged around in three quarters of a circle sat the audience, the foreigners on chairs, the natives on the turf just in front of them.

The sound of the band announced the coming of each Himene, and under the folds of the French flag they marched slowly in, and dropped in a compact mass before the stand, sitting on their heels, while torches and flambeaux were ranged about the outer rim of the circle.

The singing, or chanting, then began. No words can describe the wild, savage quality of that music. The chant was introduced by a clear, sweet note, like a prolonged call, from a soprano accompanied by the native orchestra. Then followed a sort of recitative, often very staccato in measure, each musical phrase ending in a chord, at times in seven different parts. This final note was indescribable in its beautiful orchestral effect, and was prolonged until the hearer wondered how any human voice could find breath enough to keep it up. I heard this final wail hundreds of times, but never without a thrill. It can no more be accurately notated on our scale than can the soughing of the wind, or a cry of heart-piercing anguish.

Each tribe has a leader who controls the chorus, very much as our orchestral leaders do, and with wonderful perfection and grace. The accuracy of the time kept both by the orchestra and the chorus was remarkable, especially in the uncertain light of the swinging lanterns.

The music of certain of the tribes was curiously touched by European influence. An occasional strain sounded like an old mass or a Gregorian chant. Once a bar suggested a few notes of the "Marseillaise," and again there was a hint of the "Star-spangled Banner." But however that might be, each phrase was brought to a close by the wild, barbaric chord.

The singing of one tribe after another continued for several hours, and then the Upa-Upa, or the Hula-Hula, dance began. The movements of this dance are almost as difficult to describe as the music. Both men and women took part in it, and, as in all Tahitian ceremonies, a conspicuous part was given to the women. The men were the lighter and more muscular dancers; they gesticulated much more freely than the women, and showed a greater variety of motion. A group of women dancing together often made a good effect, with their light, swaying garments, and the exquisite cocoa-plume floating from the wreaths which crown them.

The Tahitian crowd was the most courteous and considerate that I have ever encountered. Many of these people had walked weary miles to witness the dances, and yet there was no pushing, no crowding, no trampling. Again and again place was made for me without a word or a look on my part to indicate that I was not seeing.

Another thing was very noticeable: although the temperature was high, there was no unpleasant odor. The amphibious habits of the natives seemed to secure a remarkable degree of personal cleanliness.

The final contests for the prizes of the Himene began at eight o'clock on the morning of July 15, the 14th coming that year on Sunday.

In the covered stand overlooking the space to be occupied by the contestants was Prince Honoi Pomare, son of the last queen. Beside him was the acting governor, together with representatives of the civil, military, and naval forces in the islands.

The most distinctive of the exhibitions was that of the Paumotans, a tribe that two years before had been driven by a terrible cyclone from their low coral atoll,

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and had settled in Tahiti. They retained more of the aboriginal in their songs and dances than any other tribe on the island. Theirs was rather a symbolic drama than a dance. Two hostile tribes were supposed to be at war, and one was finally vanquished, and all during the action a chorus akin to that in the Greek drama, incited to battle, urged on to success, and finally sang the pæan to the victors and the dirge over the slain.

The tribe which in the end was vanquished was represented by a single man, who came in carrying a small tree, which he drove into the earth and continued to hold in an upright position. He was followed by the leader of the second tribe, who was violently whirling a tomahawk about him, first trying its edge on his own hand, and then on the crown of his enemy. After circling the tree, he struck it a violent blow, which leveled it, as well as the man holding it, who fell over, with one leg standing straight up in the air. The falling of the tree was the symbol of defeat. A procession entered, most curiously garbed; for over their ordinary dress the half of a cocoa frond split through the mid-rib was placed, wreath-wise, low on the forehead, so that the leaves fell as a fringe about the shoulders and below the waist. Another such half frond was fastened about the waist, the fringe of leaves falling to the knee. Above these wreaths, covering the crown of the head, were queer, improvised caps, some like skullcaps, others with peaks standing up behind. The procession came in, squatting and hopping with a frog-like motion, every man carrying a small tree-like branch in his hand. All bunched themselves together on the ground, with heads touching, and keeping time to the chant. They then rose, and with the same curious hopping motion carried out the tree. All this time the women kept up the chanting. Later the men returned in the same way, bearing a canoe decorated with cocoa fronds. The idea was that this canoe had been made out of the tree.

The dress of the women was a singular combination of the savage and the civilized. They wore long, loose, white holokus confined about the waist by a scarlet sash, below which hung blue, plaited ruffles, representing the French colors. All of them wore blue sailor collars, symbolizing the sea; beautifully white, satiny wreaths made of the arrow-root straw, with a cocoa plume floating behind the ear, suggesting the product of their island home.

An interesting feature of the festival was a fire-walking performance given by several of the natives of Raiatea, an island a hundred and forty miles away. These people were darker than the olive-hued Tahitians, and their general appearance suggested that they were not of pure Polynesian blood.

A square pit, sixteen by twelve feet, had previously been dug, and for two days a fire had been burning in it. The bottom of the pit was covered with logs, and stones were piled over these, more fuel was added, and the whole lighted. The first fire-walker carried in his hand what looked like a wand of green. Approaching the pit he began muttering a prayer, or incantation, then unwinding from about the wand a withe, it fell apart as a bunch of *ti,* or Dracæna, leaves. With these he struck the edge of the pit, walked barefooted slowly across the stones, holding the *ti* branch upright before him. After repeating the muttering and the blow with the leaves each time, he walked back and forth a number of times. He was later joined by another man, and then by a woman, who went through the same performance.

Some of the skeptical young Americans sprang into the pit, but they had to confess that the stones felt very hot through the soles of their shoes; and leaves, later thrown in, took fire.

The native life cannot be truly seen in Papéite, and to do this a large party of us drove to Papara, on the other side of the island, to the bungalow of Mr. Salmon, the brother of the late queen, who still owns a large part of Tahiti. The house was said to be one hundred and twenty years old, and was one of the royal residences. The drive carried us through the most exquisite country, the road running along the seashore for twenty-two miles, with the mountains rising in lofty peaks on the other side. Here and there it curved inland beside lovely pools, or wound under palm-groves, with pandanus-thatched bamboo huts scattered through them.

Troops of scantily clad children ran

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out to see the carriages pass, smiling at us in their sweet, spontaneous way, waving little hands, with the native greeting "Oirana," or, sometimes, with pride in the accomplishment, a crisp "Goo'-by."

A man, here and there, wearing nothing but a pareu and hat, saluted, making a bow so sweeping that the hat almost touched the ground, with a courtesy quite worthy of an old-time cavalier, and family groups before the huts gathered to see the cavalcade pass by.

The picturesqueness of it all was hurt by frame cottages with corrugated iron roofs, sometimes with a Yankee clock hanging outside the front door. These houses are a tribute to *les convenances,* kept like a New England best parlor for show, while the people sensibly sleep in the perfectly ventilated bamboo huts in the rear. Every house showed lines of bright pareus hanging out among the vivid tropical foliage to dry, the gaudy tones softened and beautified by long wear and by much beating on the stones.

As the road approached the shore closely, we could see the fishermen in their outrigger canoes, or, standing waist-deep in the water, lifting for us to see the fish they had caught.

The Tahitian fish are of the most radiant colors—olive and vivid blue-green, scarlet and orange, and some of sober tones freaked with brilliant reds and yellows.

The flowers were not in their prime, as July is mid-winter in the Southern tropics, but there were many beautiful and fragrant ones in bloom along the roadside. The brilliant scarlet *Hibiscus* and oleanders, gardenias, and frangipani, together with the bright-leaved plants, *Poinsettia, Dracænas, faux café,* and crotons, gave color and beauty to the way. The immense leaves of the caladium and taro, and the fringed and tattered fronds of the banana, pricked the sense with the delight of the unfamiliar.

Nothing seemed to be cultivated except the vanilla orchid, and that was not, of course, for its delicate blossom, but for the bean. The pure-food law in America has given a great impetus to the languishing industry of its culture.

To our foreign eyes the trees were curious and unfamiliar. Besides the all-pervading cocoa-palm, there were the breadfruit, with its rich, dark foliage; date-palms; tamarind; mango, and papaia, all fruit-bearers. Mingled with these were the flowering trees—the acacias, one variety of which (the flamboyant) had splendid scarlet flowers; the bourai, bearing pale-yellow blossoms like hollyhocks; and the rose-apple, with its fairy-like globes of stamens. The foliage trees were no less strange and beautiful—the ironwood, the exquisite, filmy, gray-green foliage of which was as delicate as a seaweed; the pandanus springing from the apex of its aërial roots; and the banian, the main shaft of which was inclosed in a thicket of smaller trunks.

The Salmon bungalow, as we approached it, looked most charming in the evening light. It was a low building of about two hundred feet front, with a porch twelve feet wide running the whole length. Opposite the front entrance was a beautiful pergola, formed largely of a gigantic *Bougainvillea,* its gnarled branches trained over the beams above, and both the pergola and the porch covered with its magnificent purple blossoms. Back of the house lay the waters of the lovely lagoon.

Dinner was served in a wide pandanus-thatched loggia. The table was decorated with curiously woven palm-leaves and with flowers. Almost every dish was unfamiliar. There were tiny mussels, served with limes; a fish salad with a sauce like, and yet unlike, mayonnaise; copra-fed pork, the head, snout uppermost, decorating the middle of each platter; taro, somewhat like our white potato; baked wild banana and yams, both like sweet potatoes; stewed, copra-fed chickens and breadfruit, served with a sauce of grated cocoanut, lime-juice, and sea-water. A salad of the inner pith of the new leaves of the cocoa-palm was the chief dish of the feast, a tree being sacrificed for every such salad. Oranges cut up with sugar, and the native rum, formed the dessert.

As we entered, we saw the waiters standing about with green wreaths on their heads. The two young sons of Mr. Salmon were also wreathed, and each guest was decorated in the same manner before sitting down.

It was a jolly dinner. Mr. Salmon and his brother, the queen's nephews, caring for the wants of each guest with punctil-

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ious courtesy, while among the vines about the open sides of the loggia, rows upon rows of native heads looked in and smiled at the strange Americans.

After dinner a serenade was given by the Himene from three of Mr. Salmon's districts, the natives grouped on the turf in the darkness. This was followed by some lively American songs and charming Hawaiian melodies, sung by Mr. Baker, the last governor of the Sandwich Islands. These were given at the request of the native leader, and courteously acknowledged at their close.

The bed I slept in that night was one of the royal beds, differing from ours only in being nine feet long. It must have been specially built to accommodate the royal length of limb.

In the cool of the morning we drove back to Papéite, seeing the beauty of sea and mountain, grove and pool, in the obverse. The scene was so peaceful and lovely, the people so genial and contented, that it was difficult to realize the barbarous customs of the past, as told by the early explorers.

When I asked our captain what were the industries on the island, he said reverently:

"There is just one industrious person in Tahiti, and that is God Almighty."

On repeating this to a resident, she said:

"No, two. The other fellow is just as busy as the Lord."

All the writers, even to the time of Stevenson, speak of the lamentable decrease in population. The sad Tahitian proverb, "The coral waxes, the palm grows, but man departs," was true of the past, but it is no longer so. In the last ten years there has been a gain of fourteen per cent. in the native population. The bevies of bright-faced children that greeted us on the way to and from Papara seemed to promise a renewal of youth and vigor to a once-vanishing race.

TO HER

BY HENRY AUSTIN

UNTO the dawn, rising in roseate grace,
The stars, with loving lingering, give place,
Hiding bright faces in the brighter space.

So the gay flowers with which the garden glows,
Whereon the breeze of summer wooing blows,
Seem gathered, seem condensed, within the rose;

And so the rose, that miracle of scent,
Color, and shape harmoniously blent,
To breathe of thee, thee only, must be meant;

Because—oh, beauty that each day renews—
Thou summest all sweet odors, forms, and hues,
My Star, my Dawn, my Rose, my Music, and my Muse.

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THE CREATORS: A COMEDY

BY MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Helpmate," etc.

XLVII

A YEAR passed, and half a year, and Jane had not found an answer to Tanqueray's question.

She had gone on somehow. He himself had made it easier for her by his frequent disappearances. He had found a place somewhere on Dartmoor where he hid himself from the destroyers, from the dreadful little people, where he hid himself from Rose. It helped her not to have the question raised.

Now—they were in August, nineteen hundred and ten—Tanqueray was back again with his question. He had left her, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in her study, facing it. Not but that he had provided her with a solution, a positive solution. "Jinny," he had said, "why don't you do as I do? Why don't you go away, if only for a few months every year?"

It seemed so simple, Tanqueray's solution, that at first she wondered why it had not occurred to her before. But as she looked back over the last three years, she saw why. It could not have occurred to her as long as she had had the charge of her own children. She would not be entertaining it now if Gertrude was not there, looking after them. And it would not have been possible if the baby, the little girl, her third child, had lived. She had wanted to have a little girl, just to show what she could do. She had said, "There shall be one happy woman in the world, and she shall be my daughter."

But the little girl had never lived at all. She had been brought forth dead in the night that followed Mabel Brodrick's death. Jane had been with Mabel when she died. That was in January, six months ago.

After that there had come the great collapse, the six weeks when she lay quiet, and Gertrude, like an angel, had waited on her. She had been allowed to have the little boys with her for hours at a time then, she being utterly unable to excite them. Sometimes, when she was not well enough to have them very long, Gertrude would bring them in to look at her, the little, solemn-eyed, quiet boys, holding Gertrude's hands. Every day brought her a moment of pain when she saw them going out of the room with Gertrude, led by her hand.

For six weeks Hugh had been left very much to Gertrude. And Gertrude's face in that time had flowered softly, as if she herself had entered into the peace she made.

But, in March, Jane was on her feet again. In April, Brodrick took her to the Riviera, and her return, in May, was the return of that brilliant and distracting alien who had invaded Brodrick's house seven years ago. Jane, having nothing to do but to recover, had done it so completely that Henry admitted that he would not have known her. To which she had rather ominously replied that she knew herself only too well.

Even before she went away, even lying quiet, she had been aware that life was having its triumphant will of her. She had known all along, of course, that, as Owen Prothero had told her, she was sound through and through. Her vitality was unconquerable. Nothing could wreck her. Even Henry would own that her body, when they gave it a chance, was as fine a physical envelop as any woman could wish to have. Lying quiet, she had been inclined to agree with Henry that genius—her genius, at any rate—was a neurosis; and she was not going to be neurotic any more. Whatever it was, it had

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made things terribly complicated. And to Jane, lying quiet, they had become absurdly simple. She herself was simplified. She had been torn in pieces; and in putting herself together again she had left out the dangerous, disintegrating, virile element. Whatever happened now, she would no longer suffer from the presence in her of two sexes contending for the mastery. Through it all, through all her dreadful virility, she had always been persistently and preposterously feminine. And lying quiet, she was more than ever what George Tanqueray had said she was not to be—a mere woman.

Therefore to Jane, lying quiet, there had been no question of how she was to go on.

But to Jane on her feet again, in all her ungovernable, disastrous energy, the question was as insistent as Tanqueray himself. Her genius had recognized its own vehicle in her body restored to perfect health, and three years' repression had given it ten times its power to dominate and torture. It had thriven on the very tragedies that had brought her low.

It knew its hour and claimed her. She was close upon thirty-nine. It would probably claim her without remission for the next seven years. It had been relentless enough in its youth; it would be terrible in its maturity. The struggle, if she struggled, would tear her as she had never yet been torn. She would have to surrender, or at any rate to make terms with it. It was useless to fall back upon the old compromises and adjustments. Tanqueray's solution was the only possible, the only tolerable one. But it depended perilously upon Hugh's consent.

She went to him in his study, where he sat peaceably smoking in the half-hour before bedtime.

Brodrick merely raised his eyebrows as she laid it before him, her monstrous proposal to go away for three months. He asked her if three months was not rather a long time for a woman to leave her home and her children?

"I know," she said; "but if I don't—"

"Well?"

"I shall go to pieces."

He looked at her critically, incredulously.

"Why can't you say at once what 's wrong?" he said. "Is there anything you want that you don't have here? Is there any mortal thing that can be done that is n't done?"

"Not any mortal thing."

"What is it, then?"

"Hugh dear, did it never strike you that you are a very large family, and that when it comes down on me it 's in the proportion of about seven to one?"

"Whoever *does* come down on you?"

"John," said she, "was with me for two hours yesterday."

Brodrick lent his ear as to a very genuine grievance. John, since his bereavement, was hardly ever out of the house.

"And I suppose," he said, "he bored you?"

"No; but he will call when I 'm writing."

"Why on earth don't you send him away?"

"I would, if Mabel had n't died. But how can I when he 's unhappy? It would hurt him so. And yet, supposing you were to die, what would John say if I were to call on him at the works every day and play with his dynamos to distract my mind, or sit with him in his office, rumpling his hair and dislocating his ideas till he did n't know the difference between a steam-roller and an internal-combustion engine? That 's more or less what John does to me. The only thing is to get away."

However, it was for Brodrick to decide, she said. And Brodrick said he could not decide until he had thought it over. She was very soon aware that she had caused a scandal in her husband's family by her proposal to go away for three months. The scandal was not altogether unconnected with George Tanqueray, since it was at his suggestion that she proposed to take this unprecedented step. If she had proposed to take it with him they could hardly have shown themselves more horrified.

She knew how monstrous her conduct must appear to them. She could see it all clearly from their point of view. That had always been, after all, her poor merit, that she could see things from other people's point of view. Her vision of them, indeed, of the way they took things, was apt to be so vivid, so ingrossing, that it left her with no point of view of her own. She carried into life itself and all its relations her virtue as an artist—that effac-

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ment of her observing self in favor of the thing observed.

That, Nina told her, was her danger. Nina happened to be with her on the day when another family committee met and sat upon her case. They were sitting on it now, up-stairs with Brodrick in his study. She knew infallibly what their judgment would be. Just as she had seemed to them so long a creature of uncertain health, she must seem now inconstant, insincere, the incarnation of heartlessness, egotism, and caprice. She said to herself that it was all very well for Nina to talk. This insight was a curse. It was terrible to know what people were thinking, to feel what they were feeling. And they were seven to one, so that when she gave them pain she had to feel ten times the pain she gave.

But, after all, they, her judges, could take care of themselves. This family that was one consolidated affection was like a wall; it would shelter and protect her so long as she was content to be sheltered and protected: if she dashed herself against it, it would break her in pieces.

And Nina was saying: "Can't you take it into your own hands? Why should you let these people decide your fate for you?"

"Hugh will decide it," she said. "He 's with them up-stairs now."

"Is he asking their advice?"

"No; they 're giving it him. That 's my chance, Nina."

"Your chance?"

"My one chance. They 'll put his back up, and, if it 's only to show them, he 'll let me go."

"Do you mean to say, Jinny, that if he did n't, you would n't go?"

"I don't even know that I 'd go if he minded very much."

"I wish to goodness George Tanqueray were here! He might make you—"

"What has he ever made me do?"

"He might make you see it."

"I do see it," said Jane.

She closed her eyes as one tired with much seeing. Nina's presence hardly helped her. Nina was even more profoundly disturbing than George Tanqueray; she had even less of consolation to offer to one torn and divided, she herself being so supreme an instance of the glory of the single flame.

The beauty and the wonder of it—in Nina—was its purity. Nina showed to what a pitch it had brought her, her high, undivided passion for great art. Under it every trace of Nina's murkiness had vanished. She had lost that look of restless, haggard adolescence, that horrible intentness, as if her hand were always on the throat of her wild beast. You saw, of course, that she had suffered; but you saw, too, that her genius was appeased by her suffering. It was just, it was compassionate; it had rewarded her for every pang.

Jane found herself saying beautiful things about Nina's art. It was the flame, unmistakably the pure flame. If solitude, if virginity, if frustration, could do that— She knew what it had cost Nina; but it was worth it, seeing what she had gained.

Nina faced her with the eyes that had grown so curiously quiet.

"Ah, Jinny," she said, "could *you* have borne to pay my price?"

She owned that she could not.

UP-STAIRS Brodrick faced his family where it sat in judgment upon Jane.

"What does she complain of?" said John.

"Interruption," said Hugh. "She says she never has any time to herself, with people constantly running in and out."

"She does n't mind," said Sophy, "how much time she gives to the Protheros and the rest of them. Nina Lempriere 's with her now. She 's been here three solid hours. As for George Tanqueray—"

John shook his head.

"That 's what I don't like, Hugh—Tanqueray's hanging about the house at all hours of the day and night. However you look at it, it 's a most undesirable thing."

"Oh, Tanqueray," said Brodrick, "*he* 's all right."

"He 's anything but all right," said Henry—"a fellow who notoriously neglects his wife."

"Well," said Brodrick, "I don't neglect mine."

"If you give her her head—" said Henry.

He scowled at Henry.

"You know, Hugh," said Frances, "she really will be talked about."

"She 's being talked about now," said Brodrick, "and I don't like it."

"There 's no use talking," said John, sorrowfully, and he rose to go.

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They all rose then. Two by two they went across the heath to John's house, Sophy with Henry, and Frances with John; and as they went, they leaned to each other, talking continuously about Hugh and Tanqueray and Jane.

"If Hugh gives in to her in this," said Henry, "he 'll always have to give in."

"I could understand it," said Sophy, "if she had too much to do in the house."

"It 's not," said Frances, "as if there were any struggle to make ends meet. She has everything she wants."

"Children—" said John.

"It 's preposterous," said Henry.

When Nina had gone, Brodrick came to Jane.

"Well," he said, "do you still want to go away for three months?"

"It 's not that I want to, but I must."

"If you must," he said, "of course you may. I daresay it will be a very good thing for you."

"Shall you mind, Hugh?"

"Oh, dear me, no. I shall be very comfortable here with Gertrude."

"And Gertrude," she murmured, "will be very comfortable here with you."

XLVIII

She went down to Devonshire, to a farmhouse not far from Chagford, on the edge of Dartmoor. Tanqueray had rooms there which were his and nobody else's, and he had lent them to her for three months, or for as long as she cared to stay. She would be safe there, he said. Nobody would find her.

Certainly it would be hard to find her, so remote and hidden was the place. The farm, which was small and humble, stood in a deep lane cut off from Chagford by a hill. The lane dipped abruptly from the hillside; it plunged; it went down, at noon, as into a pit of darkness. The whitewashed house, lodged on a flat break in the descent, sucked light through its high ring of ash-trees. Below it the lane went headlong to the bottom of the hill. It was perched on a hill or hugged in a valley, according as you approached it from the northeast or the southwest.

The doorway was guarded by a deep, white-walled porch. You came straight into an ancient, low-roofed, whitewashed kitchen, now the living-room for the eccentric stranger who had made his lodging there. A stairway led up from it into the bedroom overhead. This living-room had a door that opened into a passage joining it to farther and dimmer parts of the house; but the bedroom was inaccessible save by its own stair.

By the deep-set window of each room there stood a firm, solid oak table at which, the woman of the farm had told her, Mr. Tanqueray wrote. Both windows looked on to the lane. That was the beauty of it, Tanqueray had said. There would be nothing to distract her. You could not trust Jinny on the open moor.

For the first week Jinny, cut off from her husband and children, was assailed by a poignant and perpetual misery. As one who has undergone a surgical operation, she suffered an inveterate nerve-aching after the severed flesh. She was haunted by Brodrick's face as she had seen it from her corner of the railway-carriage, looking in at her through the window, silent and overcast, and by his look, his unforgetable look, as the train carried her away. And the children—their faces, their soft forms, and their voices—haunted her. She did no work that week.

Then the country claimed her. Dartmoor laid on her its magic of wild earth and wild skies. She tried to write, and could not. Something older and more powerful than her genius had her. She suffered a resurgence of her youth—her young youth that sprang from the moors, and had had its joy in them, and knew its joy again. It was on the moors that earth had most kinship and communion with the sky. It took the storms of heaven. Its hills were fused with heaven in fires of sunset; they wore the likeness of the clouds, of vapor and fine air. On the moors it was an endless passing of substance into shadow and of shadow into substance.

And she had her own kinship and communion with them. She remembered these hillsides, gray as time, where the grass was as a perishing bloom on the face of the immemorial granite. A million memories and instincts met in these smells of furze and heather and moss, of green rushes and the sweet earth of the southwest.

Tanqueray was right. She was not to be trusted on the open moors. She was

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out of doors all day. And out of doors the idea that had driven her forth withdrew itself. Its very skirts, only half discerned, were beyond her grasp. She was oppressed at times by a sense of utter frustration and futility. If this was all; if she was simply there enjoying herself, tramping the hills all day, a glorious animal set free; if she was not going to accomplish anything, then she had no business to be there at all. It would be better to give it up, to give in, to go back again.

There was a day in her third week when she nearly did go back, when it seemed to her that she would be obeying a wise instinct if she went. She got as far as looking up the trains to Waterloo.

Then, on the brink of it, something that announced itself as a wiser and profounder instinct—an instinct of self-preservation—told her not to go. It told her to wait, to trust to Nature's way, and to Nature's wisdom, in bringing back her youth. Nature's way was to weave over again the web of life, so strained and worn, so tangled and broken, by the impact of other lives. Nature's wisdom was to make her simple and strong, a new creature, with a clean vision and an imagination once more virgin to the world. In short, Nature's beneficent intention was to restore her whole to the genius which also had been a part of Nature's plan.

And all the time good news of Brodrick and the children reached her every other day. Punctually, every other day, Gertrude Collett wrote, assuring her that all was going well at home and urging her to stay. Brodrick wrote, at rather longer intervals, saying how happy the children were, and how entirely comfortable he was with Gertrude. His letters contained little besides praise of Gertrude. There was no reason, he reiterated, why she should not stay.

She stayed, and in her fifth week she received the reward of her staying. Walking back to the farm late one evening, the moors veiled from her passion by the half-darkness, her idea came back to her. It came not yet with the vividness of flesh and blood, but like a ghost. It had ghostly hands and feet, and like a ghost it walked the road with her. But through its presence she felt in herself again that nascent ecstasy which infallibly foretold the onset of the incredible act and labor of creation.

When she reached the farm she found George Tanqueray sitting in the porch. The lamplight through the open door revealed him.

"Whatever brought you here?" she said.

"What always brings me."

She understood him to mean that he also had been driven forth, and was in subjection to the idea.

"Have you come to turn me out?" she said.

"No, Jinny."

He explained that he was staying in the village, at the Three Crowns. He had arrived that evening, and had walked over.

He followed her into the deep kitchen. At the supper-table his place had been laid for him already. He had ordered it so.

He looked at her, smiling an apology.

"Is it all right?" he said.

"Perfectly all right, George."

They talked all the evening and far into the night. She parted from him at the gate of the lane under the ash-trees. Under the ash-trees her idea showed in its immense and luminous perfection. It trembled into life. It drew her, palpitating, into the lamplight of the room. She had found what she had come for.

XLIX

THAT was the effect he always had on her. Latterly, in the years when she had had to struggle for the brief moments of creation, she had grown dependent on him for this effect. It amounted to no more than an easy, painless drawing out of what was in her, the seeing of her idea as she saw it, but so that through his eyes she was able to believe in its power and perfection.

His presence filled her with a deep and strong excitement. In their long separations she had found herself thirsting for it continually. Over and over again, when the flame in her died down and she felt herself in terror of extinction, he had come to her in her anguish and had taken her fear from her. She had only to pick up a book of his, to read a sentence of his, and she would feel herself afire again. Everything about him—his voice, his look, the touch of his hand—had this penetrating, life-giving quality.

Three weeks passed, and Tanqueray

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was still at Chagford. In the mornings they worked, he on his book and she on hers. She saw him every afternoon or evening. Sometimes they took long walks together over the moors. Sometimes they wandered in the deep lanes. Sometimes, in rainy weather, they sat indoors, talking. In the last five years Tanqueray, who never used to show his work, had brought all his manuscripts for her to read. He brought them now. Sometimes she read to him what she had written. Sometimes he read to her. Sometimes he left his manuscript with her, and took hers away with him. They discussed every doubtful point together, they advised each other, and consulted. She was anxious to keep constantly before him the intellectual basis of their friendship. Sometimes they talked of other things.

But every day Tanqueray walked up from the village to the farm. She looked on his coming as the settled, natural thing. Brodrick continued to assure her that the children were happy without her, and that he was very comfortable with Gertrude; and Tanqueray reiterated that it was all right, all perfectly right.

One day he arrived earlier than usual—about eleven o'clock. He proposed that they should walk together over the moor to Post Bridge, lunch at the inn there, and walk back. Distance was nothing to them.

They set out down the lane. There had been wind at dawn. Southward, over the hills, the clouds were piled up to the high sun in a riot and glory of light and storm. The hills were dusk under their shadow.

The two swung up the long slopes at a steady pace, rejoicing in the strong movement of their limbs. It was thus that they used to set out together long ago, on their "days," over the hills of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire. Jane remarked that her state now was almost equal to that great freedom. And they talked of Brodrick.

"There are n't many husbands," she said, "who would let their wives go off like this for months at a time."

"Not many. He has his merits."

"When you think of the life I lead him at home, it takes heaps off his merit. The kindest thing I can do to him is to go away and stay away. George, you don't know how I 've tormented the poor darling."

"I can imagine."

"He was an angel to bear it."

She became pensive at the recollection.

"Sometimes I wonder whether I ought really to have married. You told me that I ought n't."

"When?"

"Six years ago."

"Well, I 'm inclined to say so still. Only, *the* unpardonable sin in a great artist—is n't so much marrying, as marrying the wrong person."

"He is n't the wrong person for me. But I 'm afraid I 'm the wrong person for him."

"It comes to the same thing."

"Not altogether." She pondered. "No doubt God had some wise purpose when He made Hugh marry me. I can *see* the wise purpose in Owen's marrying Laura, and the wise purpose in his not marrying Nina; but when it comes to poor, innocent Hugh tying himself up for ever and ever with a woman like me—"

"Don't put it on God. His purpose was wise enough."

"What was it?"

"Why, obviously, that I should have married you, that Hugh should have married Gertrude, and that some reputable young draper should have married Rose."

"Poor little Rose!"

"Poor little Rose would have been happy with her draper; Gertrude would have been happy with Brodrick; you—no, I, should have been divinely happy with you."

She laughed. "Oh, would you!"

"*That* was the Heaven-appointed scheme. And there we were, all five of us, bent on frustrating the divine will. I beg Gertrude's pardon: Gertrude's will was entirely in accord."

"It sounds delightfully simple, but I doubt if it would have worked out so. We 've all got as much of each other as we want."

"That 's what we have n't got. Very large, important pieces of each of us have been taken and given to the wrong person. Look at you, look at me."

She looked at him. "My dear, the largest and most important part of you is kept well out of the reach of Rose's little fingers. You and I have quite as much of

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each other as is good for us. If *we* were to tear each other to pieces, there 'd be nothing left of us."

Thus lightly they handled it, setting out in the morning.

Their pace slackened. They had begun to think.

She had always been a little hard on him about Rose, Tanqueray thought. It was as if she accused him, or rather his genius, of a monstrous egoism. Surely that only meant that it was indomitably sound and sane. A reckless sanity it had, a soundness capable of any risks. There never was any man who so defied the forces of dissolution, who had so profound an instinct of self-preservation.

Such a nature was bound to be inhospitable to parasites. By the very ease with which it assimilated all food of earth and heaven, it starved them at the roots.

It was not that he deliberately cast off any tender thing that clung to him. It was that the sheer impulse of growth in him was so tremendous that it burst through and outsoared the embracing and aspiring bonds. His cruelty—for it *was* cruelty from the poor parasite's point of view—was like Nature's, unconscious and impersonal.

It was not his fault, therefore, if Rose's arms, try as she would, could never hold him. It was not that he was indifferent to Rose or to her suffering, or that he shrank in moral cowardice from dealing with it as a man should deal. It was that the voice of implacably wise and indubitably sane instincts warned him that he would accomplish no great thing if he turned to contemplate her tragedy, still less if he accepted it as his own. Incorruptible impulses urged him to evasion. And it was thus that in the seven years of his marriage he had achieved almost complete oblivion of her.

But Jane—Jane was a creature of like impulses and of the same stature as he. Her dependence on him, if she was dependent, was for such things as overflowed from him, that cost him no effort to bestow. And she gave as superbly as she received. There was nothing in the least parasitic about Jane. She had the freedom of all the spaces of earth and heaven. She could tramp the hills beside him with the same breath and stride.

He had given her his hand for the last steep ascent. She sprang to it, and took it in her fine, firm grasp; but he felt no great pull upon his arm. She kept step with him, and reached the top unflushed, unpanting.

Watching her, he saw how marriage had ripened her slender body, and given to it the beauty that it had lacked. She was more feminine than ever. She added that invincible quality to the sexless charm that had drawn him hitherto—drawn him irresistibly, but on paths remote from disaster. He had forgotten that he had been aware that she was formidable ever since he had first realized that she belonged to another man.

They lunched at Post Bridge, at the little inn that Tanqueray knew. A sudden inspiration seizing them, they drove to Merivale and back. They stopped at their inn again for tea, and faced untired the long tramp of the return. It was evening when they reached the last moor that lay between them and the farm lane.

The long, uphill road unwound itself before them, a dun-white band flung across the darkening down. A veil of gray air was drawn across the landscape. To their left the farther moors streamed to the horizon, line after line, curve after curve, fluent in the watery air. Nearer, on the hillside to their right, under the haze that drenched its green to darkness, the furze threw out its unquenchable gold.

Jane was afraid of her thoughts and Tanqueray's. She talked incessantly. She looked about her and made him see how patches of furze seen under a haze showed flattened, with dark, bitten edges, clinging close, like lichen on a granite wall; and how, down the hillsides, in the beds of perished streams, the green grass ran like water.

"I love your voice," he said, "but I wish you 'd look at me when you 're talking."

"If I did," she said, "I could n't talk."

The truth leaped out of her, and she drew in her breath, as if thus she could recall it; seeing all that it meant, and knowing that he who saw everything must see.

A silence fell on them. It lasted till they topped the rise.

Then Tanqueray spoke.

"Yes; a precious hash we 've all made of it—you and I and Brodrick and poor

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Nina. Could anything be more fatuous, more perverse?"

"Not all of us. Not Owen. He did n't go far wrong when he married Laura."

"Because the beast 's clairvoyant, and love only made him more so, while it makes us poor devils blind as bats."

"There 's a dear little bat just gone by us. He 's so happy."

"Ah, you should see him trying to fly by daylight."

Silence and the lucid twilight held them close.

"Jinny, do you remember that walk we had once, coming back from Wendover?"

She did not answer him.

"Jinny, we 're there again, and where we were then. We 've slipped everything between. Positively, I can't remember now what came between."

It was her state, also. She could have owned it. Only that to her it was strange and terrible, the facility with which they had annihilated time and circumstance—all that had come between. It was part of their vitality, the way they let slip things that hurt, the way they plunged into oblivion, and emerged new-made.

"We must have gone wrong somewhere in the beginning," he said.

"Don't let 's talk about it any more."

"It 's better to talk about it than to bottle it up inside us. That turns it to poison."

"Yes."

"And have n't we always told the truth to each other?"

"Not in the beginning. If we only had—"

"We did n't know it then."

"You did n't. I did."

"Why did n't you tell me, then?"

"You know what you 'd have thought of me if I had."

"You should n't have cared what I thought. You should have risked it."

"Risked it?"

"Risked it."

"But I risked losing you altogether. What did *you* risk?"

He was silent.

"Why do you blame me? It was your fault, your choice."

"Was it really mine? Was it I who went wrong?"

"Yes," she said, "in the beginning. You knew I cared for you."

"If you 'd let me see it."

"Oh, you saw it. I did n't tell you in as many words; but I let you see it. *That* was where I went wrong."

"Yes, yes," he assented, for it was truth's hour. "You should have made me *feel* it."

"How could I?"

"That was it. You could n't."

"I could n't when I knew you 'd seen it."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, *you* took good care of that."

"Was I a brute? Was I a brute to you, Jinny?"

She smiled.

"Not as men go. You could n't help it. There was no deceiving me."

"Why, after all, should n't you have told me?"

"Why, indeed?"

"It 's a preposterous convention that leaves all the truth-telling to the unhappy man."

"Still, there it is. We can't get over it."

"*You* could have got over it. It was n't made for you."

"It was made for all women; and for one who has been wrecked by it, there are millions who have been saved. It was made for me more than any of them."

"If you prefer other women's conventions to your own happiness."

"Would it have been happiness to have given my heart and my soul to somebody who had no use for them, and showed it?"

"You insist that I showed it?"

"You showed me plainly that it was n't my heart and my soul you wanted."

"There you 're wrong. There was a moment—if you 'd only known it."

"I did know."

"What did you know?"

"I knew there was some power I had, if I had known how to use it."

"And did n't you?"

"I don't know. You see, I did n't try."

"You know how to use it now, I can tell you, with a vengeance."

"No; it is n't the same power, I think."

"At any rate, you knew that it was touch-and-go with me? That if *you 'd* chosen, you might have done anything with me?"

"I knew that any other woman could have done the same."

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"Then why not you?"

"I? I did n't want to hold you that way. I had some decency. I loved my poor friend too much to take him at a disadvantage."

"Good God! So *that* was your view of it? I was sacrificed to your invincible ignorance."

"Oh, no; to my knowledge. Or shall we say to an honorable scruple?"

"Honorable?"

"Yes. The whole honor of women lies in that."

"I hope you see where the whole honor of women has landed us at last." They had reached the lane leading to their farm. Its depth held them closer than the twilight held. The trees guarded them. Every green branch roofed a hollow deep with haze. "If you were a cold woman, I could understand it."

"*I* could n't. It 's because I was anything but cold."

"I know. You were afraid then."

"Yes; I was mortally afraid."

Above the lane, on the slope of the foot-hills, they could see their farm, a dim, gray roof in a ring of ash-trees. A dim, green field opened out below it, fanwise, with a wild edge that touched the moor. It seemed to her, with her altered memory, that it was home they were drawing near.

"George," she said, "you know women as God knows them; why did n't you know me? Can't you see what I was afraid of—what we 're all afraid of, what we 're eternally trying to escape from? The thing that hunts us down, that turns again and rends us."

"You thought you saw that in me?"

"I don't see it now."

"Not now," he whispered.

They had come to the porch of the farmhouse. The door stood open. The lamplight drew them in. He closed the door behind them. She stood facing him as one who waits.

"Not now," he said aloud.

He glanced round. The house and all about it was still.

"If we could always be here, Jinny—"

She turned from him, afraid.

"Why not?" he said, and followed her, and took her in his arms.

He pressed back her head with one hand. His face sought hers—the face she knew, with its look of impetuous flight, of curves blown back, the face that seemed to lean forward, breasting the wind of its own speed. It leaned now, swift to its desire. It covered her face. Its lips were pressed to her lips—lips that drank her breath, that were fierce in their drinking, after their long thirst. She pushed it from her with her two hands, and cried out, "Rose! little Rose!"

She struggled from his arms, and ran from him, stumbling up the steep stairs. A door opened and shut. He heard her feet go slowly on the floor of her room above him. They reached the bed. She seemed to sink there.

L

TANQUERAY appeared at the farm very early the next day. He wanted to find Jinny with all the dreams of the night about her.

He found her in the mood of the cool morning, packing her manuscripts in the leather case they traveled in. She had her hat with a long veil on, and there were other signs of preparation for departure.

"What are you doing?" he said.

"I 'm going back."

"And do you suppose I 'm going to let you go? After last night?"

"After—last—night—I *must* go back."

"No. Remember what you said to me last night. We know ourselves, and we know each other now as God knows us. We 're not afraid of ourselves or of each other any more."

"No," she said; "I am not afraid."

"Well, you 've had the courage to get so far, why have n't you the courage to go on?"

"You think I 'm a coward still?"

"A coward." He paused. "I beg your pardon. I forgot that you had the courage to go back."

Her face hardened as they looked at each other.

"I believe, after all," he said, "you 're a cold little devil. You stand there staring at me, and you don't care a damn."

"As far as damns go, it was you, if you remember, that did n't care."

"Are you always going to bring that up against me? I suppose you 'll remind me next that you 're a married woman and the mother of two children."

"We do seem rather to have forgotten it," she said.

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"Jinny, *that* ought never to have happened. You should have left that to the other women."

"Why, George, that 's what you said six years ago, if you remember."

"You *are*—"

"Yes, I know I am. You 've just said so."

"I don't care what you are."

He came to her and stood by her, with his face close to her, not touching hers, but very close. His eyes searched her. She stood rigid in her supernatural self-possession.

"Jinny, you knew. You knew all the time I cared."

"I thought I knew. I did know you cared in a way; but not in this way. This—this is different."

She was trying to tell him that hitherto his passion had been to her such a fiery intellectual thing that it had saved her—as by fire.

"It is n't different," he said gravely. "Jinny, if I only wanted you for myself. But that does n't count as much as you think it does. If you did n't suffer—"

"I 'm not suffering."

"You are. Every nerve 's in torture. Have n't I seen you? You 're ill with it now, with the bare idea of going back. I want to take you out of all that."

"No, no; it is n't that. I want to go."

"You don't. You don't want to own that you 're beaten."

"No. It 's simpler than that. I don't care for you, George, not—not as you want me to."

He smiled. "How do you think I want you to?"

"Well—you know."

"I know that I care so much that it does n't matter how you care, or whether you care or not, so long as I can put a stop to that brutality."

"There is n't any brutality. I 've got everything a woman can want."

"You 've got everything any other woman can want."

She closed her eyes. "I 'm quite happy."

"For heaven's sake, be honest! What is the use of lying to *me,* of all people? Don't I know how happy you are!"

"But I am—I am, George. It 's only this horrid, devilish thing that 's been tacked on to me—"

"That beautiful, divine thing that God made part of you; the thing that you should have loved and made sacrifices for—if there were to have been sacrifices,—the thing you 've outraged and frustrated, and done your best to destroy, in your blind, senseless lust for what you call happiness. You 've no right to make it suffer."

"They say suffering 's the best thing that can happen to it."

"Not its suffering. *Your* suffering is—the pain that makes you alive, that stings and urges and keeps you going—going till you drop. To feel the pull of the bit when you swerve on the road,—its road,—to have the lash laid about your shoulders when you jib, that 's good. You women need the lash more than we because you 're more given to swerving and jibbing. Look at Nina. *She* was lashed into it, if any woman ever was."

"She is n't the only one, George."

"I hope she is n't. God is good to the great artists sometimes, and he was good to her."

"Do you suppose Laura thinks so?"

"Laura 's not a great artist."

"And do you suppose Owen was thinking of Nina's genius when he married Laura instead of her?"

"I don't think that Owen was thinking at all. It 's not the thinkers who are tools in the hands of Destiny, dear child."

His gaze fell on the manuscript.

"Jinny, you know, you 've always known, that you can't do anything without me."

"It seems as if I could n't," she admitted.

"Well, be honest with me."

She looked at her watch. "There 's not much time for me to be honest in, but I 'll try."

She sat down. She meditated a moment, making it out.

"You 're right; I can't do much without you. I 'm not perfectly alive when you 're not there. And I can't get away from you, as I can get away from Hugh. I believe I remember every single thing you ever said to me. I 'm always wanting to talk to you. I don't want always to talk to Hugh; but—I think more of him."

It seemed to her that it was only now that she really made it out; only now, with Tanqueray's passionately logical issue facing her, that she knew herself aright.

"There 's another thing: I can't be sorry for you. I know I 'm hurting you,

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and I don't seem to care a bit. You can't make me sorry for you; but I 'm sorry for Hugh all the time."

"God forbid that you should be sorry for me, then."

"God does forbid it. It 's not that Hugh *makes* me sorry for him; he never lets me know, but I do know. When his little finger aches I know it, and I ache all over—I think it 's aching a bit now. That 's what makes me want to go back to him."

"I see—pity," said the psychologist.

"No; not pity. It 's simply that I know he needs me more than you do. That 's why I need him more than I need you."

"Pity," he reiterated, with a more insistent stress.

"No."

"Never mind what it is, if it 's something that you have n't got for me."

"It *is* something that I have n't got for you. There is n't time," she said, "to go into all that."

As she spoke, he heard wheels grinding the stones in the upper lane, the shriek of the brake grinding the wheel, and the shuffling of men's feet on the flagged yard outside.

He shut the door and faced her, making his last stand.

"You know what you 're going back to?"

"I know."

"To suffer," he said, "and to cause suffering to one, two, three, innocent people."

"No; things will be different."

"They won't. *We* shall be the same."

She shook her head a little helplessly.

"At any rate," he said, "*you* won't be different."

"If I could—if I only could be—"

"But you can't. You know you can't."

"I can, if I give it up—once for all."

"What? Your divine genius?"

"Whatever it is. When I 've killed that part of me I shall be all right. I mean—*they 'll* be all right."

"You can't kill it. You can starve it, drug it, paralyze it, but you can't kill it. It 's stronger than you. You 'll go through hell,—I know it, I 've been there,—you 'll be like a drunkard trying to break himself of the drink habit."

"Yes. But some day I shall break myself, or be broken; and there 'll be peace."

"*Will* there!"

"There 'll be something."

She rose. The wheels sounded nearer; they stopped. The gate of the farm-yard opened and fell to; the feet of the men were at the door.

LI

BRODRICK had been alone in the first fortnight that followed Jane's extraordinary departure. Instead of settling down to be comfortable with Gertrude, he had packed her off to the seaside with the children and their nurse. He had often wondered what he should do without Gertrude. Now he knew. He knew by incontrovertible experiment that he could not do without her at all. Everything, even the silver-chiming clock, went wrong in her absence.

If, before that fortnight, Brodrick had been asked suddenly with what feelings he regarded Gertrude Collett, he would have replied that he was unaware of regarding the lady with any feelings, or, indeed, of regarding her intimately at all. And he would have told the simple truth; for Brodrick was of all men the most profoundly unaware.

Of course there was gratitude. He had always been aware of that. But in that fortnight his gratitude took on immense proportions: it became a monstrous and indestructible indebtedness. He would have said that such a feeling, so far from making him comfortable with Gertrude, would have made him very uncomfortable—much more uncomfortable than he cared to be. But, curiously, it was not so. In his renewed intercourse with Gertrude he found a vague, exquisite satisfaction. The idea of not paying Gertrude back in any way would have been intolerable; but what he felt now was so very like affection that it counted as in some measure a return. It was as if he had settled it in his own mind that he could now meet the innocent demands which the angelic woman seemed to make. Goodness knew it was n't much to ask—a little attention, a little display of the feeling so very like affection, after all that she had done.

It pleased him now when he came, mooning drearily, into the drawing-room, to find Gertrude in possession. He was almost always tired now, and he was glad to lie back in an easy-chair and have his tea handed to him by Gertrude. He looked forward, in fancy, to the children's hour that followed tea-time, and he had

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made a great point at first of having them to himself. But, as a matter of fact, being almost always tired, he enjoyed their society far more sincerely when Gertrude was there to keep them in order.

That was her gift. She had been the genius of order ever since she had come into his house—good gracious! was it ten years ago? Her gift made her the most admirable secretary an editor could have. But she was more than that now. She was a perfect companion to a physically fatigued and intellectually slightly deteriorated man. He owned to the deterioration. Jane had once told him that his intellect was a "lazy, powerful beast." It seemed to him now, humbly regarding it, that the beast was and always had been much more lazy than powerful. It required constant stimulus to keep it going. His young ambition and his young passion for Jane Holland had converged to whip it up. It flagged with the dying down of passion and ambition. Things latterly had come a bit too late. His dream had been realized too late. And he had not realized it, either. Jane had realized it for him. No sooner had he got his wonderful magazine into his own hands than he found out how little he cared about it. He had become more and more absorbed in its external and financial aspects. He showed more and more as the man of business, the slightly hustled and harassed father of a family. He had put off intellectual things. His deterioration weighed on him when he thought of Jane. But Gertrude's gentleness stood between him and any acute perception of his state.

Sometimes when they sat together over her fire, lit in the September evenings, there would be long silences. Gertrude never broke a silence. She was aware of it; she, as it were, held it—he could almost feel her holding it—tenderly, as if she loved it; handled it gently, as if she were afraid that it would break. She gave him so much sense of her presence and no more. She kept before him, humbly veiled from his vision, the fact that she was there to serve him.

Sometimes a curious shyness would come on her. It was not the poignant shyness of her youth, which Brodrick had once found so distressing. It conveyed no fear and no embarrassment, only—so he made it out—the quietest, subtlest hint of possible flight. Its physical sign was the pale, suffused flame in Gertrude's face and that web of air across her eyes. There was a sort of charm about it.

Sometimes coming upon Gertrude alone and unaware of him, he would find her sad. He said to himself then that she had no great cause for gayety. It was a pretty heavy burden for her, this shouldering of another woman's responsibilities. He thought that Jane had sometimes been a little hard on her. He supposed that was Jane's feminine way. The question was whether he himself might not have been kinder; whether there was n't anything that he might yet do to make life sweeter to her. He was, in fact, profoundly sorry for Gertrude—more profoundly sorry than he had been ten years ago, when she had come to him, and he had kept her, though he did not want her, because he was so sorry for her. Well, he wanted her enough now, in all conscience.

Then the horrible thought would occur to him, Supposing Gertrude were to go? It was not conceivable, her going.

For, above all her gifts, Gertrude was an incomparable mother to those unfortunate children. Since Jane's departure, Brodrick had begun to think definitely of his children as unfortunate. It was distinctly pleasurable, the feeling with which he watched her ways in gathering them to her side, and leading them softly from the room when "Daddy was busy," or when "poor Daddy was so tired." More than once he found himself looking out of his study window at her quiet play with the little boys in the garden. Solemn little boys they were; and sometimes he wondered whether little Jacky was not *too* solemn, too preternaturally quiet for four and a half, and rather too fond of holding Gertrude's hand. He remembered how the little beggar used to romp and laugh with Jinny. And, remembering, he would turn abruptly from the window with a sore heart and a set face.

Three weeks passed thus. There was a perceptible increase in Gertrude's shyness and sadness.

One evening after dinner she came to him in his study. He rose and drew forward a chair for her. She glanced at his writing-table and at the long proof-sheets that hung from it, streaming.

"I must n't," she said. "You 're busy?"

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"SHE CLOSED HER EYES. 'I 'M QUITE HAPPY'"

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"Not so busy as all that. What is it?"

"I 've been thinking that it would perhaps be better if I were to leave."

"To leave? What put that into your head?"

She did not answer. She appeared to him dumb with distress.

"Are the children too much for you?"

"Poor little darlings, no."

"Little monkeys. Send them to me if you can't manage them."

"It is n't that. It is—I don't think it 's right for me to stay."

"Not *right?*"

"On the children's account, I mean."

He looked at her, and a shade, a tremor, of uneasiness passed over his face.

"I say," he said, "you don't think they 're unhappy?"

She smiled.

"Without their mother?" He jerked it out with a visible effort.

"No. If they were, I should n't be uneasy."

"Come, you don't want them to be unhappy, do you?"

"No. I don't want anybody to be unhappy. That 's why I think I 'd better go."

"On their account?" he repeated, hopelessly adrift.

"Theirs, and their mother's."

"But it 's on their account—and—their mother's that we want you."

"I know; but it is n't fair to them or to —Mrs. Brodrick that they should be so dependent on me."

"But—they 're babies."

"Not now. It is n't right that I should be taking their mother's place, that they should look to me for everything."

"But," he broke in irritably, "they don't. Why should they?"

"They do. They must. You see, it 's because I 'm on the spot."

"I see." He hid his frowning forehead with one hand.

"I know," she continued, "it can't be helped. It is n't anybody's fault. It 's—it 's inevitable."

"Yes; for the present it 's—inevitable."

They both paused on that word.

"I suppose," he said, "you 're really afraid that they 'll get too fond of you."

"Yes."

"They 're very fond of their mother, are n't they?"

"Yes—if she were always here."

"Of course it does make your position a little difficult. Still, we don't want them to fret for her; we don't want them not to be fond of you. Besides, if you went, what on earth would they do without you?"

"They must learn to do without me. They would have some one else."

"Yes; and they 'll be fond of *her.*"

"Not in the same way. I think perhaps I 've given myself too much to them. There 's something unusual, something tragic, in the way they cling to me. I know it 's bad for them. I try to check it, and I can't. And I 've no right to let it go on. Nobody has a right except their mother."

"Well, it 's awfully nice of you to feel like that about it; but, as you say, I don't see how it 's to be helped. I think you 're taking an exaggerated view—conscientiously exaggerated. They 're too young, you know, to be very tragic."

She smiled as through tears.

"I don't think you 'll save tragedy by going. Besides, what should I do?"

"You?"

"Yes. You don't appear to have thought of me."

"Don't I?" She smiled again, as if at some secret, none too happy, of her own. "If I had not thought of you, I should never have come here a second time. If I had not thought of you, I should not have thought of going."

"Did you think I wanted you to go?"

"I—was not quite sure."

He laughed. "Are you sure now?"

She looked at him again.

"I *do* help you by staying?"

He was overwhelmed by his indebtedness.

"Most certainly you do. I must have been very ungracious if you have n't realized how indispensable you are."

"If you 're sure of that—I 'll stay."

"Good."

He held out his hand and detained hers for a moment. "Are you sure you don't want to leave us? I 'm not asking too much of you?"

She withdrew her hand.

"You have never asked too much."

Thus Gertrude uncovered the knees of the gods.

(To be continued)

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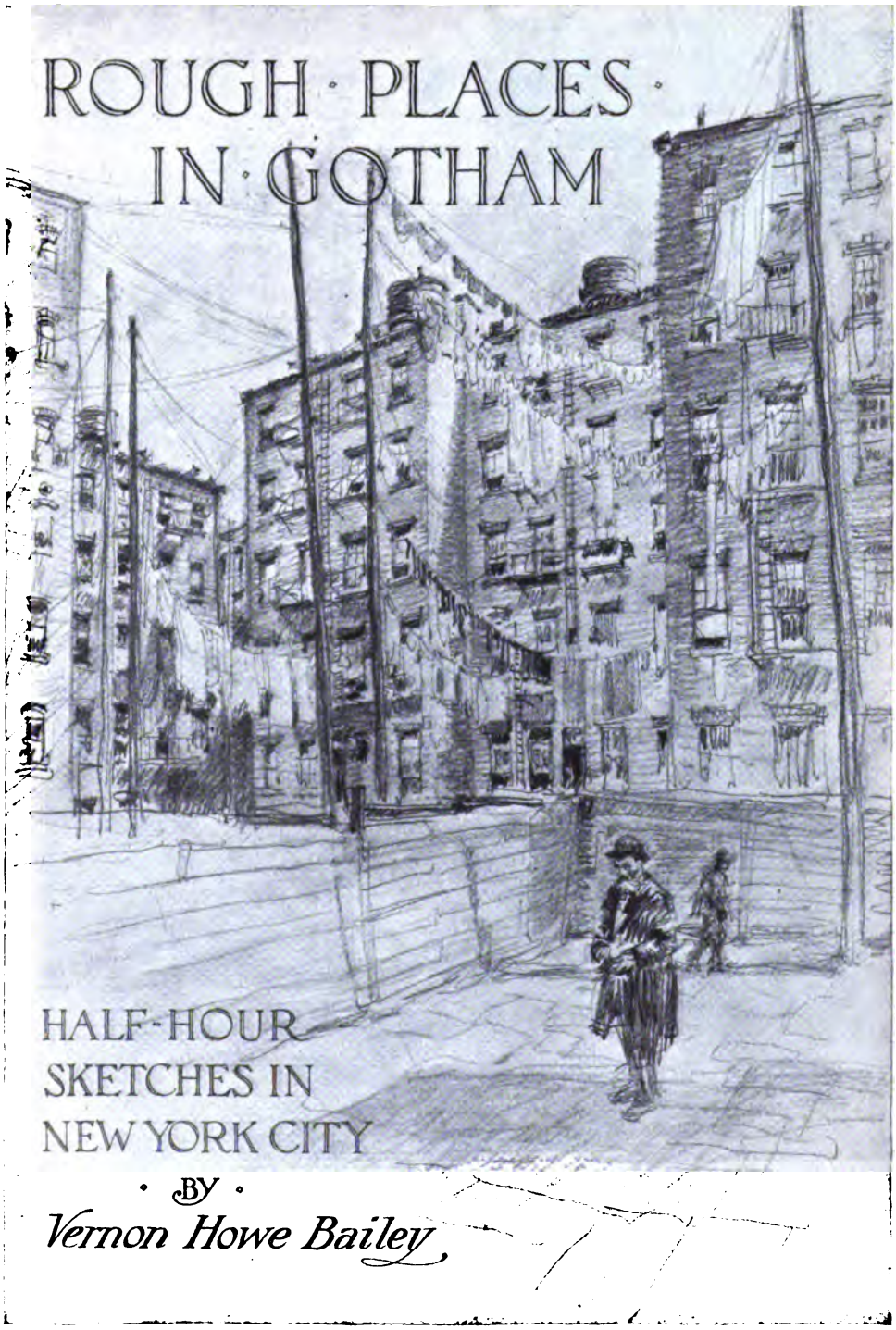

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Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

I. "CHERRY HILL" FROM FRANKLIN SQUARE

The view is north, through an opening in the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge.

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II. IN "HELL'S KITCHEN," ON THE WEST SIDE

A district which has been prominent in newspaper annals.

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III. "SAN JUAN HILL," ON THE MIDDLE WEST SIDE

A typical negro tenement district.

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IV. IN THE "GAS HOUSE DISTRICT," ON THE EAST SIDE

In former days frequently the scene of election-day turbulence.

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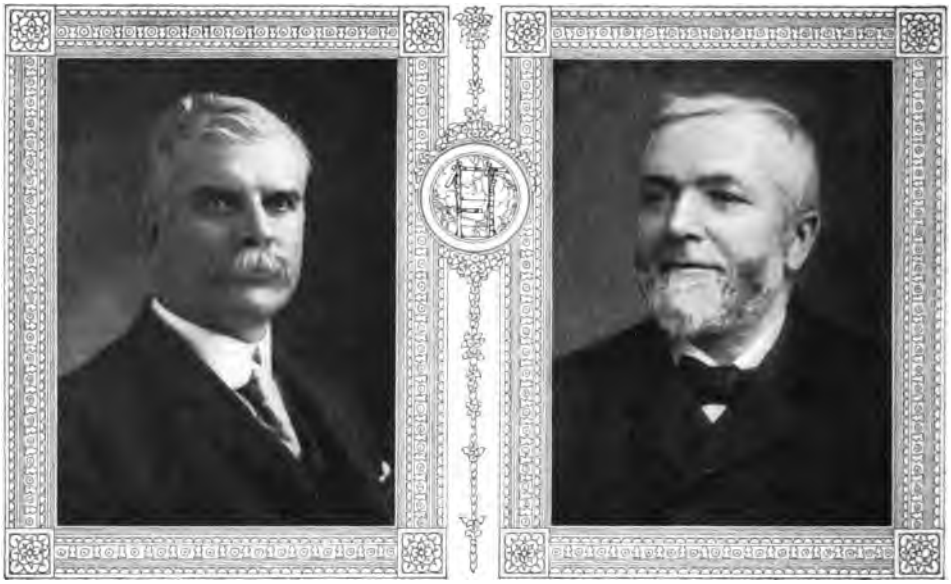

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing

W. S. STONE, GRAND CHIEF ENGINEER
FROM AUGUST, 1903

From a photograph by the Garfield Studio

P. M. ARTHUR, GRAND CHIEF ENGINEER
FROM FEBRUARY, 1874, TO JULY, 1903

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

BY CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER

Author of "When Railroads Were New"

A LABOR-UNION THAT USES THE GOLDEN RULE

ONE model labor organization may not bring the millennium any more than the one swallow of the familiar proverb makes a summer, but by formally adopting the Golden Rule as its fundamental principle, and then living up to that exalted standard, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, a labor-union that is also a secret order, is helping to hasten somewhat the dawn of the Golden Era. By heeding another scriptural admonition about keeping the doings of the right hand from the knowledge of the left, the brotherhood is working out its destiny without attracting attention from those who judge by outward show.

Yet other labor-unions, and other organizations as well, might study the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to their own advantage. For the brotherhood has done more for its members than any other labor-union ever accomplished. While there may be workmen that earn a higher rate per hour while actually employed, the annual income of the average locomotive engineer is larger than that of any other man who works with his hands, though it may not always be commensurate with the service rendered. Moreover, the locomotive engineer holds his job for life or during good behavior. He can obtain leave of absence for any length of time, and, upon returning, begin exactly where he left off. This enviable position has been accomplished by means that, judged by accepted ideas of union methods, seem revolutionary.

On January 1, 1910, the brotherhood had a membership of 64,392, embracing ninety per cent. of all locomotive engineers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. It had contracts governing rates of wages, hours, and conditions of service with one

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hundred and eighty-two railroad companies, including every system of importance on the continent. Rates and conditions specified in those contracts govern the movements of every train that turns a wheel in North America, for non-members get the benefit of all that is gained by the brotherhood. No labor-union ever before achieved so much, because no other labor-union ever had the courage to expel members who violated a contract, or to revoke the charter of an entire subdivision for the same offense. Yet that is what the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers does. A notable instance was the revocation of the charter of the subdivision in New York City, and the summary expulsion of its 393 members, for violating their contract by participating in the strike called by another labor organization on the subway and elevated lines in 1905.

NOT A BELIEVER IN "SYMPATHETIC STRIKES"

NOT being omnipotent, the brotherhood sometimes makes an unsatisfactory contract; but in the eyes of its officers a bargain is a bargain, even if it is a bad one, and its terms are scrupulously fulfilled. Heeding Washington's admonition to beware of entangling alliances, the brotherhood will not allow a member to belong to any other labor organization, and it never engages in "sympathetic strikes." Being thus free to attend to its own affairs in its own way, and that way being always to concede, as well as to insist on, a square deal, since 1888 the brotherhood has had no strike save a few trifling affairs involving only a few men. Yet, to quote the words of its grand chief engineer, "there are eighty-five million people in this country that don't know we are on earth."

THE HIGH CHARACTER OF ITS MEMBERSHIP

WHILE the brotherhood could not have attained its enviable position without brilliant leadership, it is also true that no leader, however able, could have achieved so much had not the membership been made up of exceptional men. Every engineer is an exemplification of Darwin's doctrine of the survival of the fittest. No man can be an engineer who has not served a long apprenticeship as a fireman. Unusually lucky men have been "set up" in two years; but the average man fires four or five years, and from that up to a dozen years, or even more in exceptional cases. The firemen themselves are picked men. Applicants must undergo a physical examination that weeds out all the weaklings, for it takes both muscle and stamina to maintain one's balance on a pitching, jerking steel deck and shovel from fifteen to twenty-five tons of coal into a furnace in eight to twelve hours. The heat from the open door on a big modern locomotive is so intense that many a fireman has had his left side blistered by it, and many of them wear leather aprons to protect that side from its intensity. Yet on a winter night, with an arctic gale howling through the gangway, the fireman's right side may freeze while his left side roasts. And the glare from the white-hot furnace is so trying to their eyes that, when at the end of three years they take a second physical examination, seventeen per cent. fail to qualify for promotion on account of defective vision.

No wonder the records compiled by the brotherhood show that of every hundred men who start out as firemen only seventeen ever become engineers; and of these only six ever attain the highest goal of the engineer's ambition, a passenger run. So much for physical selection.

The test for courage is no less severe. A man who has railroaded long enough to be promoted from the left to the right side of the cab knows that he is assuming responsibilities greater than those of any other class of men, not even excepting sea-captains. Engineers are far from being blameworthy for all that goes wrong, but, at the same time, all the safeguards a railroad can provide and all the care the despatcher can exercise count for naught if the man at the throttle fails. Upon his vigilance and care depends the safety of scores, or perhaps hundreds, of lives. With responsibility goes peril.

THE DANGER OF THE CALLING

EVERY other day, on an average, an engineer is killed on duty somewhere in the United States or Canada. To be exact, 384 locomotive engineers were killed on duty in the two years ending December 31, 1909. The average age of this devoted

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band was thirty-nine. They died in their prime, when life was sweetest, and when they were most useful to society. Often death comes so swiftly that they scarcely have a glimpse of the cause before they are hurled into eternity, as in the case of an engineer on a limited train which was rushing through the night at seventy miles an hour when a negligent towerman threw a cross-over switch barely a hundred feet in front of him. In other cases they have time to realize what they are doing, yet lay their lives on the altar of duty with a calm deliberation that is sublime.

On the night of May 7, 1907, F. W. Clow, an engineer on a Northern Pacific passenger-train, suddenly found a masked highwayman standing with a cocked revolver at his head. Another guarded the fireman. The engineer was ordered to stop at a certain spot where the rest of the gang lay in ambush. He had time to consider the situation. It was not likely that any one would be killed or even hurt if he obeyed orders, but the passengers would probably be robbed, and the express-car certainly would be. If he did not do as he was told, he would be killed. Yet Clow raced past the rendezvous at fifty miles an hour, and tumbled from his seat with a bullet through his brain.

Drawn by Alden Peirson

This building was dedicated in May, 1910.

It was not even a case of protecting the valuables of passengers when, in August, 1909, a "deadhead" train (empty sleepers) ran away on the eastern slope of the Selkirks in British Columbia. To jump was dangerous, though still with a chance of escape, while to remain on the engine was certain death. In the futile hope of saving a few thousand dollars' worth of the company's property, the engineer stayed at his post until the engine and train plunged down an embankment, crushing him and his fireman.

ITS RIGID STANDARD OF MORALITY

MORAL fiber is as essential to membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers as physical vigor and lofty courage. The character of the applicant must be vouched for by three members before he can even be voted upon. Once elected, he must live up to the high character given him by his sponsors, conducting himself like "an officer and a gentleman," to borrow a military phrase that fits the case, or out he goes. There is never any question about the expulsion of a member who misbehaves, for if he is not expelled, the charter of the subdivision that harbors him is revoked. So the law provides, and the laws of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are inexorable. In the year 1909, thirty-six members were expelled for "unbecoming conduct." More than that, the fact of their expulsion and the reasons therefor were proclaimed to all the world in the official "Journal of the Brotherhood," which goes to every member, and has a general circulation as well. It is safe to say that no other union, club, or organization of any sort applies quite such heroic treatment to undesirable citizens.

One thing that the brotherhood most strenuously insists upon is that its mem-

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bers shall not drink. Thirty-five members were expelled for getting drunk in 1909, and their shame was publicly proclaimed in the "Journal." The treatment does not stop here, by any means. The brotherhood will not risk the lives of its members and the general public by permitting a drinking man to run an engine. When a man has been duly convicted of drinking, and punished according to the laws of the order, the facts are laid before the proper authorities on the road that employs him, and his discharge is demanded. In one notable instance the engineer of a fast train got drunk during his lay-over and disgraced himself. He was tried, convicted, and expelled, the management was informed, and the offender's discharge requested in regular form. But as the engineer had been a good man, the railroad company demurred, saying that he had not been drunk while on duty.

"But," said the brotherhood, "there is no telling when a man who gets drunk off duty may take a notion to get drunk on duty; and we do not intend to take any chances on having a drunken man tearing through the country at sixty miles an hour, endangering the lives of others. It is unfair both to the employees in your service and to your patrons."

The culprit was discharged. He can never be employed on a railroad again.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers a "deadbeat" is abhorrent. When a member refuses to pay his debts, he is summarily expelled.

A man may have a giant's strength, intrepid courage, and the most exemplary character; he may fire his allotted time and get his engine, yet still be ineligible for membership in the brotherhood. The fact that the master mechanic considers him fit to run an engine has no weight with this exclusive order. The newly promoted one must run an engine for a year as a practical demonstration of his skill and intelligence before his application can be considered. A traveling-card of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, therefore, is an unequivocal guarantee that the possessor is a fully qualified engineer who is also a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen.

In view of these facts, it is not at all surprising to find railroads sending to brotherhood headquarters whenever they require more engineers than can safely be obtained by promotion; nor is it strange to find that such requests often go begging because brotherhood men all have satisfactory jobs. Also it is easy to understand why some railroads, instead of disciplining offending engineers, prefer simply to report the facts to the brotherhood and leave the culprits to the stern justice of their fellow-members.

ITS TOLERANT SPIRIT TOWARD NON-MEMBERS

THE policies of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers include a spirit of toleration and fair play that might be emulated with advantage by other labor-unions and even by organizations that are not labor-unions. The right of others to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is so freely conceded that brotherhood men work on the same road with engineers who are not members. His failure to recognize the advantages of membership in the order does not subject the non-union man to ostracism, persecution, or annoyance. On the contrary, he receives at the hands of the brotherhood men the consideration and courtesy to which his social gifts may entitle him. The brotherhood is not only willing that he should go his way in peace, receiving the same scale of wages and other advantages it has won for its members, but it will even go so far as to adjust his grievances for him, if he has any, using its utmost endeavors in his behalf precisely as if he were a member. All he has to do is to hand a statement of his grievances in writing to the chairman of the local subdivision. If that is not living up to the Golden Rule, will somebody please tell what it is?

LIFE-INSURANCE A NECESSITY OF THE ORDER

NOT only must members of the brotherhood fulfil their duty toward their employers and their fellow-workers, union or non-union, but they are required by the constitution and statutes to meet their obligations to those dependent upon them. When an engineer applies for membership in the brotherhood, he is required to file at the same time an application for a policy in the Locomotive Engineers' Mutual Life and Accident Insurance Association, conducted by, and a fundamental part of,

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the brotherhood. If admitted to membership, he must carry a policy for not less than $1500 (he is not allowed to take more than $4500), in order that his family may be provided for in case of his death. If he does not pay his insurance assessments promptly, he is expelled from the brotherhood, in which case his policy lapses; but if he is sick or hurt or otherwise unable to pay, the brotherhood will carry his policy for him indefinitely, simply deducting the amount of the payments from the face of the policy at his death. Even if he has no one dependent upon him for support, he must carry insurance just the same, for he may lose an eye, a foot, or a hand, which would incapacitate him. In such a case the full amount of the policy is paid.

Engineers are too great a risk for the old-line companies, though some will insure them at very high rates. So the brotherhood established its own insurance in 1868, incorporating the company under the laws of Ohio. The brotherhood claims to have the cheapest and the most economically managed insurance company in the world. The average cost for the last seventeen years, with policy-holders made up exclusively of extra hazardous risks, has been $17.78 per thousand dollars; and of every dollar paid in assessments, 95⅔ cents goes back into the homes of the policy-holders. Up to January 1, 1910, $21,137,538 in claims had been paid out, and there were in force policies aggregating $114,622,500.

OTHER BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS

THE benevolent work of the brotherhood does not stop at insurance. No member in good standing is ever allowed through sickness or misfortune to become a public charge. There is a pension-roll on which there are to-day 311 names drawing $25 a month. Moreover, the brotherhood is one of four organizations which have just completed at Highland Park, Illinois, a Home for Disabled Railroad Men at a cost of $100,000, where railroad men who have no home, and are helpless from disease or injury, may end their days in peace and comfort. The home can care for 110 inmates. Even this is not all, for at every biennial convention from thirty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars from the surplus funds of the order are distributed in charity to needy dependents of dead members.

All this is a great deal to credit to one organization, but even yet the catalogue of the brotherhood's activities is not exhausted. Through the official "Journal," the members are informed concerning the latest developments in the science of railroading. Through the women's auxiliary, made up of the wives and daughters of members, the brotherhood reaches out into the homes of the engineers, and, by means of study-clubs, lectures, and every other device at the command of resourceful leaders, seeks to broaden their horizon and make life for them and their families better worth the living.

And the beauty of it all is that the members—the rank and file—are compelled by the constitution and statutes to do these things for themselves. For the brotherhood is a true democracy, in which every man is not merely privileged, but is obliged to bear his fair share of the burdens of government. If he does not attend meetings, he is expelled. Every number of the "Journal" contains names of men who have been expelled for not attending meetings of their subdivisions. It will never be possible for an unscrupulous leader to wreck the brotherhood by taking advantage of the majority's ignorance of and indifference to their own affairs.

The biennial convention, made up of delegates from every subdivision, as the local lodges are called, is the sole lawmaking body. Between conventions, the grand chief engineer is the supreme authority, from whose ruling there is no appeal save in a prescribed form to the convention.

The brotherhood is a great business organization, and has a surplus. It grows through good management in many ways. For example, the grand lodge dues of the members include a dollar a year to pay for the official "Journal." As the actual cost of this has been reduced to 47 cents, the other 53 cents goes into the fund for the assistance of the widows and orphans of deceased members.

ITS OFFICE BUILDING PARTLY DEDICATED TO CHARITY

GOOD management enabled the brotherhood to dedicate its own building in May,

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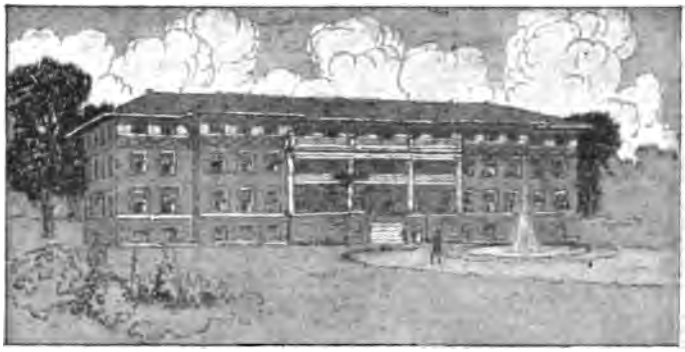

Drawn by Alden Peirson

RAILROAD MEN'S HOME AT HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS

1910. It is a fireproof structure, twelve stories high, of white glazed tile, and cost $1,250,000, and is probably the finest office building in Cleveland. Besides the offices of the brotherhood and an auditorium seating 1500, there is enough space available for rental to yield a net return of one hundred thousand dollars a year, which is to be devoted to the charitable work of the order.

This building is the materialization of a young engineer's day-dream. Years ago, while running a freight engine across the Iowa prairies, he became possessed of the idea that it would be a fine thing for the brotherhood to own an office building, and devote the revenues therefrom to the support of crippled engineers and to the relief of the families of those who had been killed. The idea became a hobby. No one took him seriously at first, but this did not discourage the dreamer. At last came the opportunity to lay the plan before the biennial convention. It was rejected. At the next convention the building plan was proposed a second time, only to be again rejected. But when for the third time in six years he brought up the old familiar scheme, it was accepted unanimously; for by this time the whole organization knew the dreamer, and had faith in him, for he was none other than Warren S. Stone, now Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

THE RISE OF A STRONG LEADER

ALTHOUGH the brotherhood owes more to him than to any other man who has ever been connected with it, Warren S. Stone shuns the lime-light with a sincere modesty that is refreshing. Still, President Roosevelt found him out, and the Grand Chief Engineer was always a welcome guest at the White House. Roosevelt made Stone a member of the International Peace Commission. Others have discovered him, and he has been made a member of the executive committee of the National Civic Federation. He is also identified with national immigration reform, the employers' liability movement, and the movement for the insurance of men in dangerous employment. Cleveland has been haggling for twenty years with the railroads in an endeavor to get a union depot commensurate with the needs and the dignity of the city. At last Stone has been induced to accept a place on the last committee to negotiate with the railroads, and the prospects for a union depot are now brighter. Not that Stone says anything of the kind; that is not his way.

"The time to brag about what you are going to do is after you have done it," said he. "If you are successful, the results will speak for themselves, and you will save wear and tear on your lungs. If you are not successful, you will feel humbly grateful that you did not give yourself away. Glory? Why, there 's glory enough to go round and lap over the edges. Results are what we are after."

This is the key-note to a character abundantly blessed with the greatest of all gifts, without which all others count for naught —the saving grace of common sense. It was Stone's sound common sense in discharging his duties as chairman of the general committee of adjustment on the Rock Island system that impressed Assistant Grand Chief Engineer A. B. Youngson when the present grand chief was an unheard-of freight engineer on the Iowa prairies. Youngson spoke of the young engineer repeatedly to his associates on

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the advisory board. In 1903, when the first Grand Chief Engineer, P. M. Arthur, fell dead in Winnipeg and Youngson lay dying in Cleveland, the advisory board recalled the latter's eulogies of young Stone, and telegraphed to him an offer of the position of grand chief engineer for the remaining nine months of Arthur's term, although not one of them had ever seen him. In fact, Stone was almost unknown except on his own division in eastern Iowa, where he was born. He began firing when he was nineteen, and after five years was given a freight engine, which he ran for nineteen years more. He had been over the Rock Island system a little as the salaried chairman of the general committee of adjustment of that system, but he had attended only one convention of the brotherhood and had been east of Chicago only once in his life. He showed that he possessed the necessary decision by sending an acceptance by the messenger who brought him the board's offer and by following his message on the first east-bound train.

This was the only easy step he took, for it is not to be supposed that any man could be carried on flowery beds of ease up to the commanding position of the foremost leader of organized labor that has yet appeared. It is human nature to show hostility to the stranger in any circumstances, and certainly a labor-union might be expected to call upon a new leader to prove his right to command. Stone encountered enough difficulties to discourage any but a bulldog or a Dutchman, whichever it is that is the more determined; but by the end of his appointive term of nine months he had established his claim. In the informal ballot that is always taken in a brotherhood convention to bring out candidates, nominating speeches being taboo, he received fifty votes more than the two thirds necessary to elect, whereupon the convention took the unprecedented step of suspending the rules and making the election unanimous.

Stone found a membership of 41,000 and an organization something short of perfection; for Arthur, the remarkable leader who built up the brotherhood from a very humble beginning and laid the foundations for its later success, never bothered himself with petty details.

The conditions that confronted the brotherhood were far from satisfactory. The cost of living was soaring steadily upward, while engineers' wages and working conditions remained at the bottom. Stone set out to obtain more pay for his men. Railroad officers met him with the smiling assurance that they were paying just as much as their neighbors. If he could find anybody paying any more, why, if he would come around, they would see what could be done about it.

THE POWER OF THE ORGANIZATION

CONCLUDING that if mutual agreement was sauce for the railroads, it would serve as sauce for the brotherhood, Stone, after securing the approval of the convention, laid a ruler on the map of the United States, dividing it into three sections, in each of which the conditions were enough alike to be handled as a unit. To all the general managers in section number one Stone sent a request to meet him and a committee of the brotherhood for a wage conference. He was laughed at.

Then the grand chief made preparations to call a strike on half a dozen roads in the West. At this point the situation ceased to be funny. The general managers discovered that, after all, they might spare a few moments for Stone and his men.

A representative from the general committee of adjustment on each of the forty-two railroads in the section assembled as mute witnesses of the most remarkable wage conferences ever held in this country. For fourteen days Stone and the other grand officers of the brotherhood grappled with the general managers in grim debate, while the forty-two chairmen sat by to see fair play. At first there was a deadlock. Then the railroad men began to yield to the cold, hard logic of the grand chief engineer and his associates. The first notable concession was an increase of twenty cents a hundred miles. Now, every gain of five cents meant an increase of a million dollars a year in the pay of engineers in the freight service in that territory. For four days more the discussion was continued, the railroads yielding five cents at a time until the aggregate amounted to forty cents, or eight million dollars a year in increased pay, in which all classes of engineers shared. On

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that basis contracts were drawn. The Southeastern Section was dealt with in the same way, with the result that the grand chief engineer was able to present to the brotherhood increases in pay aggregating sixteen million dollars a year.

The Golden Rule is not reserved exclusively for dealings with railroad officials. One of the eccentricities of the grand chief engineer is a settled conviction that the laborer is worthy of his hire, even if the laborer happens to be a woman. In conformity with this belief, he has established a minimum wage for women employed at headquarters that is far above the average pay for women in similar occupations elsewhere in Cleveland. Contractors on the brotherhood's new building were required to employ union-labor and to see that no man began work until he had taken out an accident insurance policy to protect himself and his family in case of mishap.

THE PRESENT LEADER OF THE ORGANIZATION

COMMON sense and common fairness have wrought wonders under the guidance of the leader to whom the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers owes much. A born leader, he looks the part; for he is six feet tall and weighs 226 pounds, and is well proportioned. His features are regular, his hair and mustache are nearly white, his expression is that of inexhaustible good nature, earnestness, and sincerity, tempered by a dry humor without which such virtues sometimes pall. His voice is musical; but the pleasure of listening to him lies less in the manner than in the matter, for all he says is tinctured with sound common sense.

"My men believe in me because I never tell them anything that is not true," said he. "I never raise false hopes by promising them impossibilities, but always show them both sides of the shield. I always advise against unjust demands and fight for what is just. I believe in fair play for foe as well as for friend.

"Most labor troubles are the result of one of two things: misrepresentation or misunderstanding. Unfortunately, negotiations are sometimes intrusted to men who were never intended by nature for their mission, since they cannot discuss a question without losing their tempers. I have known of labor-men who, when placed on a committee to adjust wages or working conditions, reminded me of the man who beat his horse: he did n't hate the horse, he only wanted to show his authority. However, by no means all such men are members of labor-unions.

"For such success as I have had there are two reasons: I control the men as the constitution provides, and we carry out our contracts. It may be laid down as a fundamental principle without which no labor organization can hope to exist, that it must carry out its contracts. No employer can be expected to live up to a contract that is not regarded as binding by the men."

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Drawn by J. McNeill Whistler

PLEBS "POLICING" THE CAMP, AND "A CAGED CADET"

WHISTLER'S FIRST DRAWINGS

UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES MADE AT WEST POINT, INCLUDING TWO SUGGESTED BY "PICKWICK PAPERS"

BY IDA CLIFTON HINSHAW

IN 1851, when James McNeill Whistler entered West Point Academy, the adjutant of the corps of cadets was a young man from Augusta, Georgia, William Robertson Boggs, afterward a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army, and chief of the Trans-Mississippi Department with General Kirby Smith.

This young adjutant was greatly interested in engineering, and knowing the reputation of Whistler's father, George Washington Whistler, in engineering work, which included railroad-building in Russia, looked with the keenest interest upon the arrival of the son.

When Whistler came, he appeared, on first view, an extremely slight young fellow, with long, black, curly hair of fine texture, but the next time, he had been shorn of his beautiful locks, much to his discomfiture, for Whistler was rather proud of his hair, and always resented having it cut short.

As Boggs was adjutant of the corps, he had what is known as a double tent, the front of which he used as an office, with a sleeping-tent at the rear, and when Whistler was at liberty he soon began to "drop in" at the office.

Boggs noticed that he almost invariably picked up a pen as soon as he entered the tent, and would begin sketching on any scrap of paper, and that these sketches were nearly always heads, in various positions. What most impressed him about them was that Whistler drew no outline, but shaded as he worked, sketching the heads complete. He worked with amazing rapidity, for the time being oblivious to all else, and delighted in books which furnished inspiration for character sketches.

Most of these sketches—and there were many—were carelessly thrown aside, and so were destroyed; but one day Adjutant Boggs picked up two of them which Whistler had left in his tent, and put them carefully away. One represented a group of cadets huddled together, and the

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other a number of heads faintly sketched in red ink. He showed the sketches to some fellow-cadets, remarking that he did not believe Whistler would remain long at the academy, as he thought he was destined to become an artist of note. The cadets laughed amusedly at the idea, as at then two prisons for unruly cadets, a "dark" one in which prisoners were confined for a week, and a large hall, or "light" prison, which the cadets called "the Cage." At that time a cadet whom Whistler knew well had been a month in "the Cage," a fact which amused Whistler

Drawn by J. McNeill Whistler

"THE VALENTINE," SUGGESTED BY "PICKWICK PAPERS"

that time Whistler had not even entered the drawing-class, which afterward he was to lead with much ability.

In the same way Boggs came into possession of a couple of other sketches. One of these represents the cadets "policing,"—that is, cleaning the campus,—and in one corner of the paper on which this is drawn was also a smaller sketch entitled "A Caged Cadet." There were very much, and he drew this clever little bit of satire—of a cadet in a bird-cage.

Boggs was enthusiastic over his drawing, and Whistler made and gave to him the two sketches in illustration of the "Pickwick Papers," here reproduced, "The Valentine" and "Sam Weller and Mary Fold a Carpet."

The following year, when Boggs was to be graduated, he took one of Whistler's

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Drawn by J. McNeill Whistler

"SAM WELLER AND MARY FOLD A CARPET," SUGGESTED BY "PICKWICK PAPERS"

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Drawn by J. McNeill Whistler

A WEST POINT DRUMMER AND SKETCHES

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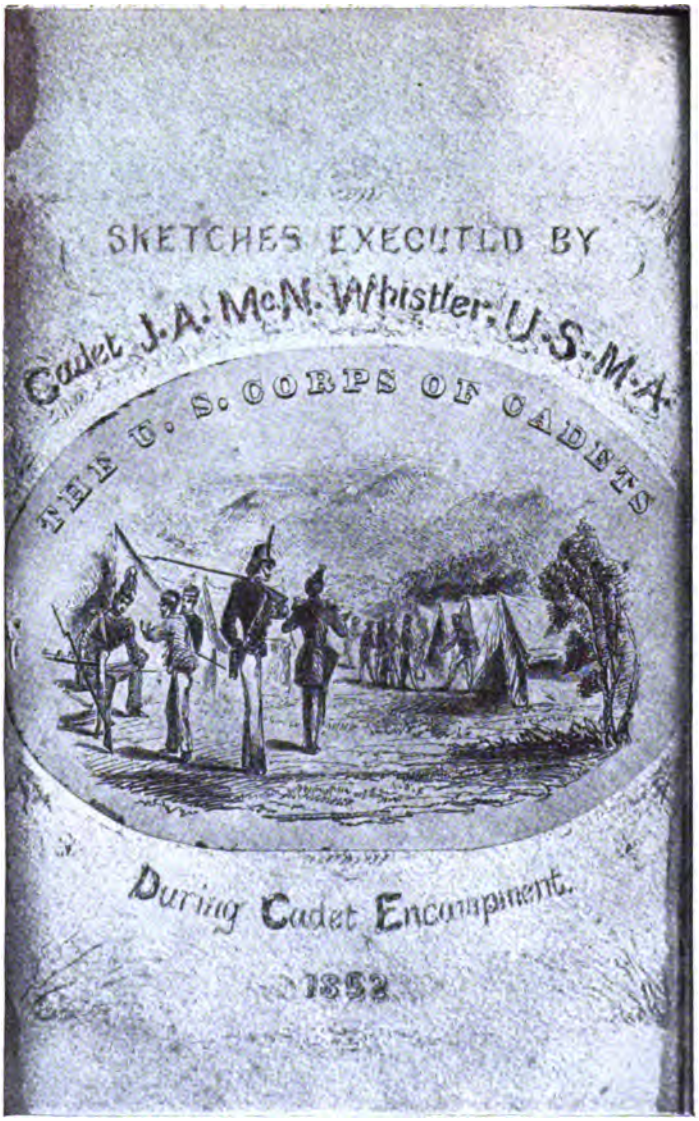

VIGNETTE DECORATION DRAWN ON WOOD AND ENGRAVED WITH A PENKNIFE BY J. McNEILL WHISTLER

This design was the decoration of a West Point dance-card. The inscriptions above and below the central vignette were made by another hand.

drawings—of a number of cadets on guard—to Dick Smith, one of the assistant instructors in drawing, and asked him if he could not use it on the dance-cards for that year. Smith replied that it would prove "a bit expensive" for the class to have an engraving made from the sketch. When Boggs told Whistler of this, he went to Smith, and suggested that a woodcut be made of it.

"Who would do it?" asked Smith.

"I will," remarked Whistler, dryly, "if you will furnish the necessary wood."

Smith afterward acknowledged that the idea of this amateur artist making a woodcut afforded him much amusement, but he was delighted when he received the charming block carved by Whistler with his penknife, and which did appear on the dance-card for the graduating class of which Boggs was a member.

Along with his diploma, signed by General Robert E. Lee, who at that time was Commandant, and his commission in the engineering corps of the United States Army, signed by Jefferson Davis, then

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Secretary of War, Boggs saved his four years' records, with the dance-card, which in later years he presented, with his "Whistler Sketches," to his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Taylor of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Mrs. Taylor's brother put above and below the dance-card vignette the words shown in the reproduction: "Sketches Executed by Cadet J. A. McN. Whistler, U. S. M. A., During Cadet Encampment, 1852."

Boggs, being a cadet cavalry officer, was an assistant in the riding-hall. On one occasion he overheard Whistler, who thoroughly disliked to ride, objecting strenuously to the horse brought for his use. The horse, he argued, was too heavily built, and much too large for a man of his size. Whistler, with much vehemence, urged the man next him to "swap." The man with whom he wished to exchange horses was of muscular build and a "pretty generous size" and his horse a light-weight animal, so it seemed to Whistler that it would be a "most fitting exchange." [1]

"Oh, don't swap, don't you swap, Mr. Whistler!" cried the dragoon; "yours is a *war*-horse, sir."

"A war-horse!" exclaimed Whistler. "That settles it. I certainly don't want him."

"Yes, you do, sir," reiterated the man; "he 's a war-horse I tell you, for ***he 'd rather die than run.***"

On another occasion, soon after Whistler's arrival at the academy, Boggs noticed a faint column of smoke curling upward toward the blue sky from a small clump of trees. Strolling in that direction, he espied Whistler calmly engaged in roasting young corn in the shuck, an occupation he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying. Boggs turned his head discreetly in another direction, and passed on, and did not report him.

Whistler's being found deficient in chemistry, "because silicon was not a gas," occurred the year after Boggs's graduation, when their personal acquaintance came to an end.

General Boggs, who is now in his eighties, has had the unique experience of knowing, in his own person, seven generations of his family, from the great-grandfather of his boyhood to the great-granddaughter of his mellowed age. Among all the souvenirs of his long life there is nothing he prizes more than his "pen scratches by Cadet Whistler," and in late years nothing has given him more genuine delight than the recognition that has come to the artist.

[1] The quotations are Whistler's words.

Drawn by J. McNeill Whistler

SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS

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SHAKSPERE AND THE BLACKFRIARS

BASED ON DOCUMENTS LATELY DISCOVERED BY THE WRITER

BY CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE, PH.D.

Associate Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Nebraska

SHAKSPERE'S connection with the Blackfriars Theater has long been a fascinating theme of speculation, even inducing to forgery of documents in substantiation of theories. My three predecessors in Shaksperean research, Edmund Malone of the eighteenth century, J. P. Collier of the early nineteenth, and the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, were able to find but few facts on the subject. Each believed he had virtually exhausted all resources. So confident of it was Collier, that he was led to forge document after document associating Shakspere's name in various ways with the history of the Blackfriars. While most of these forgeries have long been exposed, the errors arising from them and from related speculative fancy permeate the critical writings on Shakspere and his plays even to the present. A quarter of a century ago, several documents containing new facts came into the hands of the late James Greenstreet, a genealogist frequently employed by Halliwell-Phillipps in archival work. Since then my own researches, assisted by my wife, have revealed numerous records that yield the chief information on that famous little theater and the great dramatist's relations to it.

The Blackfriars was a "private" theater; that is, it was a house modeled on the privacy and exclusiveness of the royal and noble hall, such as the Chapel Royal, where plays were presented to select audiences. The "public" theater, of more plebeian origin and patronage, modeled after the balconied tavern-court, was typically four walls with roofed galleries built around a quadrangle that was open to the sky, as illustrated by contemporary innyards and the Swan Theater drawing. This sort of "public" theater, in Shakspere's own generation, was supplanted by the "private" theater, on the model of the Blackfriars, put to public uses, from which our modern theater has been evolved.

In this brief narrative I summarize from the volume of materials some of the interesting facts of stage-history leading up to the latest documents, in which it is charged that Shakspere's company at the Blackfriars formed a theatrical trust for the suppression of competition.

Theatrical monopoly was a prominent notion from the time when James Burbage, in 1576, built the first public theater in London. Under James I this monopoly became a royal prerogative, which finally, in 1660, was granted as a special privilege to favorites, whence it was continued even to 1848. When Shakspere, at about the age of twenty-two, came down from Stratford-on-Avon, Burbage's "Theater," with which he probably cast his fortunes, and its near rival, the Curtain, were the only established playhouses in London. The innyards of the Bull, the Bell, the Bell Savage, and Cross Keys, still served the purposes of companies that had no fixed habitation.

The popularity and financial success of the Theater and the Curtain called down condemnation from the puritanically inclined, and determined the authorities, in 1583, "to thrust the players out of the city, and to pull down all playhouses and dicing-houses within their liberties." Other permanent theaters sprang up outside the City's jurisdiction. In the last decade of Elizabeth's reign were built Newington Butts, the Rose, the Bear Garden, the Swan, and the Globe, all in Southwark, near the bank of the Thames. James Bur-

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bage meanwhile bought an old stone priory building in the precincts of the dissolved Blackfriars monastery, just within the City walls, but under the sole jurisdiction of the Crown, and converted it, in 1596, into what was known thereafter as a "private" theater. In the midst of this work Burbage died, and the Blackfriars descended to his son Richard, the great Shaksperean actor, while the theater similarly came into the possession of the elder son Cuthbert.

Since, in 1598, the lease of the theater could not be renewed, the Burbage brothers and five of their companions,—Shakspere, Heminges, Phillipps, Pope, and Kempe,—as I have related in last month's CENTURY,[1] having formed a share-holding company, tore down the old theater, and in the first half of the year 1599 built the Globe on the Bankside in Southwark. The next year Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn erected the Fortune in Golding Lane, just north of the City, on the general model of the Globe, and about 1603 Aaron Holland built the Red Bull not far away, in St. James, Clerkenwell. This ended the multiplying of "public" theaters on the old inn-yard models, three of which, however, were later rebuilt.

Meanwhile, Queen Elizabeth had taken an active hand in theatrical and dramatic progress, precipitating a three-cornered fight between the City, the Crown, and the public theaters, and laying the corner-stone of that royal monopoly already mentioned. Elizabeth was always a lover of the drama, and as early as 1569 was

[1] See "Shakspere's Money Interest in the Globe Theater," THE CENTURY for August, 1910.

FOUR UNPUBLISHED PARCHMENT RECORDS (GREATLY REDUCED IN SCALE) IN THE KEYSAR-BURBAGE SUIT (SEE PAGE 748)

This suit in the Court of Requests grew out of the transfer of the lease of the Blackfriars Theater, in 1608, to Shakspere and his associates. The poet is not mentioned by name in the documents, but is referred to by the word "others." Of the documents the one at the bottom (seen at the top of the picture) is Robert Keysar's bill of complaint; the one above that is the answer of four of the defendants, Cuthbert and Richard Burbage, John Heminges and Henry Condell; the next (second from the top) is Keysar's replication; and the top one is the rejoinder of the defendants.

These Keysar-Burbage documents, the records of the Witter-Heminges suit described in the August CENTURY, and the signed Shakspere deposition, and records in the Bellott-Mountjoy suit, were photographed by Dr Wallace at the Public Record Office in September, 1909, and copies of the photographs were sealed, dated, and filed in both England and America.

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THE WHITE HART INN

This old inn, pulled down in 1889, stood in Borough High Street which leads from the Southwark end of London Bridge. Dickens made it the meeting-place of *Mr. Pickwick* and *Sam Weller*. Shakspere refers to it in the second part of "Henry VI" where *Jack Cade* exclaims to the rabble who are deserting him: "Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?" This inn stood not far from the Globe Theater. The galleries around the courts of the inns of that time were imitated in the galleries of the early theaters.

sharply censured in a Puritan pamphlet for using her choir-boys, the children of the Chapel Royal, for the purpose of presenting plays in their silks and satins, even in the Chapel itself on Sunday. Nevertheless, she continued to employ them thus, as well as companies of men, throughout her reign. The Queen had her own notions of what the theater should be. She looked with no more favor upon the second-rate companies than did the City; but her plan was different. They proposed reformation by driving the theaters out, which only increased the number of them. She proposed reformation by prohibiting the unworthy, and restricting the better theaters.

In carrying out her declared purpose to reform abuses and increase the usefulness of the stage, Elizabeth's first step was to ignore the protest of 1596 against the proposed private theater of Blackfriars. Next, by the sharply restrictive law of 1597, she legalized only such companies as secured the patronage of some lord or baron, and banned the rest as "rogues and vagabonds." In this same year she established the Blackfriars as a private theater by granting to Nathaniel Gyles, Master of the children of the Chapel Royal, a com-

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mission to take up children who sang well, for her use, and not only allowing him to employ them in acting, but making special requirements for their training, and providing them with abundant stage apparel.

This establishment of a theater within their walls roused the City authorities. Two weeks later they asked the Queen's Council for power to suppress all theaters in and about the City. They sought, as documents abundantly show, to gain thereby recognition of their long-contested claim to civil jurisdiction in the "liberty" of Blackfriars, which the Crown likewise claimed. The Queen immediately gave orders through her Privy Council for the City to take drastic action against only the "public" theaters, thereby protecting the "private" playhouse of Blackfriars, which seemed the object of attack. The City, failing in this move, did nothing to carry out the royal order.

For the next five years, to the end of Elizabeth's reign, City and Crown engaged in a pretty game of political chess, with the theaters as pieces, of which the above were the opening moves. The attitude of each seems to be this. The City will not aid the Queen in her plans to control theatrical abuses, even to their own good, so long as she denies the City's authority in Blackfriars precinct and even maintains a theater there. She, in turn, cannot use force to compel a community to carry out the very orders it has asked for. But her patronage and recognition of the best companies can do much.

February 19, 1598, six months after establishing the Blackfriars, the Queen specially licensed for her service the Chamberlain's company, to which Shakspere belonged, and the Admiral's company, and gave orders that all other "public" companies should be suppressed. Thereafter she countenanced no others.

While the Fortune theater was building, early in 1600, complaints against the theaters were renewed. In response, the Privy Council issued orders in accordance with the Queen's plans. Only the two companies specified in her order of February, 1598, and their respective new houses, the Globe and the Fortune, were to be permitted. Even these should be restricted to playing only twice a week. But the City made no effort to carry out the order.

In the afternoon of December 29, 1601, Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by her court-ladies, attended a play at the Blackfriars, the first known instance of an English sovereign's presence at a theater. On the next day the Lord Mayor of London renewed the City's complaint, indicating that the number of theaters had greatly increased, and asking power to regulate them. The immediate reply from the Queen's Council, December 31, 1601,

INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATER

The original drawing, preserved in the Library of Utrecht, was made by Van Buchell, about 1596, from a description by his friend Johannis De Witt, a priest of Utrecht.

called attention to the inconsistency of asking for power that had already been granted, and sharply commanded the City to enforce, not some desired new order, but that former one of a year and a half ago. And the City, failing once more to get the craved concession concerning Blackfriars, quietly let the order die.

Although this was the last move on either side, the Blackfriars did not cease to be a bone of contention. Even eighteen years later, in 1619, long after the Council of King James had revoked the above orders of Elizabeth, and in spite of the fact that none of those orders had ever been enforced, the City authorities put

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themselves in the laughable attitude of attempting to suppress the Blackfriars by authority they claimed from these dead and long-revoked orders that originally protected that very theater against their claims.

Meanwhile, throughout this political warfare, the Queen's influence, supplemented by social patronage that followed after royalty, wrought important results. The Blackfriars poets, Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston, second only to Shakspere in fine invention, introduced into the English drama the new feature of the "masque," which enabled the children of the Chapel Royal employed there to exhibit, according to the Queen's requirements, the results of their training in singing, music, dancing, and play-acting. These novel performances attracted the better patrons away from the public theaters, which, as Shakspere and Jonson testify, suffered financial loss accordingly. High prices, select audiences, royal patronage, and unique entertainment, made the Blackfriars one of the centers of London social life. Here, too, originated the fashionable custom of elegantly dressed gallants sitting on the stage for purposes of display, a practice later followed at the Cockpit and Salisbury Court, two other private theaters modeled after the Blackfriars. Although the public theaters seem not to have taken it up, the fad ultimately spread to Paris, where it persisted until 1759. The discovery of a document containing the exact dimensions of the Blackfriars Theater—66x46 feet—enables me to show in an outline plot the structural arrangement that allowed gallants to occupy these privileged places. By comparison with the Fortune plot, many other new facts are revealed at once—the seating capacity, the relative position of audience and stage, and the origin of our modern private boxes.

With an aristocratic audience filling the house from the seats in the pit and galleries to the lords' rooms, the fashionable "smart set" sitting at right and left on the stage, and the shimmer of candle-light over the royal costumes of the boy actors in the midst of music, dramatic movement, and phantastic masque, there is small wonder that the spectacular effect was charming enough to attract from the public or daylight theaters the most desirable part of their audience, and even to inspire a German duke, after witnessing such a performance, to establish a similar theater at his own court.

The royal favor that produced these results was displeasing to the public theaters, and Blackfriars became a theatrical storm-center. The much-debated "stage-quarrel" between Ben Jonson at the Blackfriars and the "poetasters" of other theaters, turns out to be merely incidental to the larger stage-relations that made it possible. In behalf of the public theaters, Shakspere himself took up cudgels against the Queen's theatrical policy. In the famous passage in "Hamlet" on the children actors, written in 1601, he found that the immediate source of grief to the "common stages" lay in this "aerie" of "little eyases" [1] that the Queen-care was fledging. His censure is not directed against the children, but against "the nation" for allowing and even fostering these conditions. While an analysis cannot here be entered upon, I may say that every word in this much-discussed passage is now finally made clear by the new historical material which I have found.

Earlier in this same year, February 7, 1601, Shakspere's company showed their unfriendly attitude toward Elizabeth by yielding to the request of the Essex conspirators to play "the kyllyng of Kyng Rychard the second." Although the company seem to have known nothing of the conspiracy against the throne, they had long been aware of Elizabeth's special antipathy to the theme of the play, and no palliation can cover their culpability to that extent. The good feeling of former years between the company and the Queen was not shown thereafter. Elizabeth had them but once at court in the remaining two years of her life. When at her death, in 1603, poets on all hands were praising the Queen, Shakspere, the chief of them all, remained silent, although he had earlier celebrated her in choicest words of compliment, notably in *Oberon's* tribute to the "fair vestal throned by the west" in "Midsummer Night's Dream," written before 1598.

The accession of James I to the English throne was a boon to the public theaters. The new King, as I have said, swept

[1] A hawk that had been brought up from the nest, as distinguished from a hawk caught and trained.

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away Elizabeth's theatrical policy, revoked her adverse orders, and placed all theaters under royal control and patronage. One of his first acts was to grant a patent, May 17, 1603, to Shakspere and his company as "the King's Servants." Two other companies of men, one at the Fortune, the other at the Red Bull, the King similarly patronized as the Prince's players and the Queen's men. It is not certain that formerly Queen Elizabeth's players had official status, although it is suggested by an item of "annual fees" to them, discovered by Miss Mary Sullivan, a graduate student of the University of Nebraska. Under James, all three of these companies, she finds, were grooms of the chamber. From other new records I discover that fees were paid by players for such privilege of membership in the royal household. In the following year, 1604, Shakspere and the rest of the members of these three public theater companies whose cause he had championed against Elizabeth, were given rank in the coronation procession, each wearing a cloak of rich scarlet cloth as the gift of the King.

It was James I, not Charles I, as hitherto supposed, who immediately upon coming to the throne prohibited the use of the children of the Chapel Royal in theatrical performances as "ungodly." But the boys at the Blackfriars had now grown to youths and young men in Elizabeth's service, and their managers, Evans, Kirkham, Rastell, and Kendall, through the intercession of the poet Samuel Daniel with the new Queen, as related in unpublished records, were able finally to secure the King's patent to conduct the Blackfriars on the reduced basis of a public theater, under the name of "The Children of the Queen's Revels."

Old conditions were now reversed. The Blackfriars company and their poets felt their reduced state. Light and tripping comedies with dance and song and masque of Elizabeth's reign were now followed by heavy, somber tragedies, to the climax of gloom in Chapman's "Tragedy of the Duke of Biron." The Blackfriars boys, abetted by their poets, adopted the practice of interpolating skits on local or timely matters extraneous to the play, to the annoyance of men in public life. The players were frequently arrested for such. Even their three great poets, Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston, in 1605, were charged with satirizing the King's countrymen, the Scots, in performances of "Eastward Ho," and were thrown into prison with the threatened punishment of having "their ears cut and noses." In 1606, local drives thus dragged into John Day's "Isle of Gulls," caused a scandal that stirred Parliament to a heated debate over the performance. In the following year, 1607, their persistent satires on the King grew more violent. Robert Keysar, a London goldsmith, about this time acquired an interest in the shifting fortunes of the Blackfriars, and became the financial backer of the company. He had cause to dislike King James for oppression in wresting money from the goldsmiths. From a document I have found in France, the Blackfriars boys now satirized the King's efforts to raise money, made local jokes on the recent discovery of his silver mine in Scotland, brought him on the stage as drunk and showed such to be his condition at least three times a day, caricatured him in his favorite pastime of hawking, and represented him as swearing and cursing at a gentleman for losing a bird. The climax came in March, 1608, during the performance of one of Chapman's "Biron" tragedies, when the players represented the King of France and his mistress in a timely scandal. The French government took the matter up. Then, at King James's orders, the players were thrown into prison, and Blackfriars was suppressed. Chapman, their poet, escaped, and went into hiding.

This was the end of Elizabeth's fledglings at the Blackfriars.

Meanwhile, Shakspere's company was in high favor. They were not only members of the royal household, but they presented numerous plays before the King and his foreign guests, and were even employed to diplomatic ends (for which again I am indebted to Miss Sullivan) at the time of making the Spanish treaty of 1604. It was only a fitting expression of their gratitude that Shakspere should write and they should enact the play of "Macbeth" in compliment to so gracious a sovereign, who was pleased to trace his ancestry back to the noble *Banquo*, and who found himself flattered in the play by the suggestion of his royal powers of healing, and most especially by the appeal to his vanity in

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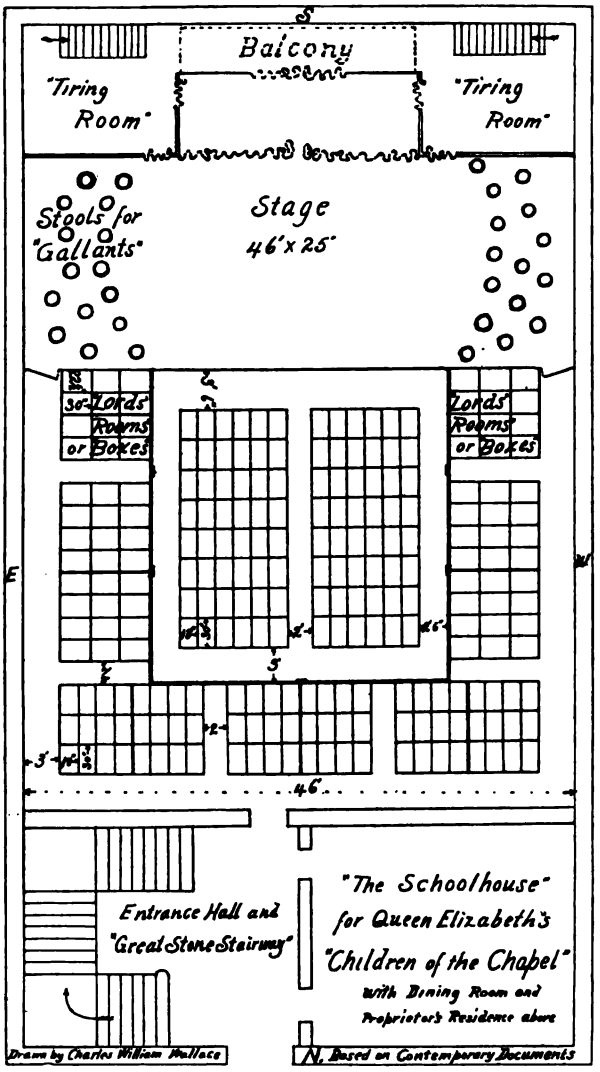

PLAN OF THE BLACKFRIARS THEATER

the prophetic show of kings, wherein it was foretold that his line, which even yet occupies the English throne in the person of George V, should survive indefinitely. It is worth more than passing note also that in the 1604 edition of "Hamlet," and doubtless also in the stage presentation, the part of the children-passage that attacked Elizabeth's policy was cut out by Shakspere or his company, and was likewise omitted from the three succeeding editions that appeared before the poet's death. To have left it or to have enacted it under James I would have been pointless and absurd, an attack on a merely historic foe. The passage was first printed in full, in 1623, from the original manuscript as it came to the hands of the poet's friends, Heminges and Condell, the first editors of his complete plays.

Despite the early death of members of the Shakspere company and other internal difficulties, as I have indicated in last month's CENTURY, they prospered better than any other theatrical organization. There came a time when it seemed well to expand. After the King's suppression of the Blackfriars, that theater, tenantless for some months, was falling into decay, and its former lessee, Henry Evans, was unable to pay rent at a dead loss. So, on August 9, 1608, the Burbage brothers, Shakspere, Heminges, Condell, Slye, and Evans, took over Evans's lease, and henceforth conducted the two theaters, the Globe and Blackfriars, as I have already related.

Just a year and six months after Shakspere and his associates took the lease of the Blackfriars, Robert Keysar brought suit against Burbage, Heminges, and others of the company, in the Court of Requests, the records of which furnish us now with additional information. Shakspere is not named personally in this new set of records, but is included merely among the "others." Similarly in certain documents yet to be published, I find Shakspere and one or two others named as representatives of the company. In each case the entire company is meant.

Keysar was aggrieved that he had lost his share in the Blackfriars by the recent transfer, and tried to make out a case of duplicity and fraud on the part of the Burbage-Shakspere company. He had bought a share from Marston, the poet, for £100, he said, at a time when rumors were abroad in theatrical circles that the Globe company contemplated taking over the Blackfriars. He related that he

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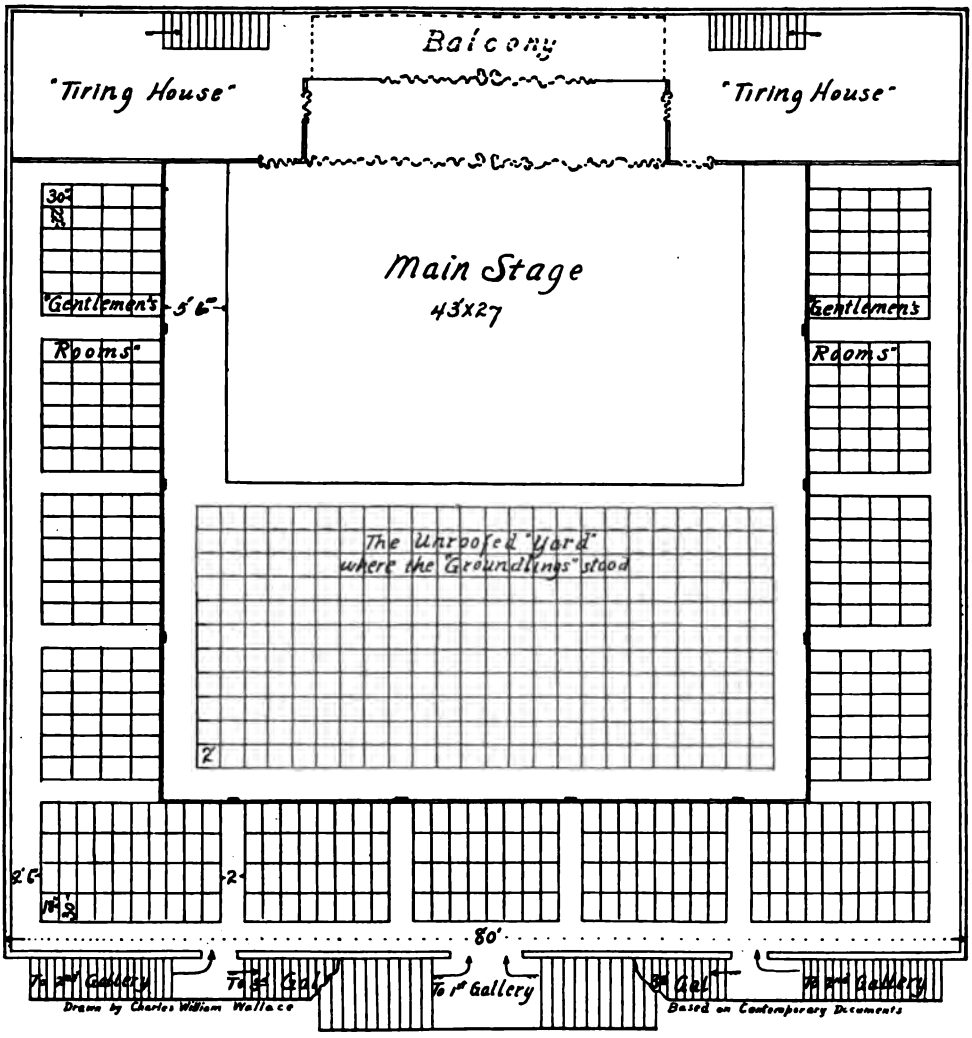

PLAN OF THE FORTUNE THEATER, 1600-1649

This plan, and that on the previous page, made to the same scale, give a comparative view of the "private" theater of Blackfriars, and the "public" theater typified by the Fortune. In 1906, reporting certain "finds," I suggested that materials then existed which would enable an architect to plat both theaters. I myself set about platting them, printing the results in 1908. Meanwhile William Archer, the dramatic critic, procured from Walter H. Godfrey, a London architect, drawings reconstructing the interior and the plan of the Fortune Theater, both of which were published about the time my plans were made public. In THE CENTURY for November, 1909, Brander Matthews reproduced Godfrey's results, which are very general, and give a fairly good notion of the Fortune Theater; but my own original drawings were based on many more data derived from documents. However, in the present state of knowledge, no drawing can be absolutely accurate.

I have now redrawn both my plans for THE CENTURY. They are the most accurate up to date, and indicate to the eye many facts, such as the custom of sitting on the stage at Blackfriars, which did not obtain at the public theaters; for if gallants had sat on the Fortune stage, they would have obscured the view of the "gentlemen" in the rooms, or boxes, on each side. The capacity of these theaters has been grossly exaggerated, it being held, as was guessed by the Dutch priest, Johannis De Witt, that the Swan Theater could accommodate 3000 people. I doubt if the Fortune Theater held half that number.—CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE.

did make his repaire to the said Richard Burbage, John Heminges, Henrye Condell & others beinge all partners, and the onlie partners that might preindize and wronge yr Suppliant in the premisses, and told them that he had Concluded and agreed wth the said Marston for a full Sixt part in the premisses, and that he had or was presentlie to paye to the said Marston one hundred poundes for the same.

The defendants denied that Keysar ever came to them with any such proposition, or that they ever told him, as he further asserted, that they would not deal with Evans in the matter of taking his lease until all parties interested were satisfied.

Keysar had a further grievance. With the hope of continuing plays upon ceasing of the plague, he had spent £500 the last two years in maintaining boys,

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a Company of the moste exparte and skillfull actors w^th^in the Realme of England to the number of eighteane or Twentye persons all or moste of them trayned vp in that service, in the reigne of the late Queene Elizabeth for Ten yeares togeath^r^ [the Children of the Chapel] and afterwardes preferred into her ma^ties^ [Queen Anne's] service to be the Chilldren of her Revells by a patent from his moste excellent ma^tie^, but kept and mainteyned at the Coste and Charges of this Complainante vntill nowe by the malitious practizes of the defend^tes^ as afforesaid, they are enforced to be dispersed and turned awaye to the abundant hurte of the said young men, the disappointinge of her ma^ties^ said service, and to the losse and hinderance of this Complainante at leaste of one Thousand poundes.

The defendants denied that the boys were of such number or quality as described, and asserted that they were disbanded through no malicious practices, but "through sicknes [the plague] or for some other cause," namely, the King's suppression.

The question of Shakspere's income, or of the value of his theatrical shares, presents itself in nearly every set of new documents that deals with the business interests of any of the companies. Keysar's estimates need to be disposed of here because they are gross exaggerations calculated to deceive. It is quite possible that he did pay Marston, as he says, £100 for his share; but when he declares that Shakspere's company offered him £400 for that share, even while he was negotiating for it at £100, we feel sure it is untrue, for that would mean £2400 for the whole theater, which they could and shortly after did get for virtually nothing, by the surrender of Evans's lease to them. We are at once confirmed by the answer of the defendants, who "vtterly deny and euery one of them for and by himself denyeth that they or any of them did at any time make any such offer." Keysar's claim of £1000 damages is ridiculed by the defendants as "most untruly and vaingloriously surmised onely to raise the Creditt of his estate." His equally excessive estimate of £1500 profit to Shakspere's company from the Blackfriars during the six months just elapsed, would mean £3000 a year for all seven of the company, or about £428 for Shakspere alone, from ten to fourteen times his actual profits from the Globe, as presented in the CENTURY for August. Shakspere's share in the Blackfriars Theater, which originally cost him nothing except the yearly rent of £5 14 *s.* 3½ *d.*, was worth on the market about £100, and produced an income of approximately a third to a half of that amount.

It has not before been known that John Marston, the dramatist, had any financial interest in the Blackfriars. He seems to have occupied the same relation to that theater for a time that Shakspere did to the Globe. When we examine our new knowledge and see that Shakspere owned a share in the Globe for many years, and finally also a share in the Blackfriars, that Marston previously had a similar share in the Blackfriars, and that four other contemporary dramatists, Michael Drayton, Martin Slater, Lording Barry, and John Mason, possessed each one sixth of the Whitefriars, we begin to realize for the first time that it was no uncommon thing for the poet of a theater to be also a shareholder in its business. Shakspere makes a clear reference to this practice. At the close of the "play within the play," *Hamlet*, as the exultant author or part author of it, is made to exclaim:

"Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?"

Horatio replies, "Half a share." But *Hamlet*, with the value of successful authorship in mind, insists on "A whole one, I."

In owning shares in the theaters Shakspere did neither more nor less than his fellow-playwrights. Such ownership was a better means of securing profit to the dramatist than mere hack-writing, as in case of the numerous poets employed by Henslowe for the Fortune, the Bear Garden, and the Rose. At the same time, it inspired better dramatic results, because of the author's financial interest in the success of the play. No more mysterious or cryptic genius in the background than a poetic brain and this outward impetus was necessary to the dual rôle.

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Yet another set of documents assists here in understanding certain relations of the poet to the theater. Richard Brome, former servant to Ben Jonson and his literary disciple, in 1635 made a contract with Salisbury Court theater to write three plays a year for three years at a salary of 15 *s.* a week, plus the first day's profits from each new play as a benefit. In 1638, it was agreed that the contract should be continued seven years longer at a salary of 20 *s.* a week for Brome's exclusive services. But the rival theater, the Cockpit, lured him away with a better offer, and the new contract was not signed. The most interesting new items here are, the limit of three plays a year and the special provision that Brome should not be allowed to publish any of his own plays without the consent of the company. A similar provision as to publication, fortunately preserved to us, was made in 1607 by the Whitefriars company. Such agreements, doubtless entered into by other theaters as a matter of good business, reduce the limits of speculation as to why Shakspere never published any of his own plays. We may yet get at the whole matter.

In Keysar's suit against the Burbage-Shakspere company, he made the sensational charge that they had organized all the private theaters of London into a trust, to his great loss and hindrance. The defendants marveled at the charge, and said that if they had done such, they would have been not only malicious, as accused, "but allso malicious fooles." Then they proceeded to show why. There were only three private theaters in London, they said, the Blackfriars, then in their hands, the Whitefriars, in the possession of Keysar, Philip Rossiter, and others, and another near St. Paul's Cathedral, under the management of Edward Pierce. Few people know that plays in England, Germany, Italy, and France were fostered for religious purposes by the Church centuries before they were taken up as a separate secular business. Moreover, few visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral in London realize that that church during Elizabeth's reign, and the first years of the reign of James I, set aside one of its adjacent buildings for use as a secular theater. Its little stage was famous, and the company of choirboys as actors presented many of the great plays of Shakspere's time. They acted from about 1598 to 1608 under the managership of Edward Pierce, their great master in music, who as church almoner, once more another set of new documents in this court informs us, had business control of these adjacent buildings owned by the Church.

It has always been a mystery when and why the St. Paul's boys ceased to act plays. Many have supposed it was on account of the growing sentiment of puritanism. But we have here the solution presented in cold facts, far remote from sentiment or religious fervor. Mere sordid money did it. If it was not wholly true, as Keysar charged, that Shakspere's company bought off this church theater to quit business, there was yet something in it, as they had to admit.

How this condition came about was in this way. When the Children of the Queen's Revels' company at Blackfriars was suppressed and broken up in the spring of 1608 by the King's order, as above related, Keysar, Rossiter, and some others organized the same boys into a second company of Children of the Queen's Revels to act at another theater, the Whitefriars. These managers saw that Blackfriars empty was to their advantage in the new location, and they decided to reduce private theater competition by killing it utterly. St. Paul's was the one remaining competitor. So they went to Pierce, the manager, and paid him £20 for the year, as Heminges, Condell, and the other defendants in this suit say, to cease plays at St. Paul's. And this magic wand of money, without any other mysterious intervention, then and there ended the career of St. Paul's Cathedral in the theatrical business.

When Shakspere's company, in August, 1608, took over the lease of the Blackfriars and began presenting there Shakspere's own attractive plays, such as "The Tempest," Keysar and his partners, who had subsidized St. Paul's to quit, said Heminges and the rest, saw that their plans to suppress competition not only failed, but even worked to the advantage of the Blackfriars. So Rossiter, on behalf of the Whitefriars, asked the Burbage-Shakspere company to help pay the "dead rent," as they called it, for suppression of St. Paul's. Some agreement, not explained, was accordingly made, and the

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defendants admitted that they did, out of good will, pay their half, or ten pounds, of that rent to Pierce.

This seems to be as far as Shakspere and his associates went in throttling competition. There was just enough in the sensational charge to give it color, and just enough human nature in the actual facts revealed to make us feel that Shakspere and his companions were altogether men, with impulses not greatly different from those that actuate business men of to-day.

PRISON LIFE AS I FOUND IT

BY "JOHN CARTER"

READERS will remember the remarkable poem, "Con Sordini," by the writer of this paper, published in THE CENTURY for April, and his subsequent release from the Minnesota State Prison at the age of twenty-four. We believe that this article, which he has written at our solicitation, will commend itself to readers not only by its candid and unsensational tone, but also by its practical suggestiveness. It will be of particular interest, in view of the International Prison Congress, which is to meet in Washington in October for the study of just such difficult and fundamental problems of penology as are here presented.—THE EDITOR.

"ONLY the first ten years matter." So I was told on my arrival at the Minnesota State Prison by a man who had eked out thirty of them in confinement. He spoke cheerfully enough of his arrival there, an event which had taken place ten years before I was born.

At the beginning of a career in the penitentiary one's attention is largely concentrated on the ego, but I could not refrain from wondering what effect thirty years of imprisonment would have on a man. The man who was breaking rules to talk to me was apparently sixty years old, with a sturdy, well-knit frame, a pale, dark face, and the expression of an archbishop. This mild appearance was enhanced by a peculiarly gentle and refined voice, but contradicted by some of the most blasphemous language I had ever heard.

A prison term was evidently not a death-sentence. This established fact removed one of my previous impressions. I was to find equally erroneous, however, the theory that the inmate of a modern prison is pampered. Whether or not the first ten years are all that matter, there is no doubt that the first six months are by no means "six little drops of time." One is oppressed by a multitude of rules, many of them seemingly unnecessary, overweighted by silence, overwhelmed by solitude. The new-comer is watched closely, that his general attitude toward discipline may be definitely ascertained. If he is of an independent, self-respecting character, his new status in life is brought home to him sharply. In at least ninety cases out of a hundred, he realizes the necessity of absolute submission, and, at least in Stillwater, he makes no attempt to escape or rebel.

Escape from the Minnesota State Prison is, in fact, impracticable. In the four years and ten months which I spent there, the only successful attempt was that of a colored man who was holding the position of warden's coachman, and, thanks to his opportunities, was able to walk away without hindrance. During the day the inmates work in shops under a guard's eye, and, unless the nature of their work requires it, may not leave even their seats without asking permission. At the same time the institution is surrounded by impassable walls, on which armed guards are stationed, and the entrances are similarly guarded. To break out in the night,

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it would be necessary to get through the locked and barred cell-door, to dodge the armed turnkeys, to break through a barred window or door in the cell-house, and finally to scale the walls without attracting the attention of the yard watchman. It is safe to say that this feat will never be accomplished, and that escape is possible only in the daytime, and by a man intrusted with a responsible position. Such a man, it may be added, is the least likely to entertain ideas of the kind.

The new-comer, having given up his hopes of escape, turns occasionally to the thought of rebellion. He may refuse to work or he may feign illness. In the first case, he is immediately subjected to solitary confinement or, in the local vernacular, "thrown in the hole." In the "hole," he is placed on a scanty diet of bread and water and handcuffed to the door of a dark cell during working-hours. That is all. He is not, so far as I am aware, beaten or otherwise ill-treated. He has also an opportunity to state his case to the warden in person, an opportunity which may result in his release from solitary confinement, and even in his reinstatement in the second or first grade.

I should explain that the inmates are divided into three grades. On arrival, all are placed in the second grade, from which promotion to the first may be obtained by perfect conduct in six months. Every infraction of the rules, however slight, is reported; but the deputy warden has the option of excusing or marking the inmate. If he is excused, he has merely the inconvenience, not entirely to be disregarded, of walking about with the other defaulters; if he is marked three times in one calendar month, he goes down a grade. Every mark above four in the first six months delays his promotion to the first grade a week. After being reduced, however, he may be promoted, by perfect conduct, in one month. Serious infractions of the rules, punishable with solitary confinement, also carry with them reduction to the third grade.

Shirking work by feigning illness is very usual. It is so usual, in fact, that it may be doubted whether the man who is really ill always gets credit for his sufferings. The course of the malingerer is as follows: he refuses, we will suppose, to get out of bed in the morning, a position from which he is invariably compelled to recede, if necessary, by force. He is next assigned to what is known as a "sick cell," and in the course of an hour or two he interviews the assistant doctor. The latter may take four courses: assign him to the hospital, permit him to spend the day in the open air, send him back to the "sick cell" with or without privileges, or back to work. The hospital is reserved exclusively for men whose illness is regarded as critical. Men in the "park," as the lawn is somewhat grandiloquently termed, are on regular diet, but may not read, smoke, or talk.

Those in "sick cells" with privileges are also on regular diet, and may read. Those without privileges are the cases which the doctor considers undeserving. These men are not permitted to read, and are put on a diet of very thin milk and very thin crackers. A few days of this treatment are sufficient to cure all but the most persistent malingerers, though the effect of the system of suspicion is also to keep men at work until they drop.

To attempt to bring the conditions of life in Stillwater clearly before the reader's eye, it will be advisable to detail a day's routine. At 5:45 the gong rings. This sounds like a very ordinary and necessary procedure, but the morning gong is the insistent fact that disturbs one's dream-fancies, the everlasting reminder of one's status in life. At the sound of it, seven hundred men get out of bed, wash, dress, and tidy their cells. At 6:15 they march to breakfast in the dining-halls. Breakfast over, they return to their cells for a moment, but shortly march out to the shops, beginning work promptly at seven o'clock. Work continues until noon, at which time a recess is taken for dinner. At one, work begins again, and it continues until six, when comes once more the silent march, and by 6:15 every man is locked in his cell. During eight months of the year, the night school occupies one hundred and fifty men until eight o'clock. The remainder may smoke and read—or write verse—from six to nine, at which time the gong rings and the light goes out.

This is the invariable week-day routine. On Sundays and holidays comes a welcome change. On Sundays the gong rings an hour later, and after breakfast the men return to their cells for a longer period.

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Apropos of the word "cell," the aristocratic prisoner uses the euphemism "apartment" or "room," lest after his release he may be unable to break the habit of referring to his sleeping-room as a cell. On Sundays, of course, comes chapel service, which continues from an hour to ninety minutes. After service, attendance at which is entirely optional, every man is turned out for exercise. With the exception of the walk of a few yards between the cell-house and the shops, this is the only opportunity that the majority of the prisoners get to breathe fresh air. If it rains or snows, even this is denied them. After drill comes dinner, and after dinner the key turns again. From noon on Sunday to 5:45 on Monday, every man is locked in his cell and left to his own devices. On holidays, instead of chapel service and drill, there are entertainments, followed by a few hours of quasi-liberty, during which talking is allowed.

With regard to the meals, it is difficult to remain wholly judicial. Memories of many hungry days persist—days in which my plate was pushed aside untouched. However, I am willing to admit that the quality of the food was not so much to blame as the method of cooking and serving. As the years passed, I grew accustomed to the diet, or to most of it. To particularize, there were three moderately appetizing breakfasts: pork, sausage, beans and bacon; and four most unappetizing: hash (twice), liver, and Bologna sausage. Similarly, there were three good dinners: roast pork and roast beef (twice), with a good vegetable; and four bad ones: beef stew, mutton stew, and boiled pork and sauerkraut (twice). The suppers consisted of bread, weak tea without sugar or milk, and diluted canned fruit of a poor quality. But the most unfortunate feature was that the good meals came together, leaving an aching void on the other days. It is only fair to say, however, that men who had been in other prisons spoke very highly of the Stillwater cuisine, and to add that the conditions under which I worked were not conducive to the development of a healthy appetite.

The three grades of prisoners are distinguished by their uniforms. First-grade men wear a plain gray suit; second-graders, a loud plaid; while in the third grade the stripe comes into evidence. Stripes at Stillwater are not the horizontal kind familiar in cartoons, but the perpendicular style. It is the college-blazer idea applied to the whole suit. There are also other distinctions. In the first grade, prisoners are allowed to write one letter a week and to draw two ounces of smoking-tobacco or a plug of chewing-tobacco. Second-grade men are granted the same amount of tobacco, but may write only once a fortnight. Men in the third grade have their heads shaved,—as do all inmates on their arrival, but not subsequently, unless they wish it,—and may not smoke or chew, or write without special permission.

Every prisoner who is able to work at Stillwater is employed. The great majority work at making twine or shoes. The opposition of labor-unions to the direct employment of prisoners by the State does not extend to the manufacture of binding-twine. Of late years the Stillwater twine plant has become enormously profitable; so much so that it has poured over a million dollars into the State treasury and curtailed the operations of the Harvester Trust in Minnesota. Its success, unique in institutions of the kind, has induced the legislature to go further, and establish a farm machinery plant, which is destined to supersede the present shoe-shop, run on the contract system.

Another effect of the financial miracle of making a prison pay has been the remuneration of the inmates for their work. It had long been the custom to pay them for overtime and for additional services, such as teaching school, but during the last year the Board of Control has been authorized to introduce a regular wage-system. While the wages are trifling, varying as they do from fifteen to twenty-five cents a day, in the absence of any expenses they accumulate and form a handsome addition to the twenty-five dollars which is given to every prisoner on his discharge. Of all the Stillwater reforms, this has been the most popular among the men, and at the same time the cause of the most discord among those who do not receive the full amount. The system seemed somewhat illogical, because in certain shops men could earn large sums by increasing their efficiency, while in others it was difficult to make anything at all. This defect will probably be remedied in time, but it needs immediate attention.

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One of the absurd questions which visitors to the institution frequently ask is, "Do they allow them to read?" Every week-day from six to nine at night and on Sundays from noon to nine, the great majority have nothing else to do but read. They are allowed to draw two library books a week, but many do not need to avail themselves of this privilege. While daily newspapers are rigidly excluded, all but the third-grade men are permitted all the weeklies, magazines, and books that they can pay for or that their friends can send them. By an ingenious system of marking cell numbers on these privately owned publications, it is also possible to pass them on to others. Thus many men, by subscribing to five or six weeklies and a magazine or two, can assure themselves of a fund of reading-matter which very few persons on the outside can afford. From a thousand to fifteen hundred publications, privately owned, pass through the librarians' hands every day. The State also subscribes to about thirty magazines, which are distributed to every man who can read as long as they hold together.

The benefits of this system are incalculable. A man shut in a cell is virtually forced to read, if he wishes to keep sane. He cannot expect to sleep twelve hours a night and eighteen hours on Sunday. In the present condition of ventilation and sanitation at Stillwater, a condition which, it is only fair to say, is not due to neglect on the part of the officials, he is fortunate if he sleeps at all. The old prison—a new one is now being constructed—is unnecessarily dark and inconceivably foul. It must have been built by a strong believer in the outworn retaliative method of dealing with criminals.

But if a man cannot read, what then? Why, he is sent to school. "A school for crooks, my dear sir? Is n't that encouraging crime and pampering the prisoner?" Not at all. In the first place, it benefits prison discipline. The brains of most men are so constituted that they need activity. Now, on the deterrent theory, the illiterate man is safely locked up for the night. But he cannot be expected to appreciate the attention, and his brain continues active. It is hardly to be supposed that in the morning he will be in a Christian and amiable frame of mind. If, after a hundred such wakings, he breaks loose and assaults a guard, he can be punished, of course; but surely prevention is better than this kind of cure. On the other hand, if you set this same man down to learn his alphabet, to master the adventures of Susy and her kitten, until he finally is able to determine the exact whereabouts of suffragettes and ex-Presidents by a glance at his paper, is he going to be an increased menace to the community? I think not. I think he is going to use the memorable words of a man of forty-five whom I taught for one year: "This was worth coming to prison for."

For those whose education was already more highly developed, the Stillwater prison maintained an organization unique in institutions of the kind. This was a Chautauqua Circle. A clear record and the ability to write and deliver a paper were the qualifications necessary to membership. While a very small proportion of the inmates is affected by this village debating society, it deserves notice. Meetings were held once a fortnight on Sunday afternoons in the chapel, at which, within reasonable bounds, much liberty was permitted the members. The circle elected a president, vice-president, secretary. and critic of its own, and the president was responsible for keeping order at the meetings.

The circle was, as a rule, divided into two parties. The intellectual minority was in favor of a strict adherence to the Chautauquan course of study, while the majority favored less rigorous methods. In effect, the majority ruled, and the circle's time was occupied by the reading, discussion, and criticism of short papers on every conceivable subject, but in most cases descriptive of personal experience. The tone of the society was excellent: for instance, papers dealing with lawbreaking methods were not countenanced at all; but it was equally out of order to dwell upon religion or politics. At times visitors were invited, and a musical program would be arranged for these occasions. At one such special meeting, a highly cultivated prisoner read a paper on Respectability which left a deep impression on my mind. He was an old offender, and a man who would be the last to lay any claim to respectability. Having admitted his disabilities, he proceeded, in a quiet, sarcastic tone, to maintain the hypothesis that virtue and

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respectability are not coincident. "A man entering a prison," he said, "lays off his mantle of respectability with his other garments. On his release, these are returned to him, but that is not. It is true that he may in time earn a new mantle, but it will be a second-hand garment, for he will not be encouraged to weave one for himself."

While the Chautauqua Circle's activities benefit merely a limited number, the "Prison Mirror" appeals to every man who can read. I can say nothing but good of the prison's weekly newspaper, for directly and indirectly it had much to do with my own release. Not only did it serve me as a medium through which to develop my powers, but also, by editorials and otherwise, it called attention to my case in an astonishingly outspoken manner. The present editor of the "Mirror" (an inmate) is a man of unusual executive ability and, in bringing my case and those of others to public view, he served no ulterior personal ends. It is not, of course, the main purpose of the "Mirror" to attempt to balance the scales of justice. The paper, to quote from the printed statement of its aims, purposes "to be a home newspaper, to encourage moral and intellectual improvement among the prisoners; to disseminate penological information and to aid in dispelling that prejudice which has ever been the bar sinister to a fallen man's self-redemption."

It must not be supposed that the "Mirror" is a brilliant or a faultless weekly. It is merely an improvement on the average country paper, because there is more knowledge and experience behind its contributors. Few of them can write correctly, but most of them know things worth writing about. Hence there are now and then flashes of a quality which is missed by dilettante commentators on life and art. Among prison periodicals, the "Mirror" stands high, perhaps highest. The "Star of Hope," which has the institutional fraternity of New York to draw upon for its contributors, is a more ambitious publication, and contains occasional articles which cannot be matched in the "Mirror"; but, on the contrary, it also contains more rubbish. The "Mirror," like the Chautauqua Circle, keeps out of religion and politics, and, as the warden censors it, I need scarcely add, also out of criticism of penal methods. That the warden is broad-minded in this respect may be demonstrated by an incident that occurred some years ago. Mr. Wolfer is known as a strong anti-cigarette man, very much in favor of the law recently passed in Minnesota restraining the manufacture and sale of "coffin nails." He had been speaking on the subject just before an article appeared in the "Mirror" ridiculing the anti-cigarette movement. Not only did this article appear, but a paragraph commending it appeared in the following issue. In the three years during which I wrote at first a column and afterward two columns in the "Mirror," only one of my paragraphs was blue-penciled, and that was because it trenched upon politics.

I find it more difficult to defend the organization of bands and orchestras in institutions of this kind. Music is a great civilizing influence; but the quality of prison music is not choice: it droppeth as a foretaste of purgatorial hail upon the unwilling ear. But to be pharisaical is to be beside the mark. The music is undoubtedly up to the standard of appreciation. If the only original "Southern Beauties" rag-time two-step and march brings delight where no delight was, then on with the only original, let noise be unconfined! I owe too large a proportion of what little remains of my sanity to this same concerted conspiracy against artistic canons to condemn it utterly.

The prison band included about twenty members, who were badly handicapped by worn-out instruments, slight previous knowledge of music, and insufficient opportunities for practice and instruction. The orchestra of ten pieces was better equipped, and had attained a very fair degree of efficiency. Both band and orchestra practised every day for an hour, but there was no opportunity for individual practice. The band played on Sundays during drill, and the orchestra furnished the music for the chapel services. Service was held every Sunday, the Protestant and Catholic chaplains alternating, and was non-sectarian in character. It consisted of prayers, hymns, musical numbers, and a sermon, and was decidedly perfunctory. In fact, a prisoner who makes a parade of his religion is regarded with suspicion not only by his mates, but also by the officials. This is a natural result of many cases of insanity preceded by religious hysteria.

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In dealing with a subject like the treatment of those who have offended against the law, it is difficult to avoid bias. The prisoner or the ex-prisoner falls very easily into the assumption that every man's hand is against him. The man who has been robbed or assaulted believes naturally enough that nothing short of the severest punishment is sufficient to check crime. The sentimentalist cannot support a course of procedure which brings suffering to anybody; many men of strict integrity entertain the theory, "Once a thief, always a thief." Between these extremes lie the right and expedient theory and practice. My present object is merely to present a few facts that should be borne in mind in discussing this subject.

In the first place, the silent system, if strictly adhered to, is in itself a punishment of the severest nature. Men are naturally gregarious, and as mentality decreases, the gregarious instinct increases. It has been found necessary to abolish the barbarous method of confining prisoners in separate cells by day as well as by night; it will ultimately be found advisable to permit conversation during the daytime. This may seem to menace discipline, but a careful supervision would remedy the defect. It may be argued that the effect would be to corrupt the less hardened offenders, and under present conditions there is much truth in this point of view. It is, however, becoming obvious that first offenders should not be mingled indiscriminately with those whose life has been spent in criminal pursuits. Curiously enough, this principle is recognized in England, a country in which the science of penology is in its infancy.

Another fact worthy of careful consideration is that there are many in confinement, the necessity of which has passed. While the word of a prisoner is never unreservedly accepted against that of a guard, there are men in Stillwater who are so trusted—so respected, if I may use the word—that their denial of an accusation would make it desirable for the accuser to bring strong corroborative evidence. In this connection, there seems a defect in the system under which pardons and commutations are granted, at any rate in Minnesota. The Board of Pardons in that State consists of the Governor, the Chief Justice, and the Attorney-General. In granting clemency, the board, by its own admission, regards only the circumstances under which the crime was committed. That is to say, if the applicant proves his innocence, he may be pardoned, and if he shows extenuating circumstances, his sentence may be commuted.

This method seems to put the most important point of all out of consideration—the present character of the applicant. Not what he was five, ten, or twenty years ago, but what he is now should obviously be the real test of his fitness to rejoin his fellow-men. Prison life has not necessarily reformed him or dragged him deeper, but he has changed one way or the other. It is obvious that a board constituted as is that of Minnesota has not leisure to determine this most essential point, and it should be possible to select a board not merely competent to pass upon facts brought before it, but also able to devote time to ascertaining the merits of each individual case.

The theory of the indeterminate sentence, which allows for the possibility of a prisoner's reformation, is excellent. In practice it would be necessary to guard very carefully against abuses. For many reasons it would be unadvisable to place the power of releasing offenders in the hands of any one man, much less of any one prison official. The warden of a prison, for instance, knows as little, in most cases, of the character of those under his charge as the head of a great university knows of the individual undergraduate's character. He must be dependent, in large measure, on the reports of subordinates. Were the average prison official a master of psychology and of whatever kindred sciences may be necessary to judge character, the indeterminate sentence would be unassailable. As it is, he is usually very honest and well-meaning, but there his qualifications end. Hence the unswerving hostility which the prisoner feels toward the indeterminate sentence has a reasonable basis other than the mental discomfort of not knowing whether he is serving one year or ten. It should also be recognized that the majority of serious offenses against discipline are the effects of a hasty temper, and should not be regarded as infallible indices of an evil disposition.

In suggesting improvements on the advanced position taken by the warden of the

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Stillwater prison, I am aware that I tread on dangerous ground. It seems to me, however, that more opportunity should be granted to the prisoner to breathe the fresh air, which doctors agree is the best of all medicines. Drill, from being a weekly function, should become a daily institution. Even half an hour at noon or in the evening would prove of inestimable value, and would result in increased efficiency. I have already stated my opinion that the men should be permitted to talk within reasonable bounds, and I shall merely add that it should be possible to extend further privileges for exceptionally good conduct. A common reading-room in which men might smoke, read, and play games could be held out as one of these rewards. So, too, a gymnasium or a base-ball field might be introduced with advantage. In the Oregon penitentiary, base-ball is permitted, besides a much greater liberty in receiving presents from friends; a result brought about, it is interesting to note, by the publication of a sensational book dealing with life in that prison.

Speaking generally, the first essential in dealing with criminals is to treat them not as animals, not as subjects for psychological vivisection, and not as commercial assets or debits to the State, but as men. The code of rules at present established falls short of this desideratum, but it is a mitigating circumstance that the men who administer the code are better than the code itself. My observations have been largely confined to the Stillwater prison, the head of which is recognized as an authority in matters connected with penology, but I do not hesitate to affirm that the average prison official means well. At the same time, it is impossible to overestimate the benefits of publicity in all things concerning the administration and management of such institutions. The idle crowds which meander through them serve one important purpose—that of minimizing abuses. It may be regarded as certain that, when a prison closes its gates to visitors, those who are responsible are not afraid for the visitors, but of them.

I have endeavored to set down in an unprejudiced manner some of the impressions gleaned during my confinement. If I seem disposed to look on those who were placed in authority over me in too unfavorable a light, some allowance must be made for my point of view. If, on the contrary, my palette holds too much rose color, it must be remembered that I regret neither my imprisonment nor my treatment while in prison.

SANCTITY

BY FRANK A. MARSHALL

THE days have all been Sabbath since you came,
And I have kept them, oh, how reverently!
The things you said have been my litany;
Your touch a sacrament. I speak your name,
And kneel before a shrine whereat the blame
Of all unworthy of your thought of me
Is purged to loving's utter purity.
No lightness lives in that refining flame.
A book you mark is like some Holy Word;
A flower you give me, or a gown you praise,
Is tender with the memory of caress
Or smile. Your voice becomes an anthem heard
While I was walking Love's cathedral ways.
All life takes on a new-born sacredness.

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DR. COOK IN COPENHAGEN

A FOOT-NOTE TO HISTORY

BY
MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN
American Minister to Denmark

ON the afternoon of September 1, 1909, some interesting Americans were having tea at the legation. The conversation rippled on as usual about home, and a young visitor had just emphatically declared that our countrymen would yet fly across the ocean, when two telegrams were brought in by an enthusiastic man. The first read:

Lerwich, Sept. 1, 1909.

Hans Egede passed. All well. American traveler, Dr. Cook, on board. Has been at the Pole. Expects to be in Copenhagen on Saturday. *Thorsen.*

The second read:

To the Administration of Greenland:

Dr. Cook reached the North Pole, April 21, 1908. Arrived May, 1909, at Upernivik from Cap York. The Cap Yorkers confirm to Knud Rasmussen the voyage of Cook. *Dargaard Jensen.*

The signatures were those of cautious Greenlanders, and the person who, out of courtesy, brought them to the American Minister at Copenhagen was a prudent and serious man connected with the administration of Greenland; but he was greatly excited.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked. "It 's a big thing for your country."

"Yes," I said, "a very big thing."

"You 'll do something?"

"Not at present," I answered; "it is an affair for the scientific people."

The truth was, I had to gain time. On such insufficient data, I could not telegraph anything to my Government; and, like John Gilpin, being of a frugal mind, I resolved not to waste several hundred dollars on a steamer, ardent with flying flags, to welcome the explorer. After an interval, I recalled a book on the Antarctic by Dr. Cook, and also several articles contributed by him to reputable magazines. I was told by one of my guests that he had been president of the Explorers' Club, and had lectured with success in Washington on his ascent of Mount McKinley.

Another distinguished guest seemed doubtful of his claims. He shook his head, and said that the explorer had been decorated by the late King Leopold and had left his wife in Brooklyn; but as the late King of the Belgians had likewise decorated me, and I had once lived in Brooklyn, I felt that these considerations were not detrimental. However, these doubts were the sole warnings I received. Unless, however, some well-authenticated charge had been made against the explorer's personal character, I should have gone on being as polite and hospitable as circumstances permitted. First, it is a pleasure to be hospitable; second, I was only too glad to believe his story, then supported by Captain Otto Sverdrup, later by Captain Roald Amundsen and, on the Eskimo side, by Knud Rasmussen, who is said to know more about the ways of Eskimos than any other living man.

Between the first of September and the succeeding Saturday enthusiasm grew.

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Eminent persons came into the legation and asked me what I was going to do. To which I replied:

"I shall see that the explorer is well lodged at the Hôtel d'Angleterre as my personal guest, and give him a dinner as soon as he is clothed."

Commodore Hovgaard, one of the noblest of gentlemen, since gone to his reward, would not hear of this. "What, a great American citizen in Copenhagen the guest of another American! Never!"

These generous Danes insisted on engaging for Dr. Cook a suite of rooms at the Hotel Phœnix and having ready for him all kinds of garments, from the evening coat of ceremony to the Norfolk jacket of negligence. I reflect, with satisfaction, that *we* all eventually "did" him well, though I was perhaps a little slow for some of my hospitable Danish friends.

On September 3, shortly after three o'clock, I received a telegram from one of the consuls at Skagen that the *Hans Egede* might pass Elsinore,—near the Castle of Kronborg, in which *Polonius* was killed by *Hamlet,*—sometime after midnight. Mr. W. Gould Brokaw's yacht *Fedora* was ready, and we started; but there was such nasty weather that the captain concluded to go back to Copenhagen, where, in the dusk, before dinner, we lighted triumphal lanterns and sent up tremendous rockets.

Commodore Hovgaard, captain of the King's yacht, an explorer himself, and a member of the Royal Geographical Society, had informed me that a delegation from that society would meet the American traveler at Tolboden about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and His Royal Highness Prince Christian, as president of the Royal Geographical Society, would head the delegation. It gave me great pleasure to accept an invitation to be of this party, and the event proved a most interesting and exciting experience. It was very difficult to reach the space on the quay reserved for the Crown Prince and the invited guests; but the red, white, and blue cockades at the horses' heads accomplished with the enthusiastic crowd what threats and appeals from other coachmen failed to do. The Danes were prepared to welcome anything American with acclamations. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's recent discourses at the university, the great Danish-American Fourth-of-July celebration at Aarhus, and other circumstances, had combined to make the arrival of an American who claimed to have performed a feat as momentous as that of Columbus an event delightful to the nation. That the traveler from Greenland was an American, whose bare word the Danes, being gentlemen themselves, took as a matter of course, was one reason for the tumultuous enthusiasm.

Another reason was that the North Pole is very near to all the Scandinavian peoples. The little children dream of it; a folk-lore has gathered about it. The stories of all the arctic explorers of the North, from Kane down, are known to the students of the schools, in town and country, and only the other day, Mylius Ericsen and his faithful Eskimos perished in the mysterious and fascinating North, where dwells the Minotaur who has devoured so many human bodies and poisoned so many human souls. It was only a short time ago that we said good-by to Captain Mikkelsen as he started with a crew of alert and eager young men in the hope of recovering the maps of northwestern Greenland made by Mylius Ericsen, and, possibly, the body of the unfortunate explorer who drew them. Captain Mikkelsen started off, happy in the possession of a picked pack of dogs. Before he had reached the coast of Greenland his dogs were poisoned by badly preserved food. Fortunately, he secured new dogs; otherwise all chance of success for his expedition would have disappeared. We are anxiously awaiting the result. Whatever may be his fate, it will make no difference in the determination of other young Danes to try the adventure. The descendants of the Vikings love the lure of the North, and they cannot escape it.

The *Hans Egede* was late. His Royal Highness had an engagement to preside at the laying of the corner-stone of a students' building at ten o'clock, and he possesses the virtue of punctuality in perfection. He smilingly said that, as the students were in the habit of taking the "academical quarter of an hour" themselves, they would not be impatient at his giving it to them. At last the *Hans Egede* appeared, and in silent expectation we waited.

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His Royal Highness, the delegation from the Royal Geographical Society, the equerries, and I entered the launch. The Crown Prince was the first to ascend the side of the *Hans Egede* and to shake hands with the explorer. I came next, and saw a modest-looking man, with a kindly face, under a cap that Robinson Crusoe might have worn.

"I am glad to shake hands with an American," he said. "It is nearly three years since I have seen a fellow-citizen, except Whitney, and he looked like an Eskimo."

Prince Valdemar, the premier admiral of the Danish navy, always the friend of the United States, and a constant admirer of the progress of our country, was already on board the *Hans Egede*.

Once landed, a struggle began which resembled nothing so much as a Thanksgiving foot-ball game. Mr. W. T. Stead, one of a picked band of newspaper men that had come from all the great cities of Western civilization to describe the event, caught the traveler (who having only his sea-legs on, could not walk steadily) about the waist. The crowd cheered, yelled, and surged; but Mr. Stead, unmoved in the tumult, relentlessly "interviewed" the hero of the occasion. If Mr. Stead lives to see the end of this world, he will interview the last man, in order to write a page for the information of the last woman.

The hero of the moment clung to me. Some misguided admirer seized his cuff, but he grasped three roses, which were all that remained of a bouquet presented to him for his wife. We were literally thrown up the steps of the building of the Royal Geographical Society.

The crowd outside would not be content until the explorer made a little speech. After it was over, he was taken in charge by Commodore Hovgaard, who managed every detail perfectly. Dr. Cook was made the guest of a distinguished Dane at the Hotel Phœnix, where hundreds of persons, including the elect of the journalistic profession, awaited him.

He needed, above all, clean clothes and a dentist, walrus hide, as he explained, having been too much for some of his front teeth. He was much concerned, too, about the condition of my tall hat, which had suffered somewhat in the rush. "I must send you another," he said. Tall hats and frock-coats seemed to strike him with all the force of great discoveries. I asked him to luncheon at the legation, to meet a group of journalists who had special claims on me. Among them were Messrs. Robert Collins of the Associated Press, Walter of the London "Times," Burke of the New York "Herald," Wile, of the London "Daily Mail," Stead, and others. During luncheon, Dr. Cook was plied with polite interrogations; but it came out that earlier in the day he had met a torrent of questions not so polite, and that Stead had been the chief inquisitor.

We all concluded that he was an honest man, and, as Commander Peary had not then been heard from, the one disturbing element was Mr. Philip Gibbs of the "Daily Telegraph," who raised his voice, protesting, in the famous *"J'accuse"* article. We all liked Mr. Gibbs, because he had such good manners in private life; but we all pitied him for being so entirely in the wrong.

The hero of the occasion was transformed by good clothes. His Majesty the King of Denmark received him informally, —*en famille*,—and he was asked to tea by the beloved Princess Marie, who, with Princess George of Greece, asked many eager and intelligent questions. On Sunday night the King invited us informally to Charlottenlund, where there was the usual family dinner. Tea followed, and the explorer was again the target for many questions, Prince Valdemar and the Princess George of Greece, daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte, showing great interest while the returned traveler made his explanations.

After one of the afternoon receptions, —which, in the absence of my wife in Washington, my daughter had arranged, —the rector magnificus, Dr. Torp, and Mr. Strömgren, the Royal Astronomer, asked permission of me to talk with Dr. Cook in the chancery. I was not present. In a short time the rector magnificus reported to me that the university would give the American explorer the honorary Ph.D., and that the silver medal of the Royal Geographical Society would likewise be awarded to him. I answered that any American receiving such honors would be truly distinguished. It was understood

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that these honors were bestowed on the strength of his previously acquired reputation as a man of science.

Dr. Cook's lecture in the Concert Palais was listened to by a great number of auditors, including all the royal family. The silver medal was conferred on the lecturer by the president of the Royal Geographical Society. I expressed to the lecturer my feeling that the discourse was not definite enough. "I must keep something back," he said.

When Dr. Cook reached Copenhagen, much stress was laid on the attitude of Knud Rasmussen. He is a young explorer, half Eskimo, who knows Greenland well, and is well known in Greenland. He is looked upon as the greatest authority on Eskimo manners and customs in Denmark. Rasmussen reported that, as far as he could judge from the reports he had received from the tribe to which the boys Itukusuk and Apilak belonged, Dr. Cook's story was true. As soon as Knud Rasmussen reached Copenhagen, he declared that people had given too much importance to his opinion in the matter. He said that he knew Itukusuk and Apilak well. He had traveled with them, and they were trustworthy young persons; but as they were at Etah when he was at North Star Bay, he had not been able to see them after their return from their expedition with Dr. Cook. "It is not easy," he said, "to get correct information, especially on scientific points, from Eskimos." It would be improbable that they could prove that their employer had been at the North Pole. Other Eskimos who knew Itukusuk and Apilak said that they had reached the "great navel."

Rasmussen saw Cook in August, 1907, at North Star Bay. He was with Mr. Bradley. His outfit, Rasmussen said, was excellent. All things were in favor of his completing his trip from Cape Hubbard. There was plenty of game, his dogs were fresh, and he had so gained his young Eskimos by kindness that they were willing to die for him. Rasmussen said that he would depend for his report on Hans Olsen, a clergyman at Etah, who would see the Eskimo boys. He was asked whether the Eskimos called the North Pole the "great nail" or the "great navel." "The navel," he said. "The Eskimos consider the search of the North Pole an absurd thing. There is no game there, they know."

After Dr. Cook's "proofs" had been formally submitted and the finding of the committee of the University of Copenhagen had been given out, Rasmussen announced that he had lost faith in Dr. Cook.

A rather interesting circumstance occurred on the day of the evening on which Commander Peary's discovery was announced. The proprietors of the three fashionable hotels in Copenhagen are very polite to traveling Americans, and occasionally a stranded chaperon with a group of young ladies lands at one of these hostelries on the way to Berlin or St. Petersburg, or an old gentlewoman,—the last was a charming Quakeress of eighty-six,—traveling alone, appears, or there is a sick American in a strange land, and then I find that the Phœnix, the Angleterre, and the Bristol are very kind. Naturally, I reciprocate. The captain of the King's yacht had taken Dr. Cook out of my hands and had installed him, under his wing, at the Phœnix. The proprietors of the Angleterre and the Bristol cried aloud over the telephone at this great wrong. Why should they be deprived of the *réclame* of the explorer? What had they done to the American nation, whose citizens they had fed and lodged, that there should be no Cook for them? I saw at once that it was my duty to have the explorer lunch at both these admirable places; so I stipulated that, if I did so, there should be no photographers. Of course photographers swarmed when I took Dr. Cook to the Bristol, and ladies with postal-cards and books for autographs filled the tables. The explorer and I sat at a table which was photographed many times. During the conversation, he suddenly said: "It is not so difficult to get to the North Pole as it was. I am sure Peary will get there this time. There is glory enough for two. We were once friends. I have nothing against him except that he turned my place at Etah into a relief station without consulting me."

He said something about the goodness of the Canadians in searching everywhere for him, and added that he would have no controversy with Peary. "And I feel sure," he added, "that if he says he has reached the Pole, it will be true."

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That night,—Mr. Stead had been dining with me,—the telephone rang, and over it Commander Hovgaard said: "Ritzau's Bureau reports from Peary, 'Have nailed the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole.'"

"Nonsense!" I replied. "A scientific man, such as Peary is, would not use that kind of rhetoric. Verify it." He verified it, and repeated the message.

About that time Dr. Cook was sitting, wreathed with roses, in Tivoli, at a dinner given by the journalists. He took the news with great calmness, and I am told that he repeated, "There is glory enough for both."

So far as I know, he was not asked to present his data to the University of Copenhagen. On the day he received the honorary doctorate of philosophy from the university, he solemnly promised to send all his records to Copenhagen and to charter a ship to go to Etah for the lost instruments and the Eskimos, whose testimony he considered necessary to prove his case.

Though the rector magnificus of the university does not tell me the secrets of the consistorium, I am informed that when the Cook records were shown to the committee of experts there was general indignation that he had submitted no proofs, but had only reiterated his previous narrative. This indignation was not openly shown, because the dignity of the learned body would not permit such a public expression of the hopeless inadequacy of the data offered seriously to a scientific circle.

I must accuse myself of an error of judgment in suggesting to Dr. Cook that he should leave Copenhagen at the first opportunity. He was desirous of going to Belgium, in which country, he said, lived one of his closest scientific friends, the astronomer royal, I believe. It seemed to me that his delay was making a matter for serious scientific consideration seem frivolous, and the subject of sentimental and sensational discussion. The work at the legation was at a standstill; autograph-hunters and all sorts of "freaks" were infesting the place; and now that the guest had been treated with distinguished consideration, I was only too happy to speed him. Besides, Commander Peary's declaration that he had found the North Pole had settled the question: the honor was ours. No matter which had first reached that drear and desolate place, he was an American.

Nevertheless, I feel that if the explorer had been allowed to go to Belgium, he might have fallen into the hands of saner counselors. He appeared to be almost too dependent on outside advice. I attributed this seeming weakness to his long absence from civilization.

Sped as a parting guest, on Friday, September 10, he sailed on the *Melchior* to meet the *Oscar II* of the Scandinavian-American Line. Flowers were flung after him, and acclamations accompanied him; but there was no official notice taken of his departure, nor any suggestion made that His Majesty should give him the Order of the Dannebrog. I mention this merely to accentuate the fact that no royal decoration was bestowed. Many strange rumors have been printed. One was that I had sent a special message from Her Majesty the Queen of England to Dr. Cook. Of course no such message was received or sent by me.

The feeling of the Danes, who were individually and as a nation intensely interested in the episode, is rather of sorrow than of anger. It is significant of the moderation of their scientific men that the University of Copenhagen has not made any move to announce that the latest recipient of the silver medal of the Royal Geographical Society, or of the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy should be deprived of his honors. That the consistory of the university used violent language in making its report on the comparative worthlessness of Dr. Cook's records is, I repeat, untrue. Messrs. Strömgren and Pechüle are too much aware of the dignity of their position to be otherwise than conservative in their expressions. The majority of the Danes seem to think that the explorer deceived himself, but they are rapidly ceasing to think about the matter at all. They know they acted generously and courageously, and that is enough for them and the rest of the world.

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THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT'S COW

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

Author of "The American"

WITH PICTURES BY HENRY RALEIGH

UNDER Miss Devons's guidance the Junior Department of the big East Side Sunday-school flung itself into missions with enthusiasm. Hebrew, Armenian, and German, Bohemian, English, and American, eighty boys and girls listened with shining eyes to Miss Devons's artful descriptions of those other children, far away, who were blessed with no such profusion of joys as fell to the lot of these favored New Yorkers.

"Think," said Miss Devons, and the department shuddered at the thought—"think of going out of your houses at Christmas-time and seeing no stores with candy and toys and electric lights and lovely clothes! Think of never seeing a theater or moving pictures! Think of never going to a circus! Think of never having seen a street-car or a drug store! Why, any one of these children would think you were millionaires if they could see all the interesting things you live among. Not one of them has gas in the house or running water; none of them has as nice a school as you have or as interesting books to learn out of; and you 'd think your food was pretty good if you saw the things they have to eat all the year round."

The department sighed in sympathy. What to them were fresh air and wide spaces, mountain flowers and mighty forests, if they were deprived of the feel of the bricks under their feet and the ever-recurring excitements which filled their lives to the brim? So their hearts went out to these children in the South, and they shouted their approval when Miss Devons proposed that their Lenten offering should be devoted to a certain school which was struggling along in a far-off State.

"Now, what shall we give that school?"

"Teacher,"—Mark's hand was outstretched eagerly,—"I know what dey wants. You sends 'em one o' dem machines what turns out pictures, an' you gets some elegant rolls what shows de latest Broadway hits. An', say, I know a feller what knows a guy dat 's got—"

"Well, now, I wonder?" Miss Devons appeared to ponder the suggestion and finally reject it with vast regret. "It 's too bad, Mark, but that might make them want to come to New York so badly that they would n't be happy at the school any longer. Now, if there was something we could give them to help along down there—"

"Mees Devons,"—it was Giuseppe Salvatori, later to be known as Patrick McGuire, who stood respectfully at attention,—"Ah t'inka mebbe you geeva de painting, golda frame an' lufly lady inside. Ah t'inka dey ver' happy so."

"Yes, a picture would be lovely," Miss Devons smiled, despairing of more practical suggestions. "What do you think, Florabel?"

But Florabel, whose hopeless passion

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for Giuseppe's *"beaux yeux"* precluded the possibility of any suggestion differing from his, merely sighed and murmured, "Yes, ma'am," while Louisa May, who inherited her mother's talent for finance, swept aside the notion of high art with scorn.

"If ye 're askin' me," she declared, regardless of the fact that no one had asked her, "I say don't you do nothin' like that. What them kids want is somethin' to use. Fixin's is fine if ye 're in the city, with folks comin' in to see 'em; but w'atcher goin' to do with 'em when there ain't no pawnshop to go to? Nobody don't want no fixin's what they can't raise nothin' on. You get 'em a good stove, Miss Devons, ma'am, an' I guess they 'll holler some."

Then up spoke Abraham Weil, and uttered words of wisdom.

"You send them one of them books tells about penny savings, Teacher. That 's better 'n givin' 'em fancy stuff an' stoves they 've got already."

"I suppose they have a stove," Miss Devons agreed, "and I think your idea is a very good one, Abraham, but I doubt if they have many pennies to save."

"Everybody 's got pennies," Abraham declared; "but most kids spends 'em so quick it 's like they ain't got any."

He glanced contemptuously round the room, which trembled with indignation, and Miss Devons struck in hastily.

"Yes, I know. We 'll send the book, Abraham; but can any one else think of something to give. What is it, George?"

" 'T ain't his money he saves," George declared, rising in wrath and pointing at Abraham. "He gets it off the kids what ain't wise to him, an' he keeps it an' keeps it an'—"

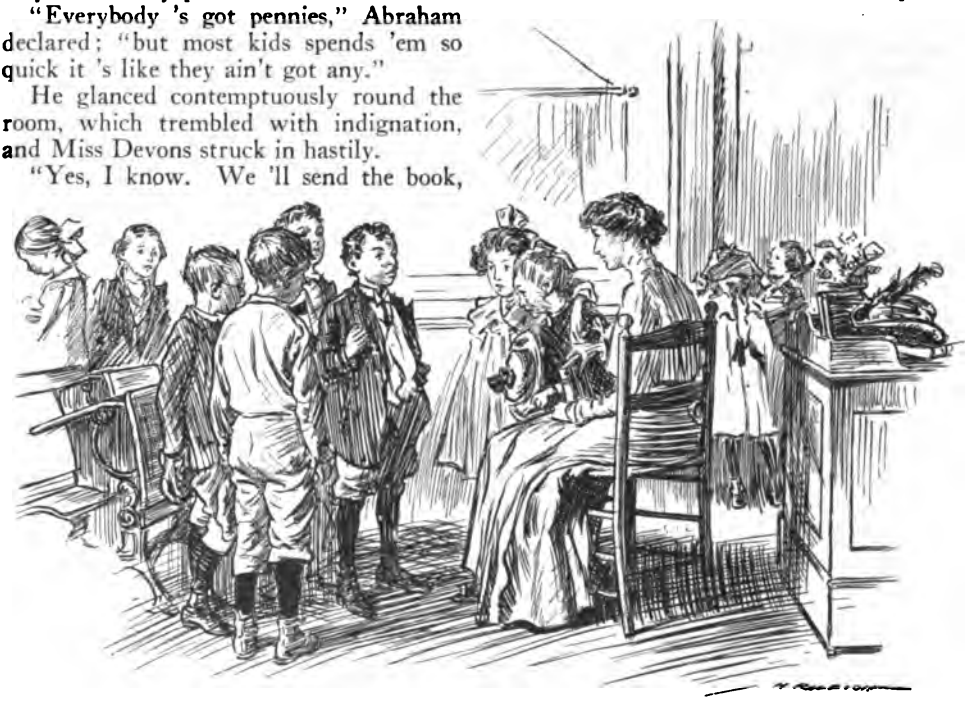
"You shut up!" retorted Abraham, fiercely. "I don't do no such thing. They wants it should be saved 'cause they ain't got the nerve to go by the candy-shop. They pays me a penny a month to keep it, an' then they comes cryin' for it at the end of a week. How kin I get me price if I gives it to 'em right off? That 's in the contrack."

"Ah savea no monee," Giuseppe announced quite unnecessarily.

"Teacher, he 's a' awful free spender," whispered Florabel, while Miss Devons hastened to stop the financial war.

"Yes, dear, I know. Now, if no one else can think of anything, I know something they need very badly. How would you like to buy them a cow?"

How would they like to buy a cow? Had it been a gold-mine for each, the excitement could not have been greater. It overflowed the bounds of discipline



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'COWS AIN'T EGGS,' HE INSISTED"

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and threatened to engulf the teacher herself in the wave that swept toward her desk. Buy a cow? Invest in live stock? Own a cow which, though residing in Georgia, should really be theirs? See a picture of the cow at pasture? See a photograph of the children drinking the milk of their cow—The Junior Department's cow? Had Miss Devons's popularity ever been threatened, that moment would have secured it firmly for life. Yes, the department would like very well to buy a cow, and they gave her to understand as much before they settled down to such study as could be conducted among their riotous imaginings. Giuseppe and Florabel sighed for the stroking of the gentle animal, Eliza Friedman shivered as she thought of its "hooking" possibilities, Louisa May glowed with pride as she dwelt upon the neighbors' astonishment when she should announce that she was buying a cow. Mark and George disputed loudly as to which should lead the cow to Georgia, and almost gave up the whole venture when they learned that she would be a native of that State and require no leading. Even Abraham was satisfied, although silent, already working out in his mind the possible profits arising from a flutter in live stock.

Before the class was dismissed, the price was fixed at thirty dollars, or 37½ cents apiece, a decision not arrived at without the use of much chalk and both sides of the blackboard. Finally every one was convinced, and the question of ways and means arose. To a capitalist like George Finsen, whose father owned the corner saloon, the problem offered little difficulty; for it was nothing unusual for George to have a whole quarter to spend, his father believing in inculcating him early with the custom of standing treat to his henchmen, with a view to future political preferment. But for those little Bohemian twins who sat quietly in the corner, watching with strange eyes the ways of this mysterious land; for Louisa May, whose family was invariably in difficulties; for Mark, poorest and toughest of river-front boys—how should they attain the desired sum? Miss Devons delivered a short lecture on finance, on selling papers, running errands, doing halls for busy janitresses, and, above all, on the sacrifice of many a delectable chew; and the department, ever pleased with a new thing, vowed itself to poverty for six long weeks, and scattered itself broadcast over the city, seeking its prey.

"No begging," Miss Devons had enjoined, "and don't ask your mothers to give you what they can't afford. Try to earn it."

Week after week the excitement grew. George, fired by a desire to outdo the others, accepted a temporary position behind his father's bar, where he washed glasses at the rate of ten cents a hundred. Unfortunately, he attempted to empty the dregs in a way not prescribed by the head washer, and, using himself as a receptacle, was very nearly the means of causing Mr. Finsen's saloon to be raided by a zealous policeman who saw a small child staggering from its doors. George was put to bed, with a thorough spanking from his irate mother, and thereafter his profits were reduced to five cents a hundred, the standard price for wiping. The little Bohemians developed unsuspected capabilities in the line of firewood, and daily dragged large quantities of dismantled buildings to such householders as had no children to supply them with fuel, and before Easter Sunday had dawned they had brought the exact sum of seventy-five cents and had laid it at Miss Devons's feet. That each wore out a pair of boots in their journeyings, and had to be supplied with new ones from the Mission House store, in no way detracted from their glory in the eyes of their proud teacher. Thereafter they sat no more in corners, but mingled with the other children as equals, having proved their claim to be what Giuseppe Salvatori called "reala New York."

Mark, who seemed to have a dozen industries on hand, laid down five cents weekly with the regularity of a slot machine, only stipulating that he should not be expected to give the usual penny to the Sunday offering as long as the Lenten drain on his resources continued. Miss Devons reproached herself sometimes for taking what might mean food to him, but had she known it, the sacrifice the boy was making was far greater than that; for it entailed the curtailment of the cheap cigarettes which he smoked incessantly. Little did Mark O'Reilley care for missions, but much for his supremacy in the

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eyes of his fellows, and something—though this he would have denied with blows—for Miss Devons.

Florabel rubbed and scrubbed and swept and polished for the neighbors until her little arms were weary and the pile of pennies grew. Still more difficult was it to save them, and she was about to have resource to Abraham when Miss Devons came to the rescue by presenting her with a glass pig with a slit in his back down which the pennies jingled merrily, and through which one could gaze at untold wealth. Nothing would have induced Florabel to break the pig, so the treasure reposed in safety and waxed great as the days slipped by. Her only anxiety was now for Louisa May, who neither toiled nor denied herself, and whose whole being was concentrated upon the piano lessons she was now taking from an elderly Italian who was sleeping, rent-free, in Louisa May's kitchen. Therefore she listened with a sphinx-like smile to her friend's exhortations as she played with her diamond ring, acquired at Christmas from the "Almost-Real Jewelry Store." Certainly she meant to buy a cow, and certainly she meant to keep her plan to herself; but at the end of a week Florabel, almost distracted with anxiety and jealousy, discovered that Louisa May, dear friend and dearer rival, had imparted her secret to Giuseppe. She lost no time in seeking out the little Italian and using all her wiles to extract the secret from him; but Giuseppe looked blank. Dimly he remembered that Louisa May had sworn him to secrecy over something; but what it was he could not tell, his whole mind being concentrated that spring on becoming a worthy member of Mark's gang. So he shook his head at Florabel's questioning and smiled sweetly upon her, though his heart was down the block, following his leader's call.

"I not know w'at you mean, Florabel."

Then Florabel wept. To be deserted by her friend and befooled by her self-chosen beau, it was too hard!

"O Giuseppe," she wailed. "I did n't never think you 'd treat me like that! Louisa May 's told you what she 's doin' to git the price o' the cow, an' you won't tell me! An'—an' I give you the last piece o' taffy I got off the lady what lives above us, an' I ain't bought none since we started, an' you says you don't know—"

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"THE LITTLE BOHEMIANS DEVELOPED UNSUSPECTED CAPABILITIES IN THE LINE OF FIREWOOD"

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Giuseppe's ever-tender heart wept with Florabel.

"Don' cry, Florabel," he murmured in honeyed accents. "Louisa May she tol' me lots t'ings. I not know w'at she tol' me. All time she talk, talk; I not listen veree hard. Say, Florabel, I give you banan'."

He drew from his pocket a battered banana that had been discarded from his uncle's counter, and Florabel shared the peace-offering with gratitude.

"An' you ain't got no idea what Louisa May told you? Cross your heart an' hope you may die?"

"I ain't," Giuseppe asserted. "Sura Mike; 'ope I die. She awful nice girl, Florabel, but she talk awful lot."

"An' you don't like her more 'n me?"

"Ah, Florabel, you maka me to laugh! Sa-ay, I tella you secr-ret." He advanced mysteriously and whispered in her ear.

"Mar-rk he puta me on basa-ball team nex' mont'."

He stood off to watch the effect of his communication, and Florabel's face radiate with joy at this proof of his devotion to her. Now could she face the world and Louisa May once more.

"Good-by, Giuseppe," she said shyly when she had congratulated him. "Ain't you the dandy boy!"

"Sura," said Giuseppe, with conviction. "I much oblige' to you." But the heart within him was heavy as he flourished his cap, for he foresaw an interview with Louisa May.

Meanwhile Abraham had been doing some thinking, and he announced the result a couple of Sundays later, when, the class having been officially dismissed, the room was filled with chattering, appeals to Miss Devons and discussions among the children. In a momentary lull Abraham made himself heard.

"Cows has calves," he said, and Miss Devons agreed.

"Yes; they have calves sometimes."

"Who 's goin' to get our calf?" he wanted to know.

"What calf?" she demanded, in some perplexity. She was trying to find the Sea of Galilee on Paul Abarnelli's map, and the artistic temperament, which was strong in Paul, had rather obscured the geographical qualities of his work.

"What calf?" she repeated, while the other children stopped to listen. "We 're only buying a cow, Abraham."

"You gets a cow now, an' a calf comes later," Abraham informed her. "That 's straight. Me uncle that 's a bookkeeper in the slaughter-house told me that."

"Mebbe it ain't a lady cow," suggested Louisa May. "Is it that kind, Miss Devons, ma'am."

"Sure it 's a lady cow," Abraham declared. "That 's all the kinds there is. Now, if she don't die on you, she has calves, an' I want to know who gets them."

"Don't you think we 'd better wait and see if there are any calves," Miss Devons suggested. "I know a story of a little girl who went to market to buy some eggs, and on the way home she began counting her chickens before they were hatched. She decided she was going to make a fortune out of them and buy a big farm, but she fell down and broke the eggs, and that was the end of her farming."

But this classic had no appeal for the mind of Abraham Weil, the shrewd offspring of a Scotch mother and a Hebrew father.

"Cows ain't eggs," he insisted. "Ain't nothin' to break in cows. An' suppose them calves grows up an' has more calves? Seems to me we 're givin' them kids a lot more 'n we said. Now, I got a scheme. I 'm goin' to raise you ten dollars,—that 's an awful lot o' money, but I kin do it,—an' you give me a writin' on the calves, an' they 're mine. See? All the calves what the cow has is mine, an' I gets you ten dollars to buy the cow now. Ain't that square?"

"Very square," Miss Devons admitted. "But I 'm afraid it 's too much of a risk for you, Abraham; I could n't let you take it."

"Don't you lose nothin' worryin' over me," said Abraham. "It 's me uncle what puts up the money. He 's awful anxious to see me in business, an' he says the writing should have a piece put in to say if the cow dies on you before there 's a calf for me, I gets nine dollars back. He says he 's going to give you one dollar anyway for learnin' me."

"Thank him very much," Miss Devons instructed Abraham; "and say that we think it 's better not to mix business and

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charity. If you want to get into business, why don't you earn some money to give us, and get your experience that way?"

"I 'll see about it," Abraham told her; "but nothin' don't seem so good as them calves."

In the course of a week, however, he found a still surer profit, having entered into partnership with Giuseppe, whose ambition it was to make money by selling on a barrow the leavings of his uncle's fruit-shop. They started daily on their rounds as soon as school was over, and Abraham sold to Giuseppe's friends and wrestled satisfactorily with the business end of the venture while the Italian's winning smile attracted the custom. Miss Devons was somewhat taken aback to find that while the boys divided the profits, only ten per cent. of Abraham's earnings came to her; but when she questioned him he explained:

"I 'm givin' yer ten per cent. Ain't that what the Bible says? You ain't got no kick comin'. If every one o' these kids give you that, you 'd have plenty; but they spends an' loses all they got. You 'll do better in the end dealin' with me, 'cause it 's steady, even though it ain't so much all at once."

Miss Devons soon found that he was right, for the next thing she heard was that Giuseppe had sold out his share of the barrow for a paltry sum, half of which he brought her, and half of which he spent on one of those treats in which his soul delighted.

"How is this, dear boy?" Miss Devons wanted to know, looking from the little pile of money to his shining eyes. "I thought you were going into business?"

"Ah, Mees—Devons!" He flung himself across the table in his ardor. "Ah no lika de business. All time maka de mon'. An' w'at I make on de peanuta, I lose on de banan'."

So the weeks slipped by, and if ever the missionary zeal flagged, Miss Devons's blackboard pictures of a tailless cow, a cow with one horn, or a cow whose purchase money had not been sufficient to buy all her legs, sent them forth to fresh conquests. And at last Louisa May's secret was out, and Florabel breathed once more.

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"USING ALL HER WILES TO EXTRACT THE SECRET FROM HIM"

On the Sunday before Easter she entered the class-room, flourishing a ringless hand, and deposited before Miss Devons a shining silver dollar.

"You sold it!" gasped Florabel, her excitement bursting the bonds of discipline.

"Not much I ain't," triumphed Louisa May, settling herself beside her friend. "I pawned it, an' when comes summer an' mommer don't need her winter skirt no more, she 's goin' to get it out for me."

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"This is very nice, Louisa May." Miss Devons smiled approval upon the little girl who wriggled with conscious pride. "This will be a great help toward our fund, and your hand really looks prettier without the ring. False jewelry, you know—"

"Yes, ma'am," agreed Louisa May; "but real di'mon's ain't for us."

"Don't yer never let on," she whispered to Florabel as they opened their books; "but I heard we was n't to be let go forward on Easter mornin' wearin' no joolry, so I thinks I might 's well get somethin' on it."

And now the last day of Lent had come, and all the money was in, and it had reached the magnificent total of thirty-two dollars and twenty-seven cents; great was the rejoicing when this was announced, and great also the debauch in chewing-gum, and for once Miss Devons suffered the moving jaws to continue unchecked. She had procured a large photograph of the cow from its owner in Georgia, and this she displayed to the class, announcing that henceforth it would hang in their room with an inscription below to tell whose cow it was. Then up sprang Mark O'Reilley with a suggestion.

"Teacher, we ain't got no name for her."

"Why, so we have n't! How dreadful! What shall we call her?"

After a few moments' consultation, a polite deputation waited upon Miss Devons to request her to retire into another room for a few minutes. This she did for twenty minutes, listening to sundry shrieks and giggles of admiration. Then the deputation appeared to announce that little Paul, the artist of the class, had printed in the space below the picture the name by which the department wished their cow to be known. Would Miss Devons kindly walk into the room and admire their work?

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

NAMING THE COW

Miss Devons would and did. The picture, a large one, hung on the wall.

"Teacher, we chose the nicest name we knows," whispered Florabel, while Giuseppe handed her with a bow to where she could read the following legend:

MISS GERTRUDE DEVONS

COW

OWNED BY THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

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THE PEERESS AND THE CRYPTOGRAM

BY W. T. NICHOLS

IT was partly because Graves read like a Gladstone and wrote like a Greeley, and partly because Hendricks had the night trick on the editorial side, that the thing happened just as it did. By precedent the work should have gone by rotation, but Hendricks was young and good-natured, and a bachelor free from home ties, and so the others had gradually shifted the responsibility to his shoulders; for the night trick spelled responsibility. First, it carried the duty of keeping in touch with the news and seeing to it that the "Sentinel" offered an opinion—or, lacking that, a few well chosen words—about any late-reported event of importance; and, secondly, it staggered under the weight of making sure the types said what Graves penned. For Graves, who had a wide range of interests and an enriched vocabulary, and who combined vast erudition with a tricky memory, scorned type-writers, and wrote a hand that alone and unaided would have assured him his niche of fame on Newspaper Row. And Graves was fussy. He knew so clearly what he had in mind, and set it down with such precision,—with now and then a trifling exception,—that he made no allowances for human fallibility, and when compositor strayed from the path, and proof-reader or night-trick man failed to guide him back, there were bitter hours in the "Sentinel" office. The exceptions referred to arose from the pranks played by Graves's memory, and these, in turn, almost always led him to a misquotation, which in the case of a gentleman given to the study of Elizabethan worthies and half-forgotten classics was prone to escape detection in the proofs. There were, too, of course, the blunders of everyday newspaper making. But all classes of error met the same sweeping condemnation. A man of intelligence not only should have read, but also should be able to read: that was Graves's dictum. It gathered authority from the fact that he was editor-in-chief.

There were times when Hendricks, most obliging of good fellows, rebelled in heart against the night trick. It surely was an outrage that he had to tear himself away that evening "The Patriot and the Peeress" was first presented to a select public, betaking himself under cover of the applause, as the curtain fell on the first act, to his thankless task at the shop. Of course he would miss the second act, but he hoped to hasten back for the third; and there was the grain of comfort that it was not until almost the closing scene that the real triumph of the evening would come. For that was when a certain altogether charming person would have her best solo, and when, as he was magnificently certain, the laurels would crown the whitest and smoothest brow in that galaxy of the city's prettiest girls, who were daintily treading the stage for sweet charity's sake. Yes, he 'd surely be there for that glorious moment, and for the little supper to follow; and, solaced in some degree by the thought, he took off his coat and slipped into the beloved jacket with the left elbow missing that had been as his mantle of inspiration for, lo! these many moons.

Hendricks lighted a cigarette, and picked up the proofs lying on his desk. They had received a first reading and appeared to be very clean. In the case of the topmost slip, a long galley of paragraphs in small type, he found only a sin-

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gle error and that the less esteemed spelling of "inquiry." In the next, which presented a brace of short editorials in the larger face allotted to headed articles, there was none. Hendricks's spirits rose at this auspicious beginning, but only to suffer the blight of chilling doubt. Where were the other proofs? At that hour the bulk of the editorial matter should be out of the way.

The night editor, ambassador to the court of King Linotype, was not sympathetic. He had troubles of his own. Two machines were "down"; a flood of off-measure advertising composition had been hurled upon the others; the news department was sending up copy as if columns were prehensile and chases elastic. Another galley of editorial had been set, and a revised proof would reach Hendricks presently; and after that would come a long leader by the old man, at mention of which the night editor's gloom deepened. They were having difficulties with that leader.

Hendricks, chafing at inaction, retreated to the news-room. There they gave him brief occupation, but five minutes sufficed to express the "Sentinel's" approval of a just ratified extradition treaty with a Central American state; and again time hung heavy on his hands. He might, perhaps, slip out and see a fraction of the second act. For a moment Hendricks considered the suggestion, then dismissed it. It should be the third act or nothing; and just then the proof in transit arrived to confirm his decision. He read the slip rapidly, yet with a savage attention which yielded suspicion of certain statistics of Australian trade and sent him to his reference-books; and then he sat him down to consume cigarettes and await Graves's leader. The thing must be in type by 9:45! Hendricks smoked as if he hoped to quicken the laggard hands of his watch, but ten o'clock had struck before there was word of the looked-for thunderbolt.

Holt, head proof-reader, lean and nervous, bore it in person. A glance at his face was enough to warn Hendricks of something unusually perplexing.

"Great Scott! but this is a tough proposition!" the new-comer said. He spoke with feeling, and it was with an almost tragic air that he laid a marked proof before the editor, spreading beside it a page of manuscript. "I 've untangled most of it, I guess, but here 's a sticker. Middle of the page—see?"

Hendricks bent low over the copy. "Um, u-m, u-m-m!" he said. Then he looked up at Holt. "What did the comp. guess?"

"He passed." Holt's finger was laid on a white gap in a line of the proof. "Left it out; we 've got to fill it in."

"That 's a pity," Hendricks observed. "He might have had an impression, a theory, wrong no doubt, but an opening move in the game. I don't mind confessing I don't see where to start in."

"But what do you think it is?" There was an anxiety in Holt's voice that sent Hendricks back to a study of the page.

"Stating a personal idea, there are either two words or three," he said. "And, if stern necessity demanded an opinion, I 'd hazard one that the first letter is N."

"Stern necessity 's pressing me, Mr. Hendricks," the proof-reader said almost tearfully. "You know—after that last break—Mr. Graves served notice!"

"Which unhappily extends to me in this instance," Hendricks said dryly. He stole a glance at his watch. They 'd be raising the curtain for the third act!

"Guess I 'll run out for a few minutes, Holt," he added, with an attempt at carelessness. "Little matter I can't very well —er—er—escape. Get the rest of it corrected, and I 'll be back to tackle the prize puzzle."

But the proof-reader was not thus to be cajoled. "Don't you desert me, Mr. Hendricks!" he cried. The appeal restrained the editor as much as the hand laid upon his arm.

"Oh, I 'll not desert—I can't!" he said, with a touch of bitterness. The same responsibility that lay upon Holt burdened him. Holt had a wife dependent upon him, and as for himself—well, he had dreams that strangely had come to limit the freedom of the careless days of living where he hung up his hat, and voting where he kept his trunk. It was best to take no chances. Even though he missed the great scene, there would yet be the little supper and its opportunities for explanation. "Let 's get down to business," he went on, with an access of energy. "Context ought to yield a hint. U-m, u-m-m?

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So the President has definitely declared his policy, eh? That 's set forth clearly; next comes the hieroglyph; then Graves goes on to point out that, with the lines drawn, the course of the party should be no longer in doubt. Lucid, is n't it?"

"All but that!" Holt's finger again was laid upon the cryptogram. "It is n't there for fun. Mr. Graves knows what it is, and the President himself could n't persuade him we should n't know, too."

Hendricks nodded. "And when he explains in the morning, we 'll see it in a flash," he said. "That 's the true wickedness of Graves's writing. It 's like those trick rings: you can't understand how they work until you 're shown, and then you can't see how a blind man could miss the combination. That helps make Graves so unreasonable: he has you on the carpet, and you have to own up it 's as plain as day, once you 're told. Or, if he 's missed one of his cogs,—as he does, you know,—it 's a slip a child should have caught. When his fist 's in question, Graves forgets he 's the high-minded, Christian gentleman he is, and reverts to the stone age. You see, he thinks a lot of that hand of his; he was a writing teacher once—did n't know that, did you, Holt? Now he 's more than satisfied with his penmanship. He esteems it; he respects it; he says it 's individualistic. By Heavens! so it is! And ideographic, for that matter, confound it!"

Holt found no cheer in this. "If it is n't fixed, there 'll be the devil to pay in the morning," he said.

"There surely will," Hendricks agreed. "Graves has been awaiting the White House statement for a week. He laid himself out on this leader; way he corrected and interlined shows that."

"Some head 'll drop," Holt prophesied. He shook his own, as if to make certain it still was fast to his body.

"Unfortunately that 's true," the night-trick man was moved to testify. "The last performance, Holt,—'eminence on the parallel-bars of Presbyterianism,' was n't it?—pretty nearly marked the close of the era of mercy. And that was your foster child, my friend. I read the revise, but I did n't see the copy—nothing worse than temporary paresis and contributory negligence. The foundling was left on your door-step, and you took it in and formally adopted it; they found your fatal 'O.K.' on the slip, you remember."

Holt threw up his hands. "Don't! Don't speak of it!"

"Oh, I 'm as badly off," Hendricks hastened to explain. "It was my inspiration that led to striking out that section of rail-fence the week before. How Graves did storm! Said the elision might not worry me or the rest of the proletariat, but he 'd spent some years building up a reputation among fairly intelligent members of society, and he was loath to sacrifice it by appearing to criticize as a contemporary a gentleman three hundred years dead and buried. That was my latest contribution to the gaiety of nations. So we 're eligible, both of us, Holt, to take the next degree."

"It—it 'll be awful!"

"It 'll be pretty impressive, anyway. In the good old days, Mr. Shorty Nolan or Mr. Hop-along Smith or whatever unfortunate pirate of the eight-point crew drew the black button—in other words, this particular 'take' of copy—would have been dropped overboard offhand; in this period of highly complex civilization there 'll be more or less ceremony, if, that is—if—"

"If what?" Holt demanded breathlessly.

"If we don't chance to discover what Graves wrote. It 's up to us—to me especially, I regret to report; and we—that is, I—have to depend on what brains happen to be available. Graves has gone out to that country club of his, and people don't climb half-way up a mountain to be bothered by telephone-calls. You run along, Holt! I 'll see what can be done to ferret out the mystery."

"Oh, I 'll come back," Holt said; but he departed with an alacrity not suggestive of a desire to return. He left behind him a young man whose rueful smile faded by degrees, and presently was replaced by a very serious expression. This was, indeed, no joke for Hendricks. Into that leader Graves had put care and thought, study of precedents, and consideration of the future. He had set himself to define not only the attitude of the "Sentinel," in view of the policy of the administration, but also the course the party in the State should pursue. And here, in the very midst of his pronouncement, was a yawn-

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ing chasm. What had Graves meant? What could he have written? A short phrase, evidently, but it might carry explanation, illustration, qualification, illumination, even negation. It might be the very heart of that long column of editorial wisdom. Under another roof hardly a stone's throw away there would be lights and music, pretty gowns and prettier faces, sparkling jewels and brighter eyes; and there would be acclaim and glory for the mimic Peeress,—his Peeress, indeed,—for whose sake as much as for his own Hendricks was now held slave to toil under his green-shaded electric lamp. He could not avoid the truth if he would: if he failed to read the riddle set before him, there might be long delay, perhaps an ending, of the romance in real life beside which the staged story was only a mist of unreality. Graves would be hot with wrath; there would be no escape from his vengeance. Hendricks was brave enough, but he felt the thrill of a new fear not for himself, but for the hopes that filled so large a place in his scheme of existence. A man out of a job might get along, but he could not ask another to share his scanty fortunes. That was the coldly brutal truth he must face.

Hendricks read the crucial paragraph again and again. "The President has recorded himself in unmistakable terms. Br-r-r-r-r-r. It remains, then, for the people to accept the issues as definitely drawn; to prepare for the contest which inevitably must be precipitated."

That seemed to the point. Why the veiled phrase at all? Hendricks raised the question only to dismiss it. His own recent experience was sufficient answer. He turned to the beginning of the article, and read it to the end, the furrow in his forehead deepening while he strove to analyze what Graves had set forth with such manifest absorption in his theme. Disregard the mystic message, and the intent was undeniable. But, alas! he could not disregard what seemed to leer impishly from its snug harbor in mid-page. Suppose in its brief compass it held a scathing criticism of executive purpose? Suppose it changed, as it were, the key in which the pæan was composed? Graves had expressed some doubts as to the Presidential policies; he might have cherished more; he was always an imperfectly controlled spring of political independence.

Hendricks made a test. Assuming that some sinister significance lurked in the occult phrase, he studied the leader once more, and the drops gathered on his brow as his eye made its way down the column. Beyond peradventure here were appalling possibilities; for what had first appeared sturdy, if not violent, indorsement was now changed into censure, guarded but none the less undeniable.

Holt and the night editor together descended upon him, the former coming with reluctant foot, the latter impatient of speech and manner. Time pressed; the editorial page ought to be locked and sent to the stereotypers. Where was that last proof? Hendricks glanced at his watch. How the hands had raced! There would be a merry party at the little supper despite the vacant chair. And then he came back to the grim facts of life.

The night editor served a terse ultimatum, and went his way, but Holt lingered, wretchedly eager.

"You—you working it out?" he faltered. "I—I have n't been able to gather my wits for an hour. It—it 'u'd be an awful thing, Mr. Hendricks!"

"It is an awful thing," Hendricks corrected. "That 's as far as I 've worked it out. If that infernal scrawl 's of one purport, I can't discover that it 's necessary. If it 's of another—why, do you know, it changes everything? Coppers the whole leader, man; coppers it completely, I tell you! And it may settle the policy of the paper for years to come!"

Holt's eyes bulged, and he said, "Oh!" as if a blow had struck him. Then he swooped down upon the copy.

"What is it, do you think? English? Latin? French? German?" The speed of his questions was like the rattle of a machine-gun.

Hendricks dropped his eyes to the much studied page. "It may come from the ends of the earth, but it 's here as something between brackets or parentheses, and—"

"Thumbnails, sure!" Holt put in.

"Well, thumbnails, then. But, Holt" —Hendricks's tone gained new energy— "Holt, there 's a faint underlining. Did you do that, or was it there before?"

Holt's nose almost grazed the paper. "I did n't do it," he said, after microscopic scrutiny. "That 's a pointer, though—must be a foreign language."

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Hendricks started up. As well as Holt he recognized the possible bearings of the discovery. The "Sentinel" used no italics, but Graves at times unconsciously reverted to the old style of underscoring.

"Come back in ten minutes," he said. "Maybe I 'll have found a clew."

And now the knowledge that Graves's memory, on occasion, flew off on strange tangents, was to serve Hendricks an evil turn. It was with him as he delved in a volume of quotations and consulted another too plump to be anything but a dictionary; and it was at his elbow when again at his desk he began a curious task, the writing of three words "Nusquam tuta fides," first in his ordinary hand, then contracted into narrower space, then with no division of the words and with the last six or seven letters telescoped into a jumble of angles.

Holt returned, to find Hendricks contemplating this production and comparing it with Graves's cipher.

"Behold!" the editor said, without looking up. "N to start with in each case; then, two or three letters in, one that drops below the line. Little further on there 's one that seems to drop, but may as well be a slip of the pen, just as near the end there 's another that may be a drop letter and may be not. And there are three that rise above the line toward the end in each case. Observe!"

Holt licked dry lips. "Great Scott! Mr. Hendricks, but I believe you 've got it!" he cried. "But—but can't you be sure!"

"Well, there 's this corroboration: I heard Graves using this quotation to-day, though he was n't getting it quite right. So I know it was in his mind when he sat down to write."

Holt's face was clearing. "Say, that 's getting warm, ain't it?" he said admiringly.

"As I said, Graves did n't have it quite straight," Hendricks went on. "Syllable or two awry, you know. That bothered a bit in verifying it just now. But the meaning just fits with the sense of what I heard him say."

Holt cast care to the winds. "Then that 's all right," he said cheerfully. "Course he 'd get something twisted; that 's Graves all over. But what does it mean, anyway?"

Hendricks flushed a little. "Nusquam tuta fides," he said, "signifies, roughly, you can't be sure of anybody."

"Oh?" Holt's intonation betrayed doubt as well as surprise.

"Well, I believe it fits," Hendricks said with a dogged air. "I 've reasoned it out; Graves has n't been half-happy about the administration; this message has forced him to a decision. He could n't jump the traces, but he could settle back in the breeching. I 'm going to gamble that 's what he did. Besides, Holt,"—he hesitated,—"well, it has to be something, and so far as I 've heard, there 's precious little difference between the sensations of being hanged for a sheep and being hanged for a lamb."

Holt fell to rubbing his chin. "You would n't mind making that correction yourself?" he said insinuatingly.

"Certainly not," returned Hendricks, curtly, and with a lack of enthusiasm. As his pen touched the paper, the night editor stalked into the room.

"Pardon the intrusion, gentlemen," he said. "It pains me beyond measure, but the stereotypers clamor. And the editorial page is thirty minutes late."

"The die is cast!" Hendricks said, under his breath. A night editor, growling, snarling, and abrupt, meant a fellow-man concealing humane willingness to help out, but a night editor glacially polite betokened the lapse of the final minute of grace.

"Here 's your proof; sorry you had to wait," Hendricks said calmly.

When they left him alone, he lighted a cigarette, leaned back in his chair, and became aware that he was weary. And he had missed not only that great third act, but the little supper as well! How was he to atone for his faithlessness? The problem perplexed, annoyed him. He had had enough of problems and worries and tangles, and although he could put Graves's fateful leader out of his mind, dismissing it with the reflection that, right or wrong, he had done his best, this other trouble forced itself upon him. He settled deeper in his chair, and hoisted his feet upon his desk. There was an odd stir in the hall, then light steps and the swish of silk that fell soothingly upon his ear. Somebody laughed, and he turned his head to discover rare guests crowded at his door.

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They came trooping in, a merry, bustling little party, still breathing fast from the stiff climb to the editorial rooms, and pleasantly excited by an unconventional visit at an unheard-of hour to an inner shrine of the Press. Hendricks had scrambled to his feet, and was bidding them welcome: Mrs. Joyce, the chaperon, whom he liked, a stout, cheery matron, badly winded by the ascent, and upon whose bosom a big bunch of violets rose and fell like a buoy anchored in tide-rips; Nannie Joyce, plump, jolly, and a good fellow; Jack Madison, who undoubtedly had been the pilot, and who should have known better; young Hascall, who adored Nannie Joyce, and therefore did not count; and, last of all, the Peeress. She gave Hendricks her hand, as the others gave him theirs, but there was none of their banter in her brief speech with him before he turned away to the duty of dragging out chairs, turning on lights, and clearing a space on the exchange table for Nannie Joyce, who elected to perch herself thereon and swing a slippered foot over the depths of Hendricks's waste-basket.

What had happened the young man knew well enough. The Peeress was deeply hurt by his desertion, or righteously angered by his boorish forgetfulness; and Jack Madison had engineered this visit, and forced her to join the expedition, with the cunning of a shrewd fellow and the malice of a rival.

And now they were here, the supper party, and talking thirteen to the dozen, all except the Peeress and the chaperon, who as yet had breath for no more than six words out of the legal twelve; and Nannie Joyce was assuring him that an editor with a white bow-knot under his left ear was coquettish, if startling; and young Hascall was grinning; and Madison was covertly surveying the white shirt sleeve under the ragged elbow of the office coat. Indeed, it was vastly like many another early-morning social raid into the fastnesses of the editorial country. They rallied Hendricks, of course, upon his failure to return to the theater; they recited what he had missed in the crowning third act; they told him how the Patriot had lost a shoe, and voice and memory and self-possession as well, and how the Peeress had saved the scene, and how the crowded house had cheered itself hoarse; and they dwelt rapturously upon the gay supper and the toasts; and thus, decently and in due order, they came to demands for the cause of his absence from such joyous and festal occasions.

"What have I been doing?" Hendricks repeated. It was the chaperon whose official rank gave the question added weight, and so it was to her he proffered reply. "I 'm afraid I can't tell you exactly. These things—these large cases, you know—require time for their just estimation."

"Oh!" Mrs. Joyce responded. "I don't believe you 've really an idea," she added with a touch of sharpness. She, on her side, liked Hendricks, but she was fond of the Peeress, and felt that the girl's evening had been spoiled. She had heard somebody call Hendricks "footless,"—perhaps it was Madison who chose the word,—and now the adjective, once resented, seemed to have its merits. "You have n't an idea!" she reiterated rather forcefully.

"I confess, dear lady, my ideas are as vague as the boundaries of Bohemia," Hendricks hastened to confess.

"But you 've been doing something?"

"In two hours I 've written three words; but I 've written them several times."

Nannie Joyce clapped her hands. "Oh, the romantic hermit!" she cried. "Writing three sweet words over and over again. And as if we did n't know what they were!"

Young Hascall dropped his voice, but it carried. "I 'd like to write 'em myself," he said in an eloquent whisper that everybody heard. Hendricks did not glance at the Peeress. He felt the blood rush into his cheeks, and he could guess why Jack Madison chuckled softly.

"Perhaps you 'd like to see them," he said hastily. "I can show not only my efforts, but the original I tried to copy. It 's here on the desk—an editorial by Mr. Graves."

They crowded forward, stirred, no doubt, by genuine interest, for Graves's penmanship was something of which every one of them had heard. And so they gazed, and exclaimed, and guessed wildly impossible things, and at last made way for the Peeress, who approached, as Hendricks noted out of the corner of his eye, with more willingness than he had expected her to display in any affair with

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which he had aught to do. His hand shook a little as he pointed to the mystic phrase. She bent her head to study the writing, and he saw a smile steal over her face.

"Gad! I believe she can read it!" exclaimed Madison, the alert.

The girl raised her head, and stepped back a pace.

"Of course I can," she said lightly. "I recognize an old friend."

"What!" "Impossible!" "An old friend?" "She 's joshing!" The Peeress could make choice of comments for her text.

"A very old friend, and not at all impossible," she said. "I roomed with Mr. Graves's niece at school, you know, and he was interested in our English, and used to correct first her compositions, and then mine, too. And his marks—this really has three words, though he runs them together in one—I came to recognize at sight. And this one—"

"This one?" Hendricks broke in, with spasmodic energy.

The Peeress turned to him, and the smile faded.

"This one," she said coldly—"this one was put in, evidently, because he had left a space which might be misunderstood. It means, and it says, *'No paragraph here!'*"

One verifying glance—it was the old story: given the key, and only one interpretation of Graves's scrawl was possible. And then Hendricks fled to the composing-room, leaving a dazed group to await his return. He came back presently, still resentful of a rushed night editor's opinion of vacillating editorial writers, but saved from the biggest blunder of his career. At the door of his room he met his guests, discovered by Shelby, the managing editor, and filing out under his care.

Shelby, who knew them all, and who knew something, too, of the affiliations of the group, had them well in hand. The chaperon, her daughter, and young Hascall streamed in the van. Then followed the managing editor, his arm through Jack Madison's in strangely friendly fashion for a gentleman, who, to Hendricks's knowledge, had only lately criticized the other as being as self-centered as a kitten that had caught up with its tail and was trying to gain a second lap. But Shelby, meeting Hendricks's eye, winked the wink of the true ally.

"We 're going to see the stereotyping," said he. "Would you mind guiding the Peeress, Hendricks?"

The night-trick man stepped by the others and confronted the girl, following her leaders and wondering a little, it may be, that a prima donna should be so soon shorn of her precedence. He stood in her way, indeed, and perforce she halted.

"You 've just saved me an awful cropper!" he said low and soulfully. "And after the way I 'd turned traitor,—all against my will, but still a traitor,—why, you 've heaped the coals of fire upon my head till I ought to burn like a torch."

Something in his voice moved her more than his words. She put out a hand impulsively and forgivingly.

"I plead ignorance of good deeds—and curiosity," she said. "At any rate, I can congratulate you, though you have n't congratulated me yet. And I did very nicely to-night; honestly I did."

Shelby had shepherded his flock around a corner and out of sight. The Peeress and the young man were alone in the corridor. He caught the girl's hand, and raised it to his lips.

"Peeress," he said a bit unsteadily, "never mind the others. We can follow when—oh, when I 've finished telling you such a lot of things!"

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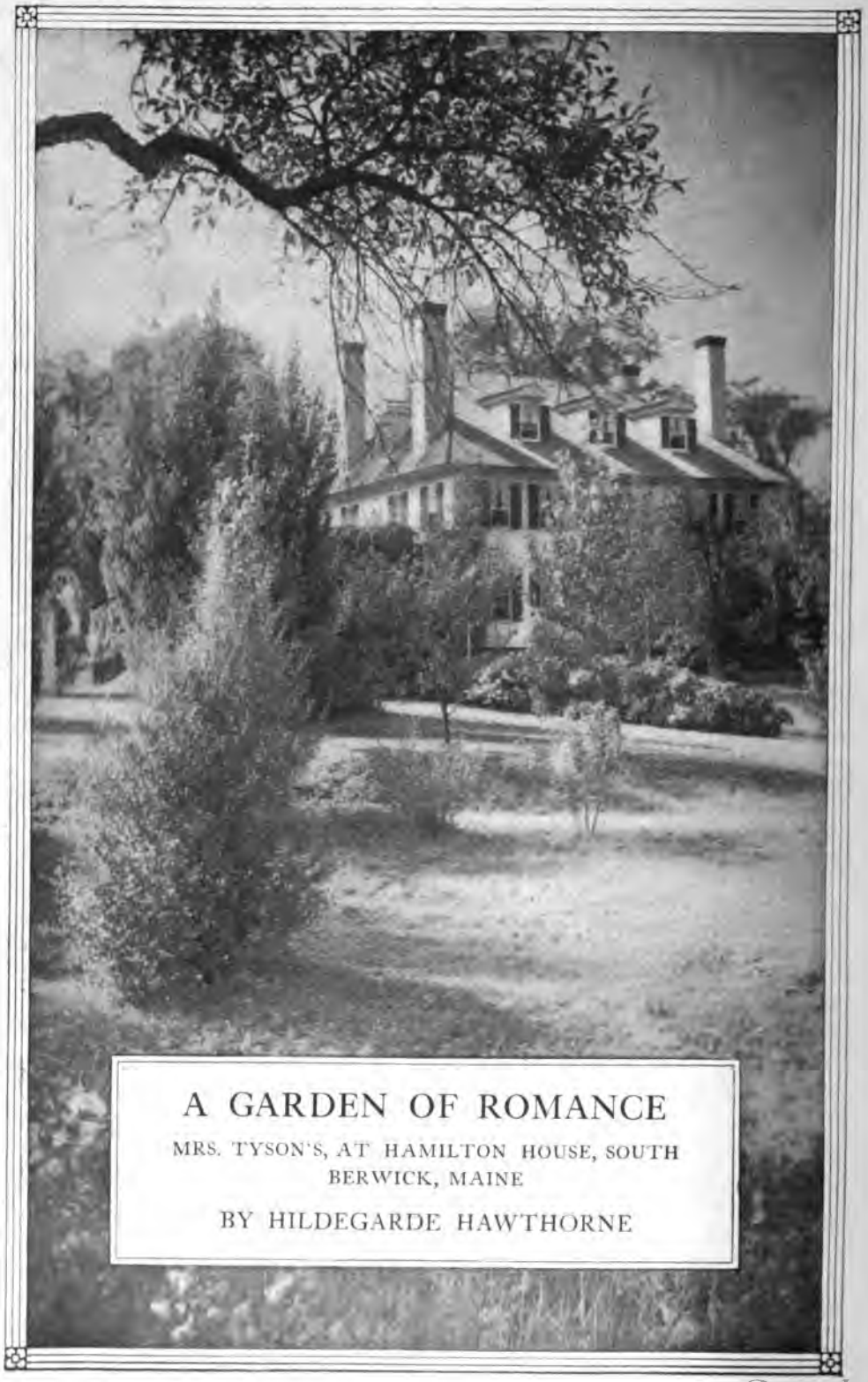

A GARDEN OF ROMANCE

MRS. TYSON'S, AT HAMILTON HOUSE, SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

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"THEY ought not to be there, but I have n't the heart to tear them up." So spoke my hostess, regarding the tall stalks of goldenrod that reared their feathery plumes among the chosen flowers of the garden, blossoming a month before their time in the kind shelter of the sunny corner. To such a spirit, nature for the asking will grant a hundred favors that these fields to the stately old house. This lane and the curving river are the sole approaches to the place, in its ring of green and gold. No telephone-wires tap the rush of life outside, and the postman himself gets no nearer than the intersection of the lane and highway—an intersection no motor would be apt to perceive. Written over the portal might be the

VIEW FROM THE FRONT STEPS OF HAMILTON HOUSE

others, as wise perhaps, but not so tender, would never have vouchsafed to them.

That sheaf of summer gold was in some sort the sign of the whole place—a place where everything lovely is welcome, and where everything that comes appears to be a little more perfect, more beautiful than anywhere else.

Hamilton House lies on the banks of the Salmon Falls River, in the midst of meadows given to hay, the fragrance of which fills the air. A lane leads through words, *There is no hurry here;* for leisure is indeed its life breath.

A dozen miles or more distant is old Portsmouth, quaintest and most undisturbed of New England towns. That is as close to the world as Hamilton House comes; and no one who has ever been within its gates will wish it closer.

The house itself is pure colonial of the best type. Since she came into possession, Mrs. Tyson has not only succeeded in restoring all its old beauty, but she has

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THE MAIN HALL, FROM THE RIVER DOOR

also given it the very atmosphere of its time—harmonious, with the free movement of a new land, yet withal exquisitely expressive of the ancient culture drawn from older and more finished countries. It surmounts a fine slope above the river that is partly terraced and laid down in lawns. Standing guard on these lawns are mighty elms and oaks, in the branches of which the wind seems never silent.

A bow-shot from the house along the river-bank, where the downward slope of the hill begins again to rise, there is a pine wood, and there indeed the wind makes mighty music. Under the blue-green boughs and over the tawny needles, which make soft and slippery footing, lead narrow paths streaked with sunlight and shadow, and leap sudden chasms or small brooks on bridges so fashioned of the material at hand as hardly to seem made by man. Now the path will allow you a far look up or down the river; now it hesitates a moment at the foot of a particularly grand old pine the branches of which mingle with the sky; again it plunges into a semi-obscurity, where the trees stand very close and the sunbeams are kept busy dodging the shadows. These are adventurous paths, skirting cliffs that fairly overhang the river, and jumping up and down the sharp little hills with complete abandon. A few pale forest flowers grow beside them—the frail wild rose, the white anem-

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one, or now and then the intense red wood-lily, vividly passionate amid the gray and green and yellow harmony of its background.

Now a rustic seat invites one to rest. There it is, with romantic appropriateness; instinctively you know that lovers have sat in it, wondering at God's and each other's perfection, while the moon shone on the flowing river and silvered the swaying branches above them. Even yet the whispering needles seem to be repeating their soft words.

For above all other things Hamilton House is romantic. Full of romance are its wide, low-stepped stairways, its gracious halls and exquisite rooms, where the walls are painted with scenes of an older Portsmouth, in a day more picturesque, when the sea came through the town in little canals spanned by graceful bridges, and when gallants in gorgeous coats and small-clothes bent over sedan-chairs in which sat lovely ladies wearing the most bouffant of skirts, with their hair in ringlets and with the most coquettish manners—a lovely romance, the very ghosts of which are sweetly human, and whose midnight colloquies, if any there be, must consist chiefly of silver laughter and the dainty wit of a past century.

Romantic, too, is the outlook from each broad window, whether it be on river and forest or over the meadows, glittering at night with the tiny lamps of a million fireflies, or wavered over at day by butterflies, flaunting their splendid tapestry wings above the clover and the daisy. Most romantic is the outlook over the inclosed garden, from which rises a perfume of flowers and the low splash and rustle of a fountain—a fountain contained in a basin on a column the marble beauty of which is fit to hold even so wonderful a thing as clear spring water, welling from the mysterious caves of the ancient globe.

It is this garden that is the heart of the whole place. It is lower than the house, and the slope down to it has been terraced, while a few big flagstones, set unevenly in the grass, lead one from the house door to the green arch that forms the garden entrance. Here the feeling of romance culminates, so that unconsciously one treads

WITHIN THE GARDEN GATE, AS SEEN FROM THE ARBOR

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AT THE END OF THE ARBOR

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softly along the green paths and beneath the curving trellis, or pergola, that swings around two sides, and is so thickly overhung with vines as to be cool and dim on the hottest of summer noons. On such a noon, when the great cup of midsummer brims with drowsy languor, the fountain is the only voice that is not silent; yet it is so near to silence that its murmur brings only the thought, "How still it is!"

Having entered by the gateway on the house side, the path leads on across the garden to a series of arches overgrown with climbing-rose, and on under these, where the eyes, tangled by swaying blossom and leaf, cannot follow. Half-way across the garden another path intersects this one at right angles, and at this point a sun-dial is set. Narrower grass paths separate the long beds crowded with flowers, the brilliant colors of which seem unstudied, and the arrangement so easy and withal so sure that only the finest art could have succeeded in being at once so manifest and yet so hidden.

This garden belongs essentially to the heart of summer, for in the Maine spring lies a chill rigor that only very slowly yields to the fervor of the sun. It is not until July that nature feels safe in seeking her fullest expression, and it is for that month especially that the garden has been planned. Later blossoming is provided for, of course, but autumn comes early, and the first September nights often bring a touch of frost. But for the brief season of its security the garden is a wonderful riot of color, form, and fragrance. Iris, rose, delphinium, country pinks, Canterbury bells, spotted lilies, heliotrope, sweet alyssum, pansies, tall hollyhocks,—all these and many more follow one another in close succession or else flower together. This happy result has been achieved by planting the hardiest and earliest blooming of the tenderer plants together with the more slowly maturing hardy ones. Mrs. Tyson furthermore possesses the courage that fears not to make mistakes, and though she has sometimes seen a whole bed and weeks of labor go for nothing because of incompatibility of temper between the moods of nature up there in the North and the demands of some chosen plant, her daring has far more often found success.

This success, she professes, lies chiefly in the constant essaying of possibilities. Where some desired annual or delicate perennial will not respond in one part of the garden, she tries it in another and another, gaily adventuring against the powers that be until victory is assured to one or the other side. Sometimes, too, a lily from Japan, a brilliant visitor from California, or a sweet-breathed stock or whatnot, has taken affairs into its own leaves, so to speak, and itself moved from one spot to another that better suited its whim or its necessity.

The shape of the garden is almost square. On the northern side is a high fence overgrown with vines and overshadowed by trees, except at the upper corner, which is occupied by an enchanting garden-house, the low eaves and latticed walls of which make a famous background for trumpet-flower and honeysuckle and for big clumps of hollyhocks. Within, the neutral browns and green of walls and rugs make a cool retreat on the hottest day, the fervent summer lingering on the door-step or peering through the low, broad windows with their shadowing eaves, but never quite entering. The guest within, however, may look out on the jewel-loveliness of the garden or harken to the murmur of insects, the fountain's drip, or the sudden whir of a humming-bird's wings, and breathe the soft perfume that floats undisturbed into the cool obscurity.

This garden is preëminently a garden that is lived in. The low, comfortable seats in the little house, the wide benches outside, set where the shadows fall deepest or the roses smell sweetest, or under the pergola near the fountain, invite one to stop and stay, while the seclusion and yet the accessibility of the place are a constant appeal. Even at night, should one lean out of her bedroom window to look down upon it, it calls so winningly, and is so easy to reach, that many a time she slips down-stairs and out to it, to delight in the pale evening glories that hang open on the vines, or to watch great white and blue moths flutter about over the cornflowers or the big dewdrops tremble on the grass-blades and the climbing-roses. Now and then, moreover, a bird will stir sleepily on its nest in the vines or utter a few notes. Perhaps in the whole wide world, so full of various beauty, none is

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VIEW FROM THE UPPER GARDEN ACROSS THE LOWER GARDEN TO THE HOUSE

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more exquisite than the moonlit peace of a beloved and carefully tended garden in all the fullness of its summer pride of bloom.

How eagerly the sun and air enter by the broad windows and wide doorways of Hamilton House! The breakfast-room is golden with sunbeams, and breakfast at Mrs. Tyson's is in itself a joyful experience. The great coffee-urn at the head of the table; the silver, white with age; the graceful colonial china and huge bowls of flowers; the New England cooking at its height of excellence; the leisure and the gaiety—it is such a breakfast as one imagines for the days of the royal governors, or in the times of the Adamses. The same art that made the garden and reclaimed the house, the half-whimsical, half-loving sympathy that is everywhere felt, are also applied to life itself, and the guests of the house respond to their power and charm as do the flowers and the forest. That first fresh hour of the day is as much a part of Hamilton House as is the daring use of scarlet in the garden, where it flames in a sudden rapture, as from some serious, sweetly ordered mind might break a playful fancy. It is all one harmony, house and grounds and human spirit.

Another characteristic hour is the one when afternoon tea is served in the outdoor room, which is quite roofed over with a vine-covered trellis and flagged with stones in the crevises of which the moss has drawn green patterns. Trellises make the walls, too, and through the leaves that screen them, set waving by the river breeze, come glimpses of the river itself and of the green slopes that stoop to it. Countless sunbeams enter, to dance fantastic sarabands on tea-table and tea-drinkers, with now and then a butterfly, attracted by the bloom of the exotic plants in the large tubs that fill the corners. It all reminds one of a jalousied gallery in a West Indian house. One could not imagine a more ideal spot to gather about five of the afternoon, from ride or drive on the hilly Maine roads, from silent canoeings on the river, or leisurely wanderings under the pines or down the lane, or perhaps from quiet sessions in the garden or working-hours in the studio.

For there is a studio. On beneath those arches observed from the hither side of the garden leads a path that calls to the fancy like a way into fairy-land, so veiled it is with leaf and trailing blossoms, with yellow and pink roses and feathery branches. Nothing can exceed in beauty these light archways, and one wishes every gardener were aware of their charm. One arch is pretty; but arches beyond one another, properly placed and allowed to conceal as much as they reveal, are ravishing.

These particular ones lead out of the garden and over a little hill. Passing through them, one finds oneself at last before a little house quite fit for a Hans Andersen story, before which, inclosed by a low fence, is the quaintest and most charming of cottage gardens. Small paths, laid in uneven brick, divide it into oblong beds, bordered with tiny box-hedges, and crowded with old-fashioned flowers: phlox, sweet-william, rose geranium, wallflower, and stock; forget-me-not, fragrant mignonette, and golden marigolds. In one corner cluster dahlias, clear-colored and precise, like maids of earlier days. Foxgloves stand tall and slender by the cottage wall, and off against the fence a clump of sunflowers swing their round faces above their gray-green leaves. Then one may see five-o'clocks begin to open their heavy-scented, white, starlike blossoms in the late afternoon, their perfume mingling with that of the lemon-verbena and other intoxicating fragrances that assail the heart with a thousand memories. It is a little garden which might be duplicated in any city back yard, but as unforgetably lovely and unique as the great house is dignified and beautiful, or the river and the forest are free and fine.

One longs immediately and passionately for such a garden as a permanent possession. Few of us but hope for, if we do not already own, at least some square yards of mother earth in which to dig and plant. How easy it would be to change such a bit of territory into a well-spring of delight by treatment such as this! These sturdy and healthy plants grow easily, flower profusely, and are freer from pests than the later additions to the garden annuals. A garden of this kind must be laid out with precision, and the perennials carefully chosen and placed. Then—why, the very smell of the box in the sun is alone sufficient recompense for all the work involved, and to murmur over the names of the flowers,—gilly-flower, love-lies-bleeding, rue, columbine,

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cinnamon pink,--all the lovely list, is such joy as one has in reciting the lines of a beloved poet.

Passing through this fascinating place, with all its smiling flowers, one enters the studio. This is almost entirely built of the old joists and beams, the wainscoting and window-jambs, carved panels and heavy doors, taken from an ancient house built while the land was still young. Mrs. Tyson has so used the materials, held together by a necessary framework, as to reconstruct with success the homelike dignity and beauty of the original, with an added spaciousness and a more felicitous arrangement. The tones of the old wood are wonderfully mellow, and there is a fine fireplace and some excellent carving. It is all a particularly good expression of the best in the cottage architecture of the earliest New England settlements.

There could be no better place for art work of any kind than this big and simple room, with its brooding spirit of age, the harmony of its proportions, and its rich sobriety of color. Directly opposite the first door is another giving on a porch that extends the width of the house, formed by the overhanging eaves and given more space by a grape-arbor built out from it. From this the ground drops down abruptly to the river, and sitting here, one has the finest view of the pines that climb the hill beyond in a splendid multitude.

There is no lack of homogeneity between the different parts of Mrs. Tyson's place, howsoever the description may fail of conveying this fact. The great house, so nobly placed, is the key-note of the whole. Its woods and fields and river belong intimately with it, for its serene dignity requires the large frame of nature. The bowered garden over which it looks is only another expression of the same art that fashioned its colonial furniture, its gracious rooms, its delicate color scheme, its whole sunny being, so full of welcome and of peace. This strong feeling of home is accentuated by the pretty cottage, with its little but perfect flower-yard, tinged so strongly with the romance of a past not so far distant as to be unreal, nor yet so close as to be flooded by the light of common day. The sweet spirits of remembered grandmothers in their forgotten youth dream through the rooms and garden-paths, and Hamilton House is theirs as well as ours. To seek to give in words the impression it produces one must mention its quaint tea-service equally with the hushed solemnity of its moon-swept scenery and all that lies between the two. Much of its charm, like the fragrance of its flowers, must still escape; but at least from the various details it may be possible for the imagination, airy architect, to reconstruct something of its satisfying loveliness and to realize its individuality.

This is the last of the three New England gardens made by women—by women who love them and work with the understanding of love. Beauty is as various as the hearts of men, and precious in all its manifestations, be they simple as the clay bowl of a savage or intricate as Versailles, the thousand-fountained. No one need fear doing something as lovely in its own way as any of these gardens with whatever bit of ground she possesses, if she be willing to work with the same patience, and loves what she does and remembers the law of harmony. For this law lies behind each of these gardens, and makes each its own perfection.

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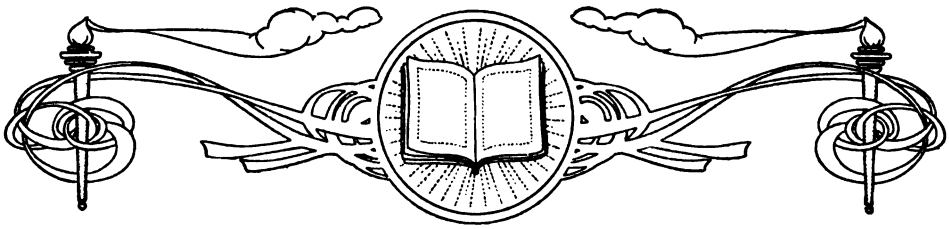

THE NEW BELIEF IN PRAYER

BY THE REV. SAMUEL McCOMB, D.D.

AUGUSTE SABATIER has profoundly remarked that prayer is religion in act; that is, it is real religion. It is a vital act by which the entire mind seeks to save itself by clinging to the principle from which it draws its life. Hence to write the history of prayer would be to write the history of religion.

Like all great spiritual ideas, such as love and sacrifice and immortality, prayer started from the humblest beginnings; and, like them, its true value is to be judged not by its earliest, but by its latest stages. It begins in self-seeking efforts to gain those sensuous goods which the natural man craves by bending the will of supernatural powers to his desires through magic and necromancy; it ends in trust, in self-surrender, in earnest yearning to be at one with the infinite and the divine.

As far back as history goes, we find man at prayer. Even prehistoric man, with his charms and amulets, points us to the germ out of which prayer has grown. Every fresh discovery that lays bare ancient civilizations is a witness to the universality of the prayer instinct. Egyptian papyri, Babylonian tablets, the sacred books of India, Persia, China, and Japan, are crowded with prayers.

With one notable exception, the higher religions are built on prayer. The exception is Buddhism, which, believing that human life is under the inviolable order of Karma, has no room for prayer, and for it substitutes meditation. Buddha is reported to have said that "all prayers are vain repetitions." The later popular forms of this faith return, however, to the practice of prayer. It is curious to note that Christian Science, in its pantheistic piety, sets aside prayer, in the traditional sense, in favor of a declaration of unity with the infinite substance of the universe. The intenser the theistic consciousness, the more prominent does prayer become. In Mohammedanism, for example, prayer occupies even a larger space than in Christianity. A Protestant minister relates how once, in company with a Roman Catholic priest, he sat in a Mohammedan mosque and marked how, after each sentence was read from the Koran, hundreds bowed their faces reverently to the ground, reciting the response, and how profoundly impressive was the thrilling silence through which throbbed the echo of that solemn litany. Said the Roman Catholic to the Protestant, "Surely, God in His mercy must have a large place in His kingdom for these men, for He alone could teach them thus to pray." [1]

What does this universality of prayer mean? Is it that man is the victim of a deep-seated delusion? That through endless time he has been sending messages into empty space, to find as his sole answer the echo of his own voice? If so, then indeed his Maker has put him to permanent moral confusion. All the arguments of formal logic may seem to be against prayer, but the primal instincts of the soul cry out, and will not be silenced.

We are witnessing at the present time a resurgence of faith in prayer. It is not too much to say that this instinct, which for a generation and more has suffered a great eclipse, chiefly through the absorbing interest in the natural sciences and the critical temper which they produce, is now at length reasserting itself and is coming to its own. The causes of this rebirth of

[1] Dausen's "Forgotten Secret," p. 6.

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prayer are fairly obvious. There is, first of all, the new interest in religion, manifesting itself in a wide-spread feeling that religion is not merely concerned with a supernatural world or with preparation for the life after death, but has a vital bearing on our health and happiness here and now. As prayer is of the very essence of religion, it rises and falls with religion. A no less potent cause is the remarkable development in the science of psychology, which is strongly engaging the attention of the popular mind. Twenty years ago the study of the human soul and its processes was regarded as an interesting academic exercise devoid of any discernible practical good. To-day, chiefly through the writings of such men as F. W. H. Myers, Dr. William James, and a host of lesser men, the educated and even the semi-educated world has become convinced that mind is a much more mysterious thing than had been supposed, and has powers hitherto unsuspected to work good or ill in our daily life. Prayer implies a certain attitude of soul which has its psychic equivalents, and these equivalents, as we now know, react on the physical organism.

The latest philosophy, pragmatism by name, which witnesses to a revolt against transcendental and intellectualistic systems such as that of Hegel and his British followers, and a return to a more practical and ethical way of regarding things, favors the religious attitude toward life, and finds the imperishable foundations of religion in the inmost nature of the human soul. The pragmatist asks of an idea or a doctrine: "Does it work? What value has it for our concrete life?" Now, prayer is the highest mode of spiritual energizing which we know, and achieves results in life. This very fact, from the modern point of view, vindicates its truth and legitimacy.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty which thoughtful minds have felt as to the reality of prayer has arisen in connection with the modern scientific conception of nature as the realm of inviolable law. The three men in the nineteenth century who have written most profoundly upon the subject of prayer,—Schleiermacher, F. W. Robertson, and Martineau, were never able to overcome absolutely the scientific hindrance to an adequate treatment of their theme. They divided the world of reality into two great departments or realms, the realm of external, physical nature, in which inviolable necessity rules, and the realm of the soul, the home of freedom and spontaneity. As Martineau puts it:

> The physical is governed from without: the spiritual can govern itself. The former is subject to the same fixed laws that prevail in other parts of the organized world. The latter is a center of individual power which issues its own determinations. No act of will can protect the body amidst present pestilence, but holy resolution will fortify the soul against temptation.

As a sign of the changed attitude of modern thought on this matter, we have only to cite the words of our own Professor Ladd:

> Even the most strictly mechanical view of the world-order must admit that prayer may under certain circumstances have an important effect in modifying the course of physical events. Indeed, within certain limits not easy to be fixed, the more strict and minute the tenure of the principle of mechanism, the more sure and wide-spread becomes the physical influence of the subjective attitude of prayer. Especially does this conception connect together, in terms of some comprehensive theory of relations, all the phenomena of human consciousness and certain correlated changes in the bodily mechanism.

In this last sentence the writer calls attention to the fruitful commonplace that mind and body constitute a unity, that for every thought and feeling, however slight, there is a corresponding nervous event.

There is, however, a truth which Christians generally are beginning to acknowledge in the older contention. Modern science has graven deep in our minds the thought that the world is ruled by general laws and that these laws are inviolable. It is true that we do not know why God so administers the world, but that He does so is an induction from a wide range of facts. We must also believe that if there is a universal mind expressed in these laws, we are justified in inferring that, on the whole, it is best for us that the world should be so governed. The inexorable-

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ness of nature, which bears hard on the individual at times, is, after all, better than the chaos which would come if caprice or favoritism were lord of the universe. Therefore the pious man will not pray for a violation or suspension of any of those fixed expressions of the divine will which we call "the laws of nature." A true instinct warns us not to pray that the law of gravitation may cease to operate when we pass by, nor to pray that the moon should fail to attract the tides, nor to ask that the buried dead should rise from their graves. Prayers for changes in the weather held their ground much longer than other indiscriminating forms of petition, because people did not realize that the apparent irregularities of the weather are as much the result of fixed laws as the revolution of our earth around the sun or the rise and fall of the tides.

On the other hand, we know that no man has ever prayed sincerely without effecting changes in his character that otherwise would never have taken place; and unless all the teaching of modern physiological psychology be false, no man can affect his character without affecting his nervous system, and through the nervous system his entire physical organism. It thus appears that Martineau's dualism has been vanquished at the point where its injurious effects would most be felt.

Psychology has done much to vindicate the reasonableness of prayer by coördinating it with other familiar phenomena of our mental life. For example, some of the workings of prayer are analogous to the results brought about by suggestion and self-suggestion. A man, let us suppose, prays, and invites others to pray with him, that he may have strength to overcome the craving for alcohol. These petitions act as powerful suggestions which, if they are continued long enough, and assuming that there is no serious lesion of the brain, will accomplish the desired result. We know, too, that prayer under certain conditions has in cases of sickness a therapeutic efficacy. The lives of great religious personalities such as Augustine, Francis of Assisi, and Luther, and the growth of faith-healing and prayer-healing cults in our own time, offer such abundant proof that only ignorance and prejudice can any longer affect to doubt the reality of the alleged phenomena.

Luther believed that his prayers saved from death three persons, himself, his wife Katherine, and Philip Melanchthon, who was stricken with a serious illness at Weimar in 1540. At all times Christians, and many persons who would not claim the name, have shared the experience of Goethe, who, in his "Wilhelm Meister," says, "Whenever I have sought the aid of Heaven in moments of distress and sorrow, I have never failed to find relief." It is difficult to believe that such a faith, which still maintains itself in spite of the most powerful antagonistic influences, can be based upon a hallucination.

From a psychological point of view, many of these prayers may receive at least an approximate explanation as a reaction of the subconscious element in mind. As yet no satisfactory definition of the subconscious has been reached. But the facts go to show that states of thought may exist without our being aware of them, and give rise to intense emotions, and even build up complex structures of imagination, as in Flournoy's classic case of Mlle. Hélène Smith, who in a subconscious condition was able to describe the planet Mars, and even communicate the language of its inhabitants. The most recent medical authorities speak of diseases of the subconscious, such as multiple personality, neurasthenia, psychasthenia, hysteria, and psycho-epilepsy.

Now, the joy, the peace, the sense of overflowing satisfaction characteristic of some prayers, are also marks of the subconscious activity. To give up conscious effort, to relax the strain of attention, to fall back upon the subconscious factor, is to feel a sense of relief, of unity with one's self, which reacts favorably on mind and body. Dr. James has recently called attention to the power of prayer to release pent-up energies, to sweep away inhibitions, with resultant increase of freedom and ability in our lives. Coleridge has said that the mass of learned men cannot pray. Their lives are all the poorer on account of the critical inhibition. It is here that the question may be raised: Does not this view rob prayer of its real worth? If its efficacy depends simply on the operation of psychic laws, where is there room for a personal God who hears and answers the cries of His children? Now, it is quite true that if it were generally believed that

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the whole transaction begins and ends in our own minds, the practice would soon die out. A drama, if it satisfies our esthetic sense, may live on, though its heroes and events are no longer credited. But once a religion ceases to be believed in, it is doomed. It is, however, an unreal antithesis which sets God and law over against each other. It is analogous to the dilemma some would create between evolution and creation. The antithesis is dissolved if we reflect that there must be some ultimate source from which the mind draws its spiritual energy. Thus answers to prayer need not be interpreted as "miraculous" in the sense of violations of law, but as the results of the working of laws familiar to us in other phenomena.

To discover that prayer is subject to law is not to divest it of its power and validity, but rather to root it amid the ultimate realities and mysteries of experience. If there is an infinite Spirit with whom our finite spirits are in communion, as all who pray believe, it follows that the result of the prayer, whatever it may be, is the action of this Spirit.

With the evolution of man's spiritual consciousness, prayer has gradually been purified of its grosser elements. It is true that some of these elements still remain as survivals of the earlier stage in the prayers of the immature. But, as a rule, our prayers become more and more spiritualized as life develops. "It would be," says Professor Herrmann of Marburg, the writer who in our own time has discussed the subject most deeply, "a shameful misuse of prayer if trifles which have no real significance for our inner life were to be made the objects of our prayers." It is a commonplace of modern psychology that our real selves are by nature social. The purification of prayer has advanced through the impulse to the establishment of a grander and more satisfying self or personality, and this is achieved more and more by conceiving God in terms of social relationship as "our Father in Heaven," or as the Great Companion, or as a loving Friend.

Communion with God as thus the embodiment of our highest ideals and aspirations has more and more thrust into the background impersonal ways of appeal and non-religious needs. The petitions of the child and of primitive man are for material goods. The prayers of the mature mind are for inward peace, spiritual uplift, for oneness with the Divine, for power to do the work of life. The desire for these inner spiritual goods marks the death of the old type of prayer, which sought to achieve its ends by magic and which sprang from the impotence of the natural man face to face with the forces of nature and stresses of life. And yet the deep feeling of the religious consciousness cannot let go the thought that God is interested in the fortunes of men, and that in some way, in answer to prayer, He can remove the barriers which hinder a sense of His nearness and check the free play of that yearning for His spirit which is the beginning and end of the religious life.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

TWO STRONG POINTS IN THE PRESIDENT'S RECORD

SOME years ago a man who had been private secretary of one President, speaking in defense of the acts of another, said to the writer of these lines: "In general, my experience leads me to sympathize with the man on the job." By this of course he did not mean that the Chief Executive under discussion was entitled to an approval of his policies, but only to confidence in his patriotic motives, a patient hearing, and the benefit of the doubt. He knew what was in Lowell's mind when he wrote concerning President Cleveland:

> Let who has felt compute the strain
> Of struggle with abuses strong,
> The doubtful course, the helpless pain
> Of seeing best intents go wrong.
> We who look on with critic eyes,
> Exempt from action's crucial test,
> Human ourselves, at least are wise
> In honoring one who did his best.

The President's notable accomplishment in procuring from a reluctant rather than a hostile Congress a large portion of his "legislative program" is now generally acknowledged. This success was due in part to the necessity that the party in power should have a record to present to the people; but the President in shrewdly urging this consideration, no doubt brought to bear also the weight of his sincerity and his conviction as to the policies themselves. And yet if not one of the measures strongly favored by him had been enacted, and if he had simply made his official recommendations and left the issue with Congress, he would have stood morally in the same position. The fact is—and it is not complimentary to the legislative power—that the country has come to regard a President as its accredited and necessary lobbyist,—a view of relative responsibilities unjust to both branches of the Government.

Without entering upon the wisdom or the constitutionality of mingling these functions, and with no intention of considering any partizan or even factional aspects of the work of Congress, much less of taking any such attitude toward it, we desire to call attention to the very great public service which the President has rendered on two leading questions, neither one of which now gives promise of forming a line of party demarcation.

We have more than once recorded our conviction of the overwhelming economic and social importance of resisting the theory of certain leaders of the trade-unions that there is a sanctity attaching to the rights of men who work with their hands above those of men who work with their brains. We have contributed something in the past to promote the welfare of the working-man and are sympathetic with everything that tends to better his condition on the basis of "live and let live." But the proposition to erect his craft into a class and give it certain privileges or immunities not accorded to other citizens is fundamentally tyrannical and un-American. The sympathetic strike and the "logical" boycott when they lead, as they usually do, to interference with freedom of contract, are simply other names for civil disorder. We do not know of any principle more worth dying for than the right of one man to work for another at wages that are mutually satisfactory. When one remembers how many politicians and newspapers have coquetted with the "labor" vote on this subject, too great emphasis cannot be laid upon the President's wise, firm, and consistent refusal to yield an inch of ground to the mistaken demands of those who would lead the laboring man to this precipice. To Mr. Taft's efforts alone is credited the reversal of the policy of the House of Representatives by which labor organizations had been exempted from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The narrow margin by which this was done—138 to

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130!—accentuates the extraordinary value of the President's clear thinking and statesmanlike action.

The conservation of our natural resources remains the foremost non-partizan question before the people, and here the President's policy and influence are entitled to public approval. It is not enough that the principles of conservation should be preached as a crusade and should receive, as they have received, popular approval; they must be incorporated into law. In the enactment of important legislation which ratified former withdrawals from settlement of public lands of probable value as coal or mineral deposits, or for the conservation of forests or water-power, and which officially conferred upon the Executive the right to withdraw other similar lands, President Taft's activity was determinative. Under this act he has already made secure against private "exploitation" the enormous total of 73,000,000 acres including coal lands, phosphate lands, and water-power sites, and in due time the profits on these natural resources will go to *the* people instead of to *some* people. Nearly one third of this amount represents new withdrawals, the remainder being confirmations of withdrawals during Mr. Roosevelt's administration. The bill to appropriate $30,000,000 for the purchase of State or private lands for the conservation of water-power had also the active approval of the President, and is a first move in the policy which we have repeatedly urged of saving the forests of the East from destructive instead of rational use. It has passed the lower house and, with his other conservation measures, should pass the Senate at the next session. To speak of the President as lukewarm on this question is not only foolish but wicked.

There probably has never been a President so misunderstood by the country or one by whom the popular tendencies and temper have been so misunderstood. Mr. Taft's methods are different from those to which we have become accustomed, but we have had glimpses of a hand of iron under the glove of velvet; and whatever may be the disagreement with his policies, in or out of his party, it is futile to assume that he is the servant of any special class or interest, or that he has any other purpose than the highest good of his country.

ARE OUR PRISONS UNCIVILIZED?

IT is said that reform, like charity, should begin at home. When our Government is asked to make official protest against massacres in Russia, it is fair to conclude that Russia might retort with a protest against our inability to suppress lynching, and that criticism of her legal procedures might lead to the counter-inquiry to what extent our forms of law result in a virtual denial of justice. This is a pardonable type of *tu quoque,* but we cannot always wait until our own skirts are clear before calling attention to the soil upon another's. However, before Mr. Kennan's startling investigation of the Prison System of Siberia, published in THE CENTURY in the eighties, we had published Mr. Cable's exposé of the Convict Lease System in the Southern States. Two wrongs do not make a right, but the exposure of one wrong helps to right every similar one.

In the October number, Mr. Kennan will have something to say of the Russian System as it now exists. Meanwhile we present an article by "John Carter" on the conduct of an American penitentiary. The straightforward and right-minded way in which this young man gives his personal narrative, without sentimentality, shows that the popular sympathy felt for him at the time of his release was not misplaced. It will be a satisfaction also to know that so admirable a showing can be made for the methods of the Minnesota institution, as well as for the capacity and good faith of those in charge of it. We should like to feel that it is typical of prison management in this country.

The reader of these articles will naturally ask, What, in general, is the condition of American jails and penitentiaries? and to this inquiry it is to be hoped that the great Prison Congress to be held at Washington in October will address itself. Is there in any American town or city a place of detention for criminals which violates the first principles of humanity? Is there any obstacle to prison inspection which would leave to perfunctory official care temptations to neglect and brutality? Are the sanitary conditions such as to endanger the health of the prisoners? Are the inmates being studied and treated merely as criminals or also (as

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"John Carter" pertinently suggests) as men and women? Is there discrimination among the young, the accidental offenders and the hardened? or between offenses of impulse and those of depravity?

One need not wait for the advice of Prison Congresses to determine for himself the status of the jails and prisons in his own community. In every town and city there exists, in some benevolent organization, a means of bringing them into conformity with the best standards of civilized usage and State and National Prison Associations are addressing themselves to the problem. But these agencies are dependent upon the coöperation of individual citizens. Are we doing what we ought to escape the reproaches of Russia?

LAWLESSNESS IN THE ASCENDANT

IN the June "Topics," the never-agreeable subject of lawlessness was discussed in its aspect as "the national vice." A disregard of social and legal restraint was traced in the activities of all classes, in all parts of the country; and particular stress was laid on the laxity of discipline with regard to children, which helps to develop wide-spread rowdyism and turbulence, more noticeable, because less excusable, among students at the higher institutions of learning. And the saddest aspect of the matter was ascribed to the flippancy of the sensational press in dealing with nearly all phases of the subject (if, in fact, it does not actually promote them), coupled with the indifference of the educated classes to the numerous causes and the obvious and gravely disquieting effects.

All reviews of human conduct are made in a frame of mind liable to be captious; a variety of instances, when grouped, carries a force which often appears to exaggerate; and conclusions drawn from a wide assemblage of acts and motives may easily be challenged as too sweeping. We have, however, seen no criticism of our statements, and since the editorial was published, at the end of May, occurrences, on every side, have by contrast reduced some of its extreme instances to commonplace. A line of discussion intended to be guarded was never more thoroughly justified by the fresh testimony of current events. Setting aside as of perennial occurrence the startling activities of degenerates and criminals, it is to be noted that the outing season and commencement month furnished the press with an unparalleled array of youthful excesses and college outrages. In one instance a college president was said to have been ejected from chapel. Another case concerned the desecration of a graveyard. Several of the riotings led to rebukes of the newspapers by faculty members for describing the events in the usual style of pleasurable exaggeration. Reporters will ever see the picturesque side of lawlessness as carried forward by persons whose bringing-up and occupation lend to their excursions into criminality the humor of contrast and hyperbole. But if half that has been chronicled is true, the teaching faculties of the country might better drop the arts and sciences until such time as the old-fashioned standards of conduct and morals are at least understood and treated with outward respect. The feeling is growing that "respectable" lawlessness is chargeable more to the negligence of parents and teachers than to the wilfulness and exuberance of youth, which always has and always will experiment with its environment of restraint. Professor Ferrero, with the limited view of an outside observer, finds, as one of the causes of American social disorder, "the children too independent of parents."

A great many fair-minded men are impatient with any argument based on the excesses of youth. They look to see merry Prince Hal evolve naturally into sturdy King Henry. The simile does a great deal of harm in the usual application. While it is a hopeful example in the case of a handful of dissolute princes, it becomes an excuse for neglect when applied to half a million commoners being educated for fathers and mentors of the next generation. No nation can continue to grow strong and great unless its youth is reared in persevering discipline and subordination.

But youthful misdemeanors aside, what shall we say of the summer's examples of social disorder, and mob violence? One case of the latter, at the North be it said, was stupefying for the matter-of-course way in which the law was defied, though the attitude and subsequent action of the Governor were all that could be desired.

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And the pitiful prize-fight, though held in a corner of the last remnant of our old-time wilderness, had the power, nevertheless, to overshadow for the whole country the significance of Independence Day! It furnished an object-lesson of the effect of interest in "personal prowess" as a stimulus to violence.

Much will be heard of the general subject in the near future, because the country is awakening to the fact that cultivation of respect for law, and the will to enforce order, should be the first principle in the new conservation policy. As a response to our appeal, numerous letters have been received from churchmen, both Protestant and Catholic, and the gravity of the evil is being urged from platform and pulpit in all quarters of the country. Governor Hughes, who never addresses any meeting of his fellow-citizens without touching on some vital question and promoting some public interest, in his recent Harvard address referred to certain tendencies of the lawless spirit among the educated classes as needing to be eradicated in the work of safeguarding democracy "against the perils of its success."

Millie Leaves the Church

YAS 'm, Miss Lucy, I done lef' de Baptis'; dey ain't my kin', nohow. I knowed f'om de fus dat I was too fat ter be a good one, ca'se if yeh ever took notice, nearly all de real Baptis' is long an' lean; an' ef you does fin' a fat one 'mong 'em, you may be pizen sho dey ain't soun' on de doctrine. I doan' know why is dey so lean, lessen 't is dey foolin' so much wid water what thins 'em down like; but, anyhow, dey is. Ain't I been baptized? Yas 'm, I is, an' dat 's jes one reason what made me up an' leave dat meetin' las' Sunday night.

Yas 'm, dat 'sperunce ain't six months ol', an' here 's dat preacher man gits up in de pulpit an' specifies me ter p'int his long bony, black finger at while he talks 'bout things dat ain't got no place in de pulpit, nohow.

You see, Miss Lucy, it was all long ob how I was dressed. You 'member it was er b'ilin'-hot day las' Sunday, an' when I went ter git ready fer church, I suddently fin's I ain't got er blessed thin frock fitten ter wear, an', yer see, bein' high up in church doin's, I 's 'bleeged ter dress de part. Well, dere lay Miss 'Liza Williams's white muslin, what I finished i'onin' Sat'day night, too late ter take home, an' me an' Miss 'Liza ain't so far erpart as ter size, though I does of'en wish she 'd make her belts 'bout two inches bigger, an' her skirts er little mite longer. Still, I doan' never 'low no pride 'bout clo'es ter mix up wid my 'ligion, so I jes let er safety-pin an' er good wide belt help out, an' took my Bible an' clean hankchief, an' started off fer church, wid my min' sot toward heaben.

Well, all went 'long peaceful through de hymns an' de prayers an' de readin' ob de Word, an' de c'llection had jes been tuk up. Dat preacher man done changed dat, too, an' has it tuk befo' de sermon, stid ob 'hind it, like we-all used ter do, ca'se lately de members is been sneakin' out wheneber he say enything in de sermon what dey doan' like. Well, as I was er-sayin', all had went well till he gib out de tex',—dat one 'bout pure 'ligion an' unrefined is ter keep der spots offen de worl',—an' dat part were all right, an' when I looked down at Miss 'Liza's frock, what was jes as white as de dribben snow, I knowed dat I had been er-helpin' de cause erlong; but dat oberdoin' preacher man he ain't neber satisfied wid jes one tex', but mos' in general has got ter hab two, an' de one he drag in dis time, like er little bouncin' trailer-car, was, "Pervide things hones' in de sight ob all men."

Ma'am? No 'm, dat tex' doan' hit me, co'se not. Dere ain't no tex' in de Bible what kin hit yer after yer is er chu'ch-member, 'n' done put yer trus' in de Lord. Yeh doan' want nothin' but de peaceful tex'es after dat; de stirry-up kin' is fer de sinners on de mo'ners'-bench.

Ef he 'd lef' de tex' erlone, like der Lord

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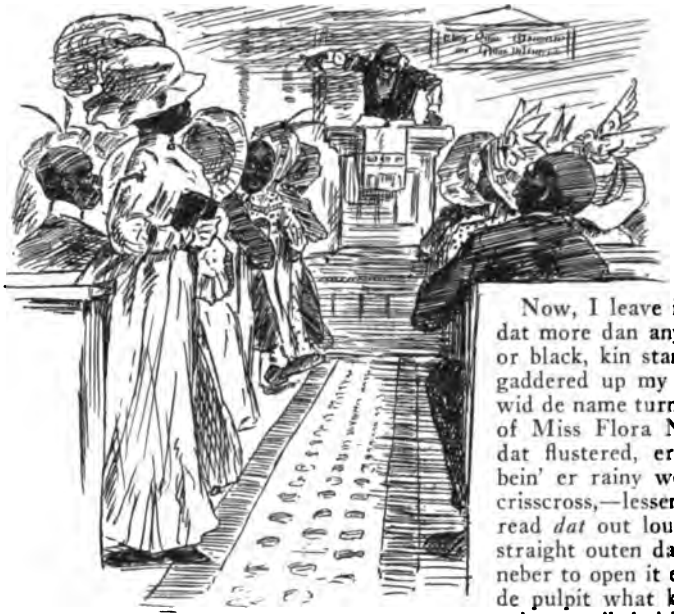

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"I WALKS MYSE'F STRAIGHT OUTEN DAT CHURCH"

made it, dere war n't been no harm done, nor no split in de church, neider; but he jes natchelly wrestled wid de words, an' let hisse'f down ter talk 'bout "men an' women slinkin' roun' de white folks' pantries, hen-roosts, an' melon-patches." Now, ain't dat pooty talk fer de pulpit? Dere ain't nothin' in dat sort ob gabble ter make any one think 'bout de heabenly city, now is dere, Miss Lucy? You know yerself dere ain't. I could er stood dat, dough, ca'se de Lord knows dere war n't nothin' f'om de white folks' "pantries, hen-roosts, or melon-patches" in my house dat day, ca'se it were my Sunday on at Miss Watson's, an' de chil'en had all gone to de country wid de pa ob de twins ter spen de day wid de gran'ma ob my ol'es' daughter, an' de house was shet up.

I did feel pow'ful sorry fer Luveenia Waddey, dough, an' fer Ella Victoria Tancill, too, ca'se dey is de handies' ones fer carr'in' home dat I eber did see. Dey do say dat Miss Tancill is brought up thirteen chil'en an' one divorced husban' an' one dead one, 'ithout so much as goin' to market oncet, an' she did squirm real pitiful while de preachin' was on dat part ob de subjec'.

De time was 'mos' up an' dat preacher man had done tuk his second drink ob water an' looked at his nickel watch, when sudden-like he sink his voice down low, like dis, an' p'int his ol' black finger straight at me, an' fix me wid his ol' gimlet eyes, an' he says: "An' dere is does dat meddles wid things dat doan' belong to 'em, clo'es, an' jewelry, an' umbrellas, an' —*de linen f'om de wash,*" he says, jes like dat. "Even ef dey takes dem back after dey is used 'em, dey, too, is *thieves,*" he says low an' 'cusin'-like.

Now, I leave it to you, Miss Lucy, ain't dat more dan any se'f-respec'in' lady, white or black, kin stan' in public? I jes riz up, gaddered up my Bible an' my hankchief,—wid de name turn' in, ca'se I 'd done got one of Miss Flora Nichol's by mistake, I was dat flustered, er-sortin' out de washes, it bein' er rainy week an' things bein' sorter crisscross,—lessen dat meddlesome ol' critur read *dat* out loud nex', an' I walks myse'f straight outen dat church, an' bangs de do', neber to open it ergin till dey gits er man in de pulpit what kin preach de gorspel pure an' unreviled 'thout mixin' up little no-count, low-down sins in his sermons. Till den I 's er Metherdis'.

Well 'm, I must be er-goin'. Yes, indeedy, Miss Lucy, I sure will hunt up dat towel an' pillow-case. I 'spec' I tuk 'em ter Miss Jennie Bell by mistake.

Julia B. Tenney.

Canned Classics

II. "JANE EYRE"
(After Charlotte Brontë)
BY HARRY GRAHAM

MINE was a cruel fate, indeed.
An orphan, sensitive and small,
Condemned from infancy to lead
A wretched life with Mrs. Read,
My aunt, at Gateshead Hall,
I never knew a moment's fun
After I reached the age of one.

Through nights of fear and days of doom,
I scratched and bit, I fought and cried;
What hours I spent of rage and gloom,
When aunt confined me in the room
Where Uncle Read had died!
Till on a happy scheme I hit,
And had an epileptic fit.

To convalescence rudely nursed,
Despatched by coach to Lowood School,
With other orphans there coerced
By brutal Mr. Brocklehurst,
Who kept an iron rule,
I reached, in misery and tears,
What folks entitle "riper years."

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Drawn by H. Raleigh

"I HASTENED TO AROUSE THE SQUIRE,
AND FOUND HIS BED ALIGHT"

A governess I next became,
  Employed by a provincial squire,—
Edward F. Rochester by name,—
A person whom, I stoutly claim,
  To know was to admire.
How well he rode and sang and swore!
Each day I loved him more and more.

My eyes would fill with happy tears
  To see him in the saddle spring;
At concerts he surpassed his peers,
And when he sang "Oh, dry those tears!"
  I wept like anything.
And then his language! I declare,
'T was quite a treat to hear him swear.

Beneath his roof I dwelt content,
  Concealing symptoms of surprise
On meeting, as I bedward went,
A shrouded figure, giving vent
  To weird, unearthly cries;
Though when it bit a fellow-guest,
I deemed it proper to protest.

Once, too, a sudden smell of fire
  Awoke me, on a summer's night,
And, donning suitable attire,
I hastened to arouse the squire,
  And found his bed alight.
His sheets were simply sheets of flame,
Which seemed to me a burning shame.

When shyly I inquired the cause,
  My brusque employer merely laughed.
"It was, no doubt, my lantern-jaws
That lit those curtains, made of gauze,
  That shield me from the draft;
Or else I may have been," he said,
"Light-headed when I went to bed."

In grateful tones he then confessed
  That I had somehow saved his life,
And, as he finished getting dressed,
Implored (while buttoning his vest)
  That I would be his wife.
"I love you, Jane," he loudly cried.
"This is so sudden!" I replied.

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At Millcote Church the parson grave
  Demanded, "Wilt thou be this man's?"
But ere the right response I gave,
A voice reëchoed through the nave,
  With: "I forbid the bans!
False Rochester," it cried, "desist,
Or be proclaimed polygamist!

'Your former marriage-vows recall!"
  The voice continued: "Though insane,
Your wedded wife, whate'er befall,
Still lives, confined at Thornfield Hall,
  With water on the brain!"
The clergy doffed their stoles and copes;
All shattered lay my dreams and hopes.

The charge was true. Alas! I knew
  How false had been my lover's vows,
When, at a kind of private view,
He shyly introduced me to
  His quarter-witted spouse.
(She tried to bite him in the chest,
Which did not make me less depressed.)

That night from Thornfield Hall I fled,
  And roamed the country far and wide,
Till I was rescued, nearly dead,
Supplied with lodging (board and bed)
  And had my stockings dried,
By Mr. Rivers of Marsh End,
A missionary, but a friend.

But though, with an engaging air,
  He gave me his religious views,
And then besought me to repair
To Mandalay with him, and there
  Pervert a few Hindus,
He could not lure me, with his arts,
To propagate in foreign parts.

For I had heard that Uncle John,
  Who long enjoyed the poorest health
(And whose decease I counted on),
To a serener clime had gone,
  And left me all his wealth.
How could I change my single state
To be a missionary's mate?

An heiress now, to Thornfield Hall
  My footsteps swiftly I retraced,
To find, ah me! no house at all!
The remnant of a ruined wall
  About a smoking waste!
And in the ashes of the fire
No sign of lunatic or squire!

The crumbling floors I quickly crossed,
  And learned (at an adjacent farm)
That Edward's accident had cost
His spouse her life, while he had lost
  Both eyes and half an arm.
There, all among the pigs, he sat;
But I could tell him by his hat.

"Behold," he cried, "a broken man,"
  (He had, indeed, mislayed some limbs.)
"A might-have-been, an also-ran,
A remnant—" Just as he began
  To grope for synonyms,
I clasped him firmly to my breast.
Dear Reader, you can guess the rest!

The Fortune-Teller

AS DESCRIBED BY TRIFLIN' SAM

SHE 's my lily-o'-de-valley,
But she lives upon de hill,
An' 'er valley hit 's de alley
Twix' de brick-yard an' de kiln;
  But she sa'nters 'mongs' de fan-pa'ms
  An' she reads out all de man-pa'ms,
An' she tells each one a fortune wuth a
    hundred-dollar bill.

But she 'll tell it for a quarter
When de boys is short o' change,
'Caze she say de seventh daughter,
Wid a gif' to kyore de mange
  Is ordained by signs an' wonders,
  Midday moons, an' summer thunders,
To distribute prophesyin' everywhar within
    'er range.

She kin feel de river risin'
For a week befo' de boom,
Whilst she brews a pot o' pizen
An' she hums a chant o' doom
  Tel she sees de cuss is lifted—
  Dat 's de way my Lily 's gifted!
Does you wonder dat I loves 'er lak a
    valley-lily bloom?

She 's de color of a lemon
Wid a little tinge o' brown,
An' she interviews de ge'men
In a mighty cuyus gown;
  When you hear dem earrings jingle,
  You kin feel yo' goose-skin tingle,
An' you trimbles lak de almonds o' yo' ears
    is fallin' down!

She 's a queen an' fit to dazzle
When she wears dat crescent crown;
An' she 'll gether sprigs o' basil
An' she 'll 'stribute 'em aroun',
  Whilst she 'll promise one a marri'ge
  An' to one a horse an' carri'ge
An' she 'll "glimpse de White-House
    loomin'" for de mayor o' de town.

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Me, I sca'cely ever sees 'er,
Less dey 's lots o' men aroun';
But Gord knows I strives to please 'er,
'Caze I loves 'er walkin' groun'.
  But I 's wo'e out to a frazzle
  C'lectin' rabbit-foots an' basil
An' dem sarpent-toofs an' conjure-bones
    she dangles on 'er gown.

An' I wades de swamps for pizens
Though I sho is feared o' snakes,
An' dark nights I views uprisin's
Of de sperits in de brakes,
  'Caze she say a cross-eyed nigger
  Of my spindle, bow-leg figger
Is ordained to 'sciver conjures in de ma'shes
    an' de lakes.

An' so dat 's de way I *do* do,—
Love don't mind a thing lak that,—
An' I spec' I is a hoodoo,
But I don't know whar I 's at
  When she calls me "yaller sweetness,"
  But de height o' love's completeness
Is de way she 'll even trus' me whilst I pass
    aroun' de hat.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

The Little Boy Snake

We saw a snake one day, and he was goin'
  Fast as he ever could.
He was n't runnin': he was just a-flowin',
  And he was flowin' *good.*

Maybe he was a mama snake a-scootin'
  To get the supper done;
Maybe he was a papa snake out shootin',
  But did n't have no gun.

Maybe he was a baby snake. They don't
    have any
  Rattles like babies do,
But when they 're grown up, why, they have
    so many,
  Mamas, and papas, too!

Maybe he was a little boy snake bringin'
  His books to school, and slate.
Maybe he heard the second bell a-ringin'
  And 'fraid that he was late.

Or maybe school was out and he was goin'
  Down to the brook to swim,
But he don't need no water to go *flowin';*
  Dirt 's good enough for *him.*

He flowed across the grass and up the gravel
  And round the water-spout.
If you and me was snakes, I bet we' d ravel
  All of our stomachs out.

But snakes has got new clo'es a-growin'
    under
  The skinny ones they wear,
So when they go and crawl 'em off, no
    wonder
  The papa snakes don't care.

If I crawled off my clo'es, I 'd get a blessin'!
  Or tore 'em on a nail.
But mama snakes can't spank their children,
    less'n
  She spanks 'em with her tail.

I wonder if the little boy snakes never
  Are bad and cut up pranks;
But, anyhow, they can't get spankin's ever,
  'Cause where 's the place for spanks?

Edmund Vance Cooke.

Odes to Efficiency

IV—TO DOLORES, A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL

Fresh from your sheets, as from the sea,
  You rise at morn, like Aphrodite.
A bit more modest you than she,
  Your grace is hidden by a nightie.

You rise as bubbling as the foam;
  The world looks fresh as paradise.
Alas! the wash-rag and the comb
  Demand the fair hour's sacrifice.

You dress, you breakfast, and you run,
  For even your porridge has its rule;
The clock-hands catch you ere you 're done,
  And smartly spank you off to school.

Each tyrant hour demands its task,
  And every task renews its taunt
That life is ordered as *we* ask,
  And all too seldom as *you* want.

Lessons demand your little head;
  Music demands your hands and feet;
Dinner your stomach; and the bed,
  Big-mouthed, it swallows you complete.

And we who chide you while you try,
  Who hold you to the rigid rule,
I wonder are we marked as high
  By the Head-Master of our school.

Edmund Vance Cooke.

"Almotht Theven"

"'CHILDREN thould be theen, not heard.'
  Don't athk me to thay a word,
  'Cauth I got a good excuth,
  Thho there ith n't any uth.

"When I thay a 'thhee' or 'eth,'
  Thomehow I can't keep my breath,
  But it getth away from me,
  And I jutht thay 'eth' and 'thhee.'

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"Papa thays I 'm thuth a lithper
He thould think that I would whithper;
But that doeth n't make it thtop,
'Cauth I 've lotht my teeth up top.

"He thayth I won't get no more
'Leth I get thome at the thtore.
'Only babieth teeth,' thayth he;
But I gueth he 'th teathing me.

"'Cauth he thayth he need n't buy
Any chain for me, 'cauth I
Won't be dangerouth at night,
Without any teeth to bite.

"And he thayth it 'th worth good money
Jutht to hear me talk thho funny,
And he 'd walk a country mile
Jutht to kith me when I thmile."

Edmund Vance Cooke.

Mythological Animals

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

Drawn by Oliver Herford.

III—THE SEA-SERPENT

O WONDROUS worm that won the height
Of Fame by keeping out of sight!
Never was known on land or sea
Such a colossal modesty.
Never such arrogant pretense
Of ostentatious diffidence.
Celebrity whom none has seen
Save some post-prandial Marine—
No magazine can reproduce
Your Photograph. Oh, what 's the use
Of doing things when one may be
So famous a Nonentity!

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Drawn by Oliver Herford

IV—CERBERUS

DEAR Reader, should you chance to go
To Hades, do not fail to throw
A "sop to Cerberus" at the gate,
His anger to propitiate.
Don't say, "Good dog!" and hope thereby
His three fierce heads to pacify.
What though he try to be polite,
And wag his tail with all his might,
How shall one amiable tail
Against three angry heads prevail?
The heads *must* win. What puzzles me,
Is why in Hades there should be
A Watch-dog? 'T is, I should surmise,
The *last* place one would burglarize.

To a Much-Loved Book

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

ABOVE my reach, O little book,
Stay with your title turned to me;
That on the binding I may look
But not your inner pages see.

It is because I loved you well
When life was in its childhood's day,
That now I would not loose the spell
And drive you from my heart away.

For much I fear that should I turn
Your leaves, and meet you face to face,
Of disenchantment I should learn,
And find in you the commonplace.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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WHEN MIDDLETON PLACE WAS IN ITS PRIME

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXX OCTOBER, 1910 NO. 6

AN OLD-TIME CAROLINA GARDEN

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

Author of "Charleston Gardens," "The Gardens of Cornish," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

QUITE alone among American gardens stands the rare old estate in South Carolina known as Middleton Place. It represents a phase of colonial life which has vanished completely, and belongs to the days when South Carolina was a royal province and, like the mother-country, had its hereditary and wealthy aristocracy.

Beside the Ashley River, some seventeen miles above Charleston, past Runnymede, past Magnolia of the famous azaleas, past Drayton Hall, and opposite where once was the town of Dorchester, lie the old pleasure-gardens, as elaborate in form and beautiful in line as when, before the Revolution, the "gardens of Mr. Middleton of Carolina" were of note in England, and ranked with the foremost English estates of two centuries ago.

There is something refreshing in the serenity with which the early Southern colonists, menaced constantly by the Indians, annoyed by growing disaffection with the home government, established themselves. It was in no tentative fashion: they made stately homes, goodly and extensive gardens, in the wildernesses of the new country, building for themselves and their children's children.

In the early colonial days, the wealth and luxury of the South was concentrated at Charleston, or Charles Town, as it was then called. Crèvecœur, who visited the city in 1765, was astonished at the elegance and affluence of the life and at the sumptuousness of the entertainments. Charleston was the social and political center, while within a radius of about twenty miles, beside the Ashley and the Cooper rivers and along the sinuous curves of the lovely little stream known as the Goosecreek, were the country estates of the planters, many of them with large and much-embellished gardens, such as "Crowfield,"[1] on the Goosecreek, with its spacious walks, bowling-green, and "fish-ponds properly disposed which form a fine Pros-

[1] The estate of Arthur Middleton, President of the Council and Royal Governor of Carolina. It was called Crowfield after the place of that name in Suffolk, the seat of the English Middletons.

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pect of water from the house." As early as 1700 this was a noted garden of the South.

On these great estates there was plenty of deer-hunting and fox-hunting,—magnificent hunting it must have been in those untrodden forests,—while in the new-built manor-houses, as at Charleston, there was gaiety enough, with the balls and the splendid entertainment that astonished M. de Crèvecœur. It was the life of English gentlefolk of the time merely transplanted to the new country; but, as is often the case in transplanting, the growth was more luxuriant on the new soil: there was a lavishness of hospitality far beyond the old country, for the charm and ordered beauty of the old life was infused with the impulse of the new soil. From twenty miles around, over the rough roads in chaises, up or down the rivers, which in those early days were almost as useful to Carolina folk as canals to the Venetians, came the guests on festal occasions in canoes hollowed out of giant cypresses, manned by negroes whose oars kept time to their weird melodies, and sometimes with carpets laid from the boat-landing to the steps of the house that the stiff brocades of the ladies might not come to harm.

Of the stately manors, none escaped the destruction of 1865 but Drayton Hall on the Ashley, an imposing house of the Georgian period, while of the elaborate gardens which were the setting of the old life, the stage of the old drama, Middleton Place remains a sole and distinguished survival.

Here in the early days came gay assemblages of important folk, for Henry Middleton [1] was a man of note, and his second wife, Lady Mary,[2] was a dame of fashion with a fondness for handsome equipage. When Henry Middleton withdrew to the older plantation on the Goosecreek, leaving Middleton Place to his son, there was a wholly different atmosphere; for Arthur Middleton,[3] although his father stood for King George, was from his youth up an intense patriot, being barely thirty when he signed the Declaration of Independence. To Middleton Place in his day the leaders of the Revolution came for conference—John and Edward Rutledge, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Gadsden, Francis Marion,[4] Lynch, Moultrie, William Henry Drayton, Judge Burton, and others.

But Middleton Place witnessed more of the war than mere discussion about it. Separated only by a creek, on Ashley Hill, was encamped General Greene's army, and a detachment of Sir Henry Clinton's force descended on the estate, wrecking the house, defacing such of the statues as they could find,—many were buried,—and slashing with their sabers West's painting of Arthur Middleton and his family,[5] which hung in the dining-room.

Although the house suffered, the Revolution was perhaps not an unmixed evil to the gardens. One who had played as notable a part in the struggle as Arthur Middleton would not be likely to pick up English fashions in garden-craft or anything else, and possibly for this reason Middleton Place remained in his time as his father had laid it out, and escaped the fate that overtook many a lovely garden of England, when avenues were destroyed, boundaries demolished, and terraces laid low, that over all might flow that wide expressionless sea of green, islanded here and there by a tight clump, the trademark of their genius that, in the eighteenth century, Kent and Brown were industriously engaged in stamping on English gardening. To this day the lines of the original gardens have been kept, and

[1] Middleton Place came into the Middleton family, which was one of the most distinguished of Carolina, through the marriage, in 1740, of Henry Middleton with Mary, daughter and heiress of John Williams. The original Middleton grant was made in 1679 to Edward Middleton, a plantation on the Goosecreek called The Oaks. Of this there remains only the magnificent live-oak avenue planted in 1683.

[2] She was a daughter of that Earl of Cromartie who nearly lost his head for his part in the Stuart insurrection, and she left behind her a reputation not only for beauty, but for keen intellect, excellent business ability, and clever conversation.

[3] Arthur Middleton was one of the Committee of Five appointed by Congress to "Procure the means of defense, superintend the political movements of their fellow-citizens, and direct with effect inflexible opposition to the encroachments of tyrannical power." On this he served with distinction and unremitting zeal, even advising the arrest of Lord William Campbell, the Royal Governor, although a relative.

[4] One of Marion's hairbreadth escapes had Middleton Place as its scene. According to the story, he was dining there when, surprised by the coming of British officers, he jumped from the dining-room window and escaped with a sprained ankle.

[5] This painting had another narrow escape in the Civil War. It was put for safety between the brick and cement in an outbuilding which was burned; however, the painting remained unhurt.

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Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

THE POOL

Middleton Place is essentially as it was in 1750.

In March and early April, the old pleasance is ablaze with color. Azaleas, almost as great in multitude as at Magnolia, border the walks, outline the square gardens, and make great mounds of brilliance in the parterre, white, rose, striped, flame-color, scarlet, and crimson—running the full gamut of azalea brilliance and making a very riot of color in the grave stateliness of the walks.

These azaleas are of comparatively recent planting, and to many are the most striking feature of the garden; and yet azaleas, beautiful though they are, are not so uncommon or difficult to obtain as the beautiful distances which once were an integral part of the gardening at Middleton Place. Originally it was spacious and airy, with walks that were shaded and yet open to every breeze. Down the high-arched alley, where now azaleas have effectually closed the vista and almost dispute one's right of way, one could have looked to the river along straight, dark lines of green. The azaleas have crowded over the old box-borders; in the alley sweet-scented shrub and laurel in exquisite masses tower high overhead where formerly was an opening through which one could have looked across the gardens. Because of all this, to find the precise lines of the old place becomes more and more akin to those points of antiquity—those "hard questions, yet not impossible to be solved," which fascinated Sir Thomas Browne.

First of all, the gardening is on a splendid scale. Since the days of Sir Francis Bacon—one had almost said St. Francis, that patron saint of English garden-craft—whenever a statesman has turned his mind

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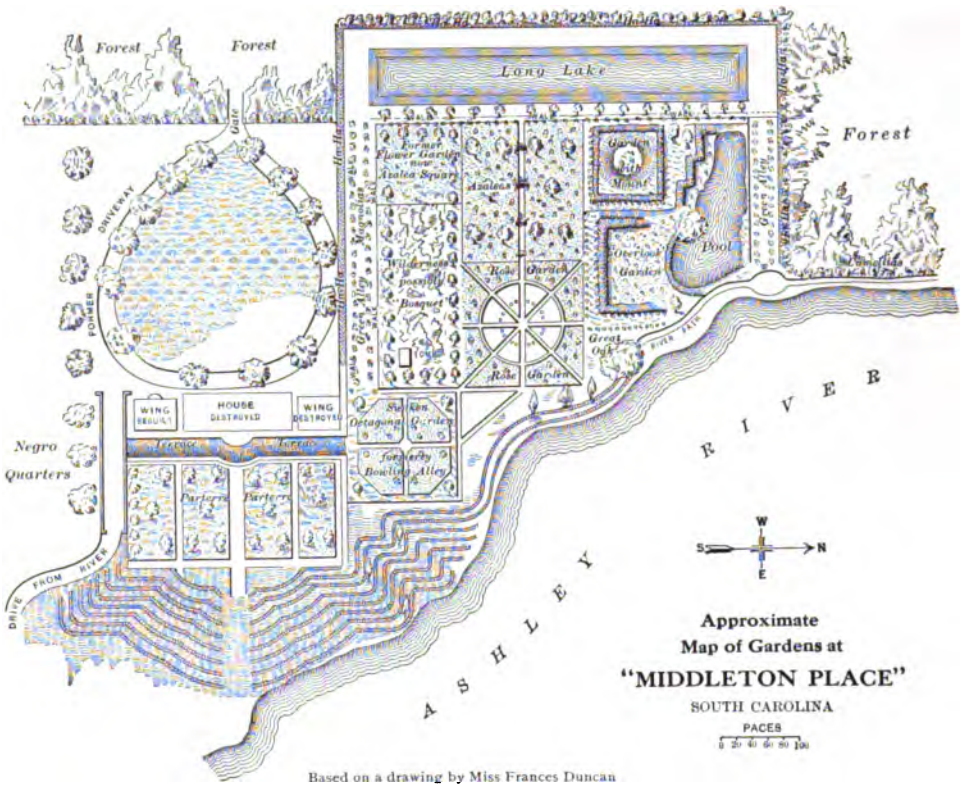

Based on a drawing by Miss Frances Duncan

gardenward, he has ever shown a genius for the craft. Of this, Middleton Place is only another example, for Henry Middleton, like all of his family, was a man of affairs, Speaker of the Assembly, and in 1774 President of the Continental Congress; and his gardening is admirably proportioned, splendidly balanced, largely conceived.

Middleton Place is what Lord Bacon would have called a "princely garden." In the days when the Lords Proprietors ordered affairs in Carolina, this estate was a barony, and of its twelve thousand acres seven thousand are still inviolate. The story is, that in 1740 Henry Middleton put fifty men to work in the gardens, and kept them working there for ten years. For half a mile up the river the bank was terraced; it was half a mile from the house to the entrance-gates; the pleasance is a mile in circumference, and beyond it, in the old days, the forest on the west and north was open for hundreds of acres, with vistas as in the Forest of Fontainebleau. The trees themselves, which seem to fit into the gardening, are some of them giants thirty feet in circumference, but these are not of Mr. Middleton's planting.

The manor-house was of brick and Jacobean in type, a main house, flanked by two corresponding wings. This, like every other building on the place, was destroyed in 1865. One wing only was left standing, and this, rebuilt, makes the present house. The original manor was beautifully situated. At Middleton Place the river curves upon itself, so that, from the terrace before the house, the view is directly down it; and the broad walk which divides the parterre below seems to invite one to go down it and down the river. In the gardener's parlance, not only is the garden on an axis with the house, as all good gardens should be, but by taking advantage of a happy chance, the house seems to have been on an axis with the river as well, and it is a charming effect.

On the side toward the river a wide, graveled terrace, in excellent condition, evidently ran the length of the house and its two wings; this is three hundred feet long. A giant oak terminates its southern

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end, while from the other one looks off over the gardens or may be tempted to step down to a sunken octagonal garden just below which was once the bowling-green. Here, of a late afternoon, when the great house shut off the sun, the gentlemen could play at bowls while the ladies watched from the terrace.

Below the terrace spread the parterre, level, bowing outward at the river-bank; on each side of the broad path down its center would have been gay flower-beds of intricate pattern. The path terminates in a wrought-iron gate of delicate design, and past the gate a wide grassed walk slopes sharply to the river, dividing the elaborate terraces which make the bank like the convex of an amphitheater.

Like most Carolina estates of the time, Middleton Place had two approaches. It could be reached both by the river and the road, which, a mile to the west, runs through the oak forest to Charleston. From the river the approach was unusual and imposing. From some distance down the Ashley the bluff—it would be called a bluff only in a level country—is plainly seen, its terraces, a great mound of azaleas on each side the gate, and behind, in the old days, the red-brick of the manor, while, with the effect of an avenue, of which the river itself is a part, the broad grassed walk leads up the terraces to the gate.

Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

THE MIDDLETON ARMS

It was probably because Mr. Henry Middleton had achieved the unusual in the straight, avenue-like approach by the river that the approach from the road was not that characteristic one of the early South Carolina gardening—the straight avenue of live-oaks terminating at the house; instead, although house and entrance-gates were on an axis, the drive curved from the gates, forming a giant horseshoe of which the house was the "toe." Between house and entrance-gates was a wide stretch of greensward framed by a curving line of great trees which arched the driveway. This lawn was Mr. Middleton's one concession to eighteenth-century fashion. If you stoop and pluck a bit of grass to-day, you find it no mixture of a modern seed-house, but an English tufted sort of two centuries ago. Possibly sheep were allowed to crop the grass, for between this lawn and the gardens is a "ha-ha," [1] the only one to my knowledge in this country. North of the house and the wide lawn lay the pleasure-gardens, the forest at their backs, green alleys on each side, and the river in front. From the upper windows of the house there must have been a charming view of the gardens. There lay the pleasance, framed in its green inclosure, its outline of the beloved Elizabethan square except where the river dipped into it, and then out again, with serene unconsciousness. From these upper windows one would have looked down on the rose-garden in full sunshine, the rose-arbor in the midst of it, paths radiating from this to the other gardens; and then past the roses, the flash of a lake, a straight, dark line of magnolias, and over their heads the pale, young green of the forest. At the left hand lay the long lake and the forest beyond; on the right, the river seen through the great oaks on its margin. Surely a lovely setting for a garden.

There is no shrewder test of a gardener's ability than his treatment or maltreatment of water. That at Middleton Place is peculiarly satisfying. In the first place, the gardens are fitted to the river, not the river to the gardens; but so skilfully is this done that it seems a case of mutual agreement. The Ashley bends in to meet the lake at the far side of the pleasance, and out again, courteously making room for the bowling-green, bending into a bow for the parterre and the ornate terracing in front of the house, until all seems like a happy accident. But, like most "happy accidents" in art, it was doubtless very carefully thought out.

The giant live-oaks on the river-bank

[1] A "ha-ha," the ungardenly reader may like to know, was a seventeenth-century device for making a fence in reality where in appearance there was none, and sorely perplexing it must have been to four-footed folk. It was a wide, V-shaped trench, six feet deep at the point, within which, on the opposite side of the V from the would-be intruders, was set a fence slanting toward them. This was the "joker," or "ha-ha," as it was called. An animal could run down the steep slope with every expectation of being able to pass, only to find, to its astonishment, a fence over its head.

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Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

THE TANGLE

are not of Mr. Middleton's planting: they watched over the Ashley when the only craft they knew were the canoes of the Indians. Here the river-bank is steep and was terraced, as I have said, for half a mile, the lines of the terraces following the curves of the river. On these terraces red cedars were evidently used to accent important points, as cypresses are used in Italy to give that definiteness which is to gardening as a frame to a picture. Of these, only enough are left to show their original use.

Beside the skilful treatment of the river, there are at Middleton Place three artificial lakes that show no inconsiderable garden-craft. The "long lake," which separates the pleasance from the forest on the west, is a delightful transition from the formal garden to the wild. This is six hundred and fifty feet in length, narrow, rectangular, but of beautiful proportions. The banks are terraced, forest-trees shadow the water on one side, while on the other, the garden-side, oaks are set at regular intervals, shading an azalea-bordered walk. This lake may have been a fish-pond once, for it still harbors excellent trout. A second lake, not so large, is very different in character. This lies between the pleasance and the green alley or magnolia-walk which marks its farther boundary. Formal at one end, with terraced banks like its fellow, as it nears the river the formality vanishes; a great oak bends and dips its branches, and, protected by this, azaleas venture to its very edge, as if peering, Narcissus-like into the water, an exquisitely poetic little pool, secluded and rare, and fit place for a nymph's bathing.

To find the third lake, one must take the path along the bank which follows the curves of the river, the giant oaks on one side, bowed gray with moss and years, on the other, the pleasance, bowling-green, rosary, and terraced gardens gay with azaleas. On this garden side the red cedar is again used to define, standing here and there like a sentry set to say to the garden, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Just beyond the second lake, which the river curves in to meet, the path leads up brick steps, green and moss-covered, through a little wrought-iron gate of beautiful design, and one is in the forest, as wild and unrestrained as if no garden were its neighbor. Following this path, one

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comes on the third lake deep in the forest. This shows no trace of gardener's magic, and seems to have belonged forever to the "cooters" and the other shy waterfowl that haunt it.

The very limitations of the colonists made for the permanence of their gardening. In those days the importing of plants was not so simple a matter as nowadays. Few trees could stand the long voyage; therefore, in following the ideas of the old-country gardens, it was necessary to use the native plants of the new country. Thus we find the slender, dark spire of the red cedar where in Italy the cypress and in England the yew would have been planted. The Southern magnolia was Mr. Middleton's delightful translation of the ilex into South Carolina horticulture.

One of the most successful introductions at Middleton Place were the camellias. These were brought to the garden in 1810 by André Michaux, the French botanist, the first camellias ever imported into this country. Of the original plants, three remain, vigorous centenarians grown giant in size. For an unfortunate Northerner whose only acquaintance with the *Camellia Japonica* is the slender, fragile plant he sees on a greenhouse bench, it is hard to form any idea of the plant as it is in a home to its liking. Here it grows in splendid luxuriance, with foliage dark and abundant, as rich as the English holly's, but more lustrous, forming great mounds of shining green that tower high overhead; and when in December and January the camellias are abloom, starred all over with flowers like small, perfected roses, white, striped, rose-color, and, above all, scarlet, each flower as brilliant and effective as a cardinal bird on an orange-tree, it is worth the seeing.

The camellia, luxuriant as it is, never quite forgets that it is cultivated and that it is in a garden. It never riots as the azalea does when peculiarly happy in its situation. When left to itself, the plant may grow to prodigious size, and yet the mass of its thick, shining foliage is as well-proportioned and evenly curved as if fresh from a gardener's clipping. At Middleton Place the camellias are planted about the rose-garden, serving, when their bloom was past, as background for the roses, and a charming setting they must have made.

Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

THE SENTINEL CEDARS

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Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

THE PATH BY THE LONG POND

The walks and paths were arranged with that blessed idea of comfort characteristic of the earlier gardening. There is here no need to "buy the shade by going into the sun." One may make a circumference of the gardens, even gain the forests, and yet, if one chooses, wholly escape the sun. This alone is, in a warm climate, enough to make one call the gardener blessed. Three parallel paths make the alleys: a broad grass walk in the center, overarched by oaks, and bordered by laurel, fragrant, sweet-scented shrub, and azaleas grown almost to trees. The narrower outside paths were doubtless so that one might always find shade. The corresponding alley or magnolia-walk on the opposite side of the pleasance has almost vanished; in fact, a lusty young usurper of a magnolia stands directly in the middle of the walk and bars the way. Formerly one could have looked down a long vista to the river, while on the one side was the garden and the second lake; on the other, the forest, which in the old days was much more open, so that one could see deep into the heart of it. The camellias planted beside this walk, and the azaleas beside the southern alley, are of comparatively recent introduction; that is, within the last hundred years. In 1750, if I mistake not, the color was all in the garden, while in these walks and beside the long lake was the provision always made in the earlier gardening for the "green thought in a green shade."

Of garden ornament there seems but little trace, and yet there must have been no inconsiderable amount of it. Part of the work of Sir Henry Clinton's force, one remembers, was the defacing of statues,

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which would argue some statues to deface. Moreover, so elaborate an estate would hardly have been lacking here, for there are many tempting places for statues and terms, and the rich, dark green of the magnolias is a peculiarly inviting background.

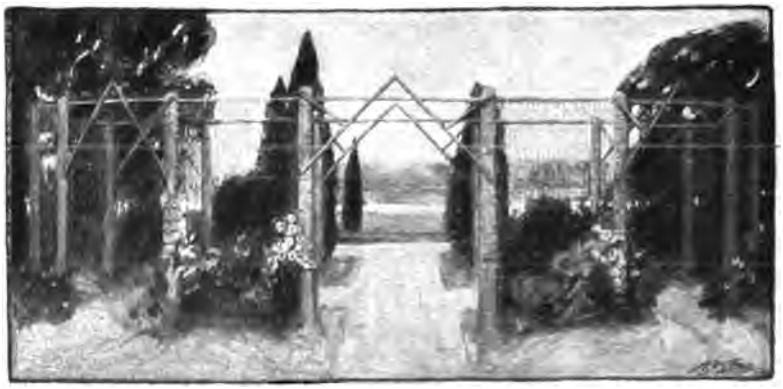
Where the alleys open into the long lake, something of the sort would have been placed. The rose-garden would have had its share of ornament. The center of the garden was an arbor formed of posts set in a circle, with chains looped between, and over all the climbing-roses, surely a place for sun-dial or statue.

A charming little sunken garden near the second lake may also have been so graced, for in its center is a mound rather like the "mount" of the English gardens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but the height of this, scarcely above the garden level, "impossibilitates," in Dr. Donne's word, the idea of a mount, and makes it more probable that a statue stood here, or, from its nearness to the pool, perhaps a fountain.

There would have been a stone seat at the end of the terrace which overlooks the bowling-green, and huge vases would have framed the view down the river; set on each side of the slender wrought-iron gate where the parterre meets the river-bank; but this, of course, is only surmise, and to find Mr. Middleton's garden-craft one must go back to the pleasance. Near the great terrace before the house, between the magnolia-walk and the drive, is a bit of wildwood of which one would like to know the earlier aspect—a "wilderness," perhaps, or a bosket.

As one wanders about the paths, making out the lines of the gardens and visioning the pleasance as in its gala-days, there is a strange silence. The old gardens seem waiting and listening for a return of the old life they once knew, of the old gaiety—for the rustle of silken gown and the click of high-heeled shoe upon the gravel of the terrace; the camellias bloom, the paths invite with a wistful yearning of entreaty, but there is no answer, unless the ghosts come back and walk beside the long lake and pace the shadowy alleys.

PERHAPS we shall one day have gardens as beautiful in their balance and proportion as Middleton Place, but they will be different. This lovely old garden belongs to a phase of American life which has passed completely, never to return. We cannot have the old order back, perhaps we would not, but we can thank Heaven fasting that there remains to us of the earlier garden-craft so beautiful a survival as Middleton Place.



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

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THE LETTERS

IN THREE PARTS: PART III

BY EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," etc

WITH PICTURES BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THIS story opened in the August CENTURY, with a scene between Vincent Deering, an American artist living in Paris, and Lizzie West, who for two years had been day-governess to the artist's young daughter, a discouraging pupil, mainly because she was neglected by an indolent, novel-reading mother. In the privacy of the studio, Lizzie West told the artist that she must resign her fruitless charge. Deering pleaded that in such case little Juliet would be hopelessly neglected, and in the teacher's wavering attitude he kissed her and established a relation of confidence and affection, which was discreetly cultivated, until, through the sudden death of Mrs. Deering, the teacher had reason to expect a devotion without evasion or concealment. Deering departed for America to settle his late wife's estate, but his fervent letters of farewell from train and steamer, with one on his arrival in New York, were his only messages to her.

In the Second Part, the hard-working teacher after sending many letters to Deering, which were unanswered, adjusted herself to the situation, and finally, through a moderate legacy, rearranged her life on a scale of comparative comfort. After an interval of three years Deering returned to Paris. He protested that his silence had been due to his unwillingness to make her a partner to the ill-fortune which had marked his return to America, and tactfully reawakened her love. The concluding chapters, given below, begin at a period in their married life after the birth of their child.—THE EDITOR.

VII

IT was the firm conviction of Andora Macy that every object in the Vincent Deerings' charming little house at Neuilly had been expressly designed for the Deerings' son to play with.

The house was full of pretty things, some not obviously applicable to the purpose; but Miss Macy's casuistry was equal to the baby's appetite, and the baby's mother was no match for them in the art of defending her possessions. There were moments, in fact, when Lizzie almost fell in with Andora's summary division of her works of art into articles safe or unsafe for the baby to lick, or resisted it only to the extent of occasionally substituting some less precious or less perishable object for the particular fragility on which her son's desire was fixed. And it was with this intention that, on a certain fair spring morning—which wore the added luster of being the baby's second birthday—she had murmured, with her mouth in his curls, and one hand holding a bit of Chelsea above his dangerous clutch: "Would n't he rather have that beautiful shiny thing over there in Aunt Andora's hand?"

The two friends were together in Lizzie's little morning-room—the room she had chosen, on acquiring the house, because, when she sat there, she could hear Deering's step as he paced up and down before his easel in the studio she had built for him. His step had been less regularly audible than she had hoped, for, after three years of wedded bliss, he had somehow failed to settle down to the great work which was to result from that privileged state; but even when she did not hear him she knew that he was there, above her head, stretched out on the old

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divan from Passy, and smoking endless cigarettes while he skimmed the morning papers; and the sense of his nearness had not yet lost its first keen edge of bliss.

Lizzie herself, on the day in question, was engaged in a more arduous task than the study of the morning's news. She had never unlearned the habit of orderly activity, and the trait she least understood in her husband's character was his way of letting the loose ends of life hang as they would. She had been disposed at first to ascribe this to the chronic incoherence of his first *ménage;* but now she knew that, though he basked under the rule of her beneficent hand, he would never feel any active impulse to further its work. He liked to see things fall into place about him at a wave of her wand; but his enjoyment of her household magic in no way diminished his smiling irresponsibility, and it was with one of its least amiable consequences that his wife and her friend were now dealing.

Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski

"ONE HAND HOLDING A BIT OF CHELSEA ABOVE HIS DANGEROUS CLUTCH"

Before them stood two travel-worn trunks and a distended portmanteau, which had shed their contents in heterogeneous heaps over Lizzie's rosy carpet. They represented the hostages left by her husband on his somewhat precipitate departure from a New York boarding-house, and indignantly redeemed by her on her learning, in a curt letter from his landlady, that the latter was not disposed to regard them as an equivalent for the arrears of Deering's board.

Lizzie had not been shocked by the discovery that her husband had left America in debt. She had too sad an acquaintance with the economic strain to see any humiliation in such accidents; but it offended her sense of order that he should not have liquidated his obligation in the three years since their marriage. He took her remonstrance with his usual disarming grace, and left her to forward the liberating draft, though her delicacy had provided him with a bank-account which assured his personal independence. Lizzie had discharged the duty without repugnance, since she knew that his delegating it to her was the result of his good-humored indolence and not of any design on her exchequer. Deering was not dazzled by money; his altered fortunes had tempted him to no excesses: he was simply too lazy to draw the check, as he had been too lazy to remember the debt it canceled.

"No, dear! No!" Lizzie lifted the Chelsea figure higher. "Can't you find something for him, Andora, among that rubbish over there? Where 's the beaded bag you had in your hand just now? I don't think it could hurt him to lick that."

Miss Macy, bag in hand, rose from her knees, and stumbled through the slough of frayed garments and old studio properties. Before the group of mother and son she fell into a raptured attitude.

"Do look at him reach for it, the tyrant! Is n't he just like the young Napoleon?"

Lizzie laughed and swung her son in air. "Dangle it before him, Andora. If you let him have it too quickly, he won't care for it. He 's just like any man, I think."

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Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE KNELT AND PICKED UP HER LETTERS"

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Andora slowly lowered the shining bag till the heir of the Deerings closed his masterful fist upon it. "There—my Chelsea 's safe!" Lizzie smiled, setting her boy on the floor, and watching him stagger away with his booty.

Andora stood beside her, watching too. "Have you any idea where that bag came from, Lizzie?"

Mrs. Deering, bent above a pile of discollared shirts, shook an inattentive head. "I never saw such wicked washing! There is n't one that 's fit to mend. The bag? No; I 've not the least idea."

Andora surveyed her dramatically. "Does n't it make you utterly miserable to think that some woman may have made it for him?"

Lizzie, bowed in anxious scrutiny above the shirts, broke into an unruffled laugh. "Really, Andora, really—six, seven, nine; no, there is n't even a dozen. There is n't a whole dozen of *anything*. I don't see how men live alone!"

Andora broodingly pursued her theme. "Do you mean to tell me it does n't make you jealous to handle these things of his that other women may have given him?"

Lizzie shook her head again, and, straightening herself with a smile, tossed a bundle in her friend's direction. "No, it does n't make me the least bit jealous. Here, count these socks for me, like a darling."

Andora moaned, "Don't you feel *anything at all?*" as the socks landed in her hollow bosom; but Lizzie, intent upon her task, tranquilly continued to unfold and sort. She felt a great deal as she did so, but her feelings were too deep and delicate for the simplifying processes of speech. She only knew that each article she drew from the trunks sent through her the long tremor of Deering's touch. It was part of her wonderful new life that everything belonging to him contained an infinitesimal fraction of himself—a fraction becoming visible in the warmth of her love as certain secret elements become visible in rare intensities of temperature. And in the case of the objects before her, poor shabby witnesses of his days of failure, what they gave out acquired a special poignancy from its contrast to his present cherished state. His shirts were all in round dozens now, and washed as carefully as old lace. As for his socks, she knew the pattern of every pair, and would have liked to see the washerwoman who dared to mislay one, or bring it home with the colors "run"! And in these homely tokens of his well-being she saw the symbol of what her tenderness had brought him. He was safe in it, encompassed by it, morally and materially, and she defied the embattled powers of malice to reach him through the armor of her love. Such feelings, however, were not communicable, even had one desired to express them: they were no more to be distinguished from the sense of life itself than bees from the lime-blossoms in which they murmur.

"Oh, do *look* at him, Lizzie! He 's found out how to open the bag!"

Lizzie lifted her head to smile a moment at her son, who sat throned on a heap of studio rubbish, with Andora before him on adoring knees. She thought vaguely, "Poor Andora!" and then resumed the discouraged inspection of a buttonless white waistcoat. The next sound she was aware of was a fluttered exclamation from her friend.

"Why, Lizzie, do you know what he used the bag for? To keep your letters in!"

Lizzie looked up more quickly. She was aware that Andora's pronoun had changed its object, and was now applied to Deering. And it struck her as odd, and slightly disagreeable, that a letter of hers should be found among the rubbish abandoned in her husband's New York lodgings.

"How funny! Give it to me, please."

"Give the bag to Aunt Andora, darling! Here—look inside, and see what else a big big boy can find there! Yes, here 's another! Why, why—"

Lizzie rose with a shade of impatience and crossed the floor to the romping group beside the other trunk.

"What is it? Give me the letters, please." As she spoke, she suddenly recalled the day when, in Mme. Clopin's *pension*, she had addressed a similar behest to Andora Macy.

Andora had lifted a look of startled conjecture. "Why, this one 's never been opened! Do you suppose that awful woman could have kept it from him?"

Lizzie laughed. Andora's imaginings were really puerile. "What awful woman? His landlady? Don't be such a goose, Andora. How can it have been

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kept back from him, when we 've found it here among his things?"

"Yes; but then why was it never opened?"

Andora held out the letter, and Lizzie took it. The writing was hers; the envelop bore the Passy postmark; and it was unopened. She stood looking at it with a sudden sharp drop of the heart.

"Why, so are the others—all unopened!" Andora threw out on a rising note; but Lizzie, stooping over, stretched out her hand.

"Give them to me, please."

"Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie—" Andora, still on her knees, continued to hold back the packet, her pale face paler with anger and compassion. "Lizzie, they 're the letters I used to post for you—*the letters he never answered!* Look!"

"Give them back to me, please."

The two women faced each other, Andora kneeling, Lizzie motionless before her, the letters in her hand. The blood had rushed to her face, humming in her ears, and forcing itself into the veins of her temples like hot lead. Then it ebbed, and she felt cold and weak.

"It must have been some plot—some conspiracy!" Andora cried, so fired by the ecstasy of invention that for the moment she seemed lost to all but the esthetic aspect of the case.

Lizzie turned away her eyes with an effort, and they rested on the boy, who sat at her feet placidly sucking the tassels of the bag. His mother stooped and extracted them from his rosy mouth, which a cry of wrath immediately filled. She lifted him in her arms, and for the first time no current of life ran from his body into hers. He felt heavy and clumsy, like some one else's child; and his screams annoyed her.

"Take him away, please, Andora."

"Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!" Andora wailed.

Lizzie held out the child, and Andora, struggling to her feet, received him.

"I know just how you feel," she gasped out above the baby's head.

Lizzie, in some dark hollow of herself, heard the echo of a laugh. Andora always thought she knew how people felt!

"Tell Marthe to take him with her when she fetches Juliet home from school."

"Yes, yes." Andora gloated over her. "If you 'd only give way, my darling!"

The baby, howling, dived over Andora's shoulder for the bag.

"Oh, *take* him!" his mother ordered.

Andora, from the door, cried out: "I 'll be back at once. Remember, love, you 're not alone!"

But Lizzie insisted, "Go with them—I wish you to go with them," in the tone to which Miss Macy had never learned the answer.

The door closed on her outraged back, and Lizzie stood alone. She looked about the disordered room, which offered a dreary image of the havoc of her life. An hour or two ago everything about her had been so exquisitely ordered, without and within; her thoughts and her emotions had lain outspread before her like delicate jewels laid away symmetrically in a collector's cabinet. Now they had been tossed down helter-skelter among the rubbish there on the floor, and had themselves turned to rubbish like the rest. Yes, there lay her life at her feet, among all that tarnished trash.

She knelt and picked up her letters, ten in all, and examined the flaps of the envelops. Not one had been opened—not one. As she looked, every word she had written fluttered to life, and every feeling prompting it sent a tremor through her. With vertiginous speed and microscopic vision she was reliving that whole period of her life, stripping bare again the black ruin over which the drift of three happy years had fallen.

She laughed at Andora's notion of a conspiracy—of the letters having been "kept back." She required no extraneous aid in deciphering the mystery: her three years' experience of Deering shed on it all the light she needed. And yet a moment before she had believed herself to be perfectly happy! Now it was the worst part of her anguish that it did not really surprise her.

She knew so well how it must have happened. The letters had reached him when he was busy, occupied with something else, and had been put aside to be read at some future time—a time which never came. Perhaps on his way to America, on the steamer, even, he had met "some one else"—the "some one" who lurks, veiled and ominous, in the background of every woman's thoughts about her lover. Or perhaps he had been merely forgetful. She

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had learned from experience that the sensations which he seemed to feel with the most exquisite intensity left no reverberations in his mind—that he did not relive either his pleasures or his pains. She needed no better proof of that than the lightness of his conduct toward his daughter. He seemed to have taken it for granted that Juliet would remain indefinitely with the friends who had received her after her mother's death, and it was at Lizzie's suggestion that the little girl was brought home and that they had established themselves at Neuilly to be near her school. But Juliet once with them, he became the model of a tender father, and Lizzie wondered that he had not felt the child's absence, since he seemed so affectionately aware of her presence.

Lizzie had noted all this in Juliet's case, but had taken for granted that her own was different; that she formed, for Deering, the exception which every woman secretly supposes herself to form in the experience of the man she loves. Certainly, she had learned by this time that she could not modify his habits, but she imagined that she had deepened his sensibilities, had furnished him with an "ideal" —angelic function! And she now saw that the fact of her letters—her unanswered letters—having, on his own assurance, "meant so much" to him, had been the basis on which this beautiful fabric was reared.

There they lay now, the letters, precisely as when they had left her hands. He had not had time to read them; and there had been a moment in her past when that discovery would have been the sharpest pang imaginable to her heart. She had traveled far beyond that point. She could have forgiven him now for having forgotten her; but she could never forgive him for having deceived her.

She sat down, and looked again vaguely about the room. Suddenly she heard his step overhead, and her heart contracted. She was afraid he was coming down to her. She sprang up and bolted the door; then she dropped into the nearest chair, tremulous and exhausted, as if the pushing of the bolt had required an immense muscular effort. A moment later she heard him on the stairs, and her tremor broke into a cold fit of shaking. "I loathe you —I loathe you!" she cried.

She listened apprehensively for his touch on the handle of the door. He would come in, humming a tune, to ask some idle question and lay a caress on her hair. But no, the door was bolted; she was safe. She continued to listen, and the step passed on. He had not been coming to her, then. He must have gone down-stairs to fetch something—another newspaper, perhaps. He seemed to read little else, and she sometimes wondered when he had found time to store the material that used to serve for their famous "literary" talks. The wonder shot through her again, barbed with a sneer. At that moment it seemed to her that everything he had ever done and been was a lie.

She heard the house-door close, and started up. Was he going out? It was not his habit to leave the house in the morning.

She crossed the room to the window, and saw him walking, with a quick decided step, between the budding lilacs to the gate. What could have called him forth at that unwonted hour? It was odd that he should not have told her. The fact that she thought it odd suddenly showed her how closely their lives were interwoven. She had become a habit to him, and he was fond of his habits. But to her it was as if a stranger had opened the gate and gone out. She wondered what he would feel if he knew that she felt *that*.

"In an hour he will know," she said to herself, with a kind of fierce exultation; and immediately she began to dramatize the scene. As soon as he came in she meant to call him up to her room and hand him the letters without a word. For a moment she gloated on the picture; then her imagination recoiled from it. She was humiliated by the thought of humiliating him. She wanted to keep his image intact; she would not see him.

He had lied to her about her letters—had lied to her when he found it to his interest to regain her favor. Yes, there was the point to hold fast. He had sought her out when he learned that she was rich. Perhaps he had come back from America on purpose to marry her; no doubt he had come back on purpose. It was incredible that she had not seen this at the time. She turned sick at the thought of her fatuity and of the grossness of his arts. Well,

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the event proved that they were all he needed. But why had he gone out at such an hour? She was irritated to find herself still preoccupied by his comings and goings.

Turning from the window, she sat down again. She wondered what she meant to do next. No, she would not show him the letters; she would simply leave them on his table and go away. She would leave the house with her boy and Andora. It was a relief to feel a definite plan forming itself in her mind—something that her uprooted thoughts could fasten on. She would go away, of course; and meanwhile, in order not to see him, she would feign a headache, and remain in her room till after luncheon. Then she and Andora would pack a few things, and fly with the child while he was dawdling about up-stairs in the studio. When one's house fell, one fled from the ruins: nothing could be simpler, more inevitable.

Her thoughts were checked by the impossibility of picturing what would happen next. Try as she would, she could not see herself and the child away from Deering. But that, of course, was because of her nervous weakness. She had youth, money, energy: all the trumps were on her side. It was much more difficult to imagine what would become of Deering. He was so dependent on her, and they had been so happy together! The fact struck her as illogical, and even immoral, and yet she knew he had been happy with her. It never happened like that in novels: happiness "built on a lie" always crumbled, and buried the presumptuous architect beneath the ruins. According to the laws of every novel she had ever read, Deering, having deceived her once, would inevitably have gone on deceiving her. Yet she knew he had not gone on deceiving her.

She tried again to picture her new life. Her friends, of course, would rally about her. But the prospect left her cold; she did not want them to rally. She wanted only one thing—the life she had been living before she had given her baby the embroidered bag to play with. Oh, why had she given him the bag? She had been so happy, they had all been so happy! Every nerve in her clamored for her lost happiness, angrily, unreasonably, as the boy had clamored for his bag! It was horrible to know too much; there was always blood in the foundations. Parents "kept things" from children—protected them from all the dark secrets of pain and evil. And was any life livable unless it were thus protected? Could any one look in the Medusa's face and live?

But why should she leave the house, since it was hers? Here, with her boy and Andora, she could still make for herself the semblance of a life. It was Deering who would have to go; he would understand that as soon as he saw the letters.

She pictured him in the act of going—leaving the house as he had left it just now. She saw the gate closing on him for the last time. Now her vision was acute enough: she saw him as distinctly as if he were in the room. Ah, he would not like returning to the old life of privations and expedients! And yet she knew he would not plead with her.

Suddenly a new thought rushed through her mind. What if Andora had rushed to him with the tale of the discovery of the letters—with the "Fly, you are discovered!" of romantic fiction? What if he *had* left her for good? It would not be unlike him, after all. Under his wonderful gentleness he was always evasive and inscrutable. He might have said to himself that he would forestall her action, and place himself at once on the defensive. It might be that she *had* seen him go out of the gate for the last time.

She looked about the room again, as if this thought had given it a new aspect. Yes, this alone could explain her husband's going out. It was past twelve o'clock, their usual luncheon hour, and he was scrupulously punctual at meals, and gently reproachful if she kept him waiting. Only some unwonted event could have caused him to leave the house at such an hour and with such marks of haste. Well, perhaps it was better that Andora should have spoken. She mistrusted her own courage; she almost hoped the deed had been done for her. Yet her next sensation was one of confused resentment. She said to herself, "Why has Andora interfered?" She felt baffled and angry, as though her prey had escaped her. If Deering had been in the house, she would have gone to him instantly and overwhelmed him with her scorn. But he had gone out, and she did not know where he had gone, and oddly mingled with her anger against him was

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the latent instinct of vigilance, the solicitude of the woman accustomed to watch over the man she loves. It would be strange never to feel that solicitude again, never to hear him say, with his hand on her hair: "Why, you foolish child, were you worried? Am I late?"

The sense of his touch was so real that she stiffened herself against it, flinging back her head as if to throw off his hand. The mere thought of his caress was hateful; yet she felt it in all her traitorous veins. Yes, she felt it, but with horror and repugnance. It was something she wanted to escape from, and the fact of struggling against it was what made its hold so strong. It was as though her mind were sounding her body to make sure of its allegiance, spying on it for any secret movement of revolt.

To escape from the sensation, she rose and went again to the window. No one was in sight. But presently the gate began to swing back, and her heart gave a leap —she knew not whether up or down. A moment later the gate opened slowly to admit a perambulator, propelled by the nurse and flanked by Juliet and Andora. Lizzie's eyes rested on the familiar group as if she had never seen it before, and she stood motionless, instead of flying down to meet the children.

Suddenly there was a step on the stairs, and she heard Andora's agitated knock. She unbolted the door, and was strained to her friend's emaciated bosom.

"My darling!" Miss Macy cried. "Remember you have your child—and me!"

Lizzie loosened herself gently. She looked at Andora with a feeling of estrangement which she could not explain.

"Have you spoken to my husband?" she asked, drawing coldly back.

"Spoken to him? No." Andora stared at her in genuine wonder.

"Then you have n't met him since he left me?"

"No, my love. Is he out? I have n't met him."

Lizzie sat down with a confused sense of relief, which welled up to her throat and made speech difficult.

Suddenly light came to Andora. "I understand, dearest. You don't feel able to see him yourself. You want me to go to him for you." She looked eagerly about her, scenting the battle. "You 're right, darling. As soon as he comes in I 'll go to him. The sooner we get it over the better."

She followed Lizzie, who without answering her had turned mechanically back to the window. As they stood there, the gate moved again, and Deering entered the garden.

"There he is now!" Lizzie felt Andora's fervent clutch upon her arm. "Where are the letters? I will go down at once. You allow me to speak for you? You trust my woman's heart? Oh, believe me, darling," Miss Macy panted, "I shall know just what to say to him!"

"What to say to him?" Lizzie absently repeated.

As her husband advanced up the path she had a sudden trembling vision of their three years together. Those years were her whole life; everything before them had been colorless and unconscious, like the blind life of the plant before it reaches the surface of the soil. They had not been exactly what she dreamed; but if they had taken away certain illusions, they had left richer realities in their stead. She understood now that she had gradually adjusted herself to the new image of her husband as he was, as he would always be. He was not the hero of her dream, but he was the man she loved, and who had loved her. For she saw now, in this last wide flash of pity and initiation, that, as a solid marble may be made out of worthless scraps of mortar, glass and pebbles, so out of mean mixed substances may be fashioned a love that will bear the stress of life.

More urgently, she felt the pressure of Miss Macy's hand.

"I shall hand him the letters without a word. You may rely, love, on my sense of dignity. I know everything you 're feeling at this moment!"

Deering had reached the door-step. Lizzie continued to watch him in silence till he disappeared under the glazed roof of the porch below the window; then she turned and looked almost compassionately at her friend.

"Oh, poor Andora, you don't know anything—you don't know anything at all!" she said.

THE END

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GOLF, THE GAME OF COURTESY

BY WALTER CAMP

Author of "Book of College Sports," etc.

GOLF, above all other games, enjoys the distinction of being from the first tee to the last hole the game of wide courtesy. While a player may at all times display in certain of our other and more strenuous pastimes respect and tenderness for the feelings of an opponent, golf not only presupposes, but actually enjoins a courteous disposition and bearing on the part of each contestant. A man may be disgusted with himself when he plumps a ball into a bunker; he may even rail at his club or his errant ball, but he may not turn his questionable language upon his opponent. And he must, if he be a traditionally good golfer, always be in the spirit, not necessarily outspoken, of admiration for an opponent's good stroke or successful putt.

WHAT THE TERM "ROYAL" MEANS

IT is a striking fact that the game now widely coupled with the term "royal" had for its prototype a rustic pastime of the Romans which was called *paganica* because it was practised by the common people. In early English history, it was tennis that required a property qualification, as is shown by an edict to "suffer none to play save noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants, or such as shall be entered in the Book of Subsidies at £10 in land or goods." But time has changed standards, and during the four centuries that golf has been the national pastime of Scotland it has become more and more a fashionable game. We find, too, in the early notices of the game that it enjoyed the same distinction that is related in this series of articles regarding foot-ball, for it was forbidden, and "utterly cried down and not to be used," lest it should interfere with the pursuit of archery.

As early as 1503, nine shillings was paid in England for the royal club and balls. A century later, James I appointed one William Mayne club-maker to "His Hienes" all the days of his lifetime. But in Great Britain the adjective "royal," when applied to a golf-club, has a specific meaning, and may be used only when earned by the favor of the sovereign or some other member of the royal house. In most cases the clubs which bear the title have actually received royal patronage through a royal personage having held an honorary office in the club. King William IV, while declining the patronage of the St. Andrews Club, was graciously pleased to accede to its request that it should be called "The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews." Conversely, a club which has obtained royal patronage is not thereby entitled to use the term, which is a separate distinction and must be specifically granted. In England and Wales there are seventeen clubs which have had this honor conferred upon them, while Scotland has six, Ireland three, the channel islands have two, and the colonies have eight.

EARLY HISTORY IN GREAT BRITAIN

THERE is plenty of proof that when the University of St. Andrews was founded in 1413, golf was even then a popular pastime in Scotland. It was then a legend that the game came from the Low Countries, having been brought to St. Andrews by the scholars and students from Dutch and Flemish schools.

In 1553, the provost and magistrates of St. Andrews granted leave to Archbishop Hamilton to plant rabbits on the links, and he, with the consent of his chapter, ratified and approved the rights of the community to the links, particularly for "playing at golff, futball, schuteing at all gamis, with

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all uther maner of pastyme." This was confirmed in 1614 by Archbishop Gladstanes, and by James VI in 1620. The links remained a possession of the city until 1797, when, after money was raised on them by a bond, they were sold to Thomas Erskine, afterward Earl of Kellie. Despite this, there were reservations forbidding the proprietor to plow up any part of the golf-links. They later came into the possession of the Dempsters, and finally, in 1821, into the hands of Mr. Cheape; but in 1893, the links passed from his hands into the possession of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews for the sum of $25,000. In 1894, by an act of Parliament, the commissioners were empowered to raise money for the purpose of repossessing themselves of their ancient property, which they did a year later.

The earliest to be established of the present leading golf-clubs of Great Britain was the Royal Blackheath, which is more than a hundred years older than any of the others, having been founded in the year 1608. The next in point of age is the Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society, established in 1735, followed, nine years later, by the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, and, in 1754, by the Royal and Ancient of St. Andrews.

BEGINNINGS IN AMERICA

THE first definite record of golf in America lies in the following ordinance, passed by the authorities of Fort Orange (now Albany) on December 10, 1659:

> The Worsh. Commissary and Commissaries of Fort Orange and Village of Beverwck, having heard divers complaints from the Burghers of this place against playing at Golf along the streets, which causes great damage to the windows of the Houses, and exposes people to the danger of being wounded, and is contrary to the freedom of the Public Streets: Therefore their Worships, wishing to prevent the same, forbid all persons playing Golf in the streets, on pain of forfeiting 25 florins for each person who shall be found doing so.

But it was not until the end of the nineteenth century that golf secured its first real hold in the United States.[1] In 1894, two clubs held meetings, and each claimed the championship title, but this situation led to the formation of an organized authority. In the winter of 1894, representatives from the Chicago Golf Club of Chicago, Country Club of Brookline, Newport Golf Club, St. Andrews Golf Club, and Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, met in New York and organized the United States Golf Association, which has ever since been a power to promote and protect its interests, to establish and enforce the rules of the game, and to designate the links upon which the amateur, open, and women's amateur championships shall be played. There are two classes of membership, associate and allied. Only the associate members are empowered to vote and are eligible to election, and the championship may be held only on the links of an associate club.

The first amateur championship of the United States was held at the Newport Golf Club, Rhode Island, in 1895, and won by Mr. C. B. Macdonald. An open championship was also held at that club, and was won by Horace Rawlins. The women's championship was held at the Meadow Brook Golf Club, Long Island, in the same year, and was won by Mrs. C. S. Brown.

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP COURSES

THERE are five championship courses in Great Britain, and the rotation for the amateur test has been so arranged as to provide that the championship, although two of these links are English and three are Scottish, shall be held in England and Scotland in alternate years. These five courses are Sandwich, Prestwick, Hoylake, St. Andrews, and Muirfield. The championship for 1910 is at Hoylake, and next year it will be at Prestwick. The rule for qualification for the championship is that an amateur golfer shall be one who has never made for sale either clubs, balls, or any other article connected with the game; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen, and who has not carried clubs for hire at any time within six years of the date on which

[1] The reader may be interested to know that one of the first articles on golf to appear in the United States was contributed to this magazine by Mr. W. E. Norris, the English novelist, in the number for August, 1892.—THE EDITOR.

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the competition begins in each year; who has never received any consideration for playing in a match, or for giving lessons in the game; and who for a period of five years prior to the first of September, 1886, never received a money prize in any open competition. The amateur championship was instituted in 1886 upon the suggestion of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, which the year before had held an informal open-air tournament. The first arrangement was that the championship should be yearly played for over St. Andrews, Hoylake, and Prestwick, and it was limited to these three courses until 1891, when Sandwich was added, the tournament being held for the first time over that green in 1892. The following year saw the addition of Muirfield, over which links the championship was contested in 1897. Until 1896, it consisted of one round of eighteen holes; but since that time the finals have been played on a separate day, and for thirty-six holes.

The links of these championship courses vary in length, as follows: St. Andrews, when played over its full length, is very close to 6400 yards. Hoylake comes next with something like 6375 yards, and Sandwich follows with 6143 yards. The two shorter courses are Muirfield and Prestwick, but both are excellent tests of golf, Prestwick probably being as fine in this respect as any course in Great Britain. Muirfield is 5952 yards, and Prestwick 5948. Prestwick has in the second hole the shortest golf-hole of all the championship courses, being only 109 yards in length. Hoylake has in its thirteenth a hole of only 135 yards, while the fourteenth at Muirfield is only a few yards longer. St. Andrews has in its fifth hole a distance of 533 yards, and 516 yards in its fourteenth, while the fourteenth at Sandwich is also over 500 yards in length.

The open-golf championship of Great Britain (open to professionals and amateurs) was instituted by the Prestwick Golf Club in 1860, twenty-six years before the introduction of the amateur championship, and for the first eleven years was played over the Prestwick links for a champion-belt as a challenge-trophy. This belt was to be held by the winner for the year, but could not be won permanently except by three successive victories. In 1870, Mr. T. Morris, Jr., accomplished this; there was no championship in 1871; but in 1872 the present cup was put up by Prestwick, St. Andrews, and the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, and the championship was played over these three courses in successive years until 1893. Until 1892 it was a one-day competition, with thirty-six holes. In that year the play was increased to two days, with seventy-two holes, and Hoylake and St. George's were added to the links, so that the rotation now stands Prestwick, Sandwich, St. Andrews, Muirfield, and Hoylake.

Mr. Norman F. Hunter in competition played St. Andrews in 74. Mr. Robert Maxwell made it in 70, but not in competition, and the latter also covered the Prestwick course in the phenomenal score of 66, though not in competition. Harry Vardon, in competition, covered Prestwick in 72. Mr. John Ball, Jr., amateur, and Alexander Herd, professional, have each made 71 at Hoylake in competition. Mr. J. Graham has made the same score in competition at Muirfield. John H. Taylor, professional, in competition covered Sandwich—the course upon which Mr. Walter J. Travis won the English championship, in the remarkable score of 68.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A SATISFACTORY GOLF-COURSE

ONE of the pleasures of golf is the never-ending discussion as to what constitutes a satisfactory golf-course, and of late we have reached such a point in this discussion that there is about to be completed a links known as the ideal course, which has taken from the best of the old-time English and Scottish courses the noted holes, and by transplanting has thoroughly combined them into what should make a perfect course.

In most of these discussions, the matter hinges on the question, What is a good test of golf? When a man remarks this of a particular course, Mr. J. L. Low says it is a fair rejoinder that "You call it a good test of golf just because it suits your game, and you play well on it." I think the redoubtable Englishman is a little severe in this conclusion. I remember taking luncheon with Mr. Travis in the midst of a tournament, where, at a

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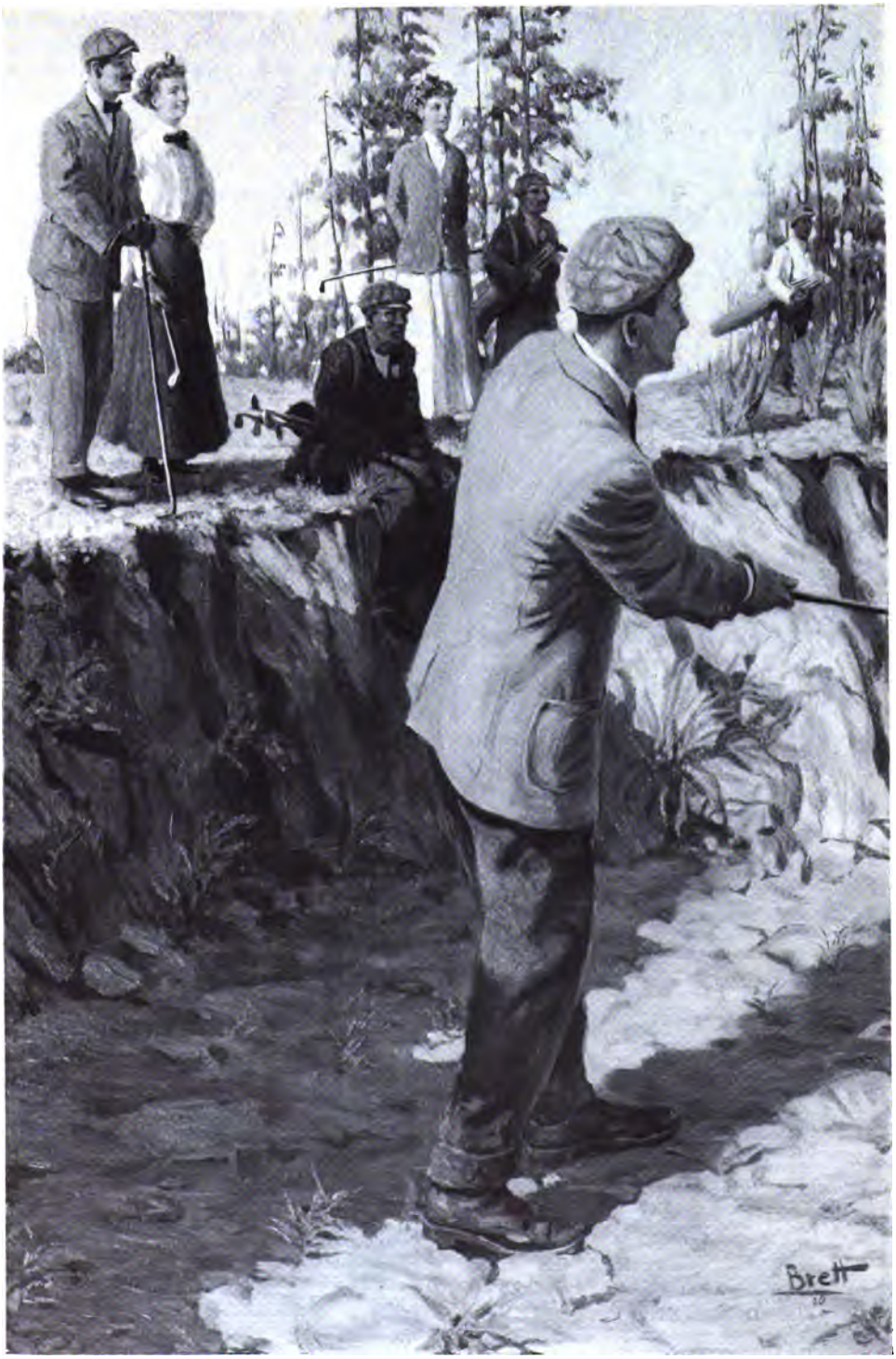

Drawn by H. M. Brett. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

GOLF IN THE CAROLINAS

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WALTER J. TRAVIS

particular hole, he had been trapped every time, owing to a strong west wind and the difficulty of carrying a certain trap which his opponents, being slightly stronger drivers, had been able to carry. The third person at the luncheon said, "I do not think that hole is fair." But the fair-minded veteran replied: "I should n't change it a particle. It is a good test under this wind, and the man who would change it is selfish."

But I think there would be many golfers who would agree that it is well to have at least some courses that might not answer the requirement of being a perfect test of golf. Except to the most serious-minded golfers, there is a pleasure in novelty, a love of the picturesque that may not be entirely satisfied by continual play on a course that possesses only the merit of trying out to a conclusion of absolute equity those who contend over it. A view here and there, a changing scene, water, and woods, may sometimes furnish pleasure, even though making up a course which allows the "duffer" to smile at the expert who sees in a particular hole no absolutely hard-and-fast method of insuring himself the one stroke lead over his less scientific opponent. But this is not saying that a course should be made up of holes where, for instance, the green may not be reached in two even by the very long driver, and yet may always be reached in three by the other man. Nor should there be any great number of holes where a topped approach is just as useful as a well-pitched mashie, else, of course, it would invite too much carelessness and too little steady effort to improve in play.

To the average golfer there is a merit in having one or two holes on the course where a fair green is not so narrow and filled with traps that he must be everlastingly taking pains and contracting himself with a feeling of terror at every tee. Let him lace out at least once in a while with comfort. Perhaps where two fair greens lie together, a straight ball is not the only thing that will save him subsequent gnashing of teeth.

It is well in this connection to bear in mind that golf is not alone for the scratch player, for if we drive the average player of the '90's from all our courses, the experts would be obliged to put their hands deep in their pockets—deeper than any of them would care to—for the support and care of the club and course. I know of one experience through which a green's committee in a well-known club passed, leaving them wiser and perforce more

From a photograph, copyright by W. H. Wallace

JEROME D. TRAVERS

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charitably inclined to the average player. Partly with a view to saving money, and partly in answer to the demands of some of their scratch players, they permitted the long grass to grow and gradually narrow the fair green until it was indeed a good test of the accurate player. It required an expert to make a single journey of the links without at times searching for his ball in the high grass, and then beating it out with a niblick. To the considerable surprise and worriment of the committee, they found the membership dropping off even in the early summer, and they were obliged to take cognizance of the situation. The committee proceeded to widen up the greens and mow the grass before the tees, and within a month secured the gratifying result of the return to the fold of a majority of the delinquents.

MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, WOMAN CHAMPION OF AMERICA

But this is not all for the defense of the man who is liable to get into trouble. If the courses were built for the duffers, there would be little improvement in play. It is only that we must remember that a little elasticity on the part of the committee means the support of hundreds of courses that would otherwise be too expensive to maintain.

Primarily, there should be variety on every course. St. Andrews and Hoylake are over 6300 yards in length, but there are three other championship courses in Great Britain, and men like to play over them, even the best golfers in the world; hence it is by no means necessary, in order to get a satisfactory course, that it should measure 6300 yards. Standard courses in these days of the rubber-cored ball measure closely up to 6000 yards; but that alone does not make a satisfactory test of play. The game is not to be given over to the swiper pure and simple. The best experts in the old country believe that a fair proportion of holes on any course should be perfectly playable in "bogie" figures by the man who may not be able to send the little white sphere 200 yards off every tee. A great many of the good courses show the possibility of accuracy in direction and good judgment netting a satisfactory result. One man takes the hazard at its longest point in a bee-line to the hole, but the hazard should be such that in a fair proportion of instances the shorter player may take a somewhat less direct course, not necessarily to the same advantage as the long player, but in such a measure of equality that when the long player is penalized for his temerity the more conservative competitor may net his proper advantage. Some years ago, Americans who would never listen to the possibility of a long ball played straight down the middle of the course being penalized, had, in order to insure them against any danger of a mischance, made rules—local rules, if you please—providing that the man thus penalized might drop out without penalty. Yet, as a British writer has said:

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On the way to the long hole at St. Andrews there are three little pots almost on the straight line, the furthest being some two hundred yards from the tee. The nearest pot seldom catches a shot, but the middle one nips a slightly heeled shot very often; while the far bunker catches a really long ball, which is just some ten yards from the bee-line to the hole. This may seem hard. These bunkers are, it is true, almost on the bee-line to the hole; but golf need not be played in bee-lines. It is a mistake to suppose that, because you hit a shot straight down the middle of the course and find it bunkered, you are to fill up the offending hazard.

IMPORTANT ADMONITIONS TO THE GOLFER

A PROMINENT golfer once said that there are three rules which, if followed, will make any man a fairly average player, and, if the man be young and naturally endowed, will make him a scratch man. These rules he enunciated as follows: Keep your eye on the ball; don't press; and the rather slangy but extremely expressive, "be stuck on yourself." After following hundreds of championships here and abroad, both amateur and professional, I am convinced that these are the three best rules to be observed, and a few illustrations may serve to point the moral. It is hardly necessary to expand upon the first rule. No follower of any important championship but has seen a topped or stubbed shot of the simplest kind, caused by the too early lifting of his head, cost some man his chances of coming through.

The second rule is generally conceded, but is not fully reckoned with by our amateur. I once followed the team-match between English and Scotch professionals at Hoylake. There were fifteen or sixteen on a side, and it was for thirty-six holes. Braid played Vardon, and Taylor played Herd, while White played T. Vardon. These three matches would have been enough to satisfy any golf enthusiast's desires, but there were others almost equally interesting. In following, I was particularly impressed with the fact that while these men drove clean, straight balls, they seldom made the phenomenal drives I had seen Blackwell, Scott, or some of the other amateurs achieve; and yet upon several occasions the professionals would make tremendous carries on necessary brassy-shots. I talked it over with two or three who seemed in the mood to be confidential, and I learned that this was their principle:

"When you go up to the tee, start the hole right. You 'll always find trouble enough without inviting it. Put the ball down the middle a couple of hundred yards; then you know what kind of shot you have. If you get 250 yards, you 're nearer the hole than usual, and you don't know so much about the shot. Besides, if you press, your ball may run just a bit into the long, and the twenty or thirty yards greater distance is too expensive. But when you have started right, it 's all clear sailing. As to the long second or third shots, you can take a bigger chance. The trap or bunker is only five or six yards. Now, if you 're two hundred yards off, and it 's going to save a stroke to carry it, it may be worth while. If you get the ball just right, you 'll clear it, and if you don't get it clean, the chances are that you 'll not get far enough to be in it, and will be no worse off than if you played short, anyway."

Now, that is why the professional does n't press off the tee, even though he may show occasionally with a wooden club an ability to get 250 yards just as well as the swipers among the amateurs. The next day I saw Herd cover Hoylake in 71 strokes with hardly a phenomenal stroke in the whole round—just "started every hole right," and then played mechanically simple golf.

One of the most startling instances of the sudden alteration in the conditions concerning the progress to a hole in a golf-match occurred at this very time in the game between Braid and H. Vardon. The other matches, while interesting, attracted less attention, as a large part of the gallery followed the Braid-Vardon contest. Braid had secured a lead of one over Vardon, and the latter was struggling to get back that hole. After the outward journey was completed, they came to a hole running over 400 yards, that, under the wind conditions prevailing, required virtually two full strokes to reach the green. This green was a fairly large one, but was guarded by a bunker. Both got off good drives from the tee, Braid having a few yards the extra distance. Vardon, therefore, was obliged to play the odd. He took his

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FOLLOWING CRACK PLAYERS ON WESTERN GOLF-LINKS

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JOHN BALL, JR.

MISS RHONA ADAIR

JOHN H. TAYLOR

THE HON. OSMUND SCOTT

EDWARD BLACKWELL

NORMAN F. HUNTER

A GROUP OF BRITISH GOLFERS

From photographs which illustrate the principle of a straight left arm (see page 831).

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brassy, and made one of those beautiful long, high shots of his, which was really perfect under the conditions because it caused the ball to clear the bunker safely, and yet had less run than a shot with a lower trajectory. The ball was on a line with the pin all the way, but after its first bound ran on to the green and up to within about eight feet of the pin. The gallery was jubilant, for they wished to see the score even, and certainly neither Braid nor any other man could improve upon that shot of Vardon's. Braid studied the situation a moment, and then took his brassy and endeavored to repeat the feat; but his ball was lower than Vardon's, and while it carried the bunker well, it had so much run on it as to go clear across the green, where it rested on the extreme far edge, and not, perhaps, on the green proper; but on none of the English courses are the greens so markedly defined by the mowing-machine and the roller as seems to be the fashion on many American courses. The ball was some fifty feet from the pin, however, and the first part of its journey toward that pin was none too smooth, and there were two considerable undulations in the green which the ball must cross in its passage to the hole. "Here is where Vardon gets back that hole," was the comment of many of the gallery.

Braid studied the putt carefully. It was somewhat downhill, and, after the second undulation, considerably downhill, while Vardon's ball lay with a straight course to the hole, his line of putt running between the undulations. There was, then, hardly a possibility of laying Vardon a stymie. The gallery and Braid, too, knew that he must get that ball on his approach putt within holing distance on his next, and even then Vardon might run down his three. Having studied the situation, Braid took an aluminium putter and started the ball on its journey. It reached the green, started over the first undulation, more delicately over the second, and then rolled slowly down, still holding a little momentum, until it seemed to be actually looking for the hole, and in another instant dropped into the tin, while the crowd gasped. Here the conditions had in a twinkling of an eye been suddenly altered. Vardon, with what had seemed a sure half, and more than a probable win, had just seen his chances to get back the hole disappear, and now he had by no means a certain thing of a half. He did his best; but his ball just missed the cup, and instead of having succeeded in getting back on level terms, he was two down.

But to return to the three rules. The third simply means that spirit of confidence which every golfer recognizes, particularly on the putting-green. There are days when he feels no trepidation about the short putts, and the hole looks large to him from any place upon the green. Those are the days when he can run anything down. Then comes a day when that round, inanimate lump of rubber seems endowed with a devilish spirit of its own. It will kick out of the tin if he putts strong, will hang on the lip if he puts less force in his stroke, will take a deliberate hurdle of its own straight over the cup without so much as touching, and run with unexplained force several feet across. Soon the player begins to miss the little two-foot ones, and he realizes that he has lost all confidence. I saw Mr. Chandler Egan, on his first appearance in the Intercollegiate, experience this green shyness to an almost unbelievable degree. Such a condition may extend to other shots, but it is upon the putting-green particularly that the injunction to "Be stuck on yourself" applies.

THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLE OF THE STRAIGHT LEFT ARM

THERE is one cardinal principle of the game of golf that seems to have escaped the many treatises that have been written, and yet it may be verified by any one who cares to use a camera. I first noted it in some old photographs taken of Mr. Frederick Tait, that phenomenal British amateur. Thereafter I secured a number of photographs of John H. Taylor, the renowned professional, whose mashie shots are unequaled. Here I began to wonder if two such entirely different styles of player had this one point in common, and then whether all first-class men possessed it. I started religiously to investigate, and followed several of our open and amateur tournaments. Then I journeyed to the other side, bent upon a similar quest. I ignored all reliance upon the eye, going after the cold fact as indelibly marked by

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WINTER GOLF AT A COUNTRY CLUB

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the camera, with no practice poses or swings. I wished to see just what the best men did when they were playing the game "for fair." I paid no attention to what they thought they did and still less to what critics and experts were instructing players to do. The camera was the only witness I cared for, because the camera had no preconceived bias, and did not make mistakes.

If one watches a caddie of considerable muscular power swinging a club, he will soon realize that a caddie finds it advantageous to keep his hands away from his body at all times during the swing. As one progresses from the caddie up to the more mature professional, he will find the same thing holds true, and invariably every one of these men secures the result by never bending the left elbow (supposing him to be a right-handed player) on the back or upward swing after the swing has once started. Another strange part about this is that it is absolutely the only feature possessed in common by all first-class players. A series of photographs makes this point only too clear. The stance varies, the grip on the club varies, the position of the body and head varies, and as for the finish, it is such a varying factor that it seems almost ridiculous that any common result should be obtained. Here is one man who finishes with his club carried clear over his back; another with the head of the club standing straight out and with the point toward the hole; and still another with the club brought around nearly on a level with the left shoulder. But every one of them sets that left elbow on the upward swing. The arm may be absolutely straight or it may be slightly bowed but it is never bent after the upward swing starts. It is unnecessary to go into detail on this point further than to call attention to the practice of A. Herd, one of the most brilliant of Great Britain's professionals; Mr. Hutchinson, one of the standards of Britain's amateur golf; David Ogilvie, one of our own professionals; Mr. Chandler Egan, one of our best amateurs; Messrs. Whigham, Harriman, F. Douglas, John Ball, J. L. Low, the Hon. Osmund Scott, Mr. John Graham, Jr., Miss Rhona Adair, and Messrs. H. H. Hilton, Norman Hunter, and Alexander Smith.

If, in looking at the photographs on page 828, one notes the variety in other respects than this set left elbow, he will realize the remarkable fact that all have learned how essential this feature is.

THE GOLFER'S SELF-APPRECIATION

GOLF has been called the game of the monumental liar, but perhaps that is unfair to the fisherman. At any rate, there is certainly something peculiar about the game in its effect upon the usually well-balanced brain. No one seems entirely immune to its influence when once started on the downward path. I remember once sitting with a group of golfers at Manchester, Vermont, after a day of pleasure on the links. Each could hardly find time to listen to the stories of any of the others in his eagerness to tell of his own exploits. There was one person present who was not a golfer, but remained a silent listener. After the men were gone, this listener put to me the query: "What is there about golf that lends itself to such a spirit of self-appreciation? In this party to-night were four men I have known as really remarkable, unquestioned leaders in certain other sports, one in foot-ball, one in rowing, one in base-ball, and one in tennis, and yet I never in all my knowledge of them heard one utter a single word in praise of his qualities, or in boastful remembrance of these sports, where a few years ago they were markedly pre-eminent, and stood head and shoulders above the majority of players. Yet no golfer in this hotel can sit with another golfer and refrain from boasting of what he has done some hole in, or the score in which he has made some round."

Is there any golfer who will take up the cudgels for himself or friends in this respect, and explain the hidden reason?

ODDITIES OF GOLF-COURSES

ONE has only to follow the golfer around the world to find queer courses and remarkable holes. At the Brighton and Hove Golf Club of Brighton, Sussex, there is a hole famous about that region as "the down the hill hole." Here a good drive on a still day reaches the green 323 yards away, with a drop of 100 feet, after a carry of 150 yards. At the Royal Ashdown Golf Club, Sussex, there is a hole called

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the Island Hole which Mr. John Rowe characterizes as the best short hole he has ever seen. Some years since, an old golfer was so struck with the charms of this hole that he conceived a unique idea, and endowed the hole with the sum of £5, the accumulated interest to go to the competitor who was fortunate enough to do the hole in one stroke at either the Easter, Whitsuntide, or autumn meetings. The interest is still accumulating and waiting to be claimed.

Braid's Golf Club, just outside of Edinburgh, has a course of eighteen holes, owned by the Edinburgh Corporation. It is a public course, the phenomenal charge being made of twopence for a round. Over two thousand golfers enjoy a round on this course weekly.

Another Edinburgh club that is remarkable in its way is the Bruntsfield Short-Hole Golf Club. It has 150 members, and thirty-six holes on the course. It is a public course, no two holes being alike, and over it what is known as the Short-Hole Championship is played.

The most original tee is at the Hardelot Golf Club in France, about six miles from Boulogne. The club-house is in the modern part of an old château that was built by Charlemagne in 811. The first tee of the course is situated on the top of one of the towers of the château.

The Royal Bombay Golf Club of Bombay, India, has an ingenious method of bunkering, as the Government will allow no permanent bunkers to be made. The course is on the Maidan, and upon a space of ground near the European business section, and golf is played only before 10:30 in the morning, as the ground is put to other uses during the rest of the day. Removable screens from 1½ to 3½ feet high are set up as hazards, and these nine holes are considered sporting. True, it is, indeed, that the inveterate golfer will put up with many an adverse condition rather than be deprived of his favorite pastime.

THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

A GREAT ALTRUISTIC MOVEMENT

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE one woman invited to attend the meetings of the first Conference of Governors held at the White House in 1908 was Mrs. Sarah S. Platt Decker of Denver, then President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and during her speech to the conference she told this story:

One evening Farmer Johns came back from his weekly trip to town, half a dozen miles away, and after unhitching his mare, ---"ed over to the pump for his customary scrub, and then joined his son and daughter at supper in the kitchen.

"Sort o' 'pears to me 's though I 'd 'a' forgot something or other," he remarked toward the end of the meal, as he searched for his tobacco.

"Why, Pa, did you get the reel of thread and the pink gingham for my dress?"

"Yep."

"And the crock for butter, and the bag of flour, and the vaniller flav'ring?"

"Yep."

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"Did ye git the harrer mended and shoe old Jinny?"

"Yep, Sam."

"Well, Pa, I don't rec'elect that ye had anything else ye ought to have brought back."

But still Pa did not seem quite satisfied. He chewed a while reflectively, his gaze fixed ruminatingly on space. Suddenly he smote his thigh with a prolonged exclamation: "By Gosh! It 's Ma I 've forgot!"

"And that," observed Mrs. Decker, "has been the trouble all along. Ma 's been left behind. But now she has given up waiting. She has arrived by a path of her own, and she 's not going to be forgotten again."

This path has been the woman's club. It began less than fifty years ago with the founding of Sorosis here in New York, and of the New England Woman's Club in Boston. There had been clubs of women here and there before these two, but with them started the modern club, the club for service, the club that is now to be found all over the Union, in city and town and hamlet, the club that, in its thousands, goes to make up the General Federation, which itself was born on the twenty-first yearly meeting, March, 1889, of New York Sorosis.

To say offhand just what this federation means to the life of the day would be much like trying to define just what the mother is in the life of her home. The federation is the great mother, the great housekeeper, the great teacher of the nation. It reaches all over the land, and starts the people to making their homes, their yards, their streets, squares, and parks clean and beautiful. It provides playgrounds for children and rest-houses for weary mothers. It seeks to keep the child out of the factory and mill, and to improve the schools. It brings traveling art-galleries to places that never had the chance to see a good picture, and establishes yearly exhibitions. It has free and loan scholarships for both young men and maidens, and provides opportunities for them after they have been graduated. It works with men to pass good laws and restrain lawlessness, to conserve the great natural resources of the country, to clean rivers and harbors, and redeem their banks from ugliness and neglect. It sends lecturers on art, literature, civics, and household economics wherever they are called for, and it inspires the desire for them; moreover, when necessary, it gladly pays their expenses. It is non-sectarian and non-political, and though both suffrage and anti-suffrage clubs shelter under its broad wings, the federation remains impartial. Mrs. Decker is an ardent suffragist, but during the four years of her presidency she never tried in the remotest degree to influence the federation in that direction.

The development of the woman's club in scope, modernity, activity, and efficiency is a truly amazing thing. It is a case of spiritual evolution, during which a small and personal motive has been transmuted into a great and altruistic force. The wisdom of the ages has often proved that it is only what you give away that you can ever possess, and the woman's clubs have proved it again. The woman who belongs to a Browning club for the sake of the personal culture to be achieved doubtless gets a return that is not to be spoken of lightly. But the woman who joins a civics club, and is the means of bringing cleanliness and order out of the dirt and confusion of her town, or of replacing graft by honesty, or of establishing free baths and reading-rooms, or of saving some natural beauty or historic landmark from destruction, such a woman acquires a poise, a security, a knowledge of her own capabilities and limitations that go to strengthen the very fiber of her life, and must become a valuable asset to the race.

It was impossible for any one who attended the tenth biennial of the General Federation at Cincinnati this year not to be deeply impressed with two facts: one of these was the directness, the business-like methods and the willingness to work displayed by the major part of the women assembled, the other, and the more important, was the really extraordinary democracy of the movement. This democracy was the distinguishing characteristic of that great gathering of women from every State and almost every social environment comprised in the Union; it was a welding of women into woman, and it is difficult to overestimate the meaning of such a development. Of its immediate force an interesting example is afforded by the work of Miss Helen Varick Boswell, at

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present Chairman of the Industrial and Child-Labor Department of the General Federation.

Miss Boswell was distinguished by the Government in being selected to go to the Canal Zone in the hope of resolving the condition of unrest and discontent which was threatening to disrupt the entire colony, and making it impossible to maintain a full working force. Matters had been bad enough before, but President Roosevelt, in thinking to improve affairs by sending down the women relatives of the officers and men, engineers and construction workers, had only made them worse. For the discontent of the women was added to that of the men, and since there was virtually nothing for the women to do, things began to happen in their idleness. Mr. Taft, who was then Secretary of War, turned in his dilemma for help to the women's clubs, who promptly offered him Miss Boswell.

She found that the wives, mothers, and sisters of the various departments, with all their countless subdivisions, had segregated themselves into innumerable cliques, none of which was on comfortable speaking terms with the rest. Social distinction reared its horrid head over the length and breadth of the land, and the ladies sat about in their various isolations with nothing to do but watch its different expressions.

Miss Boswell paid no attention whatever to this monster fetish. She went to each of the eight large towns in the Canal Zone, met the women, talked to them of their duty to the community, organized clubs in each place, and got acquainted with everybody as a first step to making them all acquainted with one another. Women of all social grades joined these clubs, each of them finding an interest in one or more of the four departments, the home, the educational, the philanthropic, and the entertainment. Incidentally they found one another, and presently liked one another. They worked together for the common good. They taught the native women how to cook, they began to take the children in hand, they studied the best methods of living in the tropics, and on the hygienic perfection created by the men they superimposed beauty and charm. Before Miss Boswell took her tact, her sense of humor, her organizing power and serene good sense away again, they were all busy in work for others, and the importance of being useful had entirely superseded the importance of being exclusive. The various clubs were united under the name of the Canal Zone Federation, and joined the General Federation, sending delegates to the next biennial.

There is the spirit of this movement, the great vitalizing power that makes it unique among human organizations. Its work is entirely unselfish, its attitude necessarily democratic. The wife of a shopkeeper in a small town in Oklahoma or Maine, or the wife of a millionaire in one of the biggest cities on the continent discusses with equal interest and knowledge some question of drainage or child-labor, of the best manner of creating a progressive public spirit, of means by which to influence the legislature to pass a needed law, or how to bring about closer action among clubs separated by thousands of miles, but having identical interests. Women whose environment has been of the narrowest find themselves, once members of the federation, to be citizens of the world, confronting questions that the keenest and wisest are seeking to solve, and learning, in the act, how indissoluble and how close are the bonds that unite humanity. There is a story of a woman who joined a current events club, and on being asked what she got out of it, replied: "I never did anything else that paid me so well. Why, I have to read the papers now, and John and I have something to talk over evenings." The club-woman assuredly has something to talk over; more by far, she has much to work over.

The federation serves the nation in another way by awakening the sense of personal responsibility—responsibility among its own members; better yet, responsibility in the community at large. "Don't be satisfied to do things for other people; keep on until they do them for themselves," is the creed of the club-woman. She finds that a children's playground is imperatively needed in her town. She and her sisters set about taking the necessary steps, acquire the space, fit it up as well as possible with funds voluntarily contributed, alternate in watching over the children, and finally prove the value of the innovation, and succeed in turning it over to the municipality.

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Or a hospital is badly needed, and it has been found impossible to rouse sufficient interest to get an appropriation. The State Federation thereupon takes up the matter, and besieges the city officials, the mayor, and the governor. The women write, they speak, they do all the necessary preliminary work, they do not "let up," and they get the appropriation.

"When a good woman makes up her mind that something ought to be done," observed one politician of experience, "you 'd better make up yours that she 's going to see it through; and when a hundred of them get together, you might as well try to stop a steam-roller with a toothpick as to put a spoke in their wheel."

An increasing recognition of the power of the federation to get things done is one of the signs of the times. Men with a plan for constructive or preventive legislation like to get the woman's clubs behind them. It was the New Jersey Federation that saved the Palisades. It was the effort of the General Federation that passed the Pure-Food bill. Mr. J. Horace McFarland, President of the American Civic Association, has the following to say in an article on "Women and Civics" in "Club Notes":

> The civic movements within my knowledge that have not been either underwritten by or conducted in harmony with the efforts of one or several women are not only few and far between, but usually ineffective. . . . I firmly believe that, judging from my experience, national in its scope and covering many scores of communities, it is only through the action of women that efficient, final, and satisfactory work for civic regeneration can be brought through.

A part of the influence of the federation lies, doubtless, in its immense power of publicity. Composed of some 12,000 clubs, with a membership of 800,000 women, it can reach the entire country, and when it votes to push a certain measure, it is able to exert a personal and local power in every part of the country. When Henry Turner Bailey lectured on art at the last biennial, he voiced a plea for the mountain-laurel as the national flower, adducing a numerous array of excellent reasons for its selection, and assuring the women that their support was the one needed factor.

The insistence on the civic work of the federation may seem excessive, but it is only necessary to glance over the programs of the various clubs and State federations to see how strong is the trend in that direction. The clubs that, to quote Mrs. Decker, have come to believe in "Doing rather than Dante, and Being rather than Browning" find in civic labor a field close at hand, and one that cries to be tilled. Nevertheless, there is a vast amount of work in other directions that is occupying the federation, whose departments include, beside civics, art, civil-service reform, education, food sanitation, forestry, health, household economics, industrial and child-labor conditions, legislation, literature, and library extension. These departments have at their head women of proved efficiency, who are assisted by capable and carefully chosen co-workers. In addition, there exists the immensely important bureau of information, located at Portsmouth, to which every club may appeal for continuous or co-related programs, outlines for study, answers to perplexing questions, books and literature of various kinds, and where, above all, it may keep in touch with the other clubs in the federation.

In art the clubs are doing splendid work. By the traveling art-gallery they are gradually extending the knowledge of modern painting throughout the country. The catalogue of the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Art Association of Richmond, Indiana, for instance, of which Mrs. M. F. Johnston is president, shows an excellent nucleus, which is emphasized and enriched every year by a well-chosen group of pictures that pass on from it in a constantly widening circle, reaching towns that never before saw a picture by a good painter. This work is only in its beginning, but is arousing much enthusiasm, and town after town is responding with the required expenses, and some sort of exhibition place. The women are uniting with the art-clubs in this field, and it is coming to be realized that the opportunity for seeing good pictures should be made as general as that for reading a good book.

A committee on municipal art has lately been added to the art department of the federation, and its influence will be felt

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in an awakening to the fact that there is urgent need of harmony in city architecture, and in planning new streets and squares. To eliminate the haphazard from our homes and our cities, and to give the people a chance to see beauty and study its laws, is the inspiration and the aim of this work. Interest in these branches is first aroused by lectures and talks, then committees are organized, money is raised, the school boards or common council are appealed to—and it marches, as the French would say. The federation is also working for the erection of statues and tablets, and for fountains that shall be a joy to the eye as well as of use. Much work was done by it in the successful effort to place all art objects on the free list. Above all, it strives to instil a love of beauty in the children of the land by hanging good pictures in the schools, by illustrated lectures on architecture and sculpture, by encouraging the delight in flowers, giving away hundreds of packages of seeds, taking over waste places and letting the children turn them into gardens, and by competitive exhibitions and prizes.

An interesting field as yet hardly entered upon is the arranging of pageants in which an entire township can take part, and which will not only be beautiful and harmonious expressions of artistic feeling, but will make the history of the country alive and personal, and tend strongly to enhance the spirit of democracy and unity.

An interesting subdivision of household economics on one side and food sanitation on the other is cooking. The national importance of good food properly prepared has been fully recognized by the federation, and it is endeavoring to make kitchen hygiene common knowledge. Through its educational department it is getting industrial classes established in the schools. The girls will be taught the essentials of a properly served meal and receive some notion of how to meet the requirements of the human body in the most perfect and economical manner. Such questions as fireless cooking, diet for hot and cold weather, and the more delicate art of the chef are also studied. Some clubs offer prizes for exceptional recipes, and more than one club-woman noted for work in very different directions is famous for some delectable article on the menu.

In its fight for pure food, the federation has done and is doing noble work. It disseminates hundreds of leaflets, appoints inspectors, and issues reports. In Portland, Oregon, a federation woman is the official inspector of markets, and in many other towns the value and disinterested character of the woman's club-work has been recognized by the city governments, with the result that boards and committees to safeguard the community's food-supply have been appointed, and a proviso added to the effect that a certain number at least of the members shall be club-women.

In the matter of loan and free scholarships much has been done. Many girls are graduated every year from the various colleges of the country whose expenses have been paid by clubs. These beneficiaries are carefully chosen, character, health, and future usefulness rating as high as scholarship. The establishment of free scholarships was strongly opposed by many, on the ground that the money should be returnable for the use of other girls, and that the feeling that the money must be repaid when possible was a salutary one. But one club-woman who had personal knowledge of a case where a girl had actually killed herself in her struggle to repay her loan threw all her energy into the idea, and succeeded in proving its value to the satisfaction of her committee.

"That scholarship, instead of being a blessing, was a curse to that unfortunate girl," she said. "She became engaged to a young man, but would not marry him until she had paid her debt. She was not able to get much of a salary, and worked at odd hours at whatever she could find in order to help out. Then some of her relatives fell sick, and her savings vanished, and she had to begin all over again. Finally the man grew tired and married some one else. Overwork had injured her health, but she felt she must clear herself, and would not or could not take the proper rest and medical care she needed. Then she died, worried on her very deathbed by the thought of her unpaid debt. If she had never taken the scholarship, she would probably have been a happy wife and mother at this day. I want the scholar we send to lead the life of a normal, healthy girl, without more responsibility

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than the necessary one of earning her living when she is graduated, without a string tied to opportunity, in fact. If she can, and wishes to, pay back the money devoted to her education, she may do so, and it will go to give some other girl a like chance; but she shall not start her life burdened with a sense of debt."

It must be remembered that virtually all of the labor performed is voluntary. Not only is it unpaid, but the women devote to the work in hand large sums of money, and have frequently made severe personal sacrifices to further some reform or to institute something desirable. The dues are kept at ten cents per capita and twenty-five cents per club. Naturally they do not by a large margin cover working expenses. An endowment fund has been started, and this will be used to help spin any wheel to which the federation puts its hand.

Naturally personality counts here, as elsewhere. When, six years ago, Mrs. Decker was elected to the presidency, the impetus toward service work was immensely increased. The next four years witnessed the deciding steps that led straight toward altruism. Mrs. Moore, now the president, was vice-president under Mrs. Decker, and was entirely in sympathy with that lady's broad and generous aims. Mrs. Moore brought to the work a care for detail, an insight into business necessities, and a power for prolonged labor that were simply invaluable, and that perfectly supplemented Mrs. Decker's qualities—her power to grasp the main facts, the trend, the heart of the woman's movement. With the advent of these two women, the federation definitely took its place as a national force. Mrs. Moore's term of office has been marked by increasingly sharp divisions of the lines of work, the elimination of friction and waste of time and strength, the correlation of effort, and increasing success in reaching the smaller scattered clubs and giving them the full benefits of the federation. Mrs. Decker devoted herself to awakening and strengthening the great ideals of work for others and work with others. Mrs. Moore is perfecting the means by which these ideals will find practical achievement. "Work," she said recently, "is practically inclusive of every force of life, since every real worker puts into it all that is most distinctive in her nature . . . the higher the kind and quality of the work the more completely does it express personality. Work is not a penalty, but a spiritual opportunity of the highest order."

It is, therefore, in no spirit of martyrdom that the federation faces its tasks; but in a healthy and joyful mood, glad of the thing to be done and anxious to be at it. It realizes that a club can accomplish what is impossible for the individual, and the federation what the scattered clubs never could. With this conviction it moves bravely on its way.

Naturally, as one woman remarked, you 've always got to count on human nature. "And there seem to be more kinds of human nature in some clubs than there are individuals." It is occasionally a drawback. But so at times is existence itself.

It is as a factor in the civilization of to-day that this great movement has been treated here. The writer is not herself a club-woman, and it is only the broad results and main intentions of the federation that she has tried to indicate. Thousands of details, numerous differences of opinion and questions of practice, divide the women and the clubs, as must be the case with any living human organization. These may present many difficulties, but they are none the less valuable and witness to virility and individuality. "Unity in Diversity" is the motto of the General Federation, and the club-women themselves can be trusted to meet whatever dangers confront them with the same good sense, courage, and high-minded devotion that have marked them in the past. It is the thing itself, that immense force in woman that has so beautifully expressed itself in this work of service, this realization of responsibility, of a leisure to be employed in doing what the overworked of the world cannot do, this fine fulfilment of woman's essential function of cherisher, preserver, conserver, home-maker, and teacher, which matters to the world at large.

There are those who ask whether woman, with her enlarged opportunities and new freedom, has made good? The answer seems clear, and in another decade will no longer be an answer, but an undisputed statement of a fact.

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WATER FANTASY

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

OH, brown brook, oh, blithe brook, what will you say to me,
If I take off my heavy shoon and wade you childishly?

Oh, take them off, and come to me.
You shall not fall. Step merrily!

But, cool brook, but, quick brook, and what if I should float
White-bodied in your pleasant pool, your bubbles at my throat?

If you are but a mortal maid,
Then I shall make you half-afraid.
The water shall be dim and deep,
And silver fish shall lunge and leap
About you, coward mortal thing.
But if you come desiring
To win once more your naiadhood,
How you shall laugh and find me good—
My golden surfaces, my glooms,
My secret grottoes' dripping rooms,
My depths of warm, wet emerald,
My mosses floating fold on fold!
And where I take the rocky leap,
Like wild white water shall you sweep;
Like wild white water shall you cry,
Trembling and turning to the sky,
While all the thousand-fringèd trees
Glimmer and glisten through the breeze.
I bid you come. Too long, too long,
You have forgot my undersong.
And this perchance you never knew:
E'en I, the brook, have need of you.
My naiads faded long ago,—
My little nymphs, that to and fro
Within my waters sunnily
Made small, white flames of tinkling glee.
I have been lonesome, lonesome; yea,
E'en I, the brook, until this day.
Cast off your shoon; ah, come to me,
And I will love you lingeringly!

Oh, wild brook, oh, wise brook, I cannot come, alas!
I am but mortal, as the leaves that flicker, float, and pass.
My body is not used to you; my breath is fluttering sore;
You clasp me round too icily. Ah, let me go once more!
Would God I were a naiad-thing whereon Pan's music blew;
But, woe is me! you pagan brook, I cannot stay with you!

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Owned by the Metropolitan Museum. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SEER

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. SERGEANT KENDALL

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

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THE CREATORS: A COMEDY

BY MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Helpmate," etc.

LII

THE next week, the last of September. Brodrick had a feverish cold and did not go to the office.

There was agitation there, and agitation in the mind of the editor and his secretary. Tanqueray's serial was running its devastating course through the magazine, and the last instalment of the manuscript was overdue. Tanqueray was always a little late with his instalments. Brodrick was worried, and Gertrude, at work with him in his study, tried to soothe him. They telephoned to the office for the manuscript. The manuscript was not there. The clerk suggested that it was probably still with the type-writer, Miss Ranger. They telephoned to Miss Ranger, who replied that the manuscript had been typed, and sent to the author three weeks ago for revision.

Brodrick sent a messenger to Tanqueray's house for the manuscript. He returned toward evening with a message that Mrs. Tanqueray was out, Mr. Tanqueray was in the country, and the servant did not know his address.

They telegraphed to Addy Ranger's rooms for his address. The reply came, *"Post-Office, Okehampton, Devon."*

Brodrick repeated it with satisfaction as he wrote it down, *"Post-Office, Okehampton, Devon."*

Gertrude was silent.

"He 's got friends somewhere in Devonshire," Brodrick said.

"At the post-office?" she murmured.

"Of course, if they 're motoring."

Gertrude was again silent. She achieved her effects mainly by silences.

"We 'd better send a wire there," said Brodrick.

They sent it there the first thing in the morning.

Before noon a message came from Mrs. Tanqueray:

"Tanqueray's address, The Manor, Wilbury, Wilts. Have sent your message there."

Admirable Mrs. Tanqueray!

"We 've sent *our* wire to the wrong address," said Brodrick.

"It 's the right one, I fancy, if Miss Ranger has it."

"Mrs. Tanqueray 's got the wrong one, then?"

They looked at each other. Gertrude's face was smooth and still, but her eyes searched him, asking what his thoughts were.

They sent a wire to Wilbury.

Three days passed. No answer to their wires, and no manuscript.

"He 's left Okehampton, I suppose," said Brodrick.

"Or has he left Wilbury?"

"We 'll send another wire there, to make sure."

She wrote out the form obediently. Then she spoke again:

"Of course he 's at Okehampton." Her voice had an accent of joyous certainty.

"Why 'of course'?"

"Because he went to Wilbury first. Mrs. Tanqueray said she sent our message there—the one we sent three days ago. So he 's left Wilbury and he 's staying in Okehampton."

"It looks like it."

"And yet you 'd have thought he 'd have let his wife know if he was staying."

"He probably is n't."

"He must be. The manuscript went there."

"Let 's hope so; then we may get it tomorrow."

It was as if he desired to impress upon her that the manuscript was the important thing.

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As he had hoped, it came the next day. Miss Ranger sent it up by special messenger.

"Good!" said Brodrick.

He undid the parcel hurriedly. The inner cover was addressed to Miss Ranger in Tanqueray's handwriting. It bore the post-mark of Chagford.

"He 's been at Chagford all the time!" said Gertrude.

She had picked up the wrapper, which Brodrick had thrown upon the floor.

Silence.

"T-t-t. It would have saved a day," she said, "if he 'd sent this direct to you instead of to Miss Ranger. Why could n't he, when he knew we were so rushed?"

"Why, indeed?" he thought.

"There must have been more corrections," he said.

"She can't have typed them in the time," said Gertrude. She was examining the inner cover. "Besides, she has sent it on unopened."

"Excellent Miss Ranger!"

He said it with a certain levity. But even as he said it, his brain accepted the inference she forced on it. If Tanqueray had not sent his manuscript to Camden Town for corrections, he had sent it there for another reason. The parcel was registered. There was no letter inside it.

Brodrick's hand trembled as he turned over the pages of the manuscript. Gertrude's eyes were fixed upon its trembling.

A few savage ink-scratches in Tanqueray's handwriting told where Miss Ranger had blundered; otherwise the manuscript was clean. Tanqueray had at last satisfied his passion for perfection.

All this Brodrick's brain took in while his eyes, feverish and intent, searched the blank spaces of the manuscript. He knew what he was looking for. It would be there, on the wide margin left for her, that he would find the evidence that his wife and Tanqueray were together. He knew the signs of her. Not a manuscript of Tanqueray's, not one of his last great books, but bore them—her queer, delicate, nervous pencil-markings, which Tanqueray, with all his furious erasures, left untouched. Sometimes, Brodrick had noticed, he would inclose them in a sort of holy circle of red ink, to show that they were not for incorporation in the text. But it was not in him to destroy a word that she had written.

But he could find no trace of her. He merely made out some humble queryings by Miss Ranger, automatically erased.

The manuscript was in three parts. As he laid down each, Gertrude put forth a quiet hand and drew it to herself. He was too much preoccupied to notice how minutely and with what intent and passionate anxiety she examined it.

He was arranging the manuscript in order. Gertrude was absorbed in "Part Three." He had reached out for it when he remembered that the original draft of "Part Two" had contained a passage to which he had endeavored to exercise an ancient editorial right. He looked to see whether Tanqueray had removed it.

He had not. The passage stood, naked and immense, tremendous as some monument of primeval nature, alone in literature, simple, superb, immortal, irremovable by any prayer. Brodrick looked at it now with a clearer vision. He acknowledged its grandeur, and bowed his head to the power that was Tanqueray. Had he not been the first to recognize it? It was as if his suspicion of the man urged him to a larger justice toward the writer.

He turned to Gertrude. "There are no alterations to be made, thank Heaven!"

"How about this?"

She slid the manuscript under his arm; her finger pointed to the margin. He saw nothing.

"What?" He spoke with some irritation.

"This."

She turned up the lamp so that the light fell full upon the page. He bent closer. On the margin, so blurred as to be almost indecipherable, he saw his wife's sign, a square of delicate script. To a careless reader it might seem to have been written with a light pencil and to have been meant to stand. Examined closely, it revealed the firm strokes of a heavy lead obliterated with india-rubber. Gertrude's finger slid away, and left him free to turn the pages. There were several of these marks in the same handwriting, each one deliberately erased. The manuscript had been in his wife's hand within the last three days; for three days Tanqueray had certainly been in Chagford, and for three weeks, for all Brodrick knew.

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'THEN, THAT,' SHE SAID, POINTING—'THAT IS NOT TO STAND?'"

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There was no reason why he should not be there, no reason why they should not be together. Then why these pitiable attempts at concealment, at the covering of the tracks?

And yet, after all, they had not covered them. They had only betrayed the fact that they had tried. Had they? And which of them? Tanqueray, in the matter of obliteration, would, at any rate, have been aware of the utter inadequacy of india-rubber. To dash at a thing like india-rubber was more the sudden, futile inspiration of a woman made frantic by her terror of detection.

It was clear that Jane had not wanted him to know that Tanqueray was at Chagford. She had not told him: Why had she not told him? She knew of the plight they were in at the office, of the hue and cry after the nonappearing manuscript.

So his brain worked with a savage independence. He seemed to himself two men, a man with a brain that worked, following a lucid argument to an obscure conclusion, and a man who looked on and watched its working without attaching the least importance to it. It was as if *this* man knew all the time what the other did not know. He had his own light, his own secret. He had never thought about it before (his secret), still less had he talked about it. Thinking about it was a kind of profanity; talking would have been inconceivable sacrilege. It was as self-evident as the existence of God to the soul that loves Him; a secret only in that it was profounder than appearances, in that it stood by the denial of appearances, so that, if appearances were against it, what of that?

He was thinking about it now, obscurely, without images, barely with words, as if it had been indeed a thing occult and metaphysical.

Thinking about it—that meant, of course, that he had for a moment doubted it? It was coming back to him now, clothed with the mortal pathos of its imperfection. She was dearer to him, unspeakably dearer, for his doubt.

The man with the brain approached slowly and unwillingly the conclusion that now emerged, monstrous and abominable, from the obscurity. "If that be so," he said, "she is deliberately deceiving me."

And he who watched, he with the illuminating, incommunicable secret, smiled, as he watched, in scorn and pity—scorn of the slow and ugly movements of the intellect, and pity for a creature so mean as to employ them.

In the silence that he kept he had not heard the deep breathing of the woman at his side. Now he was aware of it and of her.

He was positively relieved when the servant announced Mrs. Levine.

There was a look on Sophy's face that Brodrick knew—a look of importance and of competence, a look it always had when Sophy was about to deal with a situation. Gertrude's silent disappearance marked her sense of a situation to be dealt with.

Brodrick rose heavily to greet his sister. There was a certain consolation in her presence, since it had relieved him of Gertrude's. Sophy, by way of prelude, inquired about Brodrick and the children and the house, then paused to attack her theme.

"When 's Jane coming back?" said she.

"I don't know," said Brodrick.

"She 's been away two months."

"Seven weeks," said Brodrick.

"Is n't it about time she *did* come back?"

"She 's the best judge of that," said Brodrick.

Sophy's face was extraordinarily clear-eyed and candid as it turned on him.

"George Tanqueray 's at Chagford."

"How do you know?" He really wondered.

"Miss Ranger let it out to Louis this morning."

"Let it out? Why on earth should she keep it in?"

"Oh, well, I don't suppose *she* sees anything in it."

"No more do I," said Brodrick.

"You never saw anything," said Sophy. "I don't say there 's anything to see. All the same—"

She paused.

"Well?" He was all attention and politeness.

"All the same, I should insist on her coming back."

He was silent, as though he were considering it.

"Or, better still, go down and fetch her."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you think it 's wise to give

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her her head to that extent—a woman with Jane's temperament—"

"What do you know about her temperament?"

Sophy shifted her ground. "I know, and you know, the effect he has on her, and the influence; and if you leave her to him—if you leave them to themselves, down there—for weeks like that, you 'll have nobody but yourself to thank if—"

He cut her short.

"I have nobody but myself to thank. She shall please herself about coming back. If she did n't come, I could n't blame her."

Sophy was speechless. Of all the attitudes that any Brodrick could take, she had not expected this.

"We have made things too hard for her," he said.

"We?"

"You and I—all of us. We 've not seen what was in her."

Sophy repressed her opinion that they very probably would see now. As there was no use arguing with him in his present mood,—she could see *that*,—she left him.

Brodrick heard her motor hooting down Roehampton Lane. She was going to dine at Henry's. Presently all the family would be in possession of the situation—of Jane's conduct and his attitude. And there was Gertrude Collett. He understood now that she suspected.

Gertrude had come back into her place. He picked up some papers and took them to the safe, which stood in another corner of the room behind his writing-table. He wanted to get away from Gertrude, to be alone with his secret and concealed, without betraying his desire for solitude, for concealment. He knelt down by the safe and busied himself there for a long time. He said to himself: "It could n't happen. She was always honest with me. But if it did, I could n't wonder. The wonder is why she married me."

He rose to his feet, saying to himself again, "It could n't happen."

With that slight readjusting movement, the two men in him became one, so that when the reasoning man reached slowly his conclusion, he formulated it thus: "It could n't happen. If it did, it would n't happen this way. He"—even to himself he could not say "they"—"would have managed better or worse." At last his intellect, the lazy, powerful beast, was roused, and dealt masterfully with the situation.

He had to pass the fireplace to get back to his seat, which Gertrude guarded. As he passed, he caught sight of his own face in the glass over the chimneypiece—a face with inflamed eyes, a forehead frowning and overcast, and cheeks flushed with shame. Gertrude, looking up at him from the manuscript she brooded over, instinctively made way for him to pass her.

It was she who spoke first. Her finger was on the pencil-marks again.

"Then, that," she said, pointing—"that is not to stand?"

"Of course it is n't," he answered coldly. "It was n't meant to. It 's rubbed out."

He looked at her for the first time with dislike. He did not suspect her as the source of abominable suggestion. He was only thinking that if it had not been for her he would not have seen any of these things.

She shrank before his look. "Does he think I wanted him to see it?" she said to herself.

Already she was clean in her own eyes. Already she had persuaded herself that she had not wanted that. And in the same breath of thought she asked herself, "What *did* he see?"

She smiled as she answered his cold answer.

"I thought it was rubbed out, but I could n't be quite sure."

They were so absorbed that they did not hear the door open.

Jane stood in the doorway, quietly regarding them.

LIII

THERE were people who knew for a fact that Jane Holland (Mrs. Hugh Brodrick) had run away with George Tanqueray. The rumor ran through the literary circles shunned by Tanqueray and Jane. The theory of her guilt was embraced with excitement by the dreadful, clever little people. Not one of them would have confessed to a positive desire to catch her tripping; but now that the thing had happened, it satisfied the craving for complete vision of the celebrated lady. It reduced considerably her baffling eminence, and dispersed once for all the impenetrable, irri-

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tating atmosphere of secrecy she had kept up.

There was George Tanqueray, too, who had kept it up even longer and more successfully. At last they had been caught, the two so insolent in their swift evasion of pursuit. Their fall, so to speak, enabled the hunter to come up with them. People who had complained that they could never meet them, who had wanted to meet them solely that they might talk about them afterward, who had never been able to talk about them at all, had now abundant material for conversation.

The rumor, once it had fairly penetrated, spread over London in five days. It started in Kensington, ran thence all the way to Chelsea, skipped to Bloomsbury, and spread from these centers into Belgravia and Mayfair. In three weeks the tale of George Tanqueray and Jane Holland (Mrs. Hugh Brodrick) had invaded Hampstead and the southwestern suburbs. It was only confirmed by the contemptuous silence and curt denials of their friends, Arnott Nicholson, Caro Bickersteth, Nina Lempriere, and the Protheros.

In Brodrick's family it sank down deep below the level of permissible discussion; but it revealed itself presently in an awful external upheaval, utterly unforeseen, and in a still more unforeseen subsidence.

There was first of all a split between Mrs. Heron and the doctor. The behavior of Eddy and Winny, specially of Eddy, had got on the doctor's nerves (he had confessed, in a moment of intense provocation, to having them). Eddy one evening had attacked violently the impermissible topic, defending Jin-Jin, in the presence of his young sister, from the unspeakable charge current in their suburb, taxing his uncle with a monstrous credence of the impossible, and trying to prove to him that it *was* impossible.

For the sake of the peace so beloved by Brodricks, it was settled that Frances and her children should live with poor, dear John in the big house in Augustus Road.

Brodrick then suggested that Gertrude Collett might with advantage keep house for Henry.

This arrangement covered the dreadful rupture, the intolerable situation at Moor Grange. Gertrude had contributed nothing to the support of the rumor beyond an intimation that the rupture (between her and the Brodricks) *was* dreadful and the situation intolerable. The intimation, as conveyed by Gertrude, was delicate and subtle to a degree. All that she would admit in words was a certain lack of spiritual sympathy between her and Mrs. Brodrick.

It was felt in Brodrick's family that, concerning Jane and Tanqueray, Gertrude Collett knew considerably more than she cared to say.

And through it all Brodrick guarded his secret. The rumor had not yet touched him whom it most affected. It never would touch him, so securely the secret he guarded guarded him. And though it had reached Hampstead, the rumor had not reached Rose.

Rose had her hands full for once with the Protheros, helping Mrs. Prothero to look after *him*. For Owen was ill, dreadfully and definitely ill, with an illness to which you could put a name. Dr. Brodrick was attending him. Owen had consulted him casually the year before, and the doctor had then discovered a bell-sound in his left lung. Now he came regularly once or twice a week all the way from Putney in his motor-car.

Rose had positively envied Laura who had a husband who could be ill, who could be tucked up in bed and taken care of. It was Rose who helped Laura to make Prothero's big room look for all the world like the ward of a hospital.

Dr. Brodrick had wanted to take him away to a sanatorium, but Prothero had refused flatly to be taken anywhere. The traveler was tired of traveling. He loved with passion this place where he had found peace, where his wandering genius had made its sanctuary and its home. His repugnance was so violent and invincible that the doctor had agreed with Laura that it would do more harm than good to insist on his removal. She must do as best she could, with, he suggested, the assistance of a trained nurse.

Laura had very soon let him know what she could do. She had winced visibly when she heard of the trained nurse. It would be anguish to her to see another woman beside Owen's bed, and her hands touching him; but she said she supposed she could bear even that, if it would save him, if it was absolutely necessary. Was

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it? The doctor had admitted that it was not so, if she insisted, absolutely, for the present; but it was advisable, if she wished to save herself. Laura had smiled then very quietly.

In twenty-four hours she showed him the great room as bare and clean as the ward of a hospital. Rose was on her knees on the floor, beeswaxing it. The long rows of bookcases were gone; so were the pictures. He could not put his finger on a single small, unnecessary thing. Laura, cool and clean in a linen gown, defied him to find a chink where a germ could lodge. Prothero inquired gaily, if they could not make a good fight there, where could they make it?

Henry, although used to these combats, was singularly affected as he looked upon the scene, stripped as it was for the last struggle. What moved him most was the sight of Laura's little bed, set under the north window, and separated from her husband's by the long, empty space between, through which the winds of heaven rushed freely. It showed him what the little thing was capable of, day and night, night and day, the undying, indomitable devotion. That was the stuff a man wanted in his wife. He thought of his brother Hugh. Why on earth, if he had to marry one of them, had n't he married *her?* He was moved, too, and troubled by the presence there of Tanqueray's poor little wife. Whatever view truth compelled one to take of Jane's and Tanqueray's relations, Tanqueray's wife had, from first to last, been cruelly wronged by both.

Tanqueray's wife was so absorbed in the fight they were making as to be apparently indifferent to her wrongs, and they judged that the legend of Jane Holland and George Tanqueray had not reached her.

It had not. And yet she knew it; she had known it all the time—that they had been together. She had known it ever since, in the innocent days before the rumor, she had heard Dr. Brodrick telling Mrs. Prothero that his sister-in-law had gone down to Chagford for three months. Chagford was where he was always staying. And in the days of innocence Addy Ranger had let out that it was Chagford where he was now. She had given Rose his address—post-office, Chagford. He had been there all the time when Rose had supposed him to be in Wiltshire, and was sending all his letters there.

She did not hear of Mrs. Brodrick's return until a week or two after that event; for, in the days no longer of innocence, his sister-in-law was a sore subject with the doctor. And when Rose did hear it finally from Laura, by that time she had heard that Tanqueray was coming back, too. He had written to her to say so.

That was on a Saturday. He was not coming until Tuesday. Rose had two days in which to consider what line she meant to take.

That she meant to take a line was already clear to Rose. It was perfectly clear, although her decision was arrived at through nights of misery so profound that it made most things almost obscure. It was clear that they could not go on as they had been doing. *He* might,—nothing seemed to matter to him,—but she could not; and she would not—not, so she put it, if it was ever so. They had been miserable.

Not that it mattered so very much whether she was miserable or not. But that was it: she had ended by making him miserable, too. It took some making; for he was not one to feel things much; he had always gone his own way as if nothing mattered. By his beginning to feel things now, as she called it, she measured the effect she must have had on him.

It was all because she was not educated proper, because she was not a lady. He ought to have married a lady. He ought —she could see it now—to have married some one like Mrs. Brodrick, who could understand his talk and enter into what he did.

There was Mr. and Mrs. Prothero, now. They were happy. There was not a thing he could say or do or think but what she understood it. Why, she would understand, time and again, without his saying anything. That came of being educated. It came—poor Rose was driven back to it at every turn—of being a lady.

She might have known how it would be. And in a way she had known it from the first. That was why she had been against it, and why Uncle and Aunt and her master and mistress down at Fleet had been against it, too. But, there, she loved him. Lady or no lady, she loved him.

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As for his going away with Mrs. Brodrick, she "looked at it sensible." She understood. She saw the excuses that could be made for him. She could not understand *her;* she could not find one excuse for *her* behavior, a married woman, leaving her husband, such a good man, and her children—her little helpless children—and going off for weeks together with a married man, let him be who he might be. Still, if it had not been her, it might have been somebody else, somebody much worse. It might have been that Miss Lempriere. If *she* had had a hold on him, *she* would not have let him go.

For deep-bedded in Rose's obscure misery was the conviction that Jane Brodrick had let him go. Her theory of Jane's guilt had not gone much further than the charge of deserting her little helpless children. It was as if Rose's imagination could not conceive of guilt beyond that monstrous crime. And Jane had gone back to her husband and children, after all.

If it had been Miss Lempriere, she would have been bound to have stuck, she having nothing, so to speak, to go back to.

The question was, what was George coming back to? If it was to her, Rose, he must know pretty well what. He must know, she kept repeating to herself; he must know. Her line, the sensible line that she had been so long considering, was somehow to surprise and defeat his miserable foreknowledge.

By Sunday morning she had decided on her line. Nothing would turn her. She did not intend to ask anybody's advice, or to take it if it were offered. The line itself required the coöperation and, in a measure, the consent of Aunt and Uncle; and on the practical head they were consulted. She managed that on Sunday afternoon. Then she remembered that she would have to tell Mr. and Mrs. Prothero.

It was on Sunday evening that she told them. She told them very shortly and simply that she had made up her mind to separate from Tanqueray and live with her uncle.

"Uncle 'll be glad to 'ave me," she said.

She explained. "*He 'll* think more of me if he 's not with me."

Prothero admitted that it might be likely.

"It 's not," she said, "as if I was afraid of 'is taking up with another woman—serious." They wondered if she had heard. "I can trust him with Mrs. Brodrick."

They thought it strange that she should not consider Mrs. Brodrick serious. They said nothing, and in a moment Rose explained.

"She 's like all these writin' people. *I* know 'em."

"Yes," said Prothero; "we 're a poor lot, are n't we?" It was a mercy that she did not take it seriously.

"Oh, you—you 're different."

She had always had a very clear perception of his freedom from the literary taint.

"But Mrs. Brodrick, now, she does n't care for 'im. She 's not likely to. She 'll never care for anybody but herself."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, a woman who could walk off like that and leave 'er little children, to say nothing of 'er husband—"

"Is n't it," said Prothero, "what you 're proposing to do yourself?"

"I 'ave n't got any little children. She 's leavin' 'er 'usband to get away from 'im, to please 'erself. I 'm leavin' mine to bring 'im to me." She paused, pensive. "Oh, no, I 'm not afraid of Mrs. Brodrick. She 'as n't got a 'eart."

"No?"

"Not wat *I* should call a 'eart."

"Perhaps not," said Laura.

"I used to hate her when she came about the place. Leastways I tried to hate her, and I could n't."

She meditated in their silence.

"If it 's got to be anybody, it 'd best be 'er. She 's given 'im all she 's got to give, and he sees 'ow much it is. 'E goes to 'er, I know, and 'e 'll keep on going; and she—she 'll 'old 'im orf and on. I can see 'er doin' of it, and I don't care. As long as she 'olds 'im, she keeps other women orf of 'im."

Their silence marveled at her.

"Time and again I 've cried my eyes out, and *that 's* no good. I 've got to look at it sensible. She 's really keepin' 'im for me."

Down-stairs, alone with Laura, she revealed herself more fully.

"I dare say 'e won't ever ask me to come back," she said; "but once I 've gone out of the house for good and all, 'e 'll come

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to me now and again. He 's bound to. You see, *she 's* no good to him. And, maybe, if I was to 'ave a child—I might—"

She sighed, but in her eyes there kindled a dim hope, shining through tears.

"W'at I shall miss is—workin' for 'im."

Her mouth trembled. Her tears fell.

LIV

BETWEEN seven and eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, Tanqueray, in an execrable temper, returned to his home.

The little house had an air of bright expectancy, not to say of festival, it was so intensely, so unusually illuminated. Each window, with its drawn blind, was a golden square in the ivy-darkened wall.

Tanqueray let himself in noiselessly with his latch-key. He took up the pile of letters that waited for him on the hat-stand in the hall, and turned into the dining-room.

It smiled at him brilliantly with all its lights. So did the table, laid for dinner; the very forks and spoons smiled, twinkling and dimpling in irrepressible welcome. A fire burned ostentatiously on the hearth. It sent out at him eager, loquacious tongues of flame, to draw him to the insufferable endearments of the hearth.

He was aware now that what he was most afraid of in this horrible coming back was his wife's insupportable affection.

He turned the lights down a little lower. All his movements were noiseless. He was afraid that Rose would hear him and would come running down.

He went up-stairs, treading quietly. He meant to take his letters to his study and read them there. He might even answer some of them. Anything to stave off the moment when he must meet Rose.

The door of her bedroom was wide open. The light flared so high that he judged that Rose was in there and about to appear. He swung himself swiftly and dexterously round the angle of the stair-rail, and so reached his own door.

She must have heard him go in, but there was no answering movement from her room.

With a closed door behind him he sat down and looked over his letters. Bills, proofs from the "Monthly Review," a letter from Laura that saddened him; he had not realized that Prothero was so ill. Last of all, at the bottom of the pile, a little note from Rose.

She had got it all into five lines—five lines, rather straggling, rather shapeless lines, that told him with a surprising brevity that his wife had decided on an informal separation for his good. No resentment, no reproach, no passion, and no postscript.

He went down-stairs by no means noiselessly. In the hall, as he was putting on his hat, Susan came to him. She gave him a queer look. Dinner was ready, she said. The mistress had ordered the dinner that he liked. Irrepressibly, insistently, thick with intolerable reminiscence, the savor of it streamed through the kitchen door. The mistress had cooked it herself, Susan said. The mistress had told Susan that she was to be sure and make him very comfortable, and to remember what he liked for dinner. Susan's manner was a little shy and a little important; it suggested the beginning of a new rule, a new order, a life in which Rose was not and never would be.

Tanqueray took no notice whatever of Susan as he strode out of the house.

The lights were dim in the corner house by the Heath, opposite the willows. Still, standing on the upper ground of the Heath, he could see across the road through the window of his old sitting-room, and there, in his old chair by the fireplace he made out a solitary seated figure that looked like Rose.

He came out from under the willows, and made for the front door. He pushed past the little maid who opened it, and strode into the room. Rose turned.

There was a slight stir and hesitation, then a greeting, very formal and polite on both sides, and with Joey all the time leaping and panting and licking Tanqueray's hands. Joey's demonstration was ignored as much too emotional for the occasion.

A remark from Rose about the weather. Inquiries from Tanqueray as to the health of Mr. and Mrs. Eldred. Further inquiries as to the health of Rose. Silence.

"May I turn the light up?" asked Tanqueray.

"I 'd rather you let it be," replied Rose.

He let it be.

"Rose," Tanqueray suddenly asked, "do you remember Mr. Robinson?"

No response.

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"Rose, why are you sitting in this room?"

"Because I like it."

"Why do you like it?"

No response, only a furtive movement of Rose's hand toward her handkerchief. A sudden movement of Tanqueray's, restrained, so that he appeared to have knelt on the hearth-rug to caress the little dog. There was a long and silent stroking of Joey's back, and a demonstration of ineffable affection from Joey.

"His hair never *has* come on, has it? Do you know,"—very gravely,—"I 'm afraid it never will."

A faint quiver of Rose's mouth which might or might not have been a smile.

"Rose, why did you marry me? Would n't any other hairless little dog have done as well?"

A deep sigh from Rose.

Tanqueray was now standing up and looking down at her in his way.

"Rose, do you remember how I came to you at Fleet, and brought you the moon in a bandbox?"

She answered him with a sudden and convulsive sob.

He knelt beside her; he hesitated for a moment.

"Rose—I 've brought you the bandbox without the moon. Will you have it?"

She got up with a wild movement of escape. Something rolled from her lap and fell between them. She made a dash toward the object; but Tanqueray had picked it up. It was a pair of Tanqueray's gloves, neatly folded.

"What were you doing with those gloves?" he said.

"I was mendin' them," said she.

Half an hour later Rose and Tanqueray were walking up the East Heath Road toward their little house. Rose carried Tanqueray's gloves, and Tanqueray carried Minny the cat in a basket.

As they went, they talked about Owen Prothero; and Tanqueray thanked God that, after all, there was something they *could* talk about.

LV

Dr. Brodrick had declared for the seventh time that Prothero was impossible.

His disease was advancing. Both lungs were attacked now. There was, as he perfectly well knew, a consolidation at the apex of the left lung; the upper lobe had retracted, leaving his heart partly uncovered, and he knew it; you could detect also a distinct systolic murmur; and nobody could be more aware than Prothero of the gravity of these signs. Up till now, Brodrick had been making a record case of him. The man had a fine constitution,—he gave him credit for that,—he had pluck; there was resistance, pugnacity in every nerve. He had one chance, a fighting chance. His life might be prolonged for years, if he would only rest.

And there he was, with all that terrible knowledge in him, sitting up in bed and driving that infernal pen of his as if his life depended on *that*. Scribbling verses, he was, working himself into such a state of excitement that his temperature had risen. He displayed, Brodrick said, an increasing nervous instability. When Brodrick told him that, if he wanted to know, his inspiration was hollow, had been hollow for months, and that he would recognize that as one of the worst symptoms in his case, Prothero said that his critics had always told him that. The worst symptom in his case, *he* declared, was that he could not laugh without coughing. When Brodrick said that it was not a laughing matter, he laughed till he spat blood, and frightened himself. For he had, Brodrick had noticed, a morbid horror of the sight of blood. You had to inject morphia after every hemorrhage to subdue that awful agitation.

All this the doctor recounted to Laura, alone with her in her forlorn little drawing-room down-stairs. He unveiled for her intelligence the whole pathology of the case. It brought him back to what he had started with, Prothero's impossibility.

"What does he do it for?" he repeated. "He knows the consequences as well as I do."

Laura said she did not think that Owen ever had considered consequences.

"But he *must* consider them. What 's a set of verses compared with his health?"

Laura answered quietly. "Owen would say what was his health compared with a set of verses, if he knew they 'd be the greatest poem of his life."

"His life? My dear child—"

The pause was terrible.

"I wish," he said, "we could get him out of this."

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"He does n't want to go. You said yourself it was n't the great thing."

He admitted it. The great thing, he reiterated, was rest. It was his one chance. He explained carefully again how good a chance it was. He dwelt on the things Prothero might yet do if he gave himself a chance. And when he had done talking, Laura remarked that it was all very well, but he was reckoning without Owen's genius.

"Genius?" He shrugged his shoulders. He smiled, as if they were not always reckoning with it at Putney. "What is it? For medicine it 's simply and solely an abnormal activity of the brain. And it must stop."

He stood over her impressively, marking his words with clenched fist on open palm.

"He must choose between his genius and his life."

She winced. "I don't believe he *can* choose," she murmured. "It *is* his life."

He straightened himself to his enormous height, in dignified recoil from her contradiction.

"I have known many men of genius," he said.

"His genius is different," said she.

He had not the heart to say what he had always said, that Prothero's genius was and always had been most peculiarly a disease; but he did not shrink from telling her that at the present crisis it was death.

For he was angry now. He could not help being moved by professional animus, the fury of a man who has brought his difficult, dangerous work to the pitch of unexpected triumph, and sees it taken from his hands and destroyed for a perversity, an incomprehensible caprice.

He was still more deeply stirred by his compassion, his affection for the Protheros. Secretly, he was very fond of Owen, though the poet *was* impossible; he was even more fond of little Laura. He did not want to see her made a widow because Prothero refused to control his vice. For the literary habit, indulged in to that extent, amounted to a vice. The doctor had no patience with it. A man was not, after all, a slave to his unwholesome inspiration. It had dawned on him by this time that Prothero had made a joke about it. Prothero could stop it if he liked.

"I 've told him plainly," he said, "that what it means to him is death. If you want to keep him, you must stop it."

"How can I?" she moaned.

"Don't encourage him. Don't let him talk about it. Don't let his mind dwell on it. Turn the conversation. Take his pens and paper from him, and don't let him see them again till he is well."

When the doctor left her she went upstairs to Owen.

He was still sitting up, writing, dashing down lines with a speed that told her what race he ran.

"Owen," she said, "you know. He told you—"

He waved her away with a gesture that would have been violent if it could.

She tried to take his pen and paper from him, and he laid his thin hands out over the sheets. The sweat stood in big drops between the veins of his hands; it streamed from his forehead.

"Wait just a little longer, till you 're well," she pleaded.

"For God's sake! darling," he whispered hoarsely, "leave me! Go away!"

She went. In her own room her work stood unfinished on the table where she had left it months ago. She pushed it away in anger. She hated the sight of it. She sat watching the clock for the moments when she would have to go to him with his medicine.

She thought how right they had been, after all, Nina and Jane and Tanqueray, when they spoke of the cruelty of genius. It had no mercy and no pity. It had taken its toll from all of them. It was taking its toll from Owen now, to the last drop of his blood, to the last torturing breath. His life was nothing to it.

She went to him silently every hour to give him food or medicine or to take his temperature. She recorded on her chart heat mounting to fever, and a pulse staggering in its awful haste. He was submissive as long as she was silent, but at a word his thin hand waved in its agonized gesture.

Once he kissed her hands that gave him his drink.

"Poor little thing!" he said. "It 's so frightened—always was. Never mind; it 'll soon be over. Only—don't come again,"—he had to whisper it,—"if you don't mind—till I ring."

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She sat listening then for his bell.

Rose came and stayed with her a little while. She wanted to know what the doctor had said to-day.

"He says he must choose between his genius and his life. And it 's I who have to choose. If he goes on, he 'll kill himself. If I stop him, *I* shall kill him. What am I to do?"

Rose had her own opinion of the dilemma, and no great opinion of the doctor.

"Do nothin'," she said, and pondered on it. "Look at it sensible. You may depend upon it, 'e 's found somethin' 'e 's got to do. 'E 's set 'is 'eart on finishin' it. Don't you cross 'im. I don't believe in crossin' them when they 're set."

"And if he dies, Rose? If he dies?"

" 'E dies 'is way, not yours."

It was the wisdom of renunciation and repression, but Laura felt that it was right.

Her hour struck, and she went up to Owen. He was lying back now, with his eyes closed and his lips parted. Because of its peace, his face was like the face of the dead. But his lips were hot under hers, and his cheek was fire to her touch. She put her finger on his pulse, and he opened his eyes and smiled at her.

"It 's finished," he said. "You can take it away now."

She gathered up the loose sheets and laid them in a drawer in his desk. The poem once finished, he was indifferent to its disposal. His eyes followed her, they rested on her without noting her movements. They drew her as she came toward him again.

"Forgive me," he said. "It was too strong for me."

"Never again," she murmured. "Promise me, never again till you 're well."

"Never again." He smiled as he answered.

Dr. Brodrick, calling late that night, was informed by Laura of the extent to which he had been disobeyed. He thundered at her and threatened, a Brodrick beside himself with fury.

"Do you suppose," she said, "it is n't awful for me to have to stand by and see it and do nothing? What can I do?"

He looked down at her. The little thing had a will of her own; she was indeed, for her size, preposterously overcharged with will. Never had he seen a small creature so indomitably determined. He put it to her. She had a will; why could n't she use it?

"His will is stronger than mine," she said. "And his genius is stronger than his will."

"You overrate the importance of it. What does it matter if he never writes another line?"

It seemed to her that he charged him with futility, that he echoed, and in this hour, the voice of the world that tried to make futile everything he did.

"It does n't matter to you," she said. "You never understood his genius; you never cared about it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you—*you* care more about it—more than you care about him? Upon my word, I don't know what you women are made of."

"What could I do?" she said. "I had to use my own judgment."

"You had not. You had to use mine."

He paused impressively.

"It 's no use, my child, fighting against the facts."

To Henry, Laura was a little angry child, crying over the bitter dose of life. He had got to make her take it.

He towered over her, a Brodrick, the incarnate spirit of fact.

It was a spirit that revolted her. She stood her ground and defied it in its insufferable tyranny. She thought of how these men, these Brodricks, behaved to genius wherever they met it; how, among them, they had driven poor Jinny all but mad, martyrizing her in the name of fact. As for Owen, she knew what they had thought and said of him, how they judged him by the facts. If it came to that, she could fight the doctor with his own weapons. If he wanted facts, he should have them; he should have all the facts.

"*This* is n't what 's killing him," she said. "It 's all the other things, the things he was made to do. Going out to Manchuria—that began it. He ought never to have been sent there. Then five years on that abominable paper. Think how he slaved on it! You don't know what it was to him. To have to sit in stuffy theaters and offices; to turn out at night in vile weather; to have to work whether he was fit to work or not."

He looked down at her very quietly and kindly. It was when people were really

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outrageous that a Brodrick came out in his inexhaustible patience and forbearance.

"You say he had to do all these things. Is that the fact?"

"No," said Laura, passionately; "it 's the truth."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean it 's what it amounted to. They—they drove him to it with their everlasting criticism and fault-finding and complaining."

"I should not have thought he was a man to be much affected by adverse criticism."

"You don't know," she retorted, "how he was affected. You can't judge. Anyhow, he stuck to it up to the very last—the very last," she cried.

"My dear Mrs. Prothero, nobody wanted him to—"

"He did it, though. He did it because he was not what you all thought him."

"We thought him splendid. My brother was saying only the other day he had never seen such pluck."

"Well, then, it 's his pluck—his splendor that he 's dying of."

"And you hold us, his friends, responsible for that?"

"I don't hold you responsible for anything."

She was trembling on the edge of tears.

"Come, come," he said gently, "you misunderstand. You 've been doing too much. You 're overstrained."

She smiled. That was so like them. They were sane when they got hold of one stupid fact and flung it at your head; but you were overstrained when you retaliated. When you had made a sober selection from the facts, such a selection as constituted a truth, and presented it to them, you were more overstrained than ever. They could not stand the truth.

"I don't hold *you* responsible for his perversity," said the poor doctor

"You talked as if you did."

"You misunderstood me," he said sadly. "I only asked you to do what you could."

"I have done what I could."

He ordered her some bromide then, to quiet her nerves.

That evening Prothero was so much better that he declared himself well. The wind had changed to the south. She had prayed for a warm wind; and, as it swept through the great room, she flung off her fur-lined coat and tried to persuade herself that the weather was in Owen's favor.

At midnight the warm wind swelled to a gale. Down at the end of the garden the iron gate cried under the menace and torture of its grip. The sound and the rush of it filled Prothero with exultation. Neither he nor Laura slept.

She had moved her bed close up against his, and they lay side by side. The room was a passage for the wind; it whirled down it like a mad thing, precipitating itself toward the mouth of the night, where the wide north window sucked it. On the floor and the long walls the very darkness moved. The pale yellow disk that the guarded night-light threw upon the ceiling swayed incessantly at the driving of the wind. The twilight of the white beds trembled.

Outside the gust staggered and drew back; it plunged forward again, with its charge of impetus, and hurled itself against the gate. There was a shriek of torn iron, a crash, and the long sweeping, rending cry of live branches wrenched from their hold, lacerated and crushed, trailing and clinging in their fall.

Owen dragged himself up on his pillows. Laura's arm was round him.

"It 's nothing," she said; "only the gate. It was bound to go."

"The gate?"

It seemed to her touch that he drew himself together.

"I said I 'd come back—through it," he whispered. "I shall—come back"—his voice gathered a sudden, terrible, hoarse vibration—"over it—treading it down."

At that he coughed and turned from her, hiding his face. The handkerchief she took from him was soaked in blood. He shuddered and shrank back, overcome by the inveterate, ungovernable horror.

He lay very still, with closed eyes, afraid lest a movement or a word should bring back the thing he loathed. Laura sat up and watched him.

Toward morning the wind dropped a little, and there was some rain. The air was warm with the wet south, and the garden sent up a smell, vivid and sweet—the smell of a young spring day. Once the wind was so quiet that she heard the clock strike in the hall of the hospital. She counted seven strokes.

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It grew warmer and warmer out there. Owen was very cold.

Laura ran down-stairs to telephone to the doctor. She was gone about five minutes.

And Prothero lay in his bed under the window with the warm wind blowing over his dead body.

LVI

LAURA PROTHERO was sitting with Jane in the garden at Wendover one day in that spring. It was a day of sudden warmth and stillness that brought back vividly to both of them the hour of Owen's death.

They were touched by the beauty and the peace of this place where Nicky lived his perfect little life. They had just agreed that it was Nicky's life, Nicky's character, that had given to his garden its lucent, exquisite tranquillity. You associated that quality so indivisibly with Nicky that it was as if he flowered there; he came up every spring, flaming purely, in the crocuses on the lawn. Every spring Nicky and a book of poems appeared with the crocuses; the poems as Nicky made them, but Nicky heaven-born, in an immortal innocence and charm.

It was incredible, they said, how heaven sheltered and protected Nicky.

He, with his infallible instinct for the perfect thing, had left them together, alone in the little, green chamber on the lawn, shut in by its walls of yew. He was glad that he had this heavenly peace to give them for a moment.

He passed before them now and then, pacing the green paths of the lawn with Nina.

"No, Jinny, I am *not* going on any more," Laura said, returning to the subject of that intimate communion to which they had been left. "You see, it ended as a sort of joke, his and mine; nobody else saw the point of it. Why should I keep it up?"

"Would n't he have liked you to keep it up?"

"He would have liked me to please myself—to be happy. How can I be happy going on—giving myself to the people who rejected *him?* I 'm not going to keep *that* up."

"What will you do?"

Laura said that she would have enough to do editing his poems and his memoirs. Jane had not realized the memoirs. They were, Laura told her, mainly a record of his life as a physician and surgeon—a record so simple that it only unconsciously revealed the man he was. George Tanqueray had insisted on her publishing this first.

"I hated doing it for some things," she said. "It looks too much like a concession to this detestable British public; but I can't rest, Jinny, till we 've made him known. They 'll see that he did n't shirk, that he could beat the practical men—the men they worship—at their own game, that he did something for the empire. Then they 'll accept the rest. There 's an awful irony in it, but I 'm convinced that 's the way his immortality will come."

"It 'll come, anyway," said Jane.

"It 'll come soonest this way. They 'll believe in him to-morrow because of the things he did with his hands. His hands were wonderful. Ah, Jinny, how could I ever want to write again?"

"What will you *do,* dear child? How will you live?"

"I 'll live as he did." She said it fiercely. "I 'll live by journalism. It does n't matter how I live."

"There are so many things that don't matter, after all," she said.

Nicky and Nina passed.

"Do you think," said he, "she 's happy?"

"Who? Jane, or Laura?"

"You can't think of Laura," said Nicky, gravely, "without *him.*"

"That 's it. She is n't without him. She never will be. He has given her his certainty."

"Of immortality?" Nicky's tone was tentative.

"Of the thing he saw. That *is* immortality. Of course she 's happy."

"But I was thinking," Nicky said, "of Jane."

THE END

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HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM

(THE HOLY LAND: SEVENTH PAPER)

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

MY first impression in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher was that I had suddenly come into a barbaric castle of magic connected with innumerable caves of Aladdin. Amazement sat like a weight upon me as I looked at the strange and glittering mystery. Yes, this must be a castle of magic, and about me were caves of Aladdin—caves lined with silver and gold, and immense jewels unknown to me; caves across which miraculous spiders had spun webs of silver and gold. Stars gleamed in them; footsteps echoed, voices murmured, eery lights twinkled,—almost like miners' lights in the earth's black bowels,—marvelous fabrics shone softly among great pictures, carved wood, marble, bronzes, and gilded ironwork. Fortunes were laid up here in this world of brilliance and gloom. As I paused, it almost seemed to me as if I heard the beat of the picks of the *Nibelungen*. As I looked, the painted faces of saints and virgins, of prophets and martyrs, seemed for a moment to be the faces of magicians and sorceresses, watching the enchanted victims of desires that were unearthly.

The most wonderful church in Christendom! But was it really a church? And I waited spellbound; and presently a crowd of impressions beset me.

To gain this astounding sanctuary, the church of the five creeds, of the five monasteries, of from twenty to thirty chapels, of the seventy sacred localities, in which the traditional site of Calvary is inclosed with the legendary site of Adam's burial-ground, the place of the Virgin's agony, with the place of the resurrection, I had passed through the narrow, dirty, crowded, and marvelous alleys called in Jerusalem streets, leaving on the left the Greek monastery where the Patriarch Damianos lives, often in fear for his life; had descended between the rows of bazaars dedicated to the wants of the Russian pilgrims, where, amid groves of sacred pictures and forests of gilded and painted candles, the soft-tongued goblin-men were busily fleecing the simple children of the steppes; and had traversed the great quadrangle called the court of the Holy Sepulcher.

In that court, already I had been aware of the tug of something strange, powerful, and almost terrible; I had felt the first eddies of the whirlpool trying to suck me in, and had paused, had almost braced my muscles for resistance.

The courtyard is roughly paved, and has two levels connected by steps, the lower level being flush with the main entrance of the church, which is on the south side. Much of it dates from the time of the Crusades. It is surrounded by walls and buildings. The façade of the church does not suggest the wonders of the interior. It is brown and gray, with a rugged belfry to the left containing bells, and along the flat top an iron railing. Over the doorway is an arch, with pillars, joining a second arch which is filled up with masonry. Above these are two more arches, with ugly windows. To the right there is a sort of stunted tower, with a cupola covered with lead.

At my first coming into the court I had been unable to notice these details, for humanity seethed within it. A roar of voices went up. The pavement echoed

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with the ceaseless tramping of feet and the grounding of muskets. The walls flung back exclamations and cries: the whining and shrieking of beggars, the loud calling of sellers determined to compel attention to their wares, the vehement discussions of "those that bought"; and—I had almost said the silence of the Russian pilgrims. For mystic Russia was there, mute at the threshold of Calvary.

All along the steps and about the walls of the court were ranged rows of venders of beads and glass bracelets from Hebron, of mother-of-pearl rosaries, crosses of cedar, cheap necklaces, sacred pictures, sweetmeats, foods, and syrups. Arabs were there, and Syrians; men from the Lebanon, from Damascus, from Hebron; Bedouins and English clergymen; Egyptians, Americans, Abyssinians, Roman Catholic priests; Russian and Greek priests; Turks, Circassians, negroes, Kabail, and Copts. Near the church, at the foot of the steps, was a company of Turkish soldiers in shabby uniforms, with muskets and well-filled cartridge-belts, patient, hardy, ready for anything. Beyond them, through the great doorway, at the left of which, on their platform of stone under a white arch, were visible the turbans, dark faces, and *djelabs* of the Moslem gatekeepers, poured the Russian pilgrims, an everflowing river of humanity, to lay out their possessions upon the holy stone of unction. And swiftly, irresistibly, the eddies of the human whirlpool drew me in to the river of Russians, and I found myself bewildered, entranced, and now the prey of a crowd of impressions, within the immense building that at this moment was the core of the heart of the Christian world.

People, multitudes of people, were there adoring. By degrees I realized that. This extraordinary labyrinth of vestibules, sacristies, chapels, shrines, balconies, staircases, alcoves, crypts, and caves in the living rock, was swarming with pilgrims, with hundreds upon hundreds,—I am almost tempted to say with thousands upon thousands,—crossing themselves, bowing, kneeling, kissing, rising, going onward; standing rapt in the illumination cast from jeweled lamps by marble sanctuaries; sleeping in stalls of elaborately carved wood beneath glittering ikons; leaning over the gilded rails of balconies far up in niches incrusted with gold and silver; passing like gloomy shadows under vaults of naked stone scarcely revealed by guttering candles, accompanied by hollow echoes; weeping by altars and columns, by footprints in the rock; creeping to gaze through holes into holy darknesses; praying beneath crosses; singing sweetly, surrounded by the immobile figures and the smiling faces of angels; laying out rosaries, pictures, bits of silk, handkerchiefs, bracelets, necklaces, on sacred stones; passing their foreheads, their arms, their hands, to and fro over surfaces worn away by the passionate lips of dead multitudes.

The faces in the pictures no longer seemed to me faces of magicians and sorceresses. I recognized them for what they were. I went to the stone of unction, then back to the marble house, before which stood a dense mass of humanity. The first impression was gone. This was a huge, barbaric, mysterious temple of worship, inclosing a sort of delirium of faith and of love. Yes, I thought of it then as a delirium; but I had not seen the holy fire.

Within the precincts of this temple are included, among many other sacred sites, the places where tradition affirms that our Lord was imprisoned with the two malefactors before the crucifixion; where he was scourged; where he was crowned with the thorns; where the three crosses were set up on Calvary; where the soldier stood when he pierced the Saviour's side; where Christ's raiment was parted; where his body was laid for its anointing; where he was buried and rose again; where he showed himself to Mary Magdalene; and where he appeared to his mother after the resurrection. All these spots are marked out from the rest of the church, and pilgrims were worshiping at all. And the worship of these countless multitudes, amid the amazing surroundings, produced upon the mind, almost upon the body, after a time, a hypnotic effect.

The stone of unction, the first of the holy places, close to the Moslem guardians, is raised above the pavement, and lies in a setting of red and yellow marble. Above it hang eight white lamps from chains formed by golden crosses, strung together and surmounted with ostrich eggs set in gold and decorated with crosses of red. There are also immense candela-

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bra, and huge candles in carved black candlesticks. To the left, not far off, the stone where the women stood watching is distinguished by a cupola of iron, with more lamps and chandeliers. Beneath a plaque of brass a rent in the rock, above which much of the church is built, is believed to have been made when the earth quaked after the death of Christ. A hole above an altar, close to where the Virgin is supposed to have met her risen son, enables worshipers to touch with a rod the column to which Christ was bound while the soldiers scourged him. Another column indicates where Christ sat when they placed on his head the crown of thorns. On Calvary has been erected an altar above an aperture cut in a slab of marble through which can be felt the rock where Christ's cross was set up.

Wherever you look in this gorgeous and somber labyrinth, you see some holy place, with pilgrims bowing down before it, crossing themselves, kneeling, pressing their foreheads and their lips against it. They rise, they move on, and vanish into the shadows, going upward, perhaps, to some hidden shrine near the roof, or downward to some sacred stone in the caverns that are part of the church—possibly past the altar of the penitent thief to the place where the Empress Helena discovered the crown of thorns and the three crosses. And instantly their places are taken, and you see the same gestures made, the same postures assumed, by others, who have appeared mysteriously from some winding of the sacred maze.

Before the stone of unction there are often two lines of pilgrims kneeling, men and women of Russia, holding parcels of purchases made in Jerusalem. They cross themselves, kiss the stone, then eagerly open their packets, and bring out their cherished possessions—caps, thin shawls, handkerchiefs, rosaries, pictures, candles. All are laid out on the stone, which is sometimes almost concealed from sight. The shawls and the handkerchiefs are rubbed to and fro over its worn surface. Then the parcels are made up again, are carefully tied, and with many crossings and genuflections the pilgrims rise up to continue their long round of the sacred sites. Few of them omit to visit and pray at even one. They are never weary of worship. They seem filled with a holy energy which conquers all bodily weakness. But when the Easter is over, and the last ceremony is finished, death takes its toll of many, and through the dusty or muddy roads of Jerusalem funeral processions pass swiftly, almost at a run, a wild-looking priest striding at the head, and singing Russians following. And in the midst of every procession, raised high on a bier, but not soldered down in a coffin, is the body of a Russian who has fulfilled a dear ambition, and has died in the land of Jesus.

Almost hypnotized that first day, I wandered through the labyrinth, visiting the great rotunda of the sepulcher, the Copts' chapel, the Latin sacristy, the Greek cathedral, once part of a cathedral of crusaders, with its column marking the center of the world, the chapels of Adam, of the Syrians, of the apparition, of the forty martyrs, of the invention of the cross—visiting, it almost seemed to me, a thousand places where people were kneeling, praying, adoring, and weeping. But again and again the human whirlpool seemed to suck me back to the house of marble, beneath the high, blue dome, which protects a stone set in marble, and a marble altar, lighted by lamps made of silver and gold, and ornamented with jewels. This is the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher. Tradition states that the stone it contains was rolled away from Christ's tomb by the angel. The altar of marble where mass is said every day covers the place of the tomb. It is there that the so-called miracle of the holy fire is accomplished, and it is there, beneath the figures of angels with clasped hands, that the pilgrims adore most fervently, and make their longest prayers, and nearly all day long sing hymns to their risen Saviour. There indeed is the center of the Christian world at the wonderful time of Easter.

The first ceremony which I saw was the washing of the feet. There followed the burial of Christ, the holy fire, the Abyssinian service on Easter eve, the Greek celebration on the night of Easter, the Easter morning procession, and the Easter Monday service in the wonderful old Armenian Church of St. James. Of these by far the most extraordinary was the holy fire. The one which most touched me, I could scarcely say why, was the Easter morning procession.

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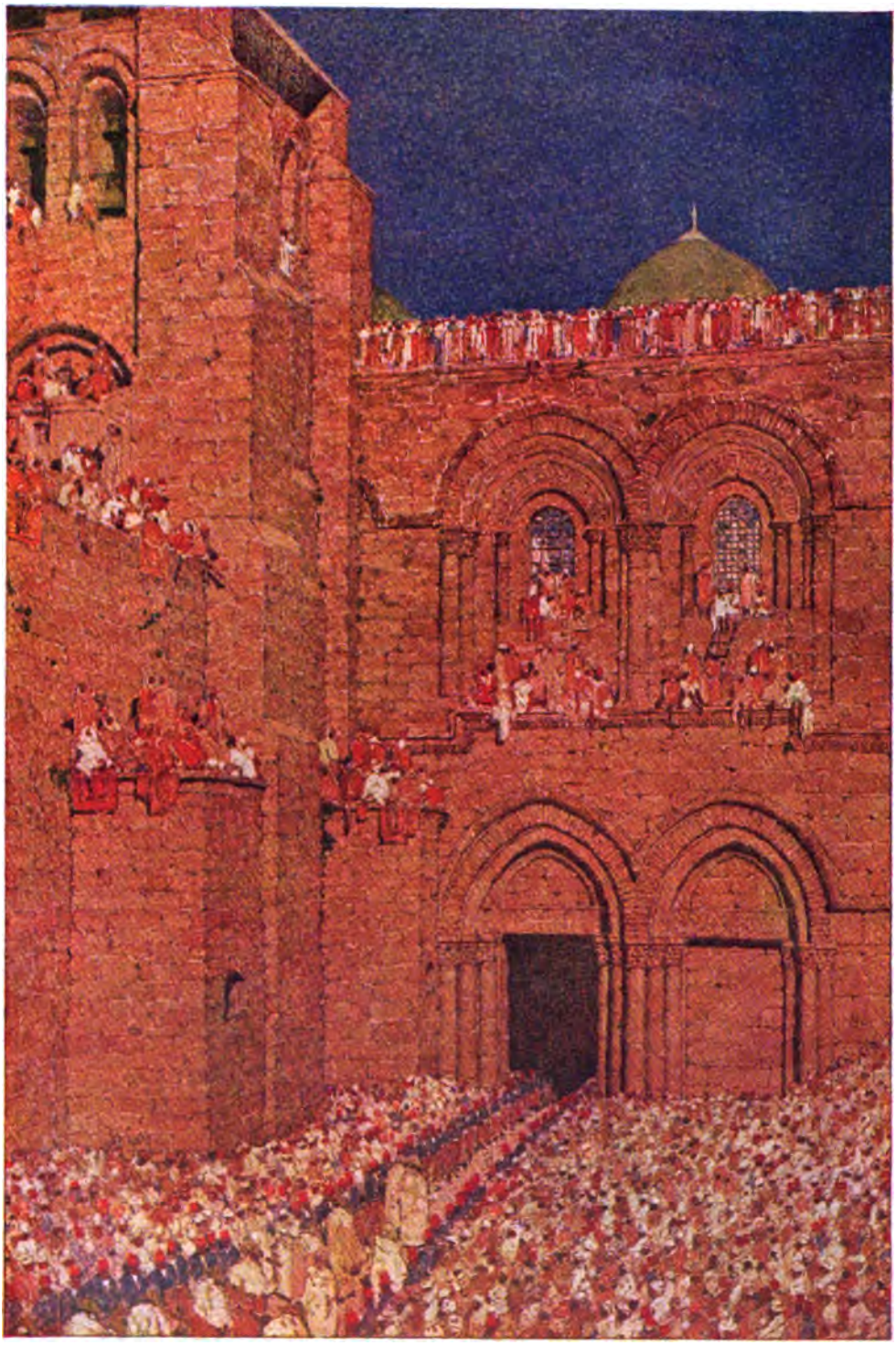

EASTER MORNING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

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The ceremony of the washing of the feet took place in the open air, in the court of the Holy Sepulcher, and I witnessed it from the belfry of the Greek monastery, high above the city and rather too near to the bells. When I had reached my aery, and looked down over the parapet, I had a bird's-eye view of the court, which was crammed with pilgrims, kept back from a platform which stood in the middle by lines of Turkish soldiers. This platform was covered with a gaudy carpet and protected by a green railing, within which were two benches. On each bench was a row of six cushions. On a dais, gained by a step and carpeted with red and gold, stood a gilt throne, in front of which were placed a great gilt ewer, a gilt tray, and a voluminous white towel. Against a wall of the court opposite to the platform there was a flight of steps, painted green, leading to a small green platform or pulpit. As I glanced toward it, two men ascended to it and nailed to the wall above it a picture of Christ washing the feet of the apostles.

The roar of voices rose up to me. I saw the crowd surging this way and that; Turkish officers in blue and red, some of them wearing frock-coats, moving to and fro watchfully in the clear space before the platform; the soldiers fighting, but good-naturedly, with the people. Nearer to me were masses of gazers, on balconies, and at the windows of houses. One great window space, with red and green shutters and before it a railing, was reserved for the pasha of Jerusalem, and was occupied for the moment by a priest and a soldier. Later the pasha would come, who, as soon as the ceremony is over, has to despatch to Constantinople this telegram, "Past in peace." In the angles formed by the walls of the court were wooden boxes, or cases, slung on ropes, which dangled from projections and railings. And in each of these boxes, from fifteen to twenty feet above the heads of the crowd, sat audacious spectators. Even while I looked at them, in amazement mingled with anxiety, the rope that upheld one of the boxes suddenly gave way, and with a shriek the occupants, a woman and two men, crashed down upon the Russians beneath.

In the midst of the uproar that followed this event a solitary priest appeared, wearing the tall black head-gear of the Orthodox church and a gorgeous red-and-gold vestment, and carrying an immense copy of the Greek Testament bound in gold. With great precaution he crept up into the pulpit beneath the picture of Christ, and in a loud voice began to declaim a passage of Scripture. But almost immediately his voice was drowned by a deafening noise close to me. A great bell in my aery was being struck with a sort of hammer to announce the approach of the procession. Very slowly it came from the church to the platform in the center of the court down a lane kept by the soldiers. Cavasses in blue and gold, carrying long staffs, walked first; then a priest in black, with a tight bouquet of flowers; then a train of boys in red and gold, bearing a silver cross and a mighty candle. They advanced to the platform and paused. The bell stopped. There was a silence broken only by the voice from the pulpit, which continued pitilessly, with strange, nasal inflections like those of a muezzin. One man, the priest in black with the bouquet, had mounted the platform and stood by the throne of the patriarch.

Two or three minutes elapsed, then a long stream of bishops and priests, headed by an immense gold cross, and wearing black hats, long veils, and red and gold vestments, flowed into the court. The bell raised once more its barbaric voice, and Damianos, the Patriarch, the persecuted, the adored, the man from the Greek isles whom other men of the isles were ready, it was said, to poison if they could only get the opportunity, appeared, looking really magnificent, with an immense and glittering miter on his head, and clad in a robe that was almost the color of magenta and was stiff with raised gold embroideries. With a peculiar, almost feminine grace, he slowly mounted the platform and took his seat on the throne. Twelve bishops sat down on the benches to right and left of him. Beside him, motionless, stood a priest holding a Bible and a staff decorated with ribbons. At the end of each row of bishops stood a dignitary in red and gold of whose rank I am ignorant. Now all rose, the patriarch took the Bible and read a passage, thus forming a duet with the priest in the pulpit, who went on declaiming without

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a moment's respite. Then all sat down except the patriarch and the priest beside him.

Amid the deep silence of the enormous crowd the patriarch bent his head. The priest removed his miter, then, assisted by another priest, took off his vestments, leaving him standing in a long, gray-blue robe that looked exactly like a shirt. They tied about him a voluminous white apron, and he poured water from the gilded ewer into the gilded dish. While he had been prepared for his curious task, the twelve bishops, who represented the twelve apostles, had bared their twelve right feet, and now Damianos, in a thoroughly businesslike way, went from one to the other. Before each one he knelt on one knee, took the bare foot, washed it with water, vigorously dried it with the towel, then rose, allowed the washed bishop to kiss his hand, and in return kissed him on the cheek. This little formality accomplished, Damianos passed on, while the bishop, as if in a hurry, put on his stocking and his substantial black boot. Up and down the two lines the priest holding the bouquet followed the patriarch. When all the bishops were duly washed, the apron was taken off, the miter and vestments were donned, and the bishops came one by one, stood before the throne, bent, and spoke into the patriarch's ear. He bowed, leaned forward, replied, then descended from the platform, stood in front of the crowd, and read a passage of Scripture from a big Bible. While he was doing this, from beyond the surrounding buildings there floated into the court a loud noise of military music. Soldiers were marching to St. Stephen's Gate to meet the Mohammedan procession on the way to the Tomb of Moses and clear a passage for it through the Mohammedan crowd. The shrill shriek of the Turkish march had not died away when the footwashing was over, and Damianos and his clergy were passing through the narrow alley between the candle bazaars on their way to the Greek monastery. Damianos now held the tight bouquet, dipped it from time to time in holy water, and sprinkled the crowd. As I stood in a doorway he threw some drops upon me, smiling gently, and murmuring in Greek, "I wish you a happy Easter."

Immediately after the procession had entered the monastery, His Beatitude was good enough to receive me in private. I was shown into a fine reception-room containing a throne and some sofas and chairs. After I had waited ten minutes, Damianos entered, accompanied by a young priest with long auburn hair and beard, who acts as his secretary and interpreter. He received me with smiling cordiality, sat down on an ordinary chair opposite to me, leaned forward, and talked to me in Greek. Everything he said was translated into excellent English by the secretary.

I looked at this man, who has been, and possibly still is, in a difficult position, with an interest that I did not try to conceal. He is large, bulky, yet somehow elegant and graceful; imposing, with fine features and eyes, and the manners of a prince of the Church; easy and absolutely self-possessed. People in Jerusalem said he was honest and good, but not strong enough to rule his turbulent and often self-seeking priests. When I was in Palestine he lived in fear of being poisoned by them, it was said, and ate only food prepared by his personal servant.

Our conversation ran on my travels, on England and English life, and on the ceremonies and functions of Holy Week and Easter. After taking coffee, and jam served with a glass of water, I got up to say good-by; but His Beatitude stopped me.

"Wait a moment. Are you going to the Holy Fire?"

I said that I was, and had taken a place high up in a balcony.

"I will give you a special card," said Damianos. He sent the young priest for one of his visiting-cards, wrote some words on it, and gave it to me. "That will insure you a place in front of the Holy Sepulcher."

I thanked him warmly, and took my departure. The card of Damianos was nearly to prove my undoing.

Almost the whole of Good Friday I passed in the Church of the Sepulcher. I was there by eight in the morning, and I was there very late in the night. Already at eight the church swarmed with Russian pilgrims, who were encamped about the holy places in readiness for the miracle of the morrow. Throughout the whole of Friday night they remained in their places, some of them

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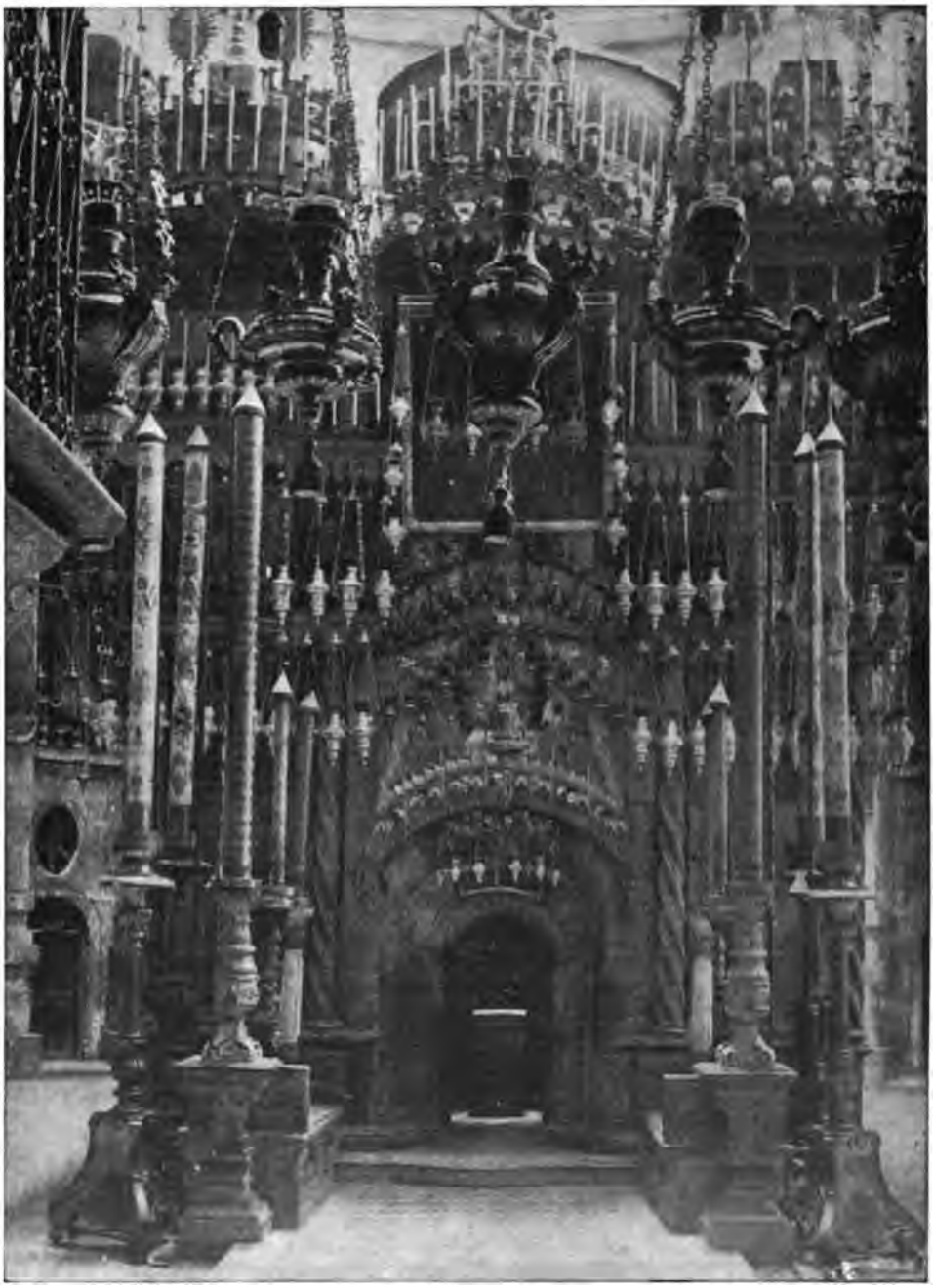

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THE HOLY SEPULCHER, JERUSALEM

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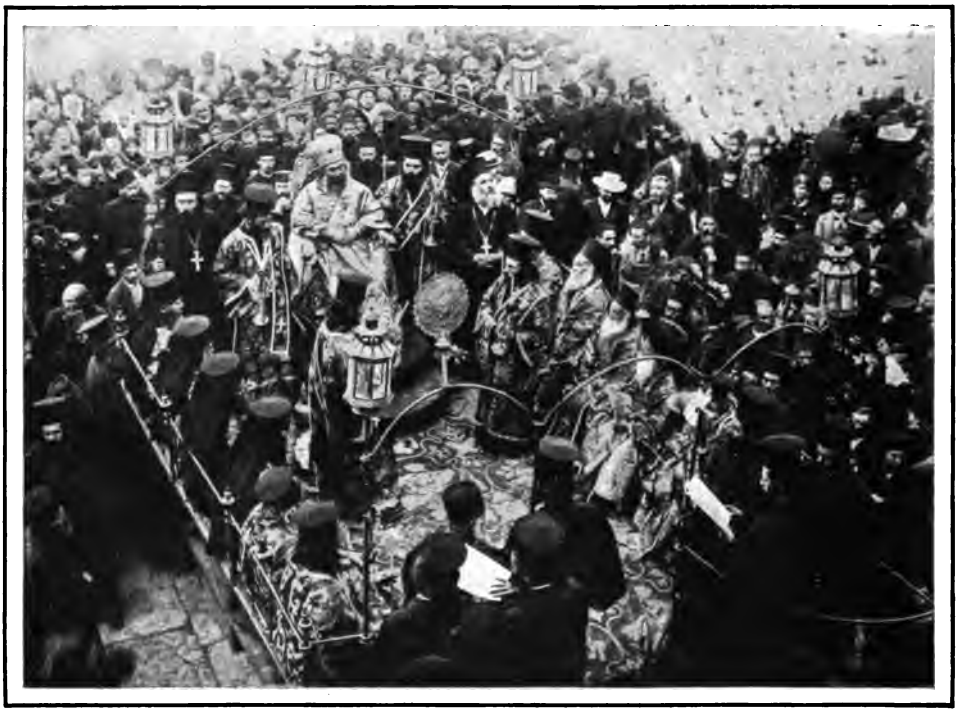

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WASHING THE FEET OF THE SAINTS: A CEREMONY OF HOLY WEEK

The apostles are personified by priests, and the highest in rank carries out the injunction to serve his inferiors.

sleeping in upright positions, others reclining on the pavement with their heads supported on bundles, others again crouched in doorways, on the floors of balconies, or against cavern walls. Many were merely black humps and mounds in the dense obscurity. But the flickering light from the hundreds of hanging-lamps fell on the seamed faces and mystic eyes of many more, on knotted hands patiently folded over staffs, which made me think of the words, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," on lips moving in prayer through the livelong night. And among these crowds was the pale effigy of Jesus nailed to the cross, borne by the Franciscans to the stone of unction, laid thereon, prayed over, anointed, borne on amid the wailing of many voices and the falling of many tears, to be hidden in the perfumed sepulcher. That night, despite the crowds in the sacred building, it seemed a wonderful and hushed sanctuary, where the living might dream in the soft radiance of lamps that looked like jewels, and the dead might profoundly sleep amid the profound shadows. With the morning came a vehement change.

I started early, and as I made my way through the narrow streets, accompanied by Mr. David Jamal, and holding tightly the card of Damianos, I realized that the city was in a turmoil of expectation. The crowds in the alleys were enormous, and when we presently turned to the right, to descend into the court of the Holy Sepulcher, I heard below me that extraordinary, that terribly vital sound, the roaring voice of a mob irresponsible with excitement. Almost like leaves whirled along by rushing waters we were taken and swept down into the court, where a squad of Turkish soldiers was keeping a way free to the entrance of the church against a throng of fiercely turbulent Christians, frantic with the desire to join the thousands of people who already crammed the rotunda. Just as we were nearing this narrow, open space, the soldiers, apparently angered by the incessant struggling of the crowd, formed up in line right across the court, and with lifted muskets advanced, pressing every one roughly back. Not for some minutes would they allow the unfortunate ticket-holders to pass, but treated us all alike as brawling malcon-

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tents. In vain I thrust my large, white card, bearing the patriarch's name, under the scowling brown faces. Shouting words I could not understand, they only drove me back, and I was beginning to despair of getting into the church at all when, why I know not, there was a sudden lull, in which Mr. Jamal attracted the attention of a Greek priest and a Turkish officer. In an instant my card was examined, and I was free to walk with such dignity as my disordered condition would permit between the lines of soldiers into the great church from which, as I neared it, came a roar of voices to join the cries without.

Inside the church there were twelve hundred soldiers well armed to keep us in order; but for a time I thought it doubtful whether they would succeed. For the crowd, composed of Syrians, Copts, Armenians, Greeks, Russians, and Abyssinians, was already in a state of almost furious excitement. Wherever one looked, there was a sea of vivid, staring faces, with eyes aflame and shouting mouths; of gesticulating arms and hands; of pushing, struggling bodies. To and fro in the space kept free before the door of the marble house Turkish officers went calmly and Greek priests anxiously. Tourists of many nations, flushed and nervous, sardonic, cynical, amused, touched, alarmed, or merely interested, hurried to their places convoyed by the cavasses of their respective consuls. And I, not without considerable satisfaction, greeted the patriarch's auburn-haired secretary, and took my stand at the very door of the Holy Sepulcher. Here I was surrounded by soldiers, and for the moment had plenty of room.

The crowd surged to and fro, as if infected by an ungovernable impulse to change its place. It swayed against the double lines of soldiers with a wavelike motion, was repelled, and swayed monotonously back. Shouts and yells broke from it. Here and there I saw a man, who had been thrust up on the shoulders of his

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THE SCANTY FARE OF EASTER PILGRIMS

Poor Russian pilgrims are here shown at a shelter for such religious travelers in Jerusalem. In order to spend Easter week in the Holy City, devout persons sometimes spend the savings of a lifetime of toil.

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WOMEN SELLING VEGETABLES IN JERUSALEM

fellows, scrambling about like one on a moving floor. There were multitudes of women present, many of them draped in shawls of various colors and holding mysterious bundles. And it seemed to me that every one of these thousands carried a big packet of candles, to be lighted later at the sacred fire. Boys bearing bottles of water drew attention to the fact by loud cries, and presently there appeared a number of youths holding trays heaped with cakes and flat loaves of bread.

Then I realized the hunger, physical as well as spiritual (?), of this yelling mob. A roar arose when the cakes and loaves were perceived. Hundreds of hands were stretched out frantically toward them. Between the pillars of the round church had been put up rough boxes of uncovered wood to accommodate spectators. From these boxes also came famished cries, and from them greedy hands were stretched down toward the food. Now, what money transactions passed I know not; but the would-be sellers, unable to make their way into the crowd, passed or threw the cakes and loaves to the clamorers, and flung them upward to the people in the boxes. For a minute the air was full of flying food. Then the trays were empty, and the sellers mysteriously disappeared.

Meanwhile my satisfaction at my prominent position was dying in anxiety. More and more people were let in beyond the lines of the soldiers. The crowd behind them, too, seemed to be encroaching. To the left there suddenly broke out violent fighting, among the Armenians, I was told. A lady near me fainted. I was pulled, trodden on. I began to long for my place in that gilded balcony far above me where I saw Mr. Guérin calmly surveying the fierce discomfort below. With every moment the crush increased till it became alarming, and at last Mr. Jamal said we must try to get away. But how? And where? It was too late now to gain the balcony. In a very few minutes the patriarch would enter. The fighting grew fiercer. Mr. Jamal disappeared. With a good deal of difficulty I stuck to my post by the Holy Sepulcher. But the heat and the pressure were almost unbearable. Suddenly a hand grasped my arm; I was pulled forward. I struggled with all my might, found myself at the foot of a lad-

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der, scrambled up it, and was above the tumult in one of the wooden boxes between the pillars, and immediately below the tiers of balconies which surround the church. Mr. Jamal took his stand on the ladder, to keep the door, as it were, and there he remained during the whole of the succeeding ceremony.

Though in what seemed a very precarious situation, perched on thin planks roughly nailed together, full of holes and upheld by frail wooden supports, I was now able to get a splendid bird's-eye view of the extraordinary scene about the sepulcher. I looked right down into the crowd, and was close to it. One of the round holes in the wall of the marble house through which the holy fire is thrust was almost exactly in front of me. Near it stood a Greek priest holding a whip. Two or three other priests holding whips were close by.

The crowd had now begun to shout in chorus. First in Arabic they shouted:

O Jews, O Jews, your feast is that of the devils;
Ours is that of Christ!
And Christ has redeemed us.
With his blood he has bought us.
Therefore to-day we are happy,
And you, O Jews, are sad.

Then those of the Syrian pilgrims who had come from a distance shouted:

O St. George.
We have come to pray at the sepulcher!
We, we are the Christians
With candles in our hands.

Many, as they lifted their voices, lifted also bare arms in wild gesticulations. On all sides I saw frantic hands grasping bundles of candles, holding them pointed toward the sepulcher, and waving them to and fro. I looked down upon what seemed a vast crowd of demented people, who had thrown off every scrap of self-restraint, whose strange passions went naked for all to see, who were full of barbarous violence, savage expectation, and the blood-lust. As I watched them I thought of a pack of hounds leaping up to the fox that the huntsman is about to throw to them. Yet these people, in all the colors of the rainbow, and drawn from all parts of Syria and other lands, wanted only—to light their candles!

The question that all travelers ask in Jerusalem is: "Do these crowds believe that what happens inside the Holy Sepulcher is a miracle? Do they believe that, as on the day of Pentecost, fire descends from heaven direct to the Greek patriarch who has entered the Chapel of the Angels with the Armenian patriarch? Or do they understand that the ceremony is merely emblematic, that the patriarchs do not pretend that it is anything else?"

Having watched the people on this extraordinary occasion at close quarters, I am unable to doubt that hundreds, probably thousands, of them, do believe they are assisting at a miracle. I cannot otherwise account for their frantic excitement —an excitement such as I have never seen in any other crowd not intent on violence or slaughter. After the working of the "miracle," delirium is the only word that accurately expresses the condition of the multitudes.

But now suddenly there was a diminishing of the uproar. The patriarch had entered the Chapel of the Angels. Just in front of me, by the round hole in the wall of the marble house, stood a Greek priest in gorgeous vestments, holding a bundle of candles and a handkerchief. Another priest in black leaned against the marble with his right arm thrust through the hole. Near him, but above him, was a man holding with his right hand one end of a long handkerchief which this priest grasped with his left hand.

The noise of the multitude gradually decreased, till there was a sort of hush that was almost ghastly. Thousands of faces stared toward the sepulcher. Thousands of arms stretched out toward it. And now the hands holding the candles were like praying hands, supplicating the holy fire to come to them.

It came at last. With a fierce gesture, as of savage exultation, the long-haired priest withdrew his arm from the hole and held up a great bunch of flaming candles. As he did so he dropped his end of the handkerchief, and the man above the crowd furiously waved it toward the Greek cathedral. And then delirium seized the close-packed thousands. All the mouths opened to let out yells, shrieks,

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and the wild twittering of women. All the arms gesticulated with frenzy toward the smoky, yellow flames. All the bodies struggled desperately, cruelly, to get to them. And the priest dipped his torch, and suddenly fire began to rush through the great church. The patriarch—yes, the graceful and dignified Damianos—tore out of the Holy Sepulcher, and fell in the Greek cathedral with the fire in his hands. The priest in vestments who had been standing in front of me, darted away to the balconies, brandishing two bunches of candles. By the staircases inside the marble house priests gained its roof and lighted the lamps above it. From the balconies near the blue, star-spangled dome, masses of candles were let down by long cords, were lighted by priests below, and were drawn up flaming. Fire encircled the rotunda, three tiers of fire. Fire rushed into every recess of this temple of worship and frenzy, up to its roof, and down to its most remote cave of the rock. The light of day was literally blotted out by the glare of the fire, as the desperately struggling multitudes sent it on from hand to hand. All the thousands of faces were lit up by a yellow glare. Above the contending bodies rose wreaths of smoke.

A heat that felt unnatural and dangerous now began to invade the sanctuary, growing stronger with every moment. The roar of voices sounded menacing. Always above it rose the piercing twittering of the women. And still the serpents of flame grew longer, winding, winding over the thousands of heads as more and more candles fed greedily at the sacred fire. Beneath me a woman's bundle caught fire, and was extinguished, a shawl flared up, and was put out by the pressure of the crowd. The real miracle seemed to be that the whole assemblage of fanatics, utterly careless, almost devilishly indifferent in their frenzy, was not involved in one vast conflagration. Beneath my feet the thin boards on which I stood grew hot. The pilgrims immediately below had lighted their bunches of candles, were waving them, were thrusting them upward till the flames came through the holes in the wood and played about our feet. We stamped, knocked, bent, shouted down to them. Our voices were drowned in the uproar.

And now, impossible though it seemed, the tumult grew even more violent. The soldiers were clearing a space between the people all about the sepulcher. The procession was coming—the Greeks, the Armenians, the Copts, the Syrians, the Abyssinians. That procession through the glare, the smoke, the roaring, and the struggling, was, I think, the most picturesque, the most extraordinary thing I have ever seen. Impossible to describe it in detail! Details at such a moment are swallowed up. It may have been, doubtless it was, carefully ordered. The effect was of a superb, barbaric, and wholly irreligious tumult, in which gyrated, almost dervishlike, in a sea of fire, beneath hundreds of hanging-lamps and bars and chains of gold and stars in a blue vault, the bishops and priests of the different religions of Christ, the Prince of Peace, accompanied by soldiers, by acolytes, by banner-bearers, by cavasses beating the floor with their staves. Priests shouted for silence, and a great roar was their answer. Then hymns were bellowed in antiphony to the accompaniment of myriads of clapping hands. In red and green and yellow the Russian cavasses went by. Lines of men formed, lifting up gorgeous banners of blue and gold and red and purple, with sacred pictures worked in the centers. Behind them were the soldiers with lifted muskets; behind the soldiers, thousands of flaming torches shaken by tireless hands. And down the avenue of banners and muskets and torches came bearded and long-haired men in magnificent vestments, stiff with silver and gold embroideries, and gleaming with jewels, with miters on their heads, and candles in their hands, on which shone heavy rings. On their breasts were crosses. But who thought of the cross whose arms have stretched across the world? And the Patriarch Damianos came, weary under his huge white and gold head-dress; and the gorgeous Armenians, almost like moving idols, clad in the jewels from their wonderful treasury; and the withered-looking Copts; and the astounding Abyssinians, in magenta, with partly shaved heads and great tufts of coarse hair, like the gaudy puppets that people a nightmare. With the Armenians came fierce and crafty-faced youths, throwing up their heads and shrieking wild hymns as they stared about them with shining and fanatical eyes. The

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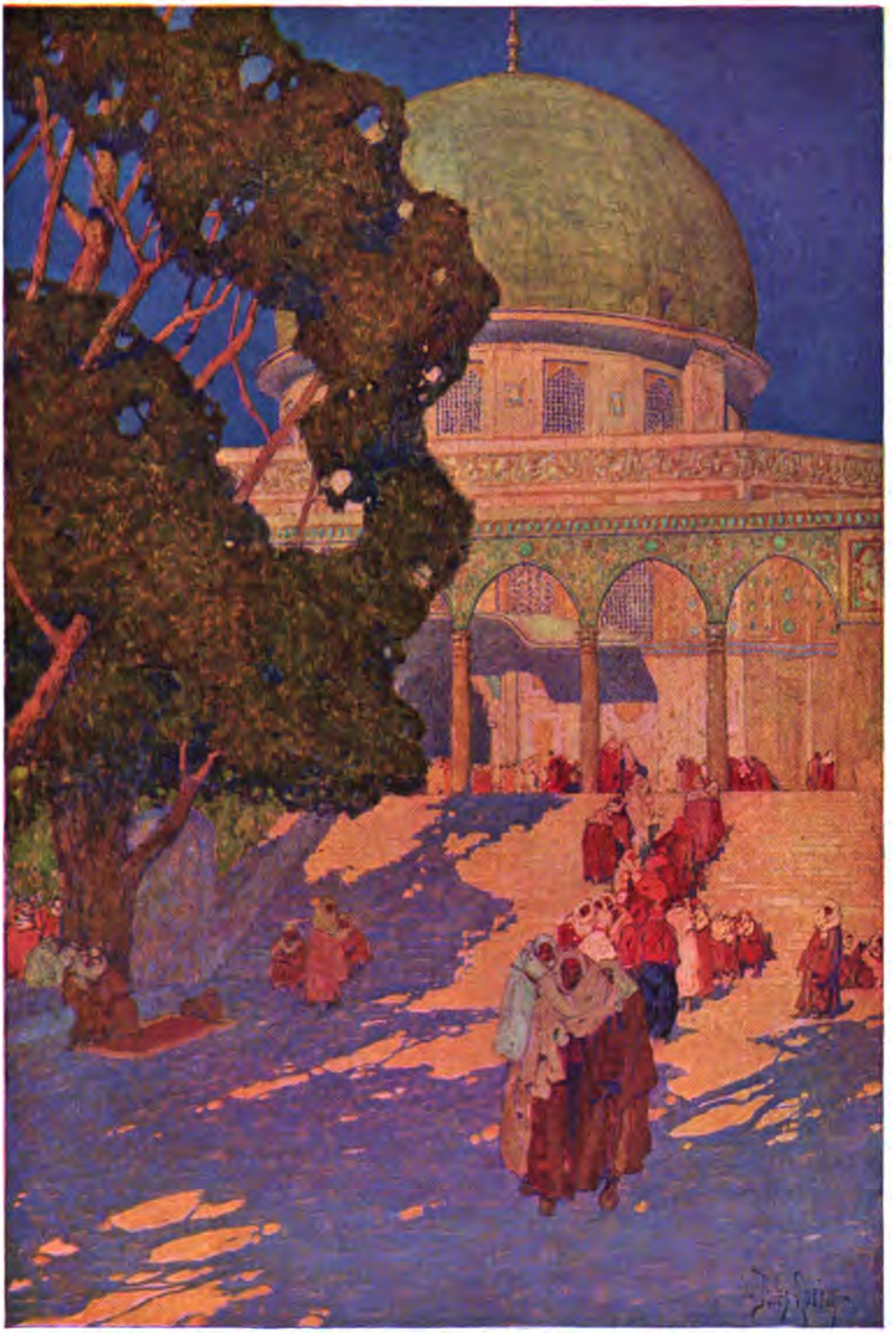

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

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Abyssinians moved with a sort of dancing step, shaking their tufts of hair.

And the procession passed and was hidden, was lost to my sight in a glare of fire and a murk of smoke on the far side of the sepulcher. When it came again, I noticed that the Copts wore tall head-dresses of magenta and gold, adorned with gold crosses. Their bishop was in white and gold, with a miter, and bore a great staff surmounted with a cross, and also carried a small gold cross in his right hand. A large gold cross was carried in front of the Syrians. Then came a man swinging a silver censer and wearing a robe of yellow and red embroidered with red flowers. Other Syrians followed, wearing loose gowns of red, yellow, blue, and green, and white and gold hoods bordered with pink. One man was robed in white and green, with a white cap. One in royal blue and gold went bareheaded. Many of the Armenians had on miters of black and gold. Their patriarch, who held a cross and staff, was crowned with an immense miter with an embroidered picture on the front.

Numbers of men in shirt-sleeves, or with bare arms, had now forced their way into the procession, and walked with it, frantically waving their candles. The confusion became greater with every moment. The heat was almost unbearable, and the mounting smoke, which hung in veils above the sepulcher, made the eyes blink and tingle till it was difficult to see. But the fierce roaring of hymns still almost deafened the ears, accompanied by the rhythmical clapping of myriads of hands. And always the acute voices of women dominated the tumult, seemed to float upward with the smoke above the multitudes of lamps, above the yellow

From a photograph, copyright, by H. Troth

A STREET OF STEPS, JERUSALEM

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glare of the pervading fire, above the rings of flame that marked the balconies, to the stars in the blue dome. The weary Damianos fell out from the ranks with his bishops and priests. But still the Armenians, blazing with immense jewels, circled the sepulcher, attended by the youths with the fierce faces and the watchful eyes. And the Syrians came in their many colors, and the Copts with their purple banners. And still the Abyssinians went shrieking by with their lithe dancing step, opening and shutting their thin dark hands, as if they were feeling for the silver clappers with which, on the eve of Easter, in their savage pavilion, they celebrate the glory of the risen Christ of the dark men.

At last through the tumult there came the sound of a bell. And presently, how I never rightly knew, we were out under the sky, with the dream of fire behind us, and the voices dying from our ears.

And then, after the wonderful midnight mass on the eve of Easter, when at twelve o'clock bells sounded within the church, and, as each one of the thousands assembled lighted his candle, the cry went up, "Christ is risen!" came the Easter morning ceremony in the court of the Holy Sepulcher.

Ah, how gentle, how tender, how touching, how vital it was, that simple greeting of the wonderful morning after the delirium and the fury of the holy fire! All hearts were excited to frenzy by the holy fire. The Easter morning procession moved hundreds to tears, held them tensely silent. Instead of the blue dome, spangled with artificial stars, a faint blue sky was over our heads. Instead of the glare of the torches, the sunbeams fell mildly upon us. Instead of the yelling multitudes, we heard the sound of the wonderful bells. They began to peal forth just before the procession entered the court from the city. By the door of the church the Abyssinians, in white and black, were already waiting. And the bells, one deep and booming, the others lighter in timbre, were harsh and very barbaric, but thrilling and full of meaning —bells never to be forgotten. They sounded like strange, emotional voices of living things, proclaiming a great, a superb truth. Down below me I saw tears streaming over the seamed faces of many Russians as they signed themselves, kissed one another, told one another, "Christ is risen!" answering to the triumphant proclamation of the bells, which, unwearied, reiterated their marvelous message to the children of men. And the cavasses in blue and red and gold came slowly into the court, and a man carrying the cross, and boys in red and in gold with swinging lamps on chains, and many priests in black. And there followed a priest with his arms full of flowers, and behind him another bearing on high the risen Christ crowned with a halo of gold, and framed in a glory of blossoms. Then there rose from the thousands of pilgrims a cry of sweet exultation, and the bells seemed to grow louder as they told Jerusalem that the marble house was empty, that the stone had been rolled away. The bishops appeared in pale yellow, pearl color, and gold, all holding lighted candles. And last of all came Damianos, bearing a staff and a jeweled picture of the risen Christ. The procession stopped. The bells were silent. There was a pause. Then the patriarch took a step forward, gazed at the immense crowd of adoring pilgrims, lifted the jeweled picture of Christ, held it out toward them and said, "Christ is risen!"

As his voice died away, the priest with the flowers raised his arms and showered blossoms over the crowd; the bells pealed forth again; the procession moved on; and the pilgrims, eagerly lighting their candles and embracing one another, closed in behind, crying, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"

And so into the darkness of the great church, quietly, softly, the procession gradually vanished. The gloom was lit up by the candles of priests and pilgrims. Through the doorway I saw Damianos in his gorgeous vestments sink humbly down to kiss the stone of unction. Then the Russians, weeping with joy, moved forward and hid him from my sight.

The crowds melted away; but the bells never ceased proclaiming their message. It was as if they knew that their voices were destined not only to tell to Jerusalem, but to all the world that lay beyond the confines of the city of Jesus, the truth of the resurrection—"Christ is risen! Christ is risen from the dead!"

THE END

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KIT CARSON, LAST OF THE TRAIL-MAKERS

APROPOS OF THE DENVER MEMORIAL

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

IN selecting Kit Carson as the crowning figure for his memorial to the pioneers, which is to be unveiled in Denver, Colorado, Mr. MacMonnies chose wisely. Hunters, settlers, and miners comprise the groups on the different sides of the monument, with an heroic equestrian statue of this noted frontiersman as the most striking feature. In his various activities, Carson played many parts, including those of hunter, ranchman, and miner.

As historians and writers of Western romance picture him, Kit Carson was solely an Indian-fighter and scout. Frontier exigencies, indeed, compelled him to be these, but he was much more. He was a sagacious civic chieftain as well as an intrepid leader in war, Indian, foreign, and civil; a wise counselor of red men and white; a man who touched the West's wild life at more points than any other person of any day; a man who blazed trails on which great commonwealths were afterward built, and who helped to build some of them.

Born in Kentucky ten months later than Lincoln, and seventy-five miles east of Lincoln's birthplace, Kit Carson, at an early age, was carried to Missouri by his parents. He received little school education, but learned to ride, to handle a rifle, and to trap bear and beaver on that borderline of civilization. He was set to work at a trade which had no attractions for him; and his imagination was fired by the tales of the strange and stirring scenes and deeds in the vast expanse off toward the sunset that came to him through passing hunters and traders. The "Missouri Intelligencer," a weekly newspaper published in Franklin, on the Missouri River, in its issue of October 12, 1826, tells the sequel:

> Notice is hereby given to all persons that Christopher Carson, a boy about sixteen years old, small for his age, but thick-set, with light hair, ran away from the subscriber, living in Franklin, Howard County, Missouri, to whom he had been bound to learn the saddler's trade, on or about the 1st of September last. He is supposed to have made his way to the upper part of the state. All persons are notified not to harbor, support or assist said boy, under penalty of the law. One cent reward will be given to any person who will bring back the said boy. *David Workman.*

Six years earlier than this, on the banks of the Missouri, and a hundred miles east of Franklin, died Daniel Boone. In the retrospect, Carson's name naturally associates itself with Boone's. On a broader field, in the face of obstacles and perils equally formidable, with a greater variety of resources, and with a far readier adaptability to rapidly changing conditions, Carson continued the rôle of empire-builder which Boone had begun.

In 1826, the only States west of the Mississippi were Missouri and Louisiana, and these, with the Territory of Arkansas, contained not much more than a third as many inhabitants as a single city of that region, St. Louis, has in 1910. Our present Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and California, with parts of Colorado and Wyoming, belonged to Mexico, and, with Mexico, had just broken away from Spain. Oregon, Wash-

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ington, and Idaho, with large portions of Wyoming and Montana, were in controversy between the United States and England, and were to remain in that condition for twenty years longer. West and southwest of the Missouri, and on its upper waters for hundreds of miles east of that river, roamed some of the most warlike and powerful Indian tribes of North America. Except that, in the interval, the capital of the southwest territory had swung from Madrid, Spain, to Mexico, no perceptible change had taken place on the Western frontier since the days, twenty years earlier, when Lewis and Clark explored the region from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia; or since Captain Zebulon M. Pike, seeking the sources of the Red River, entered Spanish territory unawares, in the southern part of the present Colorado, and was carried a prisoner before Charles IV's governor-general at Santa Fé. In no age or land did adventure ever offer a more attractive field to daring and enterprise than that which spread itself out before young Carson at the moment when, fleeing from the little saddler's shop, he plunged into the current of the stirring life off to the westward.

First as a teamster on the Santa Fé Trail, of which Franklin was then the eastern terminus, then as a worker at the copper mines on the Gila, and afterward as a hunter, trapper, and guide across the West's wide spaces, Carson traversed a large part of the region from the Missouri to the Sacramento, from the Gulf of California to the upper reaches of the Columbia, and, as exigencies demanded, alternately fighting, fleeing from, or affiliating with Comanches, Apaches, Sioux, Pawnees, and Blackfeet. Thus he was thrown into active association with St. Vrain, the Bents, Ewing Young, Fitzpatrick, Bill Williams, Jim Bridger, the Sublettes, and other well-known plainsmen and mountaineers of the middle third of the nineteenth century, and won a reputation for initiative, versatility, and daring which made him a marked figure among the frontier leaders of his day. Moreover, in the midst of his exciting activities he found time to marry, to establish a home, and to practise the civic virtues which, refusing to lend themselves to picturesque treatment, have eluded the writers of romance.

At this time, May, 1842, Lieutenant John C. Frémont, on his way up the Mississippi with the first of his exploration parties, fell in with Carson and induced him to enter the government service as the official guide of the expedition. He afterward wrote:

> On the boat I met Kit Carson. He was returning from putting his little daughter in a convent school in St. Louis. I was pleased with him and his manner of address at this first meeting. He was a man of medium height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a clear, steady blue eye and frank speech and manner—quiet and unassuming.

Carson, then a little less than thirty-three years of age, was already a national character. The association which began at that time lasted to the end of the Mexican War.

Washington, a city which saw many strange spectacles, had a novel sight on the June day of 1847 when Kit Carson entered it with letters from Frémont. In various phrase, this is the substance of what the newspapers of Washington, New York, and Boston said: Here is the man who has blazed paths for the Pathfinder from the mouth of the Missouri to the Golden Gate; who, in 1846, guided General Stephen W. Kearny's column of the Army of the West through New Mexico to the Pacific; who, when Kearny was surrounded and besieged by the Mexicans, brought Commodore Stockton's forces to the rescue; and who has just ridden from Los Angeles, nearly 4000 miles, with a military escort for the first 1200 miles of the way, eluding or fighting Mexicans and Indians, as circumstances dictated, carrying to President Polk and to War Secretary Marcy the story of the conquest of California and of the raising of the Stars and Stripes along the Pacific coast.

A little knowledge of history, coupled with even a smaller amount of historical imagination, will enable us to picture the sensation which Carson and his story caused at the Capital. Polk, Webster, Clay, and the other statesmen who met him were impressed with his quiet dignity, his candor, and the absence of swagger in his demeanor. No longer could Congress listen with the old-time seriousness to the

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tales of the alleged Sahara barrenness of the Western plains, for Frémont's story, just published in its first instalment, told of streams, of occasional tracts of timber, and of vast herds of buffalo. And here in Washington was the man who had piloted Frémont on his expeditions. From this time dates the decline of the myth of the Great American Desert, which the reports of Pike and of Long and Irving's chronicle of the overland march of the Astorians projected across the map of the second quarter of the nineteenth century from the western border of Missouri to the Sierra Nevada. With their imperialist notions, Senators Benton, Cass, and Douglas saw in Carson the advance courier of manifest destiny.

With the modesty which was one of his characteristics, Carson declined to accept himself at the appraisement which Washington gave him. As he viewed them, his achievements were merely part of his day's work, for the performance of which he deserved no special credit. Accordingly he left the capital gladly with the despatches which Polk gave him for the military commander in California, and then, after another journey back to Washington, he returned, in 1848, to Taos, and resumed the life of a ranchman, which had been interrupted six years earlier.

Once more now, in Carson's case, we see the initiative, the versatility, and the resourcefulness which the frontier conditions of the older day demanded. In their widely different fields, Crockett, Sam Houston, and Lincoln disclosed these qualities. Appointed in 1853 Indian agent for the district of New Mexico and vicinity by President Pierce,—a post which he held till his death, except for the interlude of the Civil War, in which he rose to the rank of a brigadier-general,—he entered a sphere in which he gained a new distinction. The most formidable Indian-fighter of his age, he was equally successful as a counselor and conciliator of Indians. His administration stands guiltless of any complicity in "the century of dishonor."

As a peacemaker between red men and white and between red men and red, Carson was more effective than a regiment of cavalry. This was because he knew the Indian's nature, talked his tongue, took pains to learn his specific grievances, and could look at things from his point of view. The Indian had confidence in Carson in a larger degree than in any other agent of the older day except General William Clark, Lewis's old partner in the exploration of 1804–06, who, from Monroe's days in the Presidency to Van Buren's, was superintendent of Indian affairs, with headquarters at St. Louis. Except Clark, he was more active in treaty-making between the Government and the red man than any other agent down to his time.

Socially as well as physically Carson was a path-blazer. With the Dawes severalty act of 1887 began a revolution in our methods of dealing with the red men. Many years before that statute was dreamed of, Carson recommended that the Indians be taught to cultivate the soil, that allotments of land be given to them as they become capable of using them, that they be trained to become self-supporting, and that they be prepared to merge themselves into the mass of the country's citizenship. In a crude and general way our Indian policy for the last quarter of a century has proceeded along these lines.

More than any other Indian agent of his day or earlier, Carson exerted influence with the national authorities to induce them to listen to the appeals of the country's wards, to remove their grievances, as far as practicable, to deal with them as individuals, and to arouse in them an ambition to rise to the industrial status of their white neighbors. It was just after a return from a visit to Washington with a delegation of Sioux that, at Fort Lyon, Colorado, he was stricken with aneurism of the aorta, as an effect of a fall with his horse down a precipice years before.

Although more than forty-two years have passed since Carson's death many of his acquaintances are still living in various parts of the West. In talks which I have had with some of them in the past year or two they revealed him on a side which the historical and fiction writers never disclosed. As a youth on the plains I caught a glimpse of him in the last year of his life, and as he had always been a hero to me as a boy beyond any other frontier character, I was surprised at the absence in his appearance of everything traditionally associated with the aspect of an Indian fighter. Although he was still alert

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and resolute, his face had the kindly look which reminded me of Father De Smet, the head of the mission among the Flatheads on the Bitter Root River, in Montana, whom I had met shortly before that time.

"One of my most vivid recollections of Carson," says Major Rafael Chacon, of Trinidad, Colorado, who was an officer in his company of scouts in the campaign of 1855 against the Utes and Apaches, and who was a captain and later on a major in the First Regiment of New Mexican Volunteers in the Civil War, of which Carson was the colonel, "was of one day in 1862 in Albuquerque, when I saw him lying on an Indian blanket in front of his quarters, with his children gleefully crawling all over him and taking from his pockets the candy and the lumps of sugar which he had purchased for them. Their mother, his second wife, Dona Josefa Jaramillo, to whom he was ardently devoted, he called by the pet name of Chipita."

"When I was a child," says Mrs. L. P. Slaughter, of Kansas City, Missouri, "Kit Carson's daughter Adeline, the daughter by his first wife, lived for several years with my parents on a farm between Fayette and Glasgow, in Howard County, in this State. There and in a St. Louis convent school she received her education. As my mother refused to accept any money for caring for his daughter, he purchased many presents for us, among which was a mahogany rocking-chair which I have still. As I remember him after a lapse of more than half a century, he appeared to be one of the kindest-hearted men whom I ever met."

Jacob Beard, eighty-two years of age, of Monrovia, California, who became acquainted with Carson at Taos in 1847, says one of his most pleasant memories is of the day in 1852 when, while working on a ranch near San Francisco, he met Carson, who had just reached that city with a great drove of sheep which he and a few men had conducted from New Mexico, nearly a thousand miles over deserts, across swift and dangerous rivers, and through wild mountain passes, a large part of the course being infested by Indians. "Kit, on seeing you I feel homesick," he exclaimed, "and I think I ought to go back with you." Carson became sympathetic at once, and said: "Well, Jake, we have only one life to live, and in living it we should make the most of our opportunities." Beard added, in telling this to me: "That settled the matter. I returned to the ranch, adjusted my affairs there, saddled my mule, caught up with Carson's party, went back to New Mexico, and lived there for many years afterward."

Daniel L. Taylor, mayor of Trinidad, Colorado, who probably stood closer to Carson during the later years of his life than any other man now living, related recently to me an incident showing his dislike of anything which savored of flattery. One day in 1862 the great frontiersman chanced to stop at Maxwell's ranch, on the Cimmaron River, in New Mexico, a well-known point on the Santa Fé trail, when a regular army officer of high rank who was there exclaimed, exuberantly: "So this is the distinguished Kit Carson who has made so many Indians run." Carson silenced his eulogist by quietly remarking: "Yes, I made some Indians run, but much of the time they were running after me."

For his honesty and courage in exposing an official who was defrauding the Government in 1864–65 he was removed by one of his political superiors from the command at Fort Union to Fort Garland, in Colorado, but he never complained, and the cause of the removal, which was eminently creditable to him, was divulged by others, and not by himself.

"In Kit Carson Park, which I have given to the city of Trinidad," said Mayor Taylor to me, "we shall soon erect a monument to Carson, and we shall try to make the affair interesting to the entire West. In many ways he was the most wonderful man that I ever knew."

Even to his old neighbors and associates Carson was a hero during his lifetime. Merit meets no severer test than this.

An old friend of Carson's told me that his dying exclamation to the physician who was with him, was *"Doctor, compadre, adíos."* The date was May 23, 1868. As this last of the great trail-makers was dying, the Union Pacific, pushing westward, and the Central Pacific, moving eastward, were about to meet at Promontory, Utah, and the continent was crossed by rail. The heroic age of Western expansion had closed.

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From a photograph taken about 1863. Engraved on wood by H. Velten

C. Carson
Late Col 1st Cav'y N.M.V.'s
Bvt Brig General

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF CHRISTOPHER ("KIT") CARSON

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THE MACMONNIES PIONEER MONUMENT FOR DENVER

AN EMBODIMENT OF THE WESTERN SPIRIT

THE pioneer monument of which the equestrian statue of Kit Carson is the crowning figure consists of a granite shaft decorated with buffalo skulls and oak garlands, rising from basins decorated with bronze sculpture groups typifying the prospector, the hunter, and the pioneer mother and child. The fountain, the ground-plan of which is hexagonal, will be raised on five granite steps. Water will spout into basins from mountain-lion and trout heads. At the base, the shaft will be decorated with the arms of Denver, and horns of plenty overflowing with fruit, grain, corn, and gold and silver money —all being the produce of Colorado.

In developing the main motive of the monument, which seeks to express the expansive character of the West and its people, the sculptor has sought to reconcile sculpturesque quality and decorative style with the portrayal of types of character, without the loss of local definition. He has sought dignity by avoiding momentary, story-telling situations, and in the portrayal of character rather than episode, has endeavored to condense all that is most broadly typical of the West.

In the prospector he has sought to express something of the philosophy of the miner who alone, in the solitude of the desert, is sustained by constant hope, and a prophetic vision which recognizes great possibilities in the smallest indications. In the hunter he has tried to suggest something of the roving life of the pioneer living among primitive conditions, daily menaced by death, either from starvation or from treacherous enemies, and who is only saved from destruction by constant vigilance and superior woodcraft. In the group of the mother and child, he has endeavored to reflect the high qualities of courage and resourcefulness of the pioneer woman, always ready to meet danger in the defense of her child and her home.

In the equestrian statue of Kit Carson, the sculptor's aim was to sum up the sentiment of the whole western movement, "The Call of the West"—"Westward Ho."

The costumes are from actual objects, including a coat worn by Carson, now owned by Mr. John S. Hough, of Lake City, Colorado. Suggestions for the head of the mounted scout were taken from his early portraits; for the hunter, from Jim Baker, an old scout of Colorado; while the head of the prospector was studied from portraits of prominent Colorado pioneers.

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From the sculpture by Frederick MacMonnies. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

KIT CARSON, THE PIONEER

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From the sculpture by Frederick MacMonnies. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE PROSPECTOR

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From the sculpture by Frederick MacMonnies. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE PIONEER MOTHER

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From the sculpture by Frederick MacMonnies. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE HUNTER

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AMERICA'S REMBRANDTS

REMARKABLE INCREASE IN AMERICAN PURCHASES OF PAINTINGS BY THE DUTCH MASTER

WITH A LIST OF CANVASES OWNED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

EVIDENCE is not wanting that the removal of the duty on works by the old masters will result in the permanent enrichment of our store of artistic things. The newspapers are continually announcing, with a rather unfortunate blare of trumpets, the fabulous price paid by some American in Europe for a masterpiece of painting or sculpture, while from our consuls come definite figures showing that the exports from Europe to America of works of art have increased enormously since the old masters were put on the free list.

Among these late importations, the paintings of Rembrandt have a conspicuous place. In the last fifty years his work has been steadily gaining favor with Americans, each succeeding decade showing a vastly increased importation. To-day no paintings are more sought after by Americans, none more sincerely welcomed.

This is easily accounted for. A portrait by Rembrandt always arrests attention; the typical American feels that a vital thing has crossed his path. More than any other painter, Rembrandt knew how to portray those human elements in his sitters that make strong appeal to the heart of generation after generation. He "someway managed to walk with God's folk of old in humble and friendly fashion." With few exceptions, his portraits are interesting alike to the man who knows what great painting is and to the man who knows nothing about it. Therein lies the chief element of his great popularity; one does not need to be an artist to enjoy his work. Any one looking into the face of maid-servant, sibyl, auctioneer, angel, painter, or patriarch, as Rembrandt shows them to us, feels that here is a person whom it would be interesting to know in the flesh. His folk all have distinct personality; each one has a soul. Spend a morning with the Rembrandts in a museum, then take a volume containing several hundred reproductions of his other portraits, and look square into the eyes of all these wonderful people. Imagine yourself in a world where they were the only inhabitants. It would be a miniature world, surely, but complete in every essential, furnished with all sorts and conditions of saints and sinners. The reason for this is not far to seek. The artist himself was a big-hearted, big-brained, big-souled man, who found something of interest in everybody who came to his door. During the years when few patrons knocked at that door he obviously had great joy in painting vagrants and tradespeople, as well as every member of his own family.

Rembrandt's great commission was to paint humanity. Through good and evil report, through fame and degradation, "without fear or favor" he stuck to his task. Work done in these circumstances must run the whole gamut of human experience. Add to this a very evident democracy, which proclaimed his "field the world," his "countrymen all mankind," and it is little wonder that this independent, many-sided artist should find in cosmopolitan, heterogeneous America a large and appreciative following.

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From a copy owned by Frederick Keppel & Co.

REMBRANDT'S ETCHING OF HIMSELF LEANING ON A STONE SILL

The original etching, now in the British Museum, is signed and dated 1630, and is a proof from the first state of the plate. The pencil retouching made by Rembrandt himself on the original proof—with the intention of making the alterations on the plate in a later state of the etching—are clearly visible, both on the right side of the bonnet and on the stonework behind the figure.

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There are on this side of the Atlantic no fewer than eighty-eight oil-paintings, besides some small sketches, by Rembrandt. This means that we have double the number left in Holland, with a score to spare, and two dozen more than all in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Rumania, Spain, and Sweden. Indeed, there are only two countries which possess more than America: Great Britain, which has 165 and Germany, which has 120.

London and Paris remain the great Rembrandt markets, while America has taken her place as the largest buyer. It is significant that fourteen of the sixteen Rembrandts from the recently sold Kann collections have come to America. Although these came to us from Paris, a full half of all our Rembrandts hung for generations in the ancestral homes of England, whence some of them were secretly sold when the owners could no longer withstand the tempting prices offered. In at least one gallery their places in the old frames were filled with clever copies. England undoubtedly has more real Rembrandts than she knows, for the tide of Rembrandts set strongly about her shores for many a long year. Dr. Hofstede de Groot suggests that there is flotsam and jetsam yet to be discovered; for in a recent publication he tells of the finding, in the bedroom of an English country house, of no fewer than four hitherto unknown Rembrandts, and of the discovery of others in the possession of Earl Howe. One of the last collection has already crossed the Atlantic. It will cause no surprise if the others should drift the same way, for without doubt the current now sets toward America.

It seems safe to assert that the first Rembrandt to reach the New World was either "Danaë and the Shower of Gold," in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, or the "Portrait of a Man," owned by the New York Historical Society. The "Danaë" was brought from Paris by Mr. Francis Brooks in 1854, and was given to the museum seven years ago. The other was presented to the Historical Society by Mr. Thomas J. Bryan in 1866, but it is not known when he bought it, for he began his collection of old masters in 1847. Dr. Wilhelm Bode, the German art critic, notices neither of these paintings in his "Rembrandt," but that seems to be because they were unknown to him. Both are accepted as genuine by good authorities. It need not surprise us to find many other authentic Rembrandts unnoticed by Bode, in spite of the remarkable thoroughness with which his great eight-volume work on Rembrandt was prepared. Since the publication of this work he has himself written more than once on newly discovered paintings by the great Dutch master, and many other canvases have come to light since Dr. Bode's latest word was spoken.

In the early seventies the number of Rembrandts in America was doubled by the arrival of two small studies: "The Head of an Elderly Jew" and "King Saul." These were brought over by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, in whose family they still remain. Curiously, a life of Rembrandt, published in Boston in 1878, does not mention any of these in its list of his paintings, although three of them were within a short walk of the publisher's office.

In the eighties, about ten Rembrandts were added to our little collection. Among them came the justly famous "Gilder." At that time European catalogues included American-owned Rembrandts in the "Lost" column. Even as late as 1899 the phrase, "Now somewhere in the United States," was frequently used.

The last decade of the old century brought us thirty-two Rembrandts, and the first decade of the new added over forty more, raising the American collection to third place among the nations possessing Rembrandts, a position long occupied by France.

Our eighty-eight paintings represent in a remarkable manner the working years of the master, ranging from his youth to his old age. Of thirty-eight working years between youth and old age, thirty-four are represented by these paintings. Of 1632, the great year of "The Lesson in Anatomy," we have nine canvases. Many of the other years are represented by two or three or four paintings. There are fifty-one signed, and forty-six are also dated. Almost all the others can with assurance be assigned to their respective years.

Again, the American pictures afford a comprehensive view of the painter's style and of all classes of his work,—por-

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traits, landscapes; historical, religious, and mythological subjects; and groups and still-life. Of his known paintings more than two thirds are portraits. The next largest group is the religious subjects. Happily, among the American Rembrandts we find the same proportion of portraits, with the religious group taking second place numerically. It is true that of pure landscape we have only two examples, but only sixteen are known to exist. We may, therefore, count ourselves rich, especially when we know that the painting just added to the collection of Sir William C. Van Horne, in Montreal, is the only landscape of which there is proof that it was painted direct from nature.

Again, the American pictures are interesting as a record, though not quite a complete one, of Rembrandt's family and circle of friends. A large number of his portraits were painted from himself. We have seven of these, representing him at ages ranging from twenty-two to fifty-two. We have two portraits of Saskia, his first wife; one, perhaps two, of Hendrikje Stoffels, his second wife; one of his son Titus; and one of his father. The claim has been made—not by the owner—that Mr. Charles P. Taft's "Elderly Woman" is the mother of the artist; but his mother died ten years before this picture was painted, and the face is not that of her known portraits. The recent Hudson-Fulton Exhibition Catalogue calls No. 107a, "Titus, the Son of Rembrandt"; but this man, who is over forty, cannot possibly be Titus, who died at the age of twenty-eight. Neither can Mr. Morgan's "Young Painter with Long Curly Hair" be identified with the artist's son, as suggested in Malcolm Bell's recent "Rembrandt"; for, when this portrait was painted, Titus was only eight years old. It will not be long, however, before all the members of the great Dutchman's family are gathered in America. It is perhaps an evidence that we are impatient to bring about this reunion that No. 107b in the catalogue just referred to is entitled, "Magdalena van Loo, Wife of Rembrandt's Son Titus." But we see here a woman of fifty, and Magdalena died before she was thirty. I venture the opinion that this famous "Lady with a Pink" is Magdalena's mother, who willed to her daughter a portrait of herself by Rembrandt. These aside, the family makes a brave showing in its new home, where portraits of old neighbors and friends by the score are already gathered.

The enormous sums paid to-day for Rembrandt's paintings are constantly made the subject of sensational newspaper articles, which tend to create, in the minds of the unimaginative, matter-of-fact American, feelings of anger and disgust toward persons of great wealth and their extravagances. At the same time, such extravagances, if the term be admitted, are to be encouraged, since the artistic wealth of the country is thereby increased in a manner which, a few years hence, will be impossible. No American workman of to-day is more astonished at the payment of $250,000 for a portrait by Rembrandt than the artist himself would have been, for he painted these portraits for $200 each. His work has advanced remarkably in value within a very few years. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, still-life subjects were more marketable, and brought more than these portraits. There seems, however, to have been a steady, though slow, increase in valuation almost ever since 1669, when the poverty-stricken artist was laid in an unmarked grave.

The tendency to gather Rembrandt's work into public galleries is an encouraging sign of the times. About forty-three per cent. of his known paintings are now thus protected. For them the danger of being further hawked about the world for the highest bid is past. Of the European nations rich in Rembrandts, Great Britain, the richest, has the fewest behind the strong doors of her museums. Since one third of her wealth in Rembrandts is not thus protected, her "spoliation" is likely to continue for years to come. France makes a better showing. She has two fifths of her paintings in safe-keeping. Russia possesses only fifty-four Rembrandts, yet, to her everlasting credit, forty-three are in public galleries. Germany's record is, however, even more commendable, for of her 120 paintings by Rembrandt, ninety-three are permanently on exhibition, not crowded into a single gallery, as are forty of Russia's, but well scattered throughout the empire.

"Prominent citizens of the United States are, as a recognized duty, one after

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another giving or bequesting their art treasures to the public," is the startling statement made two years ago by the London "Art Journal." If this be true, Rembrandt's paintings apparently are not to be classed as "art treasures," for of our eighty-eight, only nine belong to public museums: four in New York, four in Boston, and one in Chicago. In addition to these, one belongs to the New York Historical Society.

Perhaps our "prominent citizens" derive too much personal pleasure from their Rembrandts to be quite willing yet to turn them over permanently to the great public. And who can blame them? Nevertheless, their generosity may be relied upon to lend these great works for public exhibition, and may we not hope that some day they will "give or bequest" them, with other artistic things, to our museums, there to be held in perpetual trust for the public pleasure? Then and only then will they actually belong to America, and we may feel assured that through the foresight and generosity of a few fortunate American citizens the whole nation has been permanently enriched.

LIST OF PAINTINGS BY REMBRANDT IN AMERICA, 1910

1628 (ab't)	Rembrandt	Not in Bode's	"Rembrandt."
	Owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, New York.		Sig'd with init'ls.
1629	Rembrandt in plumed cap	Bode No. 18.	Sig'd with init'ls.
	Owned by Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston.		
1630 (ab't)	Paul seated at writing-table, meditating	Bode No. 36.	Not signed.
	Owned by John W. Gates, New York.		
1630 (ab't)	Rembrandt's father looking down, hand on breast	Bode No. 545.	Not signed.
	Owned by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.		
1630 (ab't)	Raising of Lazarus	Bode No. 45.	Sig. abbreviated.
	Owned by Edward Brandus, New York.		
1631	Rembrandt	Not in Bode.	Sig'd with init'ls.
	Owned by Edward Drummond Libbey, Toledo.		
1631	Rembrandt in steel gorget, with feather in cap	Bode No. 548.	Sig'd with init'ls.
	Owned by Frank G. Logan, Chicago.		
1631	Nicolaes Ruts	Bode No. 51.	Sig'd with init'ls.
	Owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, New York.		
1631 (ab't)	Beardless youth with wide, flat collar	Bode No. 559.	Not signed.
	Owned by F. T. Fleitmann, New York.		
1631 (ab't)	St. Peter penitent	Not in Bode.	
	Owned by Sir William C. Van Horne, Montreal.		
1632	John the Baptist	Bode No. 134.	Signed.
	Owned by Mrs. Charles Stewart Smith, New York.		
1632	The Noble Slav	Bode No. 145.	Sig'd with init'ls.
	Owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, New York.		
1632	A gentleman, long known as "The Treasurer"	Bode No. 73.	Sig. abbreviated.
	Owned by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York.		
1632	Man of forty, long known as Dr. Tulp	Bode No. 81.	Sig. abbreviated.
	Owned by James W. Ellsworth, New York.		
1632	Lady of the Van Beresteyn-Vucht family	Bode No. 83.	Sig. abbreviated.
	Owned by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York.		
1632	Gentleman of the Van Beresteyn-Vucht family	Bode No. 82.	Sig. abbreviated.
	Owned by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York.		
1632 (ab't)	Portrait of a man	Not in Bode.	Not signed.
	Owned by Historical Society, New York.		
1632 (ab't)	Old man looking sideways	Bode No. 139.	Not signed.
	Owned by C. A. Griscom, Philadelphia.		
1633	Young couple	Bode No. 99.	Signed.
	Owned by Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston.		
1633	Timorous disciples in the storm	Bode No. 120.	Signed.
	Owned by Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston.		
1633	Young man rising from chair	Bode No. 100.	Signed.
	Owned by Charles P. Taft, Cincinnati.		
1633 (ab't)	Saskia in gold-embroidered veil	Bode No. 153.	Not signed.
	Owned by P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia.		
1633 (ab't)	Young man, formerly called "Burgomaster Six"	Bode No. 90.	Not signed.
	Owned by Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, New York.		
1633 (ab't)	Young woman, formerly called "Wife of Burgomaster Six"	Bode No. 91.	Not signed.
	Owned by Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, New York.		

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1634	Young man with slight beard Owned by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.	Bode No. 111.	Signed.
1634 (ab't)	Young woman Owned by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.	Bode No. 112.	Not signed.
1634 (ab't)	Marquis D'Audelot Owned by Richard Mortimer, New York.	Bode No. 205.	Not signed.
1635	Man with pointed beard, wide cap and gold chain Owned by Rodman Wanamaker, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 568.	Signed.
1635	Old man with throat uncovered Owned by Mrs. W. B. Leeds, New York.	Bode No. 204.	Signed.
1635 (ab't)	Finding of Moses Owned by John G. Johnson, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 195.	Not signed.
1635 (ab't)	Rabbi in wide cap Owned by W. W. Seaman, New York.	Bode No. 202.	Not signed.
1636	Saskia, with a black feather in his hair Owned by A. M. Byers, Pittsburgh.	Bode No. 156.	Signed.
1637	Carcass of ox in cellar Owned by John G. Johnson, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 575.	Sig'd with init'l.
1638 (ab't)	Landscape with column Owned by Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston.	Bode No. 230.	Not signed.
1640	Herman Doomer, "The Gilder" Owned by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York.	Bode No. 275.	Signed.
1640	Old lady looking to left, her hands clasped Owned by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York.	Bode No. 278.	Signed.
1640–1643 (ab't)	Young girl holding out medal on chain Owned by heirs of Robert Hoe, New York.	Bode No. 303.	Not signed.
1641	Adoration of the shepherds Owned by Metropolitan Museum, New York.	Not in Bode.	Signed.
1641	Woman with a fan Owned by William A. Clark, New York.	Not in Bode.	Signed.
1643	Young woman, resting hand, with fan, on chair Owned by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York.	Bode No. 267.	Signed.
1643	Young man in high hat, left hand on breast Owned by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York.	Bode No. 286.	Signed.
1643 (ab't)	Young man by pillar, holding plumed hat Owned by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York.	Bode No. 266.	Not signed.
1643 (ab't)	Study of a head, known as "King Saul" Owned by Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, Boston.	Bode No. 578.	Not signed.
1643–1645 (ab't)	Man with disordered dark hair and beard Owned by John G. Johnson, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 579.	Not signed.
1644	Man in steel gorget and wide cap Owned by Benjamin Altman, New York.	Bode No. 271.	Signed.
1645	Orphan girl at open window Owned by Art Institute, Chicago.	Bode No. 301.	Signed.
1645 (ab't)	Head of elderly Jew in fur cap Owned by Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, Boston.	Bode No. 308.	Not signed.
1645 (ab't)	Rembrandt, with short hair in broad cap Owned by Herbert L. Terrell, New York.	Bode No. 260.	Not signed.
1646 (ab't)	Christ on the cross Owned by John G. Johnson, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 318.	Not signed.
1647	Young painter in high hat, sketch-book in hand Owned by Henry C. Frick, New York.	Bode No. 365.	Signed.
1648 (ab't)	Young painter with curly hair, about to draw Owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, New York.	Bode No. 364.	Not signed.
1650	Rembrandt with a cap over a red net Owned by P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 346.	Signed.
1650	Old man with grizzled beard, in red cap Owned by George J. Gould, New York.	Bode No. 376.	Signed.
1650 (ab't)	Bust of Jewish philosopher Owned by P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 582.	Not signed.
1652	Elderly woman in dark red hood, laughing Owned by Charles P. Taft, Cincinnati.	Bode No. 584.	Signed.
1652(?)	Danaë and the shower of gold Owned by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.	Not in Bode.	Signature and date doubted.
1653	Bearded man with bust of Homer Owned by Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, New York.	Bode No. 385.	Signed.
1654	Standard-bearer with a wide sash Owned by George J. Gould, New York.	Bode No. 370.	Signed.
1654	Landscape Owned by Sir William C. Van Horne, Montreal.	Not in Bode.	Signed.

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1655	Man in fanciful costume, with silver whistle. Owned by James Ross, Montreal.	Bode No. 448.	Signed.
1655	Titus standing, his hands at his sides. Owned by Benjamin Altman, New York.	Bode No. 442.	Signed.
1655 (ab't)	White-bearded old man in broad cap, seated. Owned by W. A. Slater, Norwich.	Bode No. 470.	Not signed.
1655 (ab't)	Head of bearded Jew in red cap, looking down. Owned by John G. Johnson, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 473.	Not signed.
1655 (ab't)	A young Polish cavalier. Owned by Henry C. Frick, New York.	Bode No. 466.	Sig'd with init'l.
1656 (ab't)	The Sibyl. Owned by Theodore M. Davis, Newport.	Bode No. 528.	Not signed.
1656–1658 (ab't)	Head of Christ inclined to right. Owned by John G. Johnson, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 412.	Not signed.
1657	Head of an old woman in a black hood. Owned by P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 472.	Signed.
1657 (ab't)	A seated Jew, with a biretta-shaped cap. Owned by Otto H. Kahn, New York.	Bode No. 586.	Signed.
1658	An old woman cutting her nails. Owned by Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, New York.	Bode No. 477.	Signed.
1658	Jupiter and Mercury entertained by Philemon and Baucis. Owned by Scott and Fowles, New York.	Bode No. 407.	Signed.
1658	Young man holding note-book ("Auctioneer Haring?") Owned by Benjamin Altman, New York.	Bode No. 458.	Signed.
1658	Rembrandt seated with a stick in left hand. Owned by Henry C. Frick, New York.	Bode No. 428.	Signed.
1659 (ab't)	Large head of Christ, turned to right. Owned by Duveen Bros., New York.	Bode No. 414.	Not signed.
1660	Hendrickje Stoffels in a brown mantle looking down. Owned by Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, New York.	Bode No. 438.	Signed.
1661	A young rabbi in a black skull cap. Owned by Sir William C. Van Horne, Montreal.	Bode No. 509.	Signed.
1661	A praying pilgrim. Owned by Duveen Bros., New York.	Bode No. 485.	Signed.
1661 (ab't)	Study for head of St. Matthew. Owned by P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia.	Bode No. 522.	Not signed.
1662–1665 (ab't)	Woman in rich cap, with red pink in right hand. Owned by Benjamin Altman, New York.	Bode No. 536.	Not signed.
1662–1665 (ab't)	Man with magnifying glass in right hand. Owned by Benjamin Altman, New York.	Bode No. 535.	Not signed.
1663 (ab't)	The Accountant. Owned by Charles M. Schwab, New York.	Bode No. 526.	Not signed.
1664	Lucretia stabbing herself. Owned by M. C. D. Borden, New York.	Bode No. 595.	Signed.
1665	Man with broad-brimmed hat, dark beard and long hair. Owned by Metropolitan Museum, New York.	Bode No. 496.	Signed.
1665 (ab't)	Young woman in slashed black gown. Owned by R. B. Angus, Montreal.	Bode No. 537.	Not signed.
1665 (ab't)	Pilate washing his hands. Owned by Benjamin Altman, New York.	Bode No. 532.	Not signed.
1665 (ab't)	Pale young man with long hair, left hand in coat. Owned by Metropolitan Museum, New York.	Bode No. 495.	Not signed.
?	The Mills. Owned by Metropolitan Museum, New York.	Not in Bode.	Signed.
?	2 small sketches. Owned by Henry Walters, Baltimore.	Accepted by Bode.	
?	Study for head of an old man with long white beard. Owned by P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia.	Not in Bode.	Not signed.
?	Head of a man, small. Owned by Sir William C. Van Horne, Montreal.	Not in Bode.	

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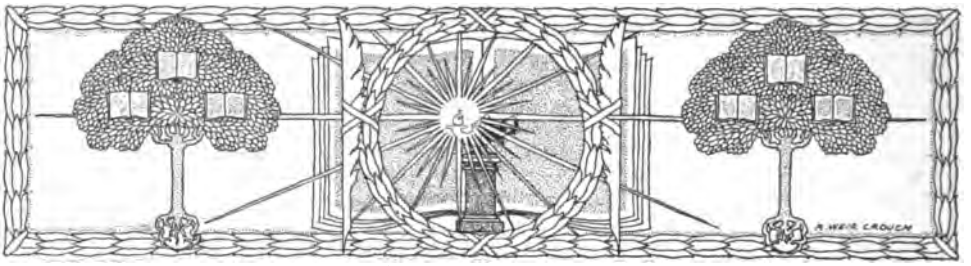

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THERE is a story of an Eastern prince who was much enamoured of the art of gardening. He wished that all flowers delightful to the eyes, and all fruits pleasant to the taste and good for food, should grow in his dominions, and that in growing the flowers should become more fair, the fruits more savory and nourishing. With this thought in his mind and this desire in his heart, he found his way to the Ancient One, the Worker of Wonders, who dwells in a secret place, and made known his request. "For the care of your gardens and your orchards," said the Ancient One, "I can do nothing, since that charge has been given to you and to your people. Nor will I send blossoming plants and fruiting trees of every kind to make your kingdom rich and beautiful as if by magic, lest the honor of labor should be diminished, and the slow reward of patience should be despised, and even the living gifts bestowed upon you without toil should wither and die away. But this will I do: a single tree shall be brought to you from a far country by the hands of my servants, and you shall plant it in the midst of your land. In the body of that tree is the sap of life that was from the beginning; the leaves of it are full of healing; its flowers never fail, and its fruitage is the joy of every season. The roots of the tree shall go down to open the springs of deep waters; and wherever its pollen is drifted by the wind or borne by the bees, the gardens shall bloom with new beauty; and wherever its seed is carried by the fowls of the air, the orchards shall yield a richer harvest. But the tree itself you shall guard and cherish and keep as I give it you, neither cutting anything away from it, nor grafting anything upon it; for the life of the tree is in all the branches, and all the other trees shall be glad because of it." As the Ancient One had spoken, so it came to pass. The land of that prince had great renown of fine flowers and delicious fruits, ever unfolding in new colors and sweeter flavors the life that was shed among them by the tree of trees.

Something like the marvel of this tale may be read in the history of the Bible. No other book in the world has had such a strange vitality, such an outgoing power of influence and inspiration. Not only has it brought to the countries in whose heart it has been set new ideals of civilization, new models of character, new conceptions of virtue and hopes of happiness; but it has also given new impulse and form to the shaping imagination of man, and begotten beauty in literature and the other arts. Suppose, for example, that it were possible to dissolve away all the works of art which clearly owe their being to thoughts, emotions, or visions derived from the Bible,—all sculpture like Donatello's "David" and Michelangelo's "Moses," all painting like Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and Murillo's "Holy Family," all music like Bach's "Passion" and Handel's "Messiah," all poetry like Dante's "Divine Comedy" and Milton's

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"Paradise Lost,"—how it would impoverish the world!

The literary influence of the Bible appears the more wonderful when we consider that it is the work of a race not otherwise famous or potent in literature. We do not know, of course, what other books may have come from the Jewish nation and vanished with whatever of power or beauty they possessed; but in those that remain there is little of exceptional force or charm for readers outside of the Hebrew race. They have no broad human appeal, no universal significance, not even any signal excellence of form and imagery. Josephus is a fairly good historian, sometimes entertaining, but not comparable to Herodotus or Thucydides or Tacitus or Gibbon. The Talmuds are vast storehouses of things new and old, where a careful searcher may now and then find a legendary gem or a quaint fragment of moral tapestry. In histories of medieval literature, Ibn Ezra of Toledo and Rashi of Lunel are spoken of with respect. In modern letters, works as far apart as the philosophical treatises of Spinoza and the lyrics of Heinrich Heine have distinction in their kind. No one thinks that the Hebrews are lacking in great and varied talents; but how is it that in world literature their only contribution that counts is the Bible? And how is it that it counts so immensely?

It is possible to answer by saying that in the Old Testament we have a happily made collection of the best things in the ancient literature of the Jews, and in the New Testament we have another anthology of the finest of the narratives and letters which were produced by certain writers of the same race under a new and exceedingly powerful spiritual impulse. The Bible is excellent because it contains the cream of Hebrew thought. But this answer explains nothing. It only restates the facts in another form. How did such a collection come to be made? What gives it unity and coherence underneath all its diversity? How is it that, as a clear critic has well said, "These sixty books, with all their varieties of age, authorship, literary form, are, when properly arranged, felt to draw together with a unity like the connectedness of a dramatic plot?"

There is an answer, which if it be accepted, carries with it a solution of the problem. Suppose a race chosen by some process of selection (which need not now be discussed or defined) to develop in its strongest and most absolute form that one of man's faculties which is called the religious sense, to receive most clearly and deeply the impression of the unity, spirituality, and righteousness of a Supreme Being present in the world. Imagine that race moving through a long and varied experience under this powerful impression, now loyal to it, now rebelling against it, now misinterpreting it, now led by the voice of some prophet to understand it more fully and feel it more profoundly, but never wholly losing it for a single generation. Imagine the history of that race, its poetry, the biography of its famous men and women, the messages of its moral reformers, conceived and written in constant relation to that strongest factor of conscious life, the sense of the presence and power of the Eternal. Suppose, now, in a time of darkness and humiliation, that there rises within that race a prophet who declares that a new era of spiritual light has come, preaches a new revelation of the Eternal, and claims in his own person to fulfil all the ancient hopes and promises of a divine deliverer and redeemer. Imagine his followers, few in number, accepting his message slowly and dimly at first, guided by companionship with him into a clearer understanding and a stronger belief, until at last they are convinced that all his claims are true, and that he is the savior not only of the chosen people, but also of the whole world, the revealer of the Eternal to mankind. Imagine them setting out with incredible courage to carry this message to all nations, so deeply impressed with its truth that they are supremely happy to suffer and die for it, so filled with the passion of its meaning that they dare attempt to remodel the life of the world with it. Suppose a human story like this underneath the writing of the books which are gathered in the Bible, and you have an explanation—it seems to me the only reasonable explanation—of their surpassing quality and their strange unity.

This story is not a mere supposition: its general outline, stated in these terms, belongs to the realm of facts which cannot reasonably be questioned. What more is

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needed to account for the story itself, what potent and irresistible reality is involved in this record of experience, I do not now ask; for this is not an estimate of the religious authority of the Bible, nor of its inspiration in the theological sense of that word, but only of something less important, though no less real—its literary influence.

The fountain-head of the power of the Bible in literature lies in its nearness to the very springs and sources of human life—life taken seriously, earnestly, intensely; life in its broadest meaning, including the inward as well as the outward; life interpreted in its relation to universal laws and eternal values. It is this vital quality in the narratives, the poems, the allegories, the meditations, the discourses, the letters, gathered in this book, that gives it first place among the books of the world not only for currency, but also for greatness.

For the currency of literature depends in the long run upon the breadth and vividness of its human appeal. And the greatness of literature depends upon the intensive significance of those portions of life which it depicts and interprets. Now, there is no other book which reflects so many sides and aspects of human experience as the Bible, and this fact alone would suffice to give it a world-wide interest and make it popular. But it mirrors them all, whether they belong to the chronicles of kings and conquerors, or to the obscure records of the lowliest of laborers and sufferers, by the light of a conviction that they are all related to the will and purpose of the Eternal, which illuminates every figure with a divine distinction, and raises every event to the *n*th power of meaning. It is this fact that gives the Bible its extraordinary force as literature and makes it great.

Born in the East and clothed in Oriental form and imagery, the Bible walks the ways of all the world with familiar feet and enters land after land to find its own everywhere. It has learned to speak in hundreds of languages to the heart of man. It comes into the palace to tell the monarch that he is a servant of the Most High, and into the cottage to assure the peasant that he is a son of God. Children listen to its stories with wonder and delight, and wise men ponder them as parables of life. It has a word of peace for the time of peril, a word of comfort for the day of calamity, a word of light for the hour of darkness. Its oracles are repeated in the assembly of the people, and its counsels whispered in the ear of the lonely. The wicked and the proud tremble at its warning, but to the wounded and the penitent it has a mother's voice. The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad by it, and the fire on the hearth has lit the reading of its well-worn page. It has woven itself into our deepest affections and colored our dearest dreams; so that love and friendship, sympathy and devotion, memory and hope, put on the beautiful garments of its treasured speech, breathing of frankincense and myrrh. Above the cradle and beside the grave its great words come to us uncalled. They fill our prayers with power larger than we know, and the beauty of them lingers on our ear long after the sermons which they adorned have been forgotten. They return to us swiftly and quietly, like doves flying from far away. They surprise us with new meanings, like springs of water breaking forth from the mountain beside a long-trodden path. They grow richer, as pearls do when they are worn near the heart. No man is poor or desolate who has this treasure for his own. When the landscape darkens and the trembling pilgrim comes to the Valley named of the Shadow, he is not afraid to enter: he takes the rod and staff of Scripture in his hand; he says to friend and comrade, "Good-by; we shall meet again"; and comforted by that support, he goes toward the lonely pass as one who climbs through darkness into light.

It would be strange indeed if a book which has played such a part in human life had not exercised an extraordinary influence upon literature. As a matter of fact, the Bible has called into existence tens of thousands of other books devoted to the exposition of its meaning, the defense and illustration of its doctrine, the application of its teaching, or the record of its history. The learned Fabricius, in the early part of the eighteenth century, published a *catalogue raisonné* of such books, filling seven hundred quarto pages.[1] Since that time the length of the list has

[1] *Syllabus Scriptorum Veterum Recentiumque qui Veritatem Religionis Christianæ Asseruerunt:* Hamburg, 1725.

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probably more than doubled. In addition, we must reckon the many books of hostile criticism and contrary argument which the Bible has evoked, and which are an evidence of revolt against the potency of its influence. All this tangle of Biblical literature has grown up around it like a vast wood full of all manner of trees, great and small, useful and worthless, fruit-trees, timber-trees, berry-bushes, briers, and poison-vines. But all of them, even the most beautiful and tall, look like undergrowth, when we compare them with the mighty oak of Scripture, towering in perennial grandeur, the father of the forest.

Among the patristic writers there were some of great genius like Origen and Chrysostom and Augustine. The medieval schools of theology produced men of philosophic power, like Anselm and Thomas Aquinas; of spiritual insight, like the author of the *Imitatio Christi*. The eloquence of France reached its height in the discourses of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon. German became one of the potent tongues of literature when Martin Luther used it in his tracts and sermons, and Herder's *Geist der hebräischen Poesie* is one of the great books in criticism. In English, to mention such names as Hooker and Fuller and Jeremy Taylor is to recall the dignity, force, and splendor of prose at its best. Yet none of these authors has done anything to rival the book from which they drew their common inspiration.

In the other camp, though there have been many brilliant censors and assailants, not one has surpassed, or even equaled, in the estimation of the world, the literary excellence of the book which they attacked. The mordant wit of Voltaire, the lucid and melancholy charm of Renan, have not availed to drive or draw the world away from the Bible; and the effect of all assaults has been to leave it more widely read, better understood, and more intelligently admired that ever before.

Now it must be admitted that the same thing is true, at least in some degree, of other books which are held to be sacred or quasi-sacred: that they are superior to the distinctively theological literature which has grown up about them. I suppose nothing of the Mussulmans is as great as the "Koran," nothing of the Hindus as great as the "Vedas"; and though the effect of the Confucian classics, from the literary point of view, may not have been altogether good, their supremacy in the religious library of the Chinese is unquestioned. But the singular and noteworthy thing about the influence of the Bible is the extent to which it has permeated general literature, the mark which it has made in all forms of belles-lettres. To treat this subject adequately one would need to write many volumes. In this little essay I can touch but briefly on a few points of the outline as they come out in the literature of the English language.

In the Old-English period, the predominant influence of the Scriptures may be seen in the frequency with which the men of letters turned to them for subjects, and in the Biblical coloring and texture of thought and style. Cædmon's famous "Hymn" and the other poems like "Genesis," "Exodus," "Daniel," and "Judith," which were once ascribed to him; Cynewulf's "Crist," "The Fates of the Apostles," "The Dream of the Rood"; Ælfric's "Homilies" and his paraphrases of certain books of Scripture—these early fruits of our literature are all the offspring of the Bible.

In the Middle-English period, that anonymous masterpiece "Pearl" is full of the spirit of Christian mysticism, and the two poems called "Cleanness" and "Patience," probably written by the same hand, are free and spirited versions of stories from the Bible. "The Vision of Piers the Plowman," formerly ascribed to William Langland, but now supposed by some scholars to be the work of four or five different authors, was the most popular poem of the latter half of the fourteenth century. It is a vivid picture of the wrongs and sufferings of the laboring man, a passionate satire on the corruptions of the age in church and state, an eloquent appeal for a return to truth and simplicity. The feeling and the imagery of Scripture pervade it with a strange power and charm; in its reverence for poverty and toil it leans closely and confidently upon the example of Jesus; and at the end it makes its plowman hero appear in some mystic way as a type, first of the crucified Savious, and then of the church which is the body of Christ.

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It was about this time, the end of the fourteenth century, that John Wyclif and his disciples, feeling the need of the support of the Bible in their work as reformers, took up and completed the task of translating it entirely into the tongue of the common people. This rude but vigorous version was revised and improved by John Purvey. It rested mainly upon the Latin version of St. Jerome. At the beginning of the sixteenth century William Tindale made an independent translation of the New Testament from the original Greek, a virile and enduring piece of work, marked by strength and simplicity, and setting a standard for subsequent English translations. Coverdale's version of the Scriptures was published in 1535, and was announced as made "out of Douche and Latyn"; that is to say, it was based upon the German of Luther and the Zurich Bible, and upon the Vulgate of St. Jerome; but it owed much to Tindale, to whose manly force it added a certain music of diction and grace of phrase which may still be noted in the Psalms as they are rendered in the English Prayer-Book. Another translation, marked by accurate scholarship, was made by English Puritans at Geneva, and still another, characterized by a richer Latinized style, was made by English Catholics living in exile at Rheims, and was known as "the Douai Version," from the fact that it was first published in its complete form in that city in 1609–10.

Meantime, in 1604, a company of scholars had been appointed by King James I in England to make a new translation "out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised." These forty-seven men had the advantage of all the work of their predecessors, the benefit of all the discussion over doubtful words and phrases, and the "unearned increment" of riches which had come into the English language since the days of Wyclif. The result of their labors, published in 1611, was the so-called "Authorized Version," a monument of English prose in its prime: clear, strong, direct, yet full of subtle rhythms and strange colors; now moving as simply as a shepherd's song, as in the Twenty-third Psalm; now marching with majestic harmonies, as in the book of Job; now reflecting the lowliest forms of human life in the Gospel stories; and now flashing with celestial splendors in the visions of the Apocalypse; vivid, without effort; picturesque, without exaggeration; sinewy, without strain; capable alike of the deepest tenderness and the most sublime majesty; using a vocabulary of only six thousand words to build a book which, as Macaulay said, "if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power."

The literary excellence of this version, no doubt, did much to increase the influence of the Bible in literature and confirm its place as the central book in the life of those who speak and write the English tongue. Consider a few of the ways in which this influence may be traced.

1. First of all, it has had a general effect upon English writing, helping to preserve it from the opposite faults of vulgarity and affectation. Coleridge long ago remarked upon the tendency of a close study of the Bible to elevate a writer's style. There is a certain naturalness, inevitableness, propriety of form to substance, in the language of Scripture which communicates to its readers a feeling for the fitness of words; and this in itself is the first requisite of good writing. Sincerity is the best part of dignity.

The English of our Bible is singularly free from the vice of preciosity: it is not far-sought, overnice, elaborate. Its plainness is a rebuking contrast to all forms of euphuism. It does not encourage a direct imitation of itself; for the comparison between the original and the copy makes the latter look pale and dull. Even in the age which produced the authorized version, its style was distinct and remarkable. As Hallam has observed, it was "not the English of Daniel, of Raleigh, or Bacon." It was something larger, at once more ancient and more modern, and therefore well fitted to become not an invariable model, but an enduring standard. Its words come to it from all sources; they are not chosen according to the foolish theory that a word of Anglo-Saxon origin is always stronger and simpler than a Latin derivative. Take the beginning of the Forty-sixth Psalm:

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be car-

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ried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

Or take this passage from the Epistle to the Romans:

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality."

Here is a style that adapts itself by instinct to its subject, and whether it uses Saxon words like "strength" and "help" and "love" and "hope," or Latin words like "refuge" and "trouble" and "present" and "fervent" and "patient" and "prayer" and "hospitality," weaves them into a garment worthy of the thought.

The literary influence of a great, popular book written in such a style is both inspiring and conservative. It survives the passing modes of prose in each generation, and keeps the present in touch with the past. It preserves a sense of balance and proportion in a language whose perils lie in its liberties and in the indiscriminate use of its growing wealth. And finally it keeps a medium of communication open between the learned and the simple; for the two places where the effect of the Bible upon the English language may be most clearly felt are in the natural speech of the plain people and in the finest passages of great authors.

2. Following this line of the influence of the Bible upon language as the medium of literature, we find, in the next place, that it has contributed to our common speech a great number of phrases which are current everywhere. Sometimes these phrases are used in a merely conventional way. They serve as counters in a long extemporaneous prayer, or as padding to a page of dull and pious prose. But at other times they illuminate the sentence with a new radiance; they clarify its meaning with a true symbol; they enhance its value with rich associations; they are "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb."

Take for example such phrases as these: "a good old age," "the wife of thy bosom," "the apple of his eye," "gathered to his fathers," "a mother in Israel," "a land flowing with milk and honey," "the windows of heaven," "the fountains of the great deep," "living fountains of waters," "the valley of decision," "cometh up as a flower," "a garden enclosed," "one little ewe lamb," "thou art the man," "a still, small voice," "as the sparks fly upward," "swifter than a weaver's shuttle," "miserable comforters," "the strife of tongues," "the tents of Kedar," "the cry of the humble," "the lofty looks of man," "the pride of life," "from strength to strength," "as a dream when one awaketh," "the wings of the morning," "stolen waters," "a dinner of herbs," "apples of gold in pictures of silver," "better than rubies," "a lion in the way," "vanity of vanities," "no discharge in that war," "the little foxes that spoil the vines," "terrible as an army with banners," "precept upon precept, line upon line," "as a drop of a bucket," "whose merchants are princes," "trodden the wine-press alone," "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," "the highways and hedges," "the salt of the earth," "the burden and heat of the day," "the signs of the times," "a pearl of great price," "what God hath joined together," "the children of light," "the powers that be," "if the trumpet give an uncertain sound," "the fashion of this world," "decently and in order," "a thorn in the flesh," "labor of love," "a cloud of witnesses," "to entertain angels unawares," "faithful unto death," "a crown of life." Consider also those expressions which carry with them distinctly the memory of some ancient story: "the fleshpots of Egypt," "manna in the wilderness," "a mess of pottage," "Joseph's coat," "the driving of Jehu," "the mantle of Elijah," "the widow's mite," "the elder brother," "the kiss of Judas," "the house of Martha," "a friend of publicans and sinners," "many mansions," "bearing the cross." Into such phrases as these, which are familiar to us all, the Bible has poured a wealth of meaning far beyond the measure of the bare words. They call up visions and reveal mysteries.

3. Direct, but not always accurate, quotations from Scripture and allusions to Biblical characters and events are very numerous in English literature. They are found in all sorts of books. Professor Albert T. Cook has recently counted sixty-three in a volume of descriptive

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sketches of Italy, twelve in a book on wild animals, and eighteen in a novel by Thomas Hardy. A special study of the Biblical references in Tennyson has been made,[1] and more than five hundred of them have been found.

Bishop Charles Wordsworth has written a book on "Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible,"[2] and shown "how fully and how accurately the general tenor of the facts recorded in the sacred narrative was present to his mind," and "how scriptural are the conceptions which Shakspere had of the being and attributes of God, of His general and particular Providence, of His revelation to man, of our duty toward Him and toward each other, of human life and of human death, of time and of eternity." It is possible that the bishop benevolently credits the dramatist with a more invariable and complete orthodoxy than he possessed. But certainly Shakspere knew the Bible well, and felt the dramatic value of allusions and illustrations which were sure to be instantly understood by the plain people. It is his *Antonio,* in "The Merchant of Venice" who remarks that "the Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose," evidently referring to the Gospel story of the evil one who tried to tempt Jesus with a verse from the Psalms.

The references to the Bible in the poetry of Robert Browning have been very carefully examined by Mrs. Minnie Gresham Machen in an admirable little book.[3] It is not too much to say that his work is crowded with Scriptural quotations, allusions, and imagery. He follows *Antonio's* maxim, and makes his bad characters, like *Bishop Blougram* and *Sludge the Medium,* cite from Holy Writ to cloak their hypocrisy or excuse their villainy. In his longest poem, "The Ring and the Book," there are said to be more than five hundred Biblical references.

But more remarkable even than the extent to which this material drawn from the Scriptures has been used by English writers is the striking effect which it produces when it is well used. With what pathos does Sir Walter Scott, in "The Heart of Midlothian," make old *Davie Deans* bow his head when he sees his daughter *Effie* on trial for her life, and mutter to himself, "Ichabod! my glory is departed!" How magnificently does Ruskin enrich his "Sesame and Lilies" with that passage from Isaiah in which the fallen kings of Hades start from their thrones to greet the newly fallen with the cry, "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?" What a poignant touch there is in Stevenson's "Treasure Island," when the boy turns over the "black spot" which the pirates have given as the notification of death to one of their number, and finds that the paper has been cut from the final page of the Revelation, on the reverse of which is printed "Without are dogs . . . and murderers." How grandly do the images and thoughts of the last chapters of Deuteronomy roll through Kipling's "Recessional," with its Scriptural refrain, "Lest we forget!"

4. There are some works of literature in English since the sixteenth century which are altogether Biblical in subject and coloring. Chief among these in prose is "The Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan, and in verse, the "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" of John Milton. These are already classics. Perhaps some day a place near them may be given to Browning's "Saul" and "A Death in the Desert"; but for that we must wait until their form has stood the test of time.

In general it may be observed—and the remark holds of the works just mentioned—that a Scriptural story or poem is most likely to succeed when it takes its theme, directly or by suggestion, from the Bible, and carries it into a region of imagination, a border-realm, where the author is free to work without paraphrase or comparison with the sacred writers. It is for this reason that both "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Lost" are superior to "Paradise Regained."

5. The largest and most important influence of the Bible in literature lies beyond all these visible effects upon language and style and imagery and form. It comes from the strange power of the book to nourish and inspire, to mold and guide, the inner life of man. "It *finds*

[1] "The Poetry of Tennyson," by Henry van Dyke. Scribners: New York, 1889–1904.
[2] Smith, Elder & Co.: London, 1880.
[3] "The Bible in Browning." Macmillan: New York, 1903.

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me," said Coleridge; and the word of the philosopher is one that the plain man can understand and repeat.

The hunger for happiness which lies in every human heart can never be satisfied without righteousness; and the reason why the Bible reaches down so deep into the breast of man is because it brings news of a kingdom which *is* righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. It brings this news not in the form of a dogma, a definition, a scientific statement, but in the form of literature, a living picture of experience, a perfect ideal embodied in a Character and a Life. And because it does this, it has inspiration for those who write in the service of truth and humanity.

"The Bible," said Huxley, "has been the Magna Charta of the poor and the oppressed." New light has broken forth from it to lead the upward struggle of mankind from age to age. Men have come back to it because they could not do without it. Nor will its influence wane, its radiance be darkened, unless literature ceases to express the noblest of human longings, the highest of human hopes, and mankind forgets all that is now incarnate only and forever in the central figure of the Bible.

TWO QUESTIONS

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I

HOW were it if the cleavage that we see
'Twixt good and ill in man's unquiet race
Pushed its deep furrow through all time and space,
Entered and clove the heart of Deity;
If, as in man, the islet-colony,
So in the empire's dome and marketplace
Closed soul and matter in that strong embrace,
Half love, half warfare, unrelaxingly;
If the light ripples that still wax and wane
In man's soul answered to a mightier swell,
Not to calm levels in a tideless main;
If the vast universe wherein we dwell
Toiled with us, with us battled, rose, and fell,
With us shared longing, victory, and pain?

II

They said unto Parrhasius: "Take away
The curtain; let our eyes the picture view."
The painter smiled; and when they nearer drew
The curtain was the picture. Pause and weigh
The query, if the dusk that rims our day
Veiled but a veil, if yonder midnight hue
That rings our outlook hemmed God's vision, too;
If the great cosmos strove its ear to lay
To its own breast, a token thus to crave
If heart beat there or coreless fantasy;
If to man's longing the dim future gave
No firm assurance, but with hollow cry
Echoed his question from its lampless cave:
"What art thou? Who shall tell thee? What am I?"

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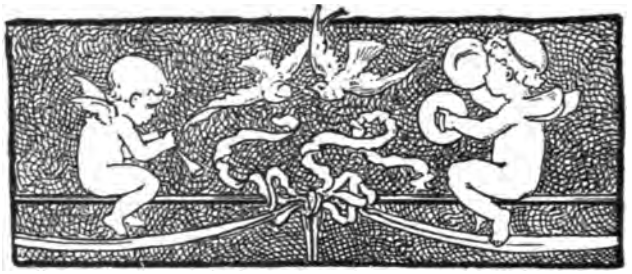

CUPID AND JIMMY CURTIS

BY JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. POST

IT was as mad a prank as that grim humorist Cupid ever played, aided and abetted, to be sure, in no mean degree by Jimmy Curtis. Five minutes' conversation with Emerson Morse, and one could draw a faithful portrait of the fortunate lady on whom, after careful deliberation, he would bestow that distinguished name. Of necessity she would be cultivated, blue-blooded, if also stockinged, and certainly courted in upper Beacon Street by a gentleman who had so obviously been born and brought up in the exclusive shadow of that staid region. This conviction went hand in hand with the indisputable evidence that his ancestors had come over with the *Mayflower,* that he was a Harvard graduate, that Conservatism and Conventionality were gods to be placated at any cost, and that the Hub was to him the center of the universe.

Despite the damning fact that Jimmy Curtis hailed from the barbarous region of the Middle West, and was, moreover, afflicted with a vulgar sense of humor, which was apt to display itself in strange and perverted forms, Emerson had always cherished for him an unworthy weakness, which had outlasted even the intimacy of their Harvard days. It had been a real pleasure to run across Jimmy's round and beaming countenance in the crowded thoroughfare of the great Mexican capital, where, much to his disgust, business had taken Morse for a few days. It was a distinct sacrifice to friendship when he reluctantly acceded to Jimmy's pleadings to remain over another day with him.

"Oh, I say," Jimmy urged vehemently, with the eager and, to Emerson, incomprehensible enthusiasm he was wont to display on most subjects, "you 've simply *got* to stay, now you 're here. Lord only knows when I 'm going to see you again, with me exiled down here for years, even with that mad craving of yours for constant excitement and change of scene—sarcasm, old boy; I suppose I 'll have to begin labeling my jokes for you again. Besides, this is a great night in Mexico. It 's the famous 'Combate de las Flores,' and they say even the carnival at Rome is n't a circumstance to it."

"If I stay," returned Emerson with firmness, "I want it distinctly understood that I won't be dragged into anything like that. I don't care to have confetti poured down my back, and to be knocked about by a lot of chattering imbeciles."

In the face of this, it is little wonder that Emerson could only glare in amazed and speechless wrath when, promptly at eight, the perfidious Jimmy appeared before his hotel in an equipage that was startling, to say the least. Blushing roses, snowy lilies, and brilliant carnations festooned the wheels and the harness, and hung festively in wreaths about the necks of the two patient and mildly affronted livery hacks; daisies twined the reins and climbed the whip, to hang from its tassel in a golden spray; a huge basket of flowers overflowed riotously at his feet; while overhead blossomed a solid canopy of pink roses, underneath the glowing loveliness of which peered Jimmy's rubicund countenance, with, it must be confessed, a distinctly incongruous effect.

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"Rather a neat turnout, is n't it?" he demanded, with cheery complacency. "I had the color scheme pink because it 's becoming to my style of beauty. You must n't mind if you don't look so well in it, Emerson; it is n't to be expected. Jump right in. We must hurry up and join the procession."

Of all the manifold achievements which Jimmy's engaging audacity had engineered, there was none which did such amazing credit to his powers of persuasion as the fact that twenty minutes later, with Emerson, pale with repressed fury and stonily silent beside him, he triumphantly joined the long line of carriages and automobiles which was moving slowly up the wide Paseo.

It was a gala-night in Mexico, the Battle of the Flowers, when the sad-eyed, melancholy race throws off its tragic mask and revels in the color, warmth, laughter which always lurk close beneath it. Thousands of electric lights vied with the soft splendor of a tropical moon to light the broad boulevard and the dazzling procession of vehicles, smothered in blossoms until they seemed a vast moving garden. There were flowers everywhere, heaped on the ground, flying through the air, tossed from windows, crowning prancing thoroughbreds, and framing the bright eyes of Mexican beauties. Eight abreast, coming and going, passing and repassing in continuous, fragrant hostilities, the long and brilliant cortège took its joyous way to the Zocolo, as much the heart of the great city now as when, four centuries ago, Spaniard and Aztec met in a very different conflict. To the haunting strains of plaintive Mexican music, the battle raged furiously, from merry combatants leaning from windows, from the swarthy ranks of silent peons hemming each curb, in hand-to-hand conflicts with every passing carriage, in a storm of flowers and deadlier weapons—glances from young eyes in that land of sudden love.

Jimmy was in his element: he had the great basket at his feet filled again and again by the thrifty little *muchachos* who stood ready at every turn with fresh ammunition; he pelted untiringly the young and the old alike, to a continuous accompaniment of infectious nonsense that made their pathway a gale of laughter. And if more blossoms were thrown and more glances lingered on his handsome, impassive companion, it was Emerson who chafed beneath it, never Jimmy.

"Fie, fie, Señorita," he sternly rebuked a pretty Spanish girl who tore the rose from her hair and cast it at the feet of the disgusted Emerson. "Do you realize that this is a son of Bunker Hill Monument, and that you have not been properly introduced?"

A moment later he had vaulted into the street, and was worming his way through the dense phalanx of carriages. Emerson saw him stop at the most magnificently caparisoned, crested, and rose-garnished of them all, pick a glove from the ground, and hand it with some merry remark to one of the gaily dressed inmates. A girl leaned forward in smiling answer; as she raised her eyes from Jimmy, they met Emerson's squarely, and lingered there a moment, with the laughter still dying in their velvet depths.

"I tell you it takes little Willie to be on the spot," panted Jimmy, as he climbed back perspiring and radiant. "*Did* you see that girl, Emerson—the way she holds her head and that adorable smile? Even *you* must admit you think she is lovely—"

"I think she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen," gravely answered Emerson the conservative. "I intend to marry her."

Three hours later, Jimmy, still in a dazed and stupefied condition from this remark, was feebly combating it over a couple of glasses at the club. Away from that fairy-land of romance, in the sober light of commonplace surroundings, and in the face of Jimmy's unanswerable arguments, Emerson still doggedly reiterated his startling resolution.

"Man, are you crazy?" demanded Jimmy, with all the severity his gleeful enjoyment of the situation could command. "Why don't you modestly aspire to one of the crowned heads of Europe and be done with it? It is n't any more impossible, I can tell you that. Do you know whose carriage that was? Señor Don Francisco Luis De La Torre? Talk of your bloated bondholders in the States! You can ride a whole day's journey in a train over his country estates without reaching the end of them, and the blood in his veins is so blue that indigo is pale beside it—descended straight from Ferdi-

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nand and Isabella, Columbus, and the whole kit and boodle of them. Why, you could n't any more get introduced to his daughter—the Czar of Russia is a friendly, accessible sort of chap compared with these old Mexican grandees; and of all the old mossbacks in this country, De La Torre is the most stiff-necked. You 'd have to fight a whole army of duennas before you ever could speak to the girl. From the moment your feminine aristocrat here is born she has a string of them tagging around after her. As soon as she 's in her teens she 's shipped over to some convent in Paris to be educated, and when she is eighteen they bring her home to be married. They dress her up and drive her around Chapultepec and the Paseo every afternoon and Sundays to be looked at, and when some sufficiently eligible youth presents himself as a candidate, they are contracted with a ceremony that would make Alfonso's nuptials look like an elopement. You could n't meet her and talk to her even if you were a Mexican, except rarely at some dance; being a mere 'gringo,' you could n't get a letter of introduction in the land big enough to be of use to you in this case. You can see for yourself, to them a Morse of Boston is no more than a Curtis of Chicago. In fact,"—he brought forth compassionately the blasting information,—"they have never even *heard* of Boston!"

Petrified, he gazed horror-stricken at the results of this devastating intelligence. For the abandoned Emerson, though visibly blanching at such incredible illiteracy, still clung monotonously to his refrain. It was then that Jimmy, with tender firmness, brought forth a relentless trump-card.

"Your mother," he suggested in the hushed tones befitting a mention of that august lady's name, and shuddered sympathetically as he spoke. "Will you kindly, in this moment of lunacy, picture yourself presenting her with a Catholic, heathen-tongued, Mexican daughter-in-law!"

It was in the face of this last hideous suggestion, and with the memory of that severe and awe-inspiring presence strong upon them, that Emerson's actions rose to little short of the heroic.

"Of course, I know how my mother would feel about it," he acquiesced grimly, "and I should like to spare her. And I realize, as you say, that there are tremendous difficulties in the way. I don't see how I shall manage it, but, as I have told you several times before, I intend to marry that girl."

The iron resolution of his forefathers rang in his voice; in his eyes gleamed that divine madness which overpowers the strongest and laughs at the most gigantic obstacles. Jimmy Curtis for once relapsed into puzzled silence before a force mighty enough to have wrought, through a girl's passing glance, so stupendous a miracle in that bulwark of Boston conservatism, Emerson Morse.

"I suppose the first thing for me to do is to learn her language," said Emerson at length breaking the silence.

"You could n't learn Spanish," Jimmy assured him kindly. "You can realize this when I explain that for two years now my gigantic intellect has wrestled with it in vain. Not that I can't speak it well enough," he complained indignantly, "but the imbeciles have n't sense enough to understand their own language."

"You spoke to her," argued Emerson, "and she answered you. I saw her."

"She is evidently a girl of rare intelligence," admitted Jimmy, approvingly. "I said to her, as I picked up her glove, 'I return this to the Queen of Flowers herself.' Neat, was n't it? I knew that phrase because that 's the name of the saloon near our office—'Reina de las flores'—'Queen of the Flowers.' The Mexicans have a poetic little way of naming their pulque shops for blossoms and spring and so forth, to say nothing of 'the Saint's Rest' and the 'Abode of Jesus.' And she said, 'You are as gallant as you are kind, Señor.' She has a very appreciative nature," sighed Jimmy, mournfully. "It seems sad to waste it on you, Emerson."

Emerson cut him short impatiently. This phase of the situation he did not consider worthy of discussion. "For instance, if I were a Mexican," he interrupted, "what should I do to court her?"

"You would 'play bear' to her, as they call it," returned Jimmy, volubly. "No, this is not a joke, old man," he explained with patient forbearance. 'How sad it is that you can never seem to tell the few rare occasions when I am humorous! 'Hacer el oso,'—literally 'playing the bear,'—that 's what they do. It 's rapidly dy-

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ing out now, but the old families still cling to it. You 've noticed the groups of young exquisites hanging about the corners here, as in Paris, staring at every woman that goes by. A look is all that 's necessary in these tropical climates—and for you inflammable New Englanders, of course." Jimmy chuckled odiously. "They see a pretty face on the street, at the opera, in church, the mischief 's done, and they proceed to woo her as nearly as possible in the method of a pet spaniel. They follow her everywhere, at a respectable distance, from the moment she leaves her house, and when she is in it, they stand before her windows, on the opposite side of the street, in silent adoration." He leaped to his feet in sudden inspiration, and violently shook the shoulder of the brooding Emerson. "Great Scott! old man," he adjured him delightedly, "why should n't *you* do that? Papa De La Torre does n't mind how many would-be-sons-in-law litter up his street. It 's only the happy favored one who is finally invited within, but it 's nothing to him how many moon around outside. You can get in your licks in that way; women are always crazy about your looks," he informed his disgusted friend.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'PAPA DE LA TORRE DOES N'T MIND HOW MANY WOULD-BE-SONS-IN-LAW LITTER UP HIS STREET'"

"She 'll probably knuckle under, like all the rest, to that mingling of Byronic gloom and Vere de Vere disdain that sits upon your classic front. That once accomplished, I will do the rest,"—Jimmy warmed joyously to his project,—"notes (I 'll fix 'em up in Spanish for you), rope ladder, dark night, flight to church, automobile,—mad chase to border. Just put yourself into your Uncle Willie's hands, and I promise you one of the most artistic elopements in history."

"Thanks awfully," returned the un-

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

"JIMMY'S STEEDS HAD HARD WORK . . . TO KEEP BEHIND THEM"

grateful suitor without any marked enthusiasm. "I 'll trust you to make me out as much of a fool as possible." To Jimmy's wonder, however, he did not immediately veto his spectacular suggestion. "You are sure it is the only way?" he inquired uncertainly.

"The only way," Jimmy assured him solemnly. "It 's going to be a tough proposition, any way we handle it; but I 'm willing to see you through. Perhaps you think it 's going to be an easy job for me," he demanded ironically. "The whole thing 's got to be done with glances and smiles and sighs, and I 've got to train a face with as much expression as a cigar-store Indian for that, and work up a Boston temperament to romantic situations. Of course you 'll go and mess up all my most masterly effects," he said resignedly. "That 's always the way. Here you are the hero of the thing, and I, just built for romance,"—he surveyed his fat little form in embittered gloom,—"merely the stage-director. But I 'll see you through," he repeated magnanimously, "if you really think you 've got to have her, and if you 'll obey me implicitly."

"I 've got to have her," said Emerson. He eyed Jimmy's cherubic countenance suspiciously. "I suppose I 'll have to let you help me, seeing there is n't any other way," he ended appreciatively.

The next day, to his friend's unfeigned amazement, found Emerson still clinging to his resolve, though haggard with the realization of what it would cost. Jimmy had opened the campaign with an afternoon's drive through Chapultepec, the Rotten Row of Mexico, and as they rolled through its winding lanes, he mapped out the initial steps, while Emerson listened as a doomed man, blind to the beauty of a scene which might well have charmed the most miserable. For it was Sunday in Mexico, and the proud old city was sending forth her fashionable set, decked in their rarest jewels and laces, to flaunt a costly splendor no capital in Europe could surpass. Trotting and steaming, cavorting and *chug-chugging,* with thoroughbreds from Arabia and autos from Paris, threading its way through wide, embowered avenues hallowed by the sufferings of two emperors, the long line of Mexico's aristocrats paraded from Cuahtemoc's iron statue, past the wonderful old castle that lifted high turrets above a precipice of roses.

"This is Mexico's great matrimonial market," explained Jimmy. "Cupid simply works overtime these Sunday after-

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noons. As soon as her carriage appears, we 'll fall into line, and follow it. You need n't look so nervous; we sha' n't be turned over to the police. That 's merely a delicate compliment down here."

Their humble coach fell easily into line behind the De La Torres' magnificent turnout.

In the merciless brilliancy of the Mexican sunlight the girl's beauty shone out with as poignant an appeal as it had made the night before. The purity of her young cheek and brow contrasted exquisitely with the prodigality of rouge and powder, the gaudy ornateness of the women about her. Her two companions, an elderly woman with all the swarthy obeseness of her race in age, and a girl with all its slim prettiness in youth, were no exception to the general rule.

It was after six when the De La Torres' thoroughbreds turned toward home, and Jimmy's steeds had hard work, despite the coachman's vehement adjurations to *"Adelante!"* to keep behind them. Down the magnificent boulevard, under lofty eucalyptus-trees hoary with a thousand years, out of an historic setting filled with the tragic romance of the past, and, with one of the city's kaleidoscopic changes, into the civilization of electric cars, flaming posters, and thriving shops, past that again, through little, narrow, cobble-stoned streets lined with adobe houses of faded pinks and blues, they paused at last before a grated portal, behind which lofty towers rose and latticed casements drooped low over the encompassing wall. The liveried footman descended, lifted the big lion's head of brass, and at its clanging summons the gates opened as if by magic, flashing upon the quiet street a bewildering glimpse of wide corridors banked with palms and overhung with masses of purple bougainvillea, of silvered fountains playing here and there among a gardened maze of tropical beauty. The De La Torre carriage rolled majestically in between a line of swarthy, liveried servants, bowing low. Emerson caught a last impassioned glimpse of the girl's pure profile against a profusion of roses, then the gates closed, and their own humble vehicle bumped by discordantly. Jimmy peered into his companion's face for signs of expected weakness.

"Is it the club, or do we stop here?" he asked significantly.

Emerson, the undemonstrative, clung to him in a pathetic outburst of affection.

"Can't you come with me?" he demanded piteously.

But here Jimmy

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW EXISTENCE FOR EMERSON MORSE"

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was adamant. "I 'm willing to direct and advise this affair," he remarked with dignity, "but chaperon it I will *not*. How would she know which one of us was courting her if I were there supporting your manly form? I 'd probably be the one she 'd go and fall in love with," he modestly added; "and far be it from me to trifle with her young affections—not in this land of stilettos, thank you. By the way, are you armed?

"Rivals," he explained at his friend's astonished dissent. "It 's always best to be prepared. Now, then, which is it to be, the heart or the stomach? Do you linger fasting beneath her lattice or do you dine largely with me at the club?"

He had hardly breath sufficient to give final directions from the shock of seeing Emerson actually descend, haggard and shaking it is true, but with indomitable firmness written upon each suffering feature.

"Stand across the street till you find which is her window," his friend directed. "She 'll appear on her balcony sooner or later. Stand directly opposite, and just keep on standing until she comes out; then, wherever she goes, follow her. When she enters a building just stay outside until she comes out, and then after her again. You catch on? The Faithful Fido act. The earlier, the longer, the later, you stand, the greater proof it gives of your devotion. And *look,* man—look devoted and impassioned," was his final instruction. "For Heaven's sake! not as if you were on your way to execution, the way you do now!"

That was the beginning of a new existence for Emerson Morse, one which in his happy, heart-whole days he would have deemed the maddest of impossibilities. Beside the well-ordered, luxurious comfort and sanity of that former life, his present career stood an interminable nightmare of weary, footsore, sheepish waits from dawn till far beyond dusk, beneath a rose-shrouded lattice, which rarely blossomed with fleeting, exquisite visions of her; of palpitating pursuits of the De La Torre carriage as it bore her to cathedral, store, or opera. These were welcome diversions, when Emerson could rest his weary frame for a few blissful, seated moments until she would descend, an inexorable figure of grace, and he would again stand sentinel duty until her reappearance. At five his stationary vigil would be relieved by the afternoon drive, a function as necessary to your true Mexican as dinner. The *cochero* who always waited around the corner for his call would appear as, promptly at the hour, the trellised gates swung back to give their tantalizing glimpses of the splendor within. The majestic parade about Chapultepec would begin, the faithful suitor in close pursuit. Emerson's was not the only carriage then which pressed close to the De La Torres', nor his the only eyes which followed that proud young head, crowned with its graceful scarf of lace. She was as calmly impervious to the bold stares of Mexican admiration as to the presence of her silent pursuer. Sometimes he caught dazzling visions of her, in a cloud of lace and tulle, jewels sparkling in her dark hair and on her snowy neck, as she swept on her way to some diplomatic dance or reception at the Palace or the Jockey Club. Fatigued and infuriated at himself and his position, the most eligible man in Boston would listen, a melancholy outcast, to the voluptuous strains of the Mexican band and the softer music of Spanish voice and laughter.

It was these glimpses, brief and maddening as they were, which held him relentlessly, chafing and humiliated, to a course incredible to himself, at variance as it was with every tradition and law of his conservative and conventional code; which outweighed even the exalted standards of a Morse of Boston, the smarting wounds dealt daily to self-love and vanity; the ribald mirth of Jimmy Curtis, and absolute physical discomfort, for the rainy season had set in, and Jimmy, the sternest of monitors, scouted indignantly the mere mention of an umbrella.

"The idea of trying to be romantic with an *umbrella!*" he vetoed scornfully. "It 's hard enough trying to work up your part to anything in those clothes," he complained bitterly, for Emerson had steadily rebelled against the high sombrero and showy serape in which Jimmy had tried in vain to garb him. "And you might at least *carry* a guitar, even if you *won't* serenade her! Heavens! man, no one knows better than I that you can't sing," he explained patiently to the frenzied Emerson; "but there never was in all history a Mexican courtship where they did n't warble

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'THE IDEA OF TRYING TO BE ROMANTIC WITH AN *UMBRELLA!*' HE VETOED SCORNFULLY"

beneath their lady's window, and you ought at least to make the attempt. Can't you at least twang a few notes?" he implored. "Guitars are always twanging in stories." At the continued stoniness of Emerson's refusal he added witheringly, "No wonder we don't get on any faster."

For the progress of Emerson's courtship was indeed discouragingly slow, despite his unquestionable faithfulness. For ten days now, oblivious to pressing legal and social demands at home, he had lingered on at the Mexican capital, following, with the sole exception of his raiment and the guitar, Jimmy Curtis's sternest exactions. Hideous doubts as to his friend's trustworthiness in these details, instilled by that strange perversion of Western humor in Jimmy's character and by his abandoned enjoyment of so thoroughly melancholy a situation, were laid to rest only after Jimmy's triumphant demonstration, in an evening's tour of the town, of one graceful, sombrero-shaded figure after another loitering opposite a desired casement. Sometimes it would be empty; sometimes a girl's dark profile sketched itself against the white radiance of the Mexican moon, apparently unaware of the black-eyed adoration across the street; sometimes in open capitulation she leaned coyly down in low-toned converse with an eager, upturned, swarthy face. The notes of guitars and passionate Spanish voices thrilled the sensuous, rose-scented, love-laden air. And Emerson, convinced, returned to his shackles, while Jimmy drove his captive more mercilessly than before.

"Of course it may go on indefinitely until you 're worn out," Jimmy comforted the restive suitor, "if she does n't like you. But if she does, pretty soon she will begin to show it—will drop a rose for you, or lean down from her casement to speak to you, or give you a chance to speak to her—"

"If she did," objected Emerson, dejectedly, "I could n't say anything to her."

"You could learn to say 'Te amo; no hablo español,' " Jimmy decreed—'I love you; I don't speak Spanish.' That 's right to the point, and gives the whole situation in a nutshell. It is n't talking that does the business here; it 's all a question of

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glances. If you could only manage to stop looking as if you were in a dentist's chair we 'd have results sooner."

The situation had become still further complicated by the advent of the rivals Jimmy had hinted at earlier. Emerson, with a rankling remembrance of his reference to stilettos, found them one morning stationed beside his path, and there they remained during the days that followed, to share his vigil and to swell the escort of the De La Torre coach. Picturesquely statuesque figures, clad in the hall-marks of Mexico, serapes of brilliant reds and greens, and high cone-shaped sombreros, in their blank unconsciousness of himself and their dramatic absorption of the window opposite, they made Emerson miserably aware of his own bungling of the part they played with such graceful finish.

Jimmy Curtis had certainly done his part, and it was time for Cupid to take a hand. The guise in which he presented himself was certainly the last which Emerson would have expected. The absurd, hairless, little Chihuahua travesty of a dog he had often enviously observed as her companion was hardly the form he would have deemed a ministering angel to take, when athwart the damp and cheerless misery of a day devoid of sight or sound of her the bald little animal wriggled himself under the gate, gazed up and down the narrow street a moment in joyous scrutiny, then started on a solitary tour of investigation.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"SHE LOOKED AT HIM AS SHE HAD THAT FIRST FATAL NIGHT"

The dreamed of, the despaired of, occurred in one brief, tumultuous moment. The hand of Providence had clearly arranged at this juncture the entrance upon the scene of one of the million stray mongrels at large in Mexico. There was a yelping, tardy retreat to safety; Emerson, with heaven-born intuition, distanced his rivals, and saved the runaway from instant death. The pitiless gate had swung back; behind it this time there was no daunting array of stately ceremonial and obstructing relatives—only the *portero* and she herself, flushed, agitated, uttering little feminine cries of distress for her pet, deliciously intelligible in any language.

Opportunity held out her golden hand to Emerson, and he rose magnificently to take it. He cast full in her teeth the magic sentence, with a sublime disregard alike of accent and conventionality. "Te amo; no hablo español," he babbled wildly, as he restored the canine Cupid, and then again with frenzied reiteration: "Te amo, te amo."

She looked at him as she had that first fatal night of the carnival, with the same amused, tolerant laughter dying in her lovely glance, and shook a regretful head.

"I 'm sorry," she said sweetly, and it was Jimmy Curtis's own unmistakable accent of the Middle West which stamped her speech, "but I don't understand a word of Spanish."

It was well that a protecting Providence in the shape of business had removed

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Jimmy Curtis from the city just then, for only in the light of the events subsequent to that paralyzing moment did Emerson slowly and reluctantly abandon the firm intention of murder, which was of itself too merciful a punishment for the full perfidy of that gentleman.

After his own stately, if confused, note of explanation and apology had been sent, Helen Brown had returned a quick response, with a tactful dating of her first glimpse of him from his rescue of her dog, a wonder as to whether he was not the Mr. Emerson Morse of whom she had often heard while visiting her friends the Wendells in Boston, and a hope that he would call on her hosts, the De La Torres, and allow her to thank him in person for his kindness. "But your friend knew I was an American. I remember very well how he said in English when he picked up my glove in the street, 'I return this to the Queen of Flowers,' and I answered, 'I bear a prouder title than that: I am a compatriot of yours.' "

Evidences of a still blacker guilt were revealed when Emerson, in a mood which argued ill for his absent betrayer, made a visit to Jimmy's office and discovered in the two Mexican clerks, irreproachably clad and bland of countenance, his erstwhile picturesque and blanketed rivals.

Jimmy's return to an avenging Nemesis was delayed until Miss Brown—oh, the ineffable balm and comfort of that homely cognomen!—had terminated her visit to Inocencia De La Torre, the chum of her convent days in Paris. In the joy of a decorous and deliciously conventional courtship in the States, Emerson graciously condescended not only to allow Jimmy to pursue unpunished existence in a world he so little deserved, but ultimately to invite him to his wedding.

LOVE IS A TERRIBLE THING

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I WENT out to the farthest meadow,
I lay down in the deepest shadow;

And I said unto the earth, "Hold me,"
And unto the night, "Oh, enfold me,"

And I begged the little leaves to lean
Low and together for a safe screen;

Then to the stars I told my tale:
"That is my home-light, there in the vale,

"And oh, I know that I shall return,
But let me lie first mid the unfeeling fern.

"For there is a flame that has blown too near,
And there is a name that has grown too dear,
And there is a fear."

And to the still hills and cool earth and far sky I made moan,
"The heart in my bosom is not my own!

"Oh, would I were free as the wind on wing:
Love is a terrible thing!"

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RECENT PROGRESS IN CHEMISTRY

BY CHARLES AVERY DOREMUS, M.D.

THE STUDY OF THE AIR

THE conquest of the air is being made by the chemist as well as by the aëronaut. The advantage is with the chemist, who not only supplies the aëronaut with needful things, such as the bag and the gas, the frame of the heavier-than-air machine, the motor and the gasolene, but with remarkable results has also made an independent study of the air.

It is pleasant to have our theories verified. When air was liquefied and solidified, as the theory of heat predicted it would be, there was intense satisfaction in scientific circles. The first great expectations of what liquid air might do were not realized, but important uses for it are being found. Since its constituents have different boiling-points, they can be separated from one another by the same methods of distillation that are employed to separate alcohol from water. Thus is obtained nitrogen, from which is manufactured a fertilizer essential to the growth of wheat, known as nitrolime, or calcium cyanamide. This is prepared by passing nitrogen over red-hot calcium carbide.

The oxygen separated in the distillation process is not wasted, but is used, for instance, in the oxy-acetylene blow-pipe, the flame temperature of which is nearly equal to that of the electric arc. The blow-pipe is employed to make large rubies by melting small ones together; to weld iron and steel, to cut steel beams any desired length, to cut port-holes in the sides of battleships; and to do the latter so rapidly as to displace the older mechanical methods.

NOBLE GASES OF THE AIR

IT was long considered important to know the exact weight of a unit volume of nitrogen. In 1893, the determination was carried out with extreme care, and it was found that a cubic foot of atmospheric nitrogen weighed more than the same volume of nitrogen obtained from a chemical compound. This fact required explanation. When air nitrogen was heated with magnesium, a small quantity of gas remained unacted on. As chemical nitrogen leaves no residual gas, it was concluded that the presence of another gas lent weight to the air nitrogen. This new gas was called argon, which means "without work," for it does not enter into chemical union with other elements.

Four more similar gases, helium, neon, xenon, and krypton, have since been discovered. With argon these constitute the group of the "noble gases." They form a very small proportion of the air, argon nine tenths of one per cent., xenon one part in 3,846,000, and are readily absorbed by charcoal when it is cooled to the temperature of liquid air (−194° C) or, better, of liquid hydrogen (−253° C), and are set free when the charcoal is warmed. This gives a neat method of obtaining these rare gases and of separating them from one another.

Since the elements previously isolated possess the power of uniting chemically with one another, though with varying intensity, and these five show no affinity for one another or for any of the other seventy-seven elements, we are face to face with a new conception of an element. It is premature to say that the five do not or will not combine. Nitrogen is very inert, and exists in a free state in our atmosphere; but in the tail of Halley's comet, which has swished by us, astronomers tell us that nitrogen is present in part at least, united with carbon to form cyanogen. Be-

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sides, we are finding out some interesting genealogical history about helium, and the whole family may, after all, prove not to be exclusive.

AIR SALTPETER

ONCE man was thrust out of Eden, and an angel was stationed there with a flaming sword to prevent his return. Now, man with great electric arcs, thirty feet long, causes the nitrogen to combine with the oxygen of the air to produce air saltpeter, a fertilizer with which arid plains may be converted into Gardens of Eden.

The first commercial production of nitric acid from the air was conducted at Niagara Falls in 1901. The cost of the current is less in Norway, and this new industry, whereby the "fixation of nitrogen" is accomplished, has consequently found a home there, where already 250,000 electric horse-power is being employed to produce air saltpeter and nitrolime, thus putting us in possession of means to replace the natural saltpeter of Chile, the beds of which are being exhausted. Thus does chemistry change the trade of countries.

NITROGEN FROM THE AIR USED IN WINNING GOLD

THE nitrogen can also be "fixed" by causing it to combine with carbon at high temperatures. Thus we get cyanogen and the cyanides, by which gold and silver are dissolved from their ores. The process is particularly applicable to low-grade ores and to the discarded dump-heaps of the older mines. A new metallurgy of these metals has thus arisen.

ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

ONCE we get carbon into combination with some other element, we make that compound the starting-point for building up endless others. Such a compound is cyanogen. The element carbon is plastic. It is to the chemist what modeling-clay is to the sculptor. While inorganic chemistry charms through the diversity of the elements which enter into combination, organic chemistry delights the investigator by the astonishing number of compounds which result by mere changes in relative position or proportion among a few elements. A catalogue made in 1884 contained the names of 20,000 compounds; that of 1910 will register 150,000!

THE SUGARS

IN 1886, our knowledge of sugars extended to only four which contained six carbon atoms, twelve hydrogen atoms, and six oxygen atoms to the molecule. Theoretically sixteen groupings of these atoms are possible, each representing a different sugar. Ten of these have actually been prepared. Of thirty-two possible heptoses, or sugars of seven-carbon atoms, six have been obtained. Of the one hundred and twenty possible nonoses, or sugars of nine-carbon atoms, only two have been secured. The last, however, is an entirely new group of sugars, and so the chemist must ask the public to have a little patience.

FERMENTATION

FERMENTATION is as old as the ark, as we learn from Noah's little indiscretion. It was the kind of sugar in the grape-juice that got him into trouble. Recently it has been found that only certain sugars are fermented to alcohol and carbon dioxid by the ferment of yeast—four, for instance, of the sweet sixteen already referred to. Sugars of the four-, five-, and seven-carbon atoms are not fermentable, while those of the three, six, and nine atoms are. The chemist visualizes the atomic groupings as if he were dealing with a solid of three dimensions, and as the architect can imagine an edifice with columns here and beautiful tracery there, so the chemist predicts the properties of a compound from its geometrical shape and internal structure. It has been aptly said that a ferment is fitted to the molecular structure of a sugar as a key to a lock. A distinctive structure in a sugar makes it proof against any ferment to which it is unrelated. Starchy food becomes sweeter the longer we chew it. A soluble ferment, or enzyme, in the saliva converts the starch into sugar. The sugar is assimilable, while the starch is not; hence the desirability of the thorough mastication of our food. Other foods are acted on by appropriate ferments, the proteins having their peptoclasts, the sugars their sucroclasts. At last schools of medicine are devoting their attention to the investigation and teaching of physiological chemistry.

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COLLOIDAL CHEMISTRY

WHEN a solution of glue and salt in water is separated by a membrane from pure water, the salt will diffuse through the membrane, and the glue will remain behind. Soluble materials are termed crystalloid or colloid, according as they resemble salt or glue in this regard. The process of separating them by the aid of a membrane is called dialysis, and the particles which pass through are too small to be detected by the microscope.

Every one is familiar with search-light illumination. As the beam moves to and fro in the air, we follow its path, as in election-times, when it signals, by a prearranged code, the victory of a candidate or party. "Optically pure air" does not so disperse and polarize light; it is the mist or dust present which gives outline to the beam. Likewise in chemistry a miniature search-light beam is directed into the object placed on the stage of the microscope, and when the lenses are focused, infinitesimally small particles, often moving with great rapidity, are disclosed through the effect they produce on the beam of light. This is the principle of the ultramicroscope. The size of bacteria is expressed in thousandths of a millimeter, which is one twenty-fifth of an inch. Particles viewed by the ultramicroscope are measured in millionths of a millimeter. A hydrogen molecule is calculated to be about one ten-millionth of a millimeter.

A trace of phosphorus put into a solution of gold, or an electric arc sprung between gold poles held beneath water, produces a wonderful red solution of the color of the highly prized ruby red glass. The color in each case is due to finely divided gold. The particles will remain suspended for years, though they are nineteen times heavier than water. They will not pass through a membrane, for they have the characteristics of a colloid. The ultramicroscope reveals their presence. But add a pinch of salt, and the water becomes a conductor, and the gold particles coagulate and settle. We can watch the process with the ultramicroscope, and in the same way witness the particles of casein, a colloid, coalesce when we curdle milk.

Colloidal chemistry has intimate relations to the industries, such as glue, rubber, photography, dyeing, and the preparation of food-stuffs, as well as to the subject of nutrition. We are brought by it to the realm of biology, to the transition of the chemical elements into coördinated, vital, self-reproducing organisms.

RADIO-ACTIVITY

PHYSICISTS have also been studying the ultimate structure of matter. Their unit is the electron, a particle so small that it may wander around quite easily in a hydrogen molecule. These electrons are shot out, negatively charged, from the cathode, or negative electrode in an electrified Crookes's tube. There is a genealogy in science. Analyses of the mineral-spring waters of Baden led to the discovery, by spectrum analysis, of two new elements, rubidium and caesium. Spectrum analysis begat other metals, as thallium. The determination of the atomic weight of thallium begat the radiometer, a little glass globe, exhausted to a high degree, containing a set of mica veins, which revolve in sunlight, as any one may see by looking into an optician's window. The radiometer begat the Crookes's tube. It begat the X-rays. X-rays begat radio-activity. And now we find that radio-active substances are begetting new elements. Some twenty are now known, and each has a life history, some of thousands of years' duration, others as evanescent as the life of a butterfly. This chapter of chemistry is weird and unique enough to satisfy the most vivid imagination.

In 1896, the observation was made that uranium salts would affect a photographic plate through a light-proof wrapper. Later, thorium compounds were found to have the same property. Discoveries of great moment are often made by keen observation in the use of simple apparatus. Two small strips of gold leaf suspended from a metallic rod within a glass bottle suffice to detect the presence of a radio-active substance. When electrified, the gold leaves stand apart. They fall together whenever a radio-active substance is brought near the bottle, since the air becomes a conductor and the electricity escapes from the gold leaves. The degree of radio-activity is measured by the rapidity with which they approach each other.

By the aid of a more delicate instrument it was found that the radio-activity of some ores was out of proportion to the

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amount of uranium or thorium present. This led to the belief of the existence of other radio-active substances, and two years of laborious research justified the belief when polonium, then radium, new elements were discovered. Actinium, ionium, and other elements have since been announced.

RADIUM AND ITS PROPERTIES

RADIUM is obtained from pitchblende, a very complex mineral containing uranium. A ton of residues of this ore yielded about a grain of pure radium chlorid. To obtain this salt in a pure state, it had to be crystallized 9400 times, and this without loss of the precious material; for the solutions were constantly tested with the electrical method, and nothing was thrown away which showed the presence of a radio-active substance. The salt obtained was 2,000,000 times more radio-active than uranium.

Radium itself has not been isolated, but from the behavior of its salts it is considered to be a metal.

Radium salts have the wonderful property of maintaining a temperature of from 1° to 5° C above their surroundings. Radium bromide has been found to evolve enough heat in an hour to raise an equal weight of water from freezing to boiling. In its life of some 3000 years one gram of radium would give out as much heat as is produced when several tons of coal are burned.

Radium salts emit three kinds of rays: Alpha rays, positively electrified; Beta rays, negatively electrified; and Gamma rays, non-electrified. These three kinds of rays are analogous to the three kinds of rays emitted by an electrified Crookes's tube. The Gamma rays have great penetrative power, like the X-rays. The other rays are less penetrative, but are deflected by a magnetic field in opposite directions.

Preserved in glass tubes, radium salts change in color, and discolor the glass. While some diamonds glow in the dark after being held in the sunlight, all diamonds glow when a radium salt is held near them, even if solid substances are between them. Thus, if diamonds are strewn on the top of a table in a darkened room, it is quite easy to find each one by merely moving a tube containing a radium salt beneath the table top.

Radium is unselfish: it imparts radio-activity to objects placed near it, or to gases led over it. An emanation is given off, which has been condensed to an inert gas.

When a pinch of salt (sodium chlorid) is placed in water, it merely dissolves. Not so with radium chlorid. It breaks up the water into a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases, and this mixture is found to contain helium, which is recognized by giving a brilliant spectrum, having a yellow line.

FORMATION OF NEW ELEMENTS

URANIUM appears to have a decadent life history, breaking down into other elements —of which radium is one—which, in its turn, yield the emanation, and other elements designated as radium A, B, etc. Hydrogen is the lightest element known; its atom is assumed as the unit for chemical comparison. Its atomic weight is 1, that of uranium 238, thorium 232, radium 226.5, argon 40, and helium 4. The theory has been propounded that uranium, thorium, and radium are undergoing atomic disintegration, and the heat that radium evolves is the direct outcome of explosions of the atomic structure. Elements of lower atomic weight thus result, and hence the appearance of helium. This would account for the presence of helium in the rocks and spring waters of the globe, where it has been accumulating for millions of years.

RADIUM IN SURGERY

BY mere accident it was discovered that a radium salt, although inclosed in a glass tube, would burn the skin severely. It was also found that radio-active substances would retard or destroy the germinating power of seeds.

These facts led to the use of radium salts in surgery. A few milligrams, inclosed either in a glass or a celluloid tube, are held against the affected part, care being taken to protect sound tissue by interposing sheet lead of sufficient thickness to intercept the Gamma rays, which appear to be the only rays having caustic power. The supply of radium is so small that so far there has been a restricted use; nevertheless, some most important cures of unsightly or malignant growths have been reported, and in some cases there is no

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other remedial measure. The radium institutes of the United States, France, England, and Germany have been founded to place this important agent within reach of patients, under proper direction.

The discoveries in radio-activity have opened up vistas of research of a most enchanting yet fundamental character. They confirm chemists in the belief that the experimental method should be followed rather than that of mathematical speculation.

ELECTROCHEMISTRY

TURNING from a consideration of things ideal to those of industrial importance, we find that the metallurgy of iron and steel has received great attention. When the molten product of the open-hearth or of the Bessemer converter is tapped into an electric furnace, the chemical operations necessary for refining the metal can be carried out at high temperature, in a reducing atmosphere, in a couple of hours. These furnaces are meeting with gratifying success both in this country and in Europe. They open new fields to the Bessemer converter.

The alloys of tungsten, titanium, vanadium, and other rare metals are made in electric furnaces. Those of chromium, nickel, and silicium are prepared free of carbon by the use of aluminium, itself an electric furnace product. These alloys are in demand for the special steels required in the automobile industry, in armament, and in electric traction.

The crucible steel process, so wasteful of heat, is doomed. When a crucible is used, the heat to melt the metal within it has to be forced through the walls at great loss. In an electric induction furnace, where the metal is melted, through the agency of a current induced in it across non-conducting walls, the heat is retained within the furnace. Other types of electric furnaces may also be used.

When a piece of metal is polished and etched, its structure can be seen by the aid of the microscope and the use of reflected light. Thus metallography informs us of conditions not made known by mechanical tests.

Since the corrosion of steel is now a matter of utmost importance, for we are concerned about the stability of our sky-scrapers, elevated roads, bridges, and tunnels, it is pleasant to record the advance made in the study of its cause, and to learn that impurities set up electrolytic action, and that the remedy is to be found in purer and more carefully made metal.

MANUFACTURE OF PIG-IRON

IT is estimated that in 1909 over 25,000,000 long tons of pig-iron were produced in the United States, as against 16,000,000 in 1908. The ore, the coke, and the limestone are heated in tall furnaces known as blast-furnaces. Few realize, however, that the weight of the air which supports the combustion is much greater in the proportion of four to three than all the other materials put together, and that four fifths of this air is inert nitrogen, mere ballast. Tests are being made in Belgium to increase the proportion of oxygen in the blast, and we are probably on the threshold of a new era in furnace construction and operation, awaiting only cheap oxygen.

CEMENT AND CONCRETE

IN the United States we are sacrificing a million and a half dollars daily to the fire fiend. There seems to be a growing sentiment in regard to the usefulness of cement houses and fire-proof construction, and this needs encouragement. Our urban populations demand rapid transit, and the tremendous engineering feats of the last few years, especially in our tunnel systems, would not have been possible except for this giant chemical industry. A new raw material has been found in blast-furnace slag, formerly a waste product, but which now, while still molten, is taken to the cement works and converted into cement.

ARTIFICIAL ILLUMINATION

HERE rare elements, until lately seen only as museum curiosities, have been selected by the chemist for the conversion of heat or electric energy into light. The composition of the mantle of an incandescent gas light is thorium oxid mixed with nine tenths of one per cent. of cerium oxid.

The carbon filament of an Edison bulb is giving place to one of tantalum or tungsten, with a fourfold improvement in candle-power for the same consumption of current. We marvel at the verisimilitude

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of a phonographic reproduction. Here we have the sunlight of other days, stored for ages in the coal measures, transformed into electric current, and ushered into our presence by pressing a button.

PROGRESS OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNITED STATES

AMERICAN chemists are justly proud of the fact that the Chemical Society of Philadelphia, founded in 1792, was probably the first chemical society in the world. In 1798, Mr. Thomas P. Smith, its president, said in an address:

> The only true basis on which the INDEPENDENCE of our country can rest are AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES. To the promotion of these, nothing tends in a higher degree than chemistry. It is to a general diffusion of a knowledge of this science, next to the VIRTUE of our countrymen, that we may look for the firm establishment of our INDEPENDENCE.

Through its various departments, more especially the Department of Agriculture, the Government has taken a preëminent position in chemistry.

In accordance with the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906, the scope of the work of the Department of Agriculture was greatly widened. In addition to the fifty-five agricultural experiment stations, there is a corps of over four hundred chemists at work in connection with the food and drug inspection and laboratories. These men, trained to the love of truth, are given responsible positions, where they may exert their influence for honesty and square-dealing in manufacture.

Our educational institutions are now equipped with splendid laboratories under men of international reputation. Our universities are concerned with the fundamental problems of the science, and the technical schools with the application of the principles to the arts.

Our vigorous American Chemical Society has a membership of nearly 5000, and there are affiliated societies which swell the list. In 1909, the Government extended an invitation to the nations of the world to hold the Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry in this country in 1912. In anticipation of this, a fine chemists' building is being erected in New York, which is to be the headquarters of the chemists of the country, and to house the valuable library of the national society.

Chemistry offers to the philosophical mind themes of the highest intellectual order; to the practical mind, novelty and the solution of problems which add to our comfort and increase our wealth as a nation by creating new industries and by improving old ones. We can truly say today, as Macquer did a century ago, "Nous avons l'avantage de voir enfin les plus beau jours de la Chimie."

WHEN IT IS DARK

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

IS the night black
On the rough slope,
Sunless and moonless the steep track?
Light flaming stars of hope
Upon the cloud that shadows thee.

Do they burn low?
Feed other fire:
Let toil's great anvil flare and glow,
Let charity aspire,
And sacrifice blaze fervently.

Do these grow pale
In the night damp?
When even love and labor fail,
Hold high, hold high the lamp
Of fortitude, and thou shalt see.

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FALSE DATES ON SHAKSPERE QUARTOS

A NEW METHOD OF PROOF APPLIED TO A CONTROVERSY OF SCHOLARS

BY WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

Instructor at the University of Wisconsin

OF the thirty-seven plays usually ascribed to Shakspere, only sixteen were printed before his death in 1616, and these only in cheap quarto form without covers. A seventeenth play, "Othello," was published in quarto in 1622. The remaining twenty plays, more than half of Shakspere's dramatic work, were printed for the first time in the bound folio of 1623. As no manuscript copy of any of these plays has come down to us, these quarto texts, faulty as they are and in many cases plainly unauthorized, constitute the only contemporary record we have of the dramatic writings of England's greatest poet. Of any one of these sixteen earlier Shakspere quartos we may say that Shakspere himself might have thumbed its pages; but we can say the same of no other text of a Shakspere play. Some of these quartos were reprinted in several editions. The number of copies of any edition now in existence is very small, ranging from one, two, or three known examples to twenty-five or thirty. A defective or stained copy of the commoner quarto issues is worth not less than $500; if perfect, it will usually bring between $2000 and $2500. Clean and perfect copies of the rarer issues have brought as much as $10,000. Shakspere quartos, next to Shakspere first folios, are probably the highest-priced books that come to the market.

Yet some of these quartos are like some people, not what they pretend to be. Some of the dates upon their title-pages are false dates, and for that reason some of the editions have wrongly been given precedence over other editions that really were earlier. Within four years the trustees of the Shakspere Memorial Library itself, at Stratford-on-Avon, desirous of acquiring play texts that were contemporary with Shakspere, have purchased copies of "The Merchant of Venice" bearing the date 1600, "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," 1600, and "King Lear," 1608, that were neither printed in those years, nor during the lifetime of Shakspere, but some years after his death; and, as I shall here proceed to demonstrate, the proof that such is the case may be found upon the title-pages of the copies purchased, where any one who will may trace it out. Also, in America, Mr. Marsden J. Perry's recent acquisition of Shakspere quartos includes not only these three plays, but also two others, "Sir John Oldcastle," falsely ascribed to Shakspere, 1600, and "Henry V," 1608, that likewise were not printed in Shakspere's lifetime, but at least as late as 1619, as is demonstrable from their title-pages. The only early Shakspere quarto owned by the Congressional Library at Washington is a copy of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" bearing the date 1600, but printed not earlier than 1619.

The dates upon quartos in question, on slighter grounds than I shall offer, have already been called into question, and are at the present moment the subject of a spirited controversy. The quartos involved are these nine, two of them, of course, not being by Shakspere: "The Merchant of Venice," 1600; "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," 1600; "Sir

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John Oldcastle," 1600; "King Lear," 1608; "Henry V," 1608; "The Whole Contention" (II and III Henry VI), 1619; "Pericles," 1619; "A Yorkshire Tragedy," 1619; and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619.

The attention of scholars was first called to a peculiarity of this group of plays by Mr. Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum. If it be remembered that these quartos, according to accepted theory, were originally published at different times covering a period of many years, and separately, the significance of the facts brought out by him will be plain.

Some seven or eight years ago Mr. Pollard made an appointment to examine a number of Shakspere quartos offered for sale from Germany. He found that they comprised the nine quartos mentioned, bound together in brown calf, with the name "Edward Gwynn" stamped in gold on the covers. As Edward Gwynn was a well-known seventeenth-century book-buyer, and the fat little volume could be traced to his possession, there was no question that the quartos must have remained in this single binding since well back into that century, in the sixteenth year of which Shakspere died. It was odd to find just these quartos brought together between the covers of an old binding, and a note was made of the circumstance. Eventually the volume found its way into the library of Mr. Marsden J. Perry of Providence, Rhode Island. (See picture of the binding, page 918.)

Three or four years later Mr. Pollard was shown another fat little volume of Shakspere quartos containing these nine plays. Although the binding was not as old by a hundred years, everything about the book reminded him of the earlier Edward Gwynn volume, and by a comparison of his notes he found that the plays were indeed the same, and of the same editions, the order only being changed. The coincidence was too striking to be accidental. He at once instituted a search for other examples of the grouping. Eventually he brought to light another set of the same nine plays, but bound in two volumes instead of one, and also two other sets of separate plays as to the original relationship of which there seemed to be strong probability.

The question was, Why were these nine plays and no others thus brought together three times, and perhaps five? It was over this question that the controversy referred to arose. One explanation offered was that the publisher of the 1619 quartos had on hand a number of unsold copies of the 1600 and 1608 quartos, and bound them up with the later ones in order to sell them. Another explanation that has been urged is that the nine quartos were bound together by their owners because of chance typographical resemblances; and still another that the whole nine were printed and bound together in 1619, which implies that the 1600 and 1608 dates were false. This theory, advanced by Mr. W. W. Greg, Librarian of Trinity College Library, Cambridge, is the one that has been most vigorously attacked. It is also the one that requires the strongest backing, because an imprint date upon a title-page is in itself black-and-white proof of the weightiest kind as to the date of printing. Mr. Sidney Lee, editor of the Dictionary of National Biography and of the Shakspere First Folio Facsimile, and Mr. Alfred H. Huth, Vice-President of the Bibliographical Society and owner by inheritance of the famous Huth Library, are at present the most prominent opponents of Mr. Greg's theory, and Mr. Pollard its most prominent supporter.

It is my privilege to present here for the first time conclusive proof that these 1600 and 1608 title-pages *were* falsely dated, and in presenting it to describe a new method of study which is applicable to other problems and other controversies. The method had its origin several years ago in certain experiments that I had occasion to make upon examples of old typography. It occurred to me at that time that no really scientific system of study had ever been applied to old typography, but that critics had been guided almost wholly by their own impressions when judging examples of printing. In the case of these nine quartos, critics would notice that the obviously identical printer's device, with its Welsh motto, "Heb Ddim Heb Ddiev" ("Without God Without All"), was used on eight of the nine title-pages, and would notice very little else of value about the typography of the pages. I thought it possible, by means of a series of accurate physical measurements to learn much more than

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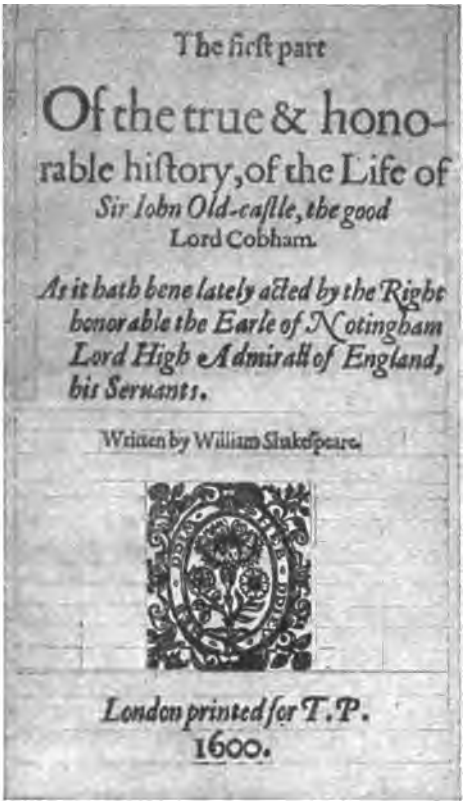
this about old books and their making. The facsimiles (reduced) of the title-pages of the nine quartos here given are from photographs of the originals in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library.

Extraordinary care was taken to secure photographs that were absolutely true to size, so that they could be accurately compared. By photographing a steel rule with each title-page, and then testing the photographed rule by the original rule, the slightest deviation from scale was avoided. I have drawn upon some of these photographs in faint-line tracing the basic typographical structure of the page. These lines are intended to assist the reader in making his comparisons; they do not appear upon the original title-pages.

I measured first the title-page of "The Merchant of Venice" of 1600, shown on page 916, testing it in its every dimension and spacial relationship. The position of the printer's device upon the title-page here is of great moment, for the printer might just as well have given it other positions instead of the one it has. I therefore carefully established the distance from the edge of the device to the side edges of the type-page. The space between the lines is also of moment, for it, too, might have varied in many ways. Therefore, by further careful measurements, I determined the space between the device and the imprint-line, the space between the device and the "Written by W. Shakespeare" line, and the space between this line and the next type-line above it. After making similar study of the title-pages of the "Pericles" of 1619, of "A Yorkshire Tragedy" of 1619, and of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" of 1619, and bringing together and comparing these various results, I noticed a striking coincidence: the distance from the printer's device to the right edge of the type-page is the same in both "The Merchant of Venice" of 1600 and the "Pericles" of 1619, and again the same in both "A Yorkshire Tragedy" of 1619 and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" of 1619; and the space between the left edge of the page and the device is exactly the same in all four title-pages, as is likewise the space between the imprint-line and the device, the space between the line "Written by W. Shakespeare" and the device, and the space above this line. In each case the coincidence is of dimensions that might have been different in fifty ways.


The firſt part
Of the true & hono-
rable hiſtory, of the Life of
Sir Iohn Old-caſtle, the good
Lord Cobham.
As it hath bene lately acted by the Right
honorable the Earle of Notingham
Lord High Admirall of England,
his Seruants.
Written by William Shakeſpeare.
London printed for T. P.
1600.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF A QUARTO PLAY "SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE," FALSELY ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE, AND BEARING DATE 1600, WHEN IN FACT IT WAS PRINTED AS LATE AS 1619

The faint lines on this, and on seven of the eight other title-pages, were drawn by Mr. Neidig to establish the typographical structure of the pages, for comparison and explanation.

Then I compared these pages a little more closely, using still the same system of careful measurement. First, I took the line "Written by W. Shakespeare," which contains two home-made "W's". The printer had to make his "W's" of two "V's" shaved down by hand, the font, perhaps because it was cast from imported matrices, having no "W's". Such handwork of necessity varies considerably. Of the two examples used in this line, the first is decidedly the larger, and this by exactly the same extent in all four title-

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M. VVilliam Shake-speare,
HIS
True Chronicle Hiſtory of the life and death of King *Lear*, and his *three Daughters.*

With the vnfortunate life of EDGAR, ſonne and heire to the Earle of *Glocester*, and *his ſullen and aſſumed humour of* TOM of Bedlam.

As it was plaid before the King's Maieſty at White-Hall, vpon S. Stephens night in Chriſtmas Hollidaies.

By his Maieſties Seruants, playing vſually at the *Globe* on the *Banck-ſide.*

Printed for *Nathaniel Butter.* 1608.

THE
Chronicle Hiſtory of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in France. Together with an-cient *Piſtoll.*

As it hath beene ſundry times played by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

Printed for *T. P.* 1608.

THE
Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houſes, LANCASTER and YORKE.

With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, *and King Henrie the ſixt.*

Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shake-ſpeare*, Gent.

Printed at LONDON, for T. P.

A
Midſommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene ſundry times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

VVritten by VVilliam Shakeſpeare.

Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600.

REDUCED FACSIMILES OF THE TITLE-PAGES OF FOUR SHAKSPERE QUARTOS, THREE OF THEM WITH FALSE DATES, SINCE ALL WERE PRINTED AS LATE AS 1619

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THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
CALLED,
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures, and fortunes of the saide Prince.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed for T. P. 1619.

THE
EXCELLENT
Hiſtory of the Merchant of Venice.

With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke* the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iuſt pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of *Portia*, by the choyse of three Caskets.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed by *I. Roberts*, 1600.

A
Moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedy,
of Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and the merry Wiues of Windſor.

VVith the swaggering vaine of Ancient *Piſtoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed for *Arthur Johnſon*, 1619.

A
YORKSHIRE TRAGEDIE.

Not ſo New, as Lamentable and True.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed for T. P. 1619.

REDUCED FACSIMILES OF FOUR QUARTOS BEARING SHAKSPERE'S NAME (THE LAST WRONGLY), ALL PRINTED AS LATE AS 1619, AND ONE HAVING THE FALSE DATE 1600

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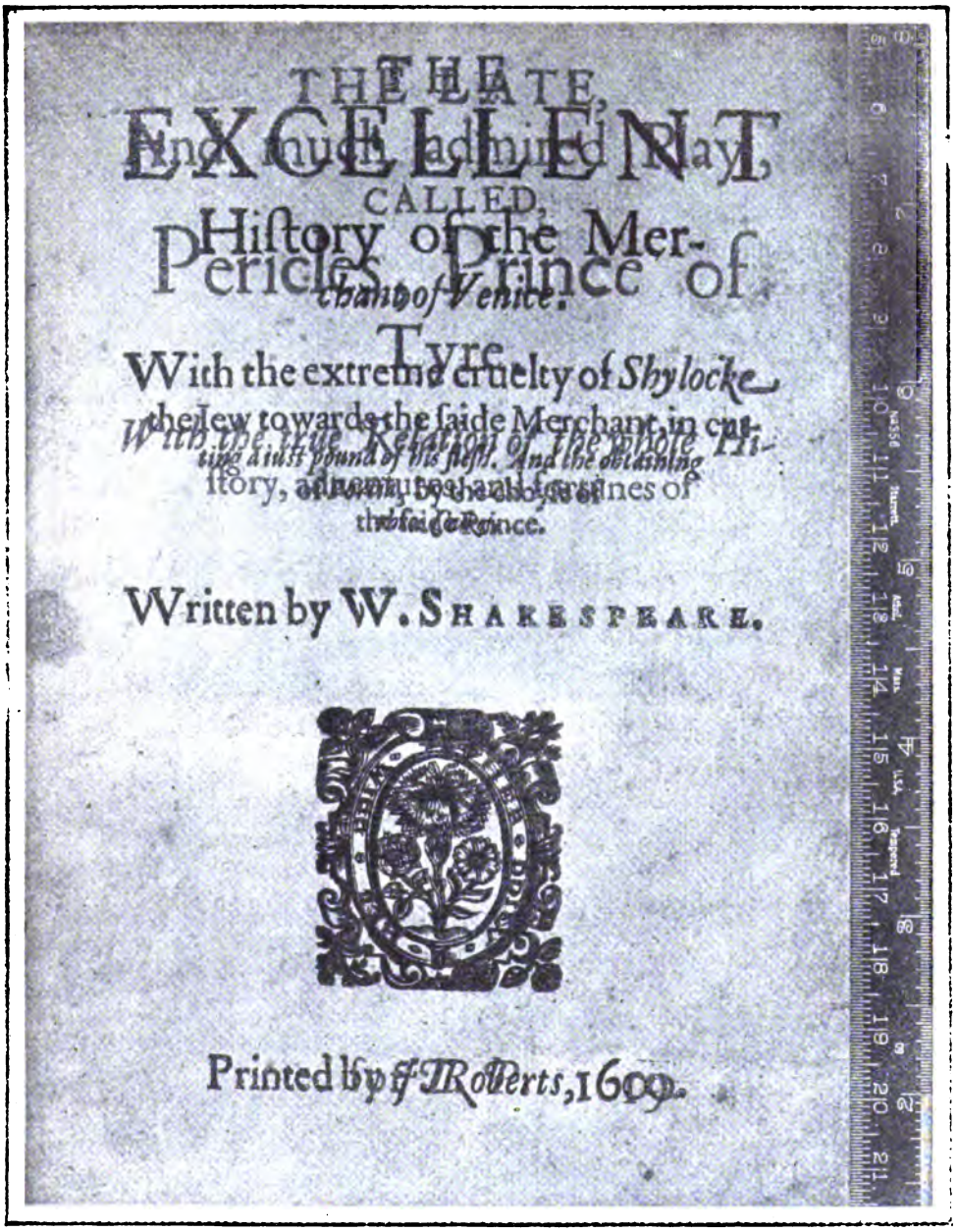
THE
EXCELLENT
CALLED,
History of the Mer-
Pericles, Prince of
chant of Venice.
Tyre.
With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke*
the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cut-
ting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining
of Portia by the choyce of
three Caskets.
Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.
Printed by [illegible] Roberts, 1609.

SUPERIMPOSED FACSIMILES, VERY SLIGHTLY REDUCED, OF THE TITLE-PAGES OF TWO SHAKSPERE QUARTOS (SEE TOP OF PREVIOUS PAGE)

The title-pages are here shown superimposed, to prove that the type of the lower part of the title-page of "Pericles," bearing date 1619, was used in printing the title-page of "The Merchant of Venice," bearing the false date 1600. The steel rule at the right hand was used to secure accuracy in superimposing by photography.

pages. The line is also exactly the same in length in all four cases, although the page-width in two instances is considerably greater than the length of the line. Within the line are found thirteen spaces, each of which might have been different from what it is. Ten of these spaces are placed between the letters of the word "Shakespeare," and these spaces are not of uniform thickness; for in order to tighten his line in his composing-stick the compositor was obliged to insert thicker spaces in some places and thinner ones in others. Yet in each of these four title-pages the

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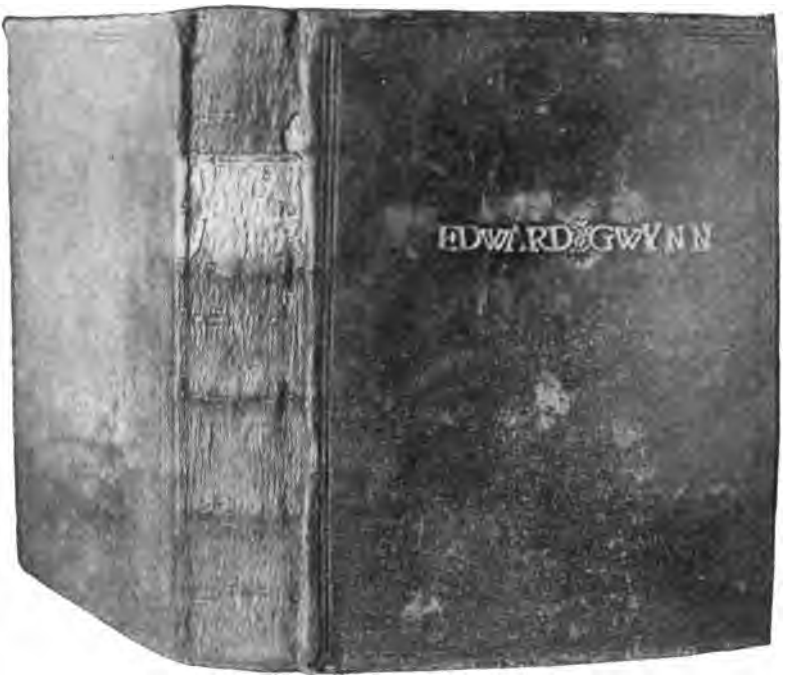

COVER OF THE VOLUME OF NINE SHAKSPERE QUARTOS (REDUCED ABOUT FOUR TIMES). OWNED BY MR. MARSDEN J. PERRY OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

This volume, described on page 913, contains the nine quartos whose title-pages are shown on pages 914, 915, and 916 (these, however, having been photographed from a set of originals in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library). Mr. Perry's volume bears on the front cover the name "EDWARD GWYNN" stamped in gold, and on the back the partly obliterated inscription "PLAYS | UND | [P]AMPHLETS | OF | W. SHAK[ES] | PEARE." The conjunction "und" seems to indicate that the binding was done in Germany.

thicker spaces fall between the same letters, and the thinner ones between the same letters. It is obviously quite impossible that such coincidences should have arisen by accident. But if not by accident, then how? What explanation can be offered for their occurrence?

In order to indicate more graphically the full extent of these coincidences, I am able to show on page 917, through the skill of Mr. John Rea Woolley, a composite photograph in which the negatives of the title-pages of the "Pericles" of 1619 and "The Merchant of Venice" are printed one over the other. The correspondence is perfect, letter by letter. Even in the last line the letters of the first word and the first two figures in the date strike exactly. And if this is not sufficient as a demonstration in coincidences, the reader is referred to the tiny flaw in the third stroke of the first "W" in the "Written by W. Shakespeare" line, which reappears with startling clearness in the composite.

To persons even casually familiar with printing processes only one explanation is possible. The lower portions of these four title-pages do not represent four separate settings of the type, once in 1600 for "The Merchant of Venice," and then three times nineteen years later for "Pericles," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Instead, this portion of the page was set only once, and the type was used for all four quartos. Of these four title-pages, that for "A Yorkshire Tragedy" was first set and printed. Then the compositor set the upper portion of the "Pericles" title-page; but instead of setting the lower portion also, he went to "A Yorkshire Tragedy" title-page, just printed, and lifted off the lower portion of that, adding it to his "Pericles" matter without the change of a space or a letter. The reader will notice the damaged "T" in the imprint, and the inverted second figure "1," shown in both title-pages. As his "Pericles" matter was wider than the other, our compositor added a wooden

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strip down the lower side of his page to make up the difference. He next set the upper part of "The Merchant of Venice" title-page; and again, instead of setting the lower part also, he went to the preceding title-page for his lower part. In addition, he here changed the date and imprint. He seems to have been a very lazy printer, for he did not take the trouble to allow more room for the new wording of the imprint-line, but crowded it into the exact space occupied by the preceding wording, without the change of his end spaces and quads. This fact is clearly shown in the composite photograph reproduced on page 917. And "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which followed, was set in the same way.

What has been said of these four title-pages may be said also of the others. The whole nine quartos were printed together as a single piece of work.[1] I am able to establish even the order in which they were printed, using only the evidence of the typography.

We can only surmise what was the object of these false dates. Probably they were made to avoid arranging for the right of publication with the holders of such rights. It is certain that they have deceived expert critics for nearly three hundred years. As a result of this conclusive demonstration, those pages of Shakspere bibliography and criticism that touch even indirectly upon the dates of the earlier of these quartos will have to be revised. "The Merchant of Venice" of 1600, "Printed by J. Roberts," is reduced from its former rank of "first edition," and the former "second edition," "Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes" becomes the first. The prices of these 1600 and 1608 quartos will also be affected, but to what extent can be told only when they again come up at auction. In a larger way, the authority of the printed date as testimony will be not a little disturbed. It is possible that hereafter the weight of evidence required to overcome the testimony of an imprint-date will be somewhat less than it is at present. This demonstration, I venture to think, establishes the value of a new method of study of what might by analogy be defined as the application to the printed page of the Bertillon system of identifying criminals.

[1] The forthcoming October number of "Modern Philology," published by the University of Chicago Press, will contain a detailed presentation of my argument, together with thirteen illustrative plates.

THE PERFECT VOICE

(TO JULIA MARLOWE)

BY ZOE AKINS

HER voice is lovely as a fabled lyre,
And sweet as winds that sing the sea to sleep,
And soft as mermaids sighing fathoms deep,
And splendid as the singing of a choir,
Glad and melodious as any bird
A-thrill in song in a leafy tree-top steep,
And memorable as things that make us weep,
And strong as armies when the foe is heard.

Pure music falls and rises in its sound,
It thrills with changing moods—the Herd-girl's grief,
Viola's mirth, or Juliet's despair;
A deep hush and a silence fall around
Its golden tone,—as when a rustling leaf
Sends sound and silence through the startled air.

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HANDS of the MIKADO

by Albert W Tolman

Pictures by Harry Townsend

As Ogama raised his cup, sacrificial tapers burned in his somber eyes. He held a Leipsic degree, while the military school of St. Cyr had initiated me into European thought. An after-dinner discussion of philosophy and religion had left us facing that eternal sphinx, the riddle of a future life.

"Christians," he mused, "prate of heaven and hell, and our forefathers built on Shinto and Buddha. I know but this: for him who dies in the achievement of duty, all is well. To the destruction of the bridge!"

That toast, unstaled by repetition, had solemnized every meal from the squalid Tientsin tea-house, where the chattering crowd protected us from observation, to this lonely tête-à-tête only two days from the Yogol, with the Manchurian pines intoning their requiem in our ears, and a shrewd wind testing the thickness of our garments.

Seated on a rock, back to the trail, I had just lifted my tin cup to pledge my com-

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rade, when, *pouf*, as quick as a weasel, he snatched out his revolver, and, thrusting the muzzle almost into my face, fired twice over my shoulder. At the same instant a gun roared behind me, and the bottom of my drinking-vessel was reft away, deluging my knees with its contents. Something settled softly in the snow; and, looking round, I saw two Cossacks crumpled in a gory heap.

"Prosit!" exclaimed Ogama.

Revolver smoking in right hand, he quietly drained the cup in his left. Not idly was he reputed the best pistol-shot in the Japanese army.

We buried the two scouts where they fell, carefully obliterating all blood-stains. For their accoutrements we cared nothing: we had better.

The expedition against the Yogol Bridge had been fully twelve months in planning. It had employed the services of at least three hundred men, few of whom knew what was aimed at. Disguised as Chinese coolies, servants, merchants, and in a dozen other ways, they had done their allotted work.

The first thing was to map the entire region, and select the safest trail to the bridge; the next was to establish along this trail depots of food, clothing, and equipments, hidden in the most secret places; and every spot was accurately marked on tissue maps. Thither one man carried a tin of beef; a second, a bunch of matches; still a third smuggled a bottle of spirits; another, a package of biscuit; another, a stick of dynamite; and so on. Each was to deposit his charge safely, even at the peril of his life. Why he did it, who was doing likewise, where the next depot was, he had not the remotest idea. Only the central brain that planned, and we who were to execute, knew what was afoot. Thus was established a route of food-caches, ten miles apart, leading straight to the Yogol Bridge.

On January 5, we left Nagasaki by steerage for Tientsin, dressed as coolies, with shaven heads and false queues; we had absolutely nothing but a few cash, and, pressed between our teeth, two tissue maps. In the cabin were brother-officers; every day we saw one another, yet gave no word or sign of recognition. All were hands of the Mikado, working for Japan, and each had enough to engross his entire thought without curious speculation about his neighbor.

On leaving Tientsin, we struck northeast. The weather was severe, the ground already covered with snow. Yet, though lightly equipped, we felt not the least anxiety. Everything had been prepared for us by the forethought that directed our movements. We were simply automata, traveling to the mark like a Whitehead torpedo. But while the torpedo traverses only a few-score rods of yielding water, we were journeying hundreds of miles across snow-clad plains, through forests and over rugged uplands.

In the service of Japan there are no cowards and no traitors. Not infrequently a package would be missing, or we would find that a depot had been torn open by wild beasts or rifled by some trespassing nomad. Perhaps the absence of what we looked for might conceal some tragedy. We could not tell. But we felt sure that everything men could do to fulfil a mission had been done. For ourselves we felt no uneasiness: the next storehouse would supply every need.

When well on our way, we stopped at a roadside shrine of Buddha, and Ogama prayed as fervently as I for the success of our expedition.

"Whether we believe in their existence or not," said he, "it is fitting, when on the service of our country, to pay due reverence to our country's gods."

After journeying four weeks, we found in a cache not many miles from a large town a card inscribed:

"War declared February 10."

That was all, but it was enough to spur us to our utmost; our errand could not be accomplished too quickly.

In the last fifty miles we had been picking up dynamite, distributing it about our clothing, stick by stick, until we had seventy-five pounds for a giant cartridge. The final cache, deep in a forest, yielded two white outer suits, to render us indistinguishable against the snow. There was also a pair of heavy steel shears.

Discovery meant death. To come in the night like avenging spirits, to strike crushingly, to flee undetected, that was our mission. Thus far no one had discovered us but the Cossacks dead beneath the snow leagues behind, with bullets through their brains.

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Drawn by Harry Townsend

"THEN I TURNED TO MY OWN TASK, THE DISABLING OF THE ELECTRIC PLANT"

On the night of February 19, starry but moonless, we emerged suddenly upon a high ridge overlooking the Yogol. Below us lay our quarry, the long, steel bridge, its five granite piers breaking the frozen river three hundred feet apart.

It was alive with fiery eyes. At each end a search-light spread its fan of radiance. Over the top, at hundred-foot spaces, swung strings of electric arcs. Underneath, upstream and down, two lines of thickly strung incandescents illumined the ice; while round each granite pier, bringing out in clear relief rough-hewn blocks and cemented seams, ran a double row of gleaming bulbs.

Westward a whistle sounded, and soon round the low hill a heavily puffing engine drew a black train of dimly lighted troop-cars. They rumbled slowly over the bridge, bearing hundreds of Russian lives, whose dogged courage must be matched and overcome by the shedding of precious Japanese blood. Ogama grasped my hand tightly, and I returned the pressure. Each understood the other. No more trains must cross that bridge.

How should we accomplish our task? On each bank a low redoubt, mounted with rapid-fire guns, commanded the river. Strong detachments of Cossacks were, we knew, encamped inside the walls. At a moment's alarm the garrisons would sally out, and the artillery sow the ice thick with death-dealing missiles.

There were two things to do: one, to cut the wires from the dynamo-station that lit the bridge; the other, by far more dangerous and important, to explode our cartridge under the central pier.

Now came the first dispute of our long journey. Each desired the honor of destroying the bridge. Ogama claimed it on the ground of his nobility.

"I am the son of a samurai," said he, haughtily; "I demand the privilege due my rank and birth."

"I am two years older than you," I protested, "and have served longer under the Mikado's orders. Seniority gives me precedence."

As neither would yield, I proposed that we draw lots. With the shears I cut two paper slips, and passed them to Ogama. He turned back to me, and then extended his hand, the white tips showing evenly above his closed fingers. I drew first. He smiled: the short slip, awarding the task of honor and danger, was his.

Westward a whistle sounded again: another train was coming. The hand of the Mikado, reaching slowly, patiently, far over sea and land through weeks of wintry days and nights, was almost ready to close upon the prize. I strapped the seventy-five-pound cartridge on Ogama's back. Above it was the reel of wire, to run out as he made his retreat. The battery lay upon his chest. He rose as if lifting a load of feathers, and stood erect. He was a strong man, and his muscles were iron from the jiu-jutsu. Wringing his hand in wordless farewell, I watched him disappear down the slope. Then I turned to my own task, the disabling of the electric

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plant, that he might approach the bridge in safety.

I ran my forefinger along the shear-blades. They were ground razor-keen, and at the touch blood sprang from the skin. Drawing on the insulating rubber gloves to forestall a shock, I turned toward the power-house. I must slash the nerves that gave those two wheeling search-lights their power of sight, and made the bridge unapproachable. The train had almost reached it.

Down the hill I slipped, past a bit of woodland, to the rear of the station. Through the windows I could see the blue-bloused engineer and his two assistants busy among the dynamos. As I came nearer, the fireman began shoveling coal under the boilers. That helped me.

Was no sentry on duty? The wires ran out of the eastern end of the building. Rounding a corner, I saw, back to me, ten paces away, a huge, ulstered Cossack, bayonet-tipped rifle on shoulder, peering into the open door of the boiler-room. The locomotive rumbled out upon the bridge.

There was no time to lose. Already the soldier was turning when I poised the shears above a pair of wires, and snapped the handles together. The insulated copper parted as easily as cotton string. A sputtering blue arc burst forth, joining the severed ends. Every light under the bridge went out. Again I closed the shears. Darkness fell on the redoubt and encampment on the farther bank. I cut once more: the barracks on the hither side grew black, and the search-lights vanished.

Within the station men sprang to their posts, not understanding this sudden break in the service. I had worked quickly, knowing that at any second a Cossack bullet might crash into my brain. But the last wire was cut, and I was still alive.

I looked toward my foe. He was staring, open-mouthed, pallid, as if he saw a ghost. Then my white mask fell off, and he beheld the features of a Japanese.

With a bear's growl he came at me, beard bristling angrily, fierce hatred shining from his dull, blue eyes. Well for me he did not fire his gun! But what could a man of medium build avail against his giant strength!

I waited. Only a yard off he lunged to thrust me through, when I hurled the heavy shears straight at his face. The sharp points sank into his forehead, and with upthrown arms he reeled back, his accoutrements clashing as he dropped. I slipped round the corner of the building, and sped up the hill.

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra! Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra! Shrill and spiteful a bugle yelped alarum from the redoubt. Another on the opposite bank answered. The two military hives buzzed angrily. Out streamed little files and squadrons of men, and hurried hither and thither, seeking the bold disturbers of their peace. Woe to the strangers, should those lance-armed warriors find them!

Suddenly the enemy loosed his batteries at random on the river, guessing the bridge was the object of attack, but not knowing whence it would come.

I heard the ice splintering under the metal hail from the Maxims, and the bullets spattering the granite piers. It seemed impossible that Ogama could reach the central abutment alive. I strained my eyes, and once or twice imagined I saw his white, flitting figure. But how could he survive the storm those shrieking mouths were pouring across the riddled surface?

Then the Mikado, hundreds of leagues away in his palace in Tokio, closed his hand.

Right below the central span, an intensely white blur of blinding light burst through the surrounding gloom. Quicker than I thought it grew, and flung out and

Drawn by Harry Townsend

OGAMA

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up and down jagged lances of blistering fire.

I could see great rifts opening in the shattered granite, as with the roar of a thousand cannon the huge blocks sprang asunder. I could see the long structure above, with its ponderous girders and creeping train, sag suddenly downward. Blackness followed, broken only by little, yellow sparks and jets of flame, as the falling masses ground together.

Then the deafened ear, still ringing with that tremendous thunder, caught other and lower sounds—the cracking and rending of steel as the great bridge broke in the middle and tumbled with a splitting crash into the frozen river; and last, low and penetrating, the cries of dying men, as the heavy troop-train went down amid the welter of ice and iron and granite, and the Yogol, freed from its bonds, cast up a mighty mound of foam that engulfed the whole.

I MADE a long detour, struck the railroad a mile from the river, and was soon on the hill of rendezvous, waiting for Ogama. In that hour I drank the joy of a thousand years. The labor of twelve months, and of three hundred men, planned with vast care, had been crowned with success. The human machine, Japanese in hand and brain and heart, had done its work well. Not one part had failed; all had been true to a hair's breadth and a second. Now remained only that we, to whom had been intrusted the crowning stroke, the plucking of the ripened pomegranate, should bring back our own lives in safety, for our country's use in other fields.

Hours I waited, hoping, fearing, as the stars, one by one, quenched their tapers below the western horizon, until at last the East paled with approaching dawn.

Then, with eyes full of unshed tears, and a strangling demon at my throat, I began my weary journey south alone; but ever the sound of temple bells was in my ears, and I could see the wavelets lapping the beach where two boys played on the yellow sand; for I knew that somewhere under that ponderous mass of crumbled granite, tangled steel, and shivered ice, one more descendant of the samurai had died that Japan might live!

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SIX YOUNG WOMEN HELD AS POLITICAL PRISONERS IN SIBERIA

THE REACTION IN RUSSIA

A REVIEW OF EVENTS SINCE THE "BLOODY SUNDAY" OF JANUARY, 1905

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Author of "Siberia and the Exile System"

THIRD PAPER: THE LAWS, THE COURTS, AND THE PRISONS[1]

THE present reaction in Russia has been euphemistically described by Premier Stolypin as "strong-handed maintenance of order, with progressive reform"; but it might be much more truthfully characterized as "strong-handed reëstablishment of despotism, with an unfulfilled promise of reform." In its nature and its aims it is simply a return to the arbitrary repressive policy of the last century. The people, it is true, now have a so-called charter of rights in the shape of a Freedom Manifesto, and they enjoy nominal representation in what the Paris "Revue" calls "a phantom parliament"; but, nevertheless, they are still living under an all-powerful bureaucratic administration, with methods quite as lawless and despotic as those which made the lives of Russians miserable twenty-five or thirty years ago. In some respects the situation is better than it was in the closing years of the last century, but in other respects it is much worse. The existence of a Duma,

[1] The Russian journals to which most frequent reference is made in the foot-notes of this article are the "Speech" ("Reitch") of St. Petersburg, a daily newspaper edited by the author and jurist I. V. Hessen, with the coöperation of Ivan I. Petrunkevitch, Professor Paul Milyukov, and other prominent Constitutional Democrats; the "Questions of Life" ("Zaprosy Zhizni") of St. Petersburg, a weekly journal resembling our "Nation," edited by Professor Maxim M Kovalevski and R. M. Blanc; and the long-established and trustworthy "Russian Gazette" ("Russkiya Vedomosti"), the leading daily newspaper of Moscow.

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where free speech is tolerated, where governmental methods may be discussed, and where ministers may be called upon to explain and defend their actions, is, of course, a great change for the better: but, on the other hand, there are such noteworthy changes for the worse as the general turning-over of important civil and political cases to military courts; the merciless and almost unlimited infliction of the death-penalty; the subjugation of both civil and military tribunals to reactionary administrative influence or control; the despotic power exercised by provincial governors and governors-general; the unprecedented overcrowding of prisons; the increased severity of administrative exile; and the greatly intensified persecution of such alien or unorthodox inhabitants of the empire as the Jews, the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Armenians, the Georgians, and the law-abiding but cruelly wronged Finns. In all these respects, the people of Russia, from the liberal point of view, are worse off now than they were in the reign of Alexander III.

Of course it is virtually impossible, within the limits of a few thousand words, to describe fully or even adequately a reaction which extends through all the branches of an extremely complicated system of administration, and which affects in countless ways the lives and fortunes of one hundred and sixty millions of people. I shall try, however, to show briefly what form this reaction has taken, and what effects it has produced, in the most important of the fields covered by the Freedom Manifesto, namely, the field of personal rights.

I

AMONG the "immutable foundations of civil liberty" which Nicholas II "extended to the people" on October 30, 1905, and which the people are now supposed to be enjoying, in accordance with his "inflexible will," is "real inviolability of personal rights."[1] Although His Imperial Majesty has never stated specifically what these rights are, he has left it to be inferred that they include, at the very least, all liberties, privileges, and immunities given to Russian citizens by existing Russian laws. Among such rights are those set forth in the statutes of the empire as follows:

> Russian subjects may organize meetings for objects not forbidden by law, and may publicly assemble, provided they do so peaceably and without weapons. They may also form associations and unions. They may give expression to their thoughts, orally or in writing, and may disseminate such thoughts through the press or by other means. The domiciles of Russian subjects shall be inviolable, and searches and seizures shall be made only with legal authority and in the legally prescribed manner. No Russian subject shall be tried or punished for an offense not specified as criminal by a law existing at the time the offense is committed. No one shall be punished for a criminal offense otherwise than in the manner prescribed by law, and no one shall suffer imprisonment in cases not duly provided for by law.[2]

How many of these personal rights, established by statute and confirmed by the "inflexible will" of the Czar, do the Russian civil authorities now recognize and respect? Not a single one. By the "strong-handed" policy of the present reactionary administration, the liberties, privileges, and immunities conferred upon the people by the Council of the Empire, and twice ratified by the monarch, have all been swept away. "But," it may be asked, "how is it possible for mere administrative officials to abolish arbitrarily the very laws by which it was intended that they themselves should be directed and controlled?" Under the Russian system of government it is quite simple, such is the will of the autocrat, who is above all officials, all institutions, and all laws.

Twenty-nine years ago, when the struggle of the Russian people for freedom had taken a violent revolutionary form, the Russian Council of Ministers became convinced that they could fight sedition much more successfully if they were not so hampered by law. It was all well enough for the people to be restrained by statute,

[1] All quoted words are from the Freedom Manifesto.

[2] Citations from the Russian "Svod Zakonof," or Collection of Statutes; quoted from an article by L. Slonimski entitled, "Our Constitution," in the St. Petersburg weekly journal, "Zaprosy Zhizni," November 21, 1909, O.S. p. 1. This journal is edited by the well-known Russian publicist and sociologist Professor Maxim M. Kovalevski, liberal member of the Council of the Empire.

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but officials should have a free hand. They therefore drew up, and Alexander III approved, a series of administrative regulations which were officially entitled, "Rules with Regard to Measures for the Preservation of Public Order and Social Tranquillity." These regulations, which soon became widely known as the "Rules for Reinforced and Extraordinary Defense," authorized the Minister of the Interior, by and with the consent of the Czar, to suspend the operation of the civil laws, and give local officials unlimited discretionary power, in any part of the empire where "public order and social tranquillity" seemed to be threatened or disturbed. With this deadly weapon the Czar's officials crushed the revolutionary movement of 1878–81, and for a quarter of a century thereafter they continued to make use of it as a means of striking down their enemies and terrorizing the liberal and progressive elements of the population. If the subjects of a tyrannical governor in one of the provinces made themselves obnoxious by asserting their legal rights as against official authority, all the governor had to do was to report to the Minister of the Interior that the attitude of the insubordinate malcontents was clearly a menace to "public order and social tranquillity." The minister thereupon declared the province in a state of "reinforced" or "extraordinary" defense; everybody who had a legal right lost it; and the governor was free to suppress newspapers, prohibit societies, break up meetings, and imprison or exile as many troublesome people as necessary.

Under the "Rules," moreover, the gendarmes, who are the political police of Russia, had an absolutely free hand, and could arrest, examine, and administratively punish, without responsibility to any one except their chief and the Czar.

When, in the Freedom Manifesto of October 30, 1905, the Czar solemnly declared that his subjects thenceforth should enjoy "real inviolability of personal rights," he probably meant, if he had any sincere meaning at all, that the "Rules for Reinforced and Extraordinary Defense" should no longer give such power to governors and gendarmes, and should no longer deprive Russian citizens of the protection of law. But his promise proved to be as worthless as was his oath to respect and maintain the constitution of Finland. Five years have elapsed since the promulgation of the Freedom Manifesto, and two years since the virtually complete suppression of the latest revolutionary movement; and yet all the more important parts of the empire are still in a state of "reinforced" or "extraordinary" defense; tens of millions of Russians are still without the protection of law; searches and arrests are made by an irresponsible secret police without legal warrant or sanction; men and women are imprisoned or exiled without trial and often without a hearing; political offenders acquitted by the courts are banished by administrative process; public meetings are broken up because they have a tendency to "excite the mind"; lectures are forbidden for the same reason; libraries and book stores are closed by the police because they are found to contain half a dozen books which the censor once approved, but which he now condemns; newspapers and magazines are fined, confiscated, or suppressed, because some reactionary governor thinks that they have "an injurious tendency"; educational conventions are forbidden or dispersed because some of the speakers or teachers are thought to be "politically untrustworthy"; famine relief committees are criminally prosecuted for publicly complaining of bureaucratic interference with their work; medical societies of the highest standing are brought to trial on the charge of "undermining respect for the authorities" by publishing results of sanitary investigations; and, finally, literary societies, educational societies, benevolent societies, mutual-benefit societies, town-improvement societies, trade-unions, employees' clubs, and consumers' leagues, are everywhere prohibited or suppressed, simply because a reactionary Czar and a small but powerful ruling class regard independent social organization of any kind, and free public activity in any form, as a menace to their selfish interests and their political supremacy; and all this without a shadow of law, under the provisions of certain ministerial "Rules" which were drawn up by the ministers of Alexander III in 1881, and which have already been used as a reactionary administrative weapon for a period of twenty-nine years.

I may seem to dwell with unnecessary insistence and reiteration upon these min-

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isterial "Rules"; but they are the key to the whole existing situation in Russia, and I wish to emphasize in every possible way the fact that, in spite of the Freedom Manifesto, the so-called "Constitution," and the Duma, the greater and more important part of the empire is now being governed not in accordance with law, but in accordance with the "Rules" of 1881, and the personal will or judgment of the Czar, the Council of Ministers, the higher bureaucratic officials, and the imperial police. The extent to which this disregard of law affects personal rights, and especially personal liberty, may be shown by the statistics of administrative exile. According to the latest report of the Minister of the Interior, the number of persons exiled, without trial, to "remote parts of the empire," between January, 1906, and December, 1909, was 28,173. In the budget estimates for 1910, the number of persons still in exile for political offenses was given as 22,568, a number considerably greater than the number of popular votes that gave the Government its majority in the present Duma.[1] These figures do not include thousands—perhaps tens of thousands—of persons administratively banished or lawlessly imprisoned by the governors of provinces and the prefects of cities. When the Czar passed through Odessa last fall, Major-General Tolmachef, the prefect of that city, celebrated the event by "pardoning" five hundred and seventy-two political offenders whom he had imprisoned or exiled by administrative process, under the power given to him by the "Rules." About the same time, General Dumbadze, the governor of Yalta, celebrated the Crown Prince's birthday by pardoning forty-four politicals whom he had lawlessly banished in the same way.[2] Out of four hundred and sixty-seven prisoners in the provincial jail of Perm, in December, 1909, two hundred and thirty-six were undergoing punishment, without trial, by order of the governor.[3] In June, 1909, M. Sagatelian, representative in the Third Duma from the province of Erivan, received a telegram from the wives and mothers of twenty men who had been lawlessly arrested by order of the governor, and had lain nearly three months in prison without accusation or hearing. The petitioners implored M. Sagatelian to use his influence in behalf of their unfortunate sons and husbands, whose business had been ruined and whose children were starving.[4] I think I do not exaggerate when I say that I could fill a whole number of THE CENTURY with specific cases of administrative lawlessness of this kind; and many of them are so extraordinary and so unbelievable that the principal liberal paper of St. Petersburg publishes them, from time to time, under the general heading "Nightmares."

II

THIS deprivation of legal rights by administrative process would not be so intolerable, perhaps, if there were any possibility of checking or limiting it in the courts; but the civil and military tribunals, under almost irresistible pressure from the Czar, the Council of Ministers, and the commanding officers of military districts, have to a great extent lost their independence, and have shown their readiness to please the administration by sparing its friends and mercilessly punishing its enemies. The Czar and his ministers hate the Jews, the Social Democrats, and the followers of Count Tolstoi, but are favorably disposed toward the Union of True Russians, the Black Companies, and the police; and these feelings are almost everywhere reflected in the sentences of the courts. For example: When, in December last, the orthodox priest Father Iliodor declared, in a sermon preached to a great congregation in Tsaritzin, that "Pogroms organized for the purpose of killing the accursed Jews are not manifestations of man's lawlessness, but of God's justice," he was neither punished nor restrained; but when, five months later, Civil Engineer Surenyants published a pamphlet entitled, "The Truth About the Black Companies," he was indicted for "trying to make one class of the population hate another," and, upon conviction,

[1] "Questions of Life," St. Petersburg, No. 1, January 16, 1910, p. 52. "Speech," St. Petersburg, September 15, 1909. The votes cast for the members of the Duma who make a majority were only about 19,000, all told. These votes elected more than half the electors in the electoral colleges. See New York address of Professor Paul Milyukov, "Constitutional Government for Russia," delivered January 14, 1908.

[2] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, November 29, 1909.

[3] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, December 4, 1909.

[4] The "Speech," St Petersburg, June 6, 1909.

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was sentenced to a year of solitary confinement in a fortress.[1]

When thirty-eight Black Company rioters and assassins were tried in the circuit court of Kiev for plundering and murdering Jews in a pogrom, nine of them were sentenced to six days' imprisonment and the rest were acquitted[2]; but when eleven citizens of Tiflis were tried by one of the military courts of the Caucasus for serving on the local campaign committee of the Social Democratic party, they were all sent into penal servitude for four years.[3]

When, in May, 1910, two police officers in Ekaterinoslav tortured a man by beating him, throughout a whole day, with metal-bound leather straps, they were "let off" by the local court with three weeks' arrest; while three school-teachers, who had joined an unauthorized educational organization known as the "National Teachers' Union," were sentenced, by the same court, to six months' solitary confinement in a fortress.[4]

But in the records of the Russian courts there are even more flagrant cases of judicial discrimination than these. In March, 1910, the Moscow Chamber of Justice (Sudebnaya Palata), sitting on circuit in Smolensk, tried Police Inspector Semyonoff and his assistant Soldatenkoff for beating to death, with india-rubber clubs, an untried prisoner named Bogdanoff, from whom they were trying to extort a confession. The government procurator, Biriukoff, whose duty it was to prosecute these officials, made an attempt to palliate their crime, and at the end of an apologetic speech said:

> In trying to preserve public order and social tranquillity, our police, of course, are called upon to perform duties of the most serious and responsible nature, and their work, now and then, is such as to bring upon them public condemnation. In most cases, however, such condemnation is not justified.

The court found that the facts, as set forth in the indictment, were true, and that the accused police officers had preserved "public order and social tranquillity" by beating an untried prisoner to death with india-rubber clubs. It therefore sentenced the inspector to six months, and his assistant to two months, of ordinary imprisonment.[5] A few months earlier, a whole colony of Tolstoi's followers, in Krinitsk, who were merely trying to follow the example and the teachings of Christ, were sentenced by the chamber of justice of Novo-Tcherkask to solitary confinement in a fortress for terms ranging from six months to a year and a half.[6]

A comparison of the sentences of Tolstoi's followers with those of the police officers would seem to justify the conclusion that there is at least twice as much criminality in following the teachings of Christ as in beating a defenseless prisoner to death with india-rubber clubs; but of course such is not the explanation of the attitude of the courts toward these two classes of offenders. The reason for the discrimination is to be found in the view taken by the Czar and his ministers of obnoxious citizens who oppose the methods of the Government, on the one hand, and of faithful servants who support such methods, on the other. Police officers may be going too far when they beat untried political offenders to death with india-rubber clubs; but, in spite of such unfortunate results, these guardians of "public order and social tranquillity" are unswervingly loyal to the Czar; their zeal is commendable; and their mistakes should not be too severely punished, especially by judges whose career may depend upon imperial and ministerial approbation.

In the recent debate on the budget estimates of the Ministry of Justice in the Third Duma, Rodicheff, one of the ablest and most distinguished of the liberal members, cited many cases in which both judges and witnesses had been administratively rewarded or punished, according to the nature of their decisions or their testimony, and in concluding his speech said boldly: "The policy of the Ministry of Justice in systematically corrupting the courts can be described only as justification for the revolution."[7]

[1] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, December 10, 1909, and May 11, 1910.
[2] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, September 15, 1909.
[3] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, August 20, 1909.
[4] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, March 1, 1910.
[5] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, March 6, 1910.
[6] The "Russian Gazette," Moscow, November 24, 1909.
[7] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, March 15, 1910.

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Of course there are in Russia many incorruptible judges, as there are many honest officials, but when the Czar himself, by the exercise of his pardoning power, shows plainly what he thinks of the sentences pronounced by the courts in a whole class of cases, it is only natural that the judges should take notice, and should trim their sails to the imperial breeze. Between January, 1906, and February, 1908, Nicholas II, either personally or through the Ministry of Justice, pardoned four hundred and twenty-six Black Company rioters, who had been convicted, in forty-nine different trials, of participation in anti-liberal or anti-Jewish pogroms.[1] A judge who should fail to deal gently with Black Company pogrom rioters, after such a series of admonitions as this from the Czar himself, would show either great independence or great stupidity.

But administrative pressure is brought to bear on the courts in many other ways. In certain classes of cases, mostly political, a lawyer who makes an effective defense of a client to whom the Government is hostile runs the risk of severe punishment. A striking illustration of this is furnished by the case of A. I. Hillerson, of the St. Petersburg bar, who is now serving out a sentence of one year's solitary confinement in the fortress of Dvinsk for a speech that he made in the circuit court of Grodno in behalf of the victims of the anti-Jewish pogrom in Bielostok.[2]

The Czar and his ministers sometimes show extraordinary persistence in their determination to get severe sentences—and if possible death-sentences—in political cases. Long after the insurrection of 1905 had been put down with machine-guns and pogroms, they brought to trial before a military court in Novorossiisk ninety-one persons accused of resisting the legally constituted authorities and establishing, in the northern Caucasus (in 1905), a local provisional government known as the Novorossiisk Republic. It was not charged that the prisoners had committed any acts of violence, but they had thrown off their allegiance to the Czar and had undertaken to govern themselves, and such conduct, under section 129 of the Russian Penal Code, is high treason. On the first trial (in 1908), seven of the accused were sentenced to penal servitude, twelve to forced colonization in Siberia, and the rest were acquitted. The Government was not satisfied with this result, and carried the case to the military court of appeals. The latter sent it back for retrial before another set of army officers. The second court was even more merciful than the first. It did not regard any of the prisoners previously convicted as deserving of penal servitude, and after acquitting two more, it sentenced three to colonization and the rest to short terms of fortress imprisonment. This was even less satisfactory to the Czar and his ministers than the judgment of the first court; so they appealed again, and selected another bench of officers, under the presidency of Count Ignatieff, to try the case for the third time. This court apparently understood for what purpose it had been organized, and did not disappoint the expectations of its creators. In March, 1910, it sentenced seven of the accused to death, and all the rest to penal servitude. Counsel for the prisoners then wished to appeal, but the Viceroy of the Caucasus refused to allow them to do so, and declared that the judgment of the third court was final.[3]

It is hardly necessary to comment upon this case; the facts speak for themselves. Premier Stolypin, in a defense of military courts and the death-penalty which he made in the Second Duma, on the 26th of March, 1907, said, "If we have bloody hands, they are the bloody hands of the conscientious surgeon, not of the executioner."[4]

The methods employed in the case of the Novorossiisk Republic, however, would not seem to be the methods of the conscientious surgeon, nor of the public execu-

[1] Speech of Representative Kuznetsoff on the budget estimates of the Prison Department in the Third Duma "Questions of Life," St. Petersburg, March 20, 1910

[2] This case attracted wide attention not only in Russia, but abroad. The Brussels Bar Association, for example, held a special meeting to consider it, and adopted resolutions of protest and indignation. "Russian Gazette," Moscow, November 9 and 10 and December 9, 1909; and "Speech," St. Petersburg, November 10 and 12, 1909.

[3] Commanders of military districts in Russia may allow several appeals from one side and none at all from the other, if they are instructed, or feel inclined, so to do.

This of course puts the defense, in political cases, at a great disadvantage. "Speech," St. Petersburg, March 26 and April 3, 1910. "Questions of Life," St. Petersburg, April 3, 1910.

[4] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, April 4, 1910.

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tioner, but, rather, of the blood-seeker in a Corsican vendetta.

Military courts, death-sentences, and the ministerial "Rules" of 1881, are the most effective weapons of the present reactionary administration, and, outside the walls of the Taurida Palace, free discussion of the use made of them is not permitted. On May 4, 1910, in Moscow, there was a regular annual meeting of the Russian branch of the International Association of Criminologists. Among the papers to be read and discussed at this meeting was one by S. N. Ordinski on "Criminal Jurisprudence in Military Courts." On Thursday, May 5, before this paper had been reached on the program, the *gradonachalnik,* or prefect of the city, notified Mr. V. D. Nabokoff, president of the society, that discussion of military courts and the death-penalty could not be permitted, for the reason that it might be a menace to "public order and social tranquillity." Mr. Nabokoff, in reply, offered to exclude from the hall, during the discussion and reading of the paper, not only the public, but all newspaper reporters, so as to have the subject considered in strictly secret session. The gradonachalnik, however, was not satisfied with this concession, and informed the president that unless Mr. Ordinski's paper were stricken from the program, he should have to close the meeting of the society by force, under the provisions of the "Rules for Reinforced Defense." In these circumstances, the society decided to adjourn, *sine die,* without attempting to do any work, and directed the president to report the prohibitory action of the Government to the central bureau of the International Association of Criminologists in Brussels, and also to lay the matter before the International Prison Congress, which will hold its next meeting in Washington, D. C., in October, 1910.[1] It will be interesting to see what action, if any, will be taken upon such a case of repression by an international prison congress meeting in the United States.

In view of all the pressure brought to bear upon the Russian courts by a reactionary Czar and a still more reactionary Minister of Justice (Mr. I. G. Shcheglovitof), severe punishment of political offenders might naturally be expected; but one would have to go very far back in Russian history—to the Middle Ages at least—in order to find such a record of official vengeance as that furnished by the political trials of last year. They may be summed up statistically as follows:

Number of political offenders tried	9248
Number found guilty	6977
Sentences:	
To death	1439
To penal servitude	1765
To prisons	1525
To fortresses	660
To Siberia for life	507
To terms of arrest	751
To convict divisions	306
To convict battalions	24
Total	6977[2]

It may seem strange that the Government should have found it necessary to hang, exile, or imprison nearly seven thousand political offenders in the year 1909, when the country was in a state of comparative "order and tranquillity." This, however, was what the Russian papers call "the liquidation of the revolutionary movement." Most of the politicals brought before the courts in 1909 were men whose offenses were committed in 1905 and 1906. In June, 1910, the Government was still arresting men who participated in political meetings and strikes in 1905, and these prisoners will probably be tried about 1913.

III

It seems likely, however, that the police will shortly have to stop arresting men for offenses committed five years ago, because it has become almost impossible to crowd any more prisoners into the prisons. The Russian peasants have a proverb which says, "Prison and poverty none can escape," and in the course of the last four years the prison part of the popular saying has come within measurable distance of being true. For every three inhabitants of the Russian empire—men, women, and children—somebody now undergoes a day's imprisonment every year; or, in other words, the "prison days" of the prison

[1] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, May 8, 1910.

[2] "Statistics of Repression in 1909," by A. B. Ventin; "Questions of Life," No. 11, St. Petersburg, January 11, 1910, p. 5.

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population amount, in the aggregate, to 50,387,000 per annum.[1]

On January 1, 1906, when the revolutionary movement of 1905 had virtually failed, and when it began to go into "liquidation," the prisons of the Russian empire were officially said to contain ninety-five thousand occupants, which was about their normal population. Three years later, on January 1, 1909, when the Government had gathered in a large part of its enemies, the number of prisoners had increased to one hundred and eighty thousand, sixty-seven thousand of whom were awaiting trial. Many important prisons contained more than double the number of prisoners for whom they were intended. The Kiev prison, for example, had air and floor space for only seven hundred, but contained two thousand. One hundred and ten prisons dated back to 1825, and were therefore nearly a century old, and in fifty-six of them the prisoners did not even have sleeping-benches (*nares*), but lay down at night on the bare floors.[2] This, it will be observed, was twenty-three years after I made my investigation of Russian and Siberian penal methods in 1885 and 1886; recorded in THE CENTURY from December, 1887, to March, 1888.

I have no official figures for the present year, but the Minister of Justice admitted in the Council of the Empire, on the 24th of last April, that it was virtually impossible to put any more prisoners into the greatly overcrowded prison buildings, and that judges were acquitting minor first-offense criminals simply because there were no suitable places in which they could be shut up.[3]

So far as a judgment can be formed from reports of the Prison Department, statements of the Ministry of Justice, letters from prisoners, and investigations made by newspaper correspondents, the condition of Russian provincial prisons in 1910 is about the same that it was in 1885 and 1886. The bad features that I described in four articles on Russian prisons and prison methods published in THE CENTURY in 1887 and 1888,—namely, murderous overcrowding, foul air, filth, vermin, disease-infection, and illegal beating of prisoners by guards,—are still reported from all parts of the empire.[4] For the conditions that cause such evils the Prison Department is only partly responsible. The Government never has been willing to spend as much money as it ought to spend on its penal administration, and consequently it has never had a sufficient number of good prisons and good men. If you jam one hundred and eighty thousand prisoners—common criminals and politicals together—into buildings intended for about half that number; put them under the supervision of poorly paid officials who have no qualifications whatever for their positions; and then fail to hold such officials rigidly accountable for stupidity, cruelty, illegality, and neglect, you are sure to have the state of things that now prevails, and that I described in detail more than twenty years ago.[5]

When, the other day, Rodicheff was attacking, in the Duma, the illegal methods of the Government, Timoshkin, one of the reactionists, cried tauntingly from his seat, "Oh, that 's an old song!"

"Yes," replied Rodicheff, quickly, "but, unfortunately, in Russia it is a song that is still sung."

Parts of the present article may be open to Timoshkin's criticism; but they may also be justified by Rodicheff's reply.

In the old prison song, as it is now sung,

[1] The "Russian Gazette," Moscow, November 3, 1909.

[2] Citations from official reports made by Representative P. V. Gerasimoff in a speech on the budget estimates of the Prison Department in the Third Duma, March 16, 1909. "Account of the Work of the Constitutional Democratic Party in the Third Duma," St. Petersburg, 1909, pp. 127–8.

[3] Speech of the Minister of Justice on the "suspended-sentence bill" in the Council of the Empire, April 20, 1910. "Russian Gazette," April 21, 1910.

[4] Among the prisons which contained last year from two to three times their normal quota of prisoners were those in the important towns of Yaroslav, Ekaterinoslav, Nijni-Novgorod, Kiev, and Tiflis. Typhus fever was epidemic in sixty-five prisons, and at the end of March, there were three thousand cases among prisoners and two hundred and fifty among prison officials. There were also epidemics of tuberculosis and scurvy, as well as large numbers of more or less sporadic cases. Illegal beating of prisoners on a large scale — that is, in masses — was reported from a great number of prisons, including those in Riga, Kiev, Perm, Vyatka, Yekaterinburg, Omsk, and Tobolsk. These facts are nearly all from the explanatory memorandum which the Minister of Justice sent to the Duma with the budget estimates for the Prison Department.

[5] In THE CENTURY as follows: "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists," December, 1887; "Russian Provincial Prisons," January, 1888; "A Russian Political Prison," February, 1888; and "Russian State Prisoners," March, 1888.

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there are, however, two noteworthy variations. By order of the Minister of Justice, political offenders are no longer allowed to have private interviews with their legal counsel in prison; and they are shot by the outside guard if, for the sake of air or for any other reason, they approach the windows of their cells. Interpellations have been made in the Duma with regard to both these cruel and illegal administrative measures, but without result. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Shcheglovitof, virtually defied the Duma in the matter of prisoners' interviews with their legal counsel, and the chief of the Prison Department, Mr. Khruleff, defended the window-shooting order by saying that it originated in the Council of Ministers and had been approved by the Governing Senate.[1] Meanwhile, politicals are virtually deprived of the defense which the law says all judicially tried prisoners shall have, and are shot to death at their cell windows whenever they try to get a breath of fresh air or a glimpse of God's world.[2] The interpellation of the Minister of Justice in the Duma cited the killing of three prisoners at their cell windows in the provincial prison of Kiev, and three more —one of them a woman—in the central prison of Riga. In the latter city the prisoners revolted and demanded the presence of the provincial governor. When the vice-governor finally appeared, and was shown the bullet-marks in many of the cells, he merely said, "If you continue to look out of the windows, the guard will continue to shoot you."[3] In Yaroslav, a bullet intended for a woman, an administrative exile, glanced from a bar of the window grating and fractured the skull of her little daughter, a child only seven years of age, whom she was taking to Siberia with her. There would seem to have been some excuse for going to the window in this prison, inasmuch as it was intended to hold two hundred and ninety prisoners, and actually contained seven hundred.[4]

The political prisoners of Russia are intelligent enough, and well informed enough, to understand that for window-shooting, illegal beating, overcrowding, disease-infection, and all the other hardships and miseries of Russian prison life, there is no remedy other than the influence that may be exerted by public opinion and the press. The common criminals, however, still have unquestioning, and in some respects pathetic, faith in the righteousness and the power of the Duma, and whenever they have an opportunity, they appeal to it for intercession and relief. The Russian papers have recently published a characteristic petition from the prisoners of the Nerchinsk district, in eastern Siberia, which was sent to one of the Social Democratic representatives in May last, and which bore the signatures of hundreds of hard-labor convicts. It is, in part, as follows:

Gentlemen, Representatives of the nation, you have the right to defend the interests of the Russian people. The world of outcasts looks to you with the hope of relief. We, the oppressed and beaten convicts of the Nerchinsk prisons, stretch out to you our emaciated hands and beg that, at the earliest possible moment, you listen to our prayer and order an investigating committee which shall look into the conditions of penal servitude in the Nerchinsk district, hear our complaints when the officers of the prison administration are not present, and bring to justice those who are responsible for our sufferings. The whole Nerchinsk convict world groans, sweats blood, and dies. We have tried to call for help through the press, but in vain. Mockery, blows, and the whip —with a hundred lashes for every trifle, or for nothing at all—these are the things that we have to endure. Up to the year 1907, the régime here was not intolerable; but since that time conditions have been going from bad to worse. The prison officials pay no attention whatever to the laws, and the whole Nerchinsk convict district is in tears and blood. We, thrown overboard on the

[1] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, November 28 and December 9, 1909, and March 16, 1910.

[2] Shooting of prisoners at cell windows has been reported from Kiev, Riga, Archangel, Yeniseisk, Yaroslav, Baku, Tashkend, and many other parts of the empire. The "Speech," St. Petersburg, August 28, September 12, November 25, 26, and 28, and December 20, 1909, and January 12, March 23, and June 17, 1910. "Russian Gazette," Moscow, November 13 and 26, 1909. "Questions of Life," St. Petersburg, December 4, 1909. The only part of Russia, apparently, where the order has not been enforced is eastern Siberia, where the prisons either stand in lonely places or are surrounded with high walls or palisades.

[3] The "Speech," St. Petersburg, September 12, 1909.

[4] Remarks of Prince Kurakin on the interpellation in the Duma; the "Speech," St. Petersburg, June 17, 1910.

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stormy sea of Russian life, rest our hopes on the Duma and its members. May it be to us according to our hopes and our faith!

The Duma hears the protests of prisoners who are unlawfully forbidden to see their legal counsel, the cries of administratively exiled women who are unlawfully shot through cell windows, and the appeals of hard-labor convicts who "groan, sweat blood, and die" in the prisons of Nerchinsk, but when the Minister of Justice, in reply to interpellations, declares that he has acted, and will continue to act, as he thinks best, the representatives of the people submit.

MY PICTURE

BY HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL

FLOWERS tossing, swaying, tossing,
Larkspur, lilies, poppies, phlox,
Roses, pinks, and coreopsis,
Foxglove, cornflowers, hollyhocks,
All old-fashioned as the place is
With its pretty terraced spaces.

And beyond and all about it,
For the background of its bloom,
Just the grass and trees that make it
Such a picture for my room!
All unguessed from where the street is
Its seclusion very sweet is.

But by far its fairest feature
Is the hemlock grove and pine
That the garden half o'ershadows
In the golden day's decline;
Very fair the ever-shifting
Sunbeams through the dark pines sifting.

Velvet like the seal-brown carpet
Woven year by year below,
When the garden's bloom has vanished
Covered with a sheet of snow
Over which the shadows playing
Rival summer's soft arraying.

This my picture, ever-changing,
Never, never quite the same,
Heaven's own azure for its canvas
And my window-sash its frame.
Dear old-fashioned homestead garden,
And the woods—my Fancy's Arden!

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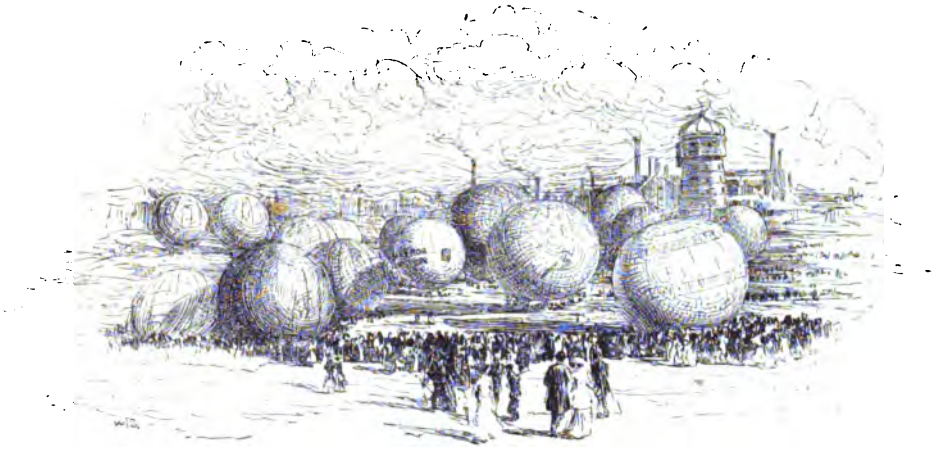

THE STARTING PLACE AT SCHMARGENDORF IN THE SOUTHWEST SUBURBS OF BERLIN

The "Conqueror" may be distinguished in the middle of the picture, by the square upon it made by the American flag.

A FALL FROM THE SKY

HOW TWO AMERICANS IN AN EXPLODED BALLOON DROPPED A THIRD OF A MILE, AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE

BY AUGUSTUS POST

IN September, 1908, the first aëroplane tests for the United States Government were in progress at Fort Myer. It was these tests that started the present aviation excitement in this country, and set the newspapers talking confidently of "the conquest of the air." On this occasion I was representing the Aëro Club of America, stopping at the Cosmos Club in Washington, when a telegram from Mr. A. Holland Forbes broke into this absorbing occupation, and eventually brought me into the most exciting experience that I have ever shared.

Mr. Forbes was Vice-President of the Aëro Club of America, a sportsman such as only the word intrepid will describe, yachtsman, automobilist, balloonist of experience, and what was most to the purpose in this connection, owner and pilot of the "Conqueror," one of the largest and finest balloons in the country. His telegram invited me to act as his aide in the Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race, to take place at Berlin, Germany, on October 11 of that year. There was no time for meditation; the telegram called me, should I accept, to meet him at once at the New York Yacht Club. Indeed, I needed no time for decision; the offer was attractive. I had had one experience already in a Gordon Bennett race, sailing with Mr. Alan R. Hawley from St. Louis almost to the Atlantic Ocean. Balloon races in general have a wonderful charm, and the German "meet" was to be an event of world-wide importance; while, for a companion in the car, no one could be more desirable than Mr. Forbes.

The successful make-up of a team in a long-distance balloon-race depends on many qualifications, mental almost more than physical. For many hours perhaps, two men, cut loose from the earth, sharing a profound solitude, must have one mind and one motive, and must act instinctively with a precision that admits of no hesitation and no discussion. In any event, a long-distance race is bound to be a great memory, and your companion must be one with whom you are willing to share a great memory—and that is in

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itself something of a test of one's opinion of a man.

So I telegraphed Mr. Forbes without further delay that I accepted, and the next morning I started to meet the appointment. The aëroplane tests were going on beautifully; I shook hands with Mr. Orville Wright at parting with every prospect of his immediate success and every hope of mine; no one could know that within a few days the aëroplane upon which the attention of America was focused would be a battered mass with poor Selfridge dead under the wreckage, Mr. Wright wounded in the hospital, and our balloon, the "Conqueror," the victim of a fate more spectacular, if not so tragic. The conquest of the air was not so complete as the press of September, 1908, would have had the world believe.

At the New York Yacht Club Mr. Forbes explained to me in complete detail, so as not to take me afterward by surprise, the plan that he had in mind for conserving gas, and thus increasing our chance of prolonged flight. His plan was to lengthen the appendix of the balloon twelve feet, so that it would hang down into the basket, where he could close it with a rubber band. This point, upon which our whole subsequent action depended, requires a little explanation to make the matter clear to the non-professional reader.

The appendix is the neck, or pipe, at the bottom of the balloon through which gas is introduced during inflation, and out of which gas escapes when the balloon becomes expanded. This expansion of gas is caused by the sun's warmth during the day or by the heat radiated from the earth during the night, or by the decrease in pressure of the outside air as the balloon rises to a higher altitude. A balloon, technically known as an aërostat, seeks as its name implies, a point in the air where its weight just equals the weight of the air which its bulk displaces. The gas within the envelop being lighter than air at the surface of the earth, would naturally rise to a point where the air was just as light as it was, if it were not for the weight of sand ballast which is taken on board a balloon to keep it down. Putting out the sand, which is managed with the greatest delicacy, and regulating the outflow of gas, make up the controlling process of the flight. Pure coal-gas lifts about forty pounds for each thousand cubic feet, and a large balloon of 80,000 cubic feet, like the "Conqueror," lifts about 3200 pounds. The varnished cotton envelop, basket, guide-rope, and baggage that we carried weighed about 1200 pounds, making it necessary to take on board a ton of sand ballast to prevent us from shooting up into the sky like a rocket.

The balloon is "balanced" with the utmost care before the start, sand being put on and taken off until the balloon weighs exactly as much as the air it displaces and floats without rising, poised like the pans of an apothecary's scales. This is technically known as the point of equilibrium. Now if the aëronaut spills ballast he rises and the gas expands and underflows from the neck or appendix, which is always open. It works like a bottle filled with liquid that if expanded would overflow; except that, as gas acts oppositely from liquid, you must imagine your bottle upside down. Every time a little ballast goes over, the balloon rises; a little gas escapes and then the balloon sinks somewhat, the momentum gained by the movement of the mass carrying it just beyond the point at which it should naturally stop, so that without care it may lose equilibrium altogether. In a racing balloon the sacks of ballast are tied so none of the sand can spill out, and canvas is stretched over the floor of the basket to prevent its getting out through the willow meshes, and to enable the aëronaut to gather up the very last grain by hand. The sand is handled by the skilful aëronaut with a small scoop, like so much gold-dust, for upon economy of ballast depends the length of the trip. Indeed the gold-dust simile is not inapposite, for it is like living on a fixed income, that can be spread out with more or less economy over a longer or shorter period, but cannot be increased.

The delicacy of this process is marvelous; the broken tip of a knife-blade thrown over is enough to start a balloon rising, even the huge "Conqueror," fifty feet in diameter, eighty feet high—quite as large as a good-sized building—and with a gas-capacity of 80,000 cubic feet. This is the largest size used in racing, the limit being originally determined by the

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strength of balloon material, which stands only just so much internal pressure.

It will be seen that Mr. Forbes's idea of lengthening the appendix so as to bring it down into the basket, where he could close it, would prevent the slopping over or underflow of gas when in this delicate state of equilibrium, and thus had great value in preventing small losses of gas and thus giving us a greater chance of winning. Of course when any considerable expansion of gas took place, the appendix was to be opened. In short, the control of the appendix, which was to be opened and closed from the basket, was a useful expedient—and, it must be added, in view of the possible *sudden* expansion, it was an expedient attended with undeniable risk.

A. HOLLAND FORBES, PILOT OF THE BALLOON "CONQUEROR"

However, the risk was not necessarily inevitable. The famous German aëronaut Oscar Erbslöh, who so tragically met his death this year, was the first to use a similar expedient in this country in a free balloon. When Erbslöh started in his balloon "Pommern" from St. Louis in the Gordon Bennett race of the year previous, 1907, he had a cord from the appendix reaching down into the basket by which the neck could be drawn up and partly closed. I had many talks with him then about methods of economizing gas, and the possibilities of bursting balloons, little thinking that each of us was to have an experience of this sort in time to come, his fatal, and mine so strangely fortunate. Mr. Forbes's plan, however, was to lengthen the appendix itself, instead of controlling it with a cord.

The plan of action once understood, there remained but a few days for the necessary preparations, and for what little "training" was to be done. For the preparation of the aëronaut differs from that of any other sportsman only in that he should never be out of training, for the balloonist, like his balloon, must keep in equilibrium, physical and mental, ready for anything.

A few days of cross-country runs and walks before we sailed, a few hours of brushing up Wise and Moedebeck on the steamer, and a hasty polish of my long-disused German, formed all the special preparation I was to make.

It was emphatically a trip with a purpose, and scarcely a moment passed that did not contribute to this. In Paris we saw the International balloon races, a preparation for the Berlin Coupe Internationale Gordon Bennett; all the French contestants for the latter event went up in one balloon—how they ever managed to run it I don't know. The enthusiasm there was the best sort of an impetus, had we needed more; every one was obsessed with balloons and balloon-racing. At Mallet's atelier at Puteaux, just outside Paris, that most interesting of shops, with envelops hanging about and baskets standing in rows, we saw the new balloon "St. Louis," looking beautiful with her cloth covered with composition and varnish on the outside, ready to be sent on to Berlin for the use of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Hewatt, and we picked out a medium-sized basket for her.

Balloon baskets are made of willow and rattan wicker-work, with wire and rope woven through, to enable them to withstand shocks and hard usage, and to protect the passengers, for though the passage through

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the air is without breath or motion, often in landing in a high wind the basket is dragged over fields or through trees, and is likely to receive many bumps. It is so strong, though apparently so frail, that it can go through even such an experience as that which awaited the "Conqueror" without being smashed.

Mr. F. S. Lahm and Mr. J. C. McCoy, owner of the other contesting balloon, the "America II," went with us, and we discussed with Mr. Lahm at some length what would happen if a balloon should burst in the air. He maintained that it would form a parachute. Mr. Lahm is the Dean of the pilots of the Aëro Club of France, one of the most eminent of authorities, and his son, Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, had won the Gordon Bennett Cup for America in 1906, an event commemorated by the founding of the Lahm Cup for long-distance flights in America. His opinion, therefore, had more than usual weight, reinforced as it was by his quotation from John Wise's experiences near Philadelphia in 1838. Wise, one of the pioneers of ballooning, made several ascents in order to experiment in this very matter, deliberately preparing his balloon so it could be ripped open after reaching a great height, so certain was his confidence that it would "parachute" down. At 1300 feet the balloon became so distended by the pressure of gas that was rushing out of the small neck that Wise was considering abandoning the experiment, when, taking the responsibility upon itself, the balloon exploded. The lower part doubled into the upper as he had expected, and though when the car struck Wise was thrown ten feet and the basket landed upside down, his account concludes, with true sporting spirit, "Before many minutes had elapsed after this descent, I resolved to repeat the experiment at the first opportunity."

AUGUSTUS POST, AIDE TO MR. FORBES

Arrived in Berlin—for we made but a flying visit to Paris—the final preparations for the long-distance race were at once under way. How elaborate these preparations were, and for how many contingencies it was necessary to provide, will be evident if it be borne in mind that we were embarking on what we hoped might be a three days' journey; literally at the will of the wind, across the continent of Europe. The record made by Count de la Vaulx stands at 1193 miles; we must therefore provide for a possible landing anywhere within that distance of Berlin. If you will take a map of Europe, and using a radius of 1193 miles, describe a circle around the German capital, you will see that it would have taken us over a tremendous range of territory—into Russia, as de la Vaulx had gone, over the Mediterranean, into the Desert of Sahara, into Turkey, Bulgaria, Asia Minor—indeed, from the Lofoten Islands to Africa.

The Deutsche Luftsschiffs Verein had provided us with phrase-books for all the probable and improbable countries in which we might land, with parallel columns of sentences for every sort of purpose, and in the case of certain strange and outlandish tongues, with phonetic pronunciation for the balloonist to use in addressing the illiterate. This is a sample of the foresight of the authorities, for it is apt to be among the peasants, far from civi-

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lization, that the foreign balloon trip ends. You ascend from the midst of a crowd, you usually descend in solitude. I remember especially the sentences in this book, "Don't all talk at once," "Show me on your fingers how many," and "You shall have a big tip." The questions and answers covered all the wants the aëronaut was supposed to have, and some that only Teutonic thoroughness would have suggested. The telegraph blanks with which we were provided were printed in a string of languages; so were the little slips that accompanied them. These "ballon-depeschen" were to be filled out from time to time, weighted with tiny bags of sand already attached, and dropped over the side, bearing a printed promise of reward for forwarding at once to Berlin.

Passports were of course a prime necessity. I recall that they made me take off my hat to a picture of the Czar at the consul's office before they would give me a Russian passport. Then there was clothing for every clime, eatables and drinkables for three days and more, for it was not impossible that we might have to camp out on landing. Among the provisions were hot drinks in patent bottles, and soups packed in lime so that opening the can and pouring water on the packing heated the contents. Comforts were not to be lacking above the clouds. We had drinking-water in case we came down in a desert, and life-preservers in case we came down in the sea. The statoscope and the barograph, delicate instruments so exquisitely adjusted that they record the slightest variation, electric lights by which one may take readings by night, all the scientific equipment for making and preserving the records of such a journey, all were in shape. And that nothing should be lacking to a proper start, a grocer's boy put some picture-postcards, addressed to himself, into the basket, with the request that we throw them out when at a distance, it being apparently impossible for the German mind to conceive of an excursion without *ansichtspostkarten* to be mailed on the way.

The meeting of contestants brought together some of the most eminent aëronauts of the world, among them Jacques Faure of France, whom we had already met, Moore-Brabazon of England, Erbslöh, the most celebrated balloonist of Germany, Captain von Abercron, Leblanc, and the Americans, McCoy, Arnold, and Hewatt. The great day of the meet, October 11, 1908, was perfect both for aëronauts and for sightseers, and as it was a Sunday, holidaymakers crowded every roof-top of Berlin. Within the inclosure, vast as it was, every inch of space for spectators was filled. Such crowds Berlin had never before brought together, surely never crowds so absorbed and intent, so vivid is the interest that all Germany takes in aëronautic matters to-day.

The word came down to us at last, "Start in five minutes." We were in our places in the car of the "Conqueror"; everything was going off like clockwork; at 3:40 exactly we were to rise. The "Conqueror" was "balanced" until it floated without rising; then a dozen German soldiers lifted the car upon their shoulders, the huge bulk swaying in its netting overhead, and carried us to the starting-place, where representatives of the Aëro Club of Germany and officers of the Imperial Army were sending off, one by one, the balloons of the various nations in their allotted order. An officer, watch in hand, stood, ticking off the last seconds.

This moment of equilibrium, just before the start of a long-distance race, must be something like the proverbial "last moment" of a drowning man. In the instant's pause—literally one of suspense—there flash through the mind, if not one's whole life, at least all the days and weeks of preparation that have now culminated. So, in that backward survey, taking account of everything, we honestly thought we had provided for every possible contingency; and so we had, for all save one —and that was the one that happened!

THE moment of departure had arrived, the officer commanded "Let go, all!" The men released their hold, and Mr. Forbes threw out a little sand. Curiously enough, there was a difference of fifty feet in the elevation of the starting-place and that of the spot where we had been balanced, and even this slight difference brought about a little heaviness in the start of several balloons. We were gently rising, when a puff of wind caught us, and whisked us toward a board fence against which the crowd was packed. For that matter, the crowd was packed everywhere, but this part of it had to scatter;

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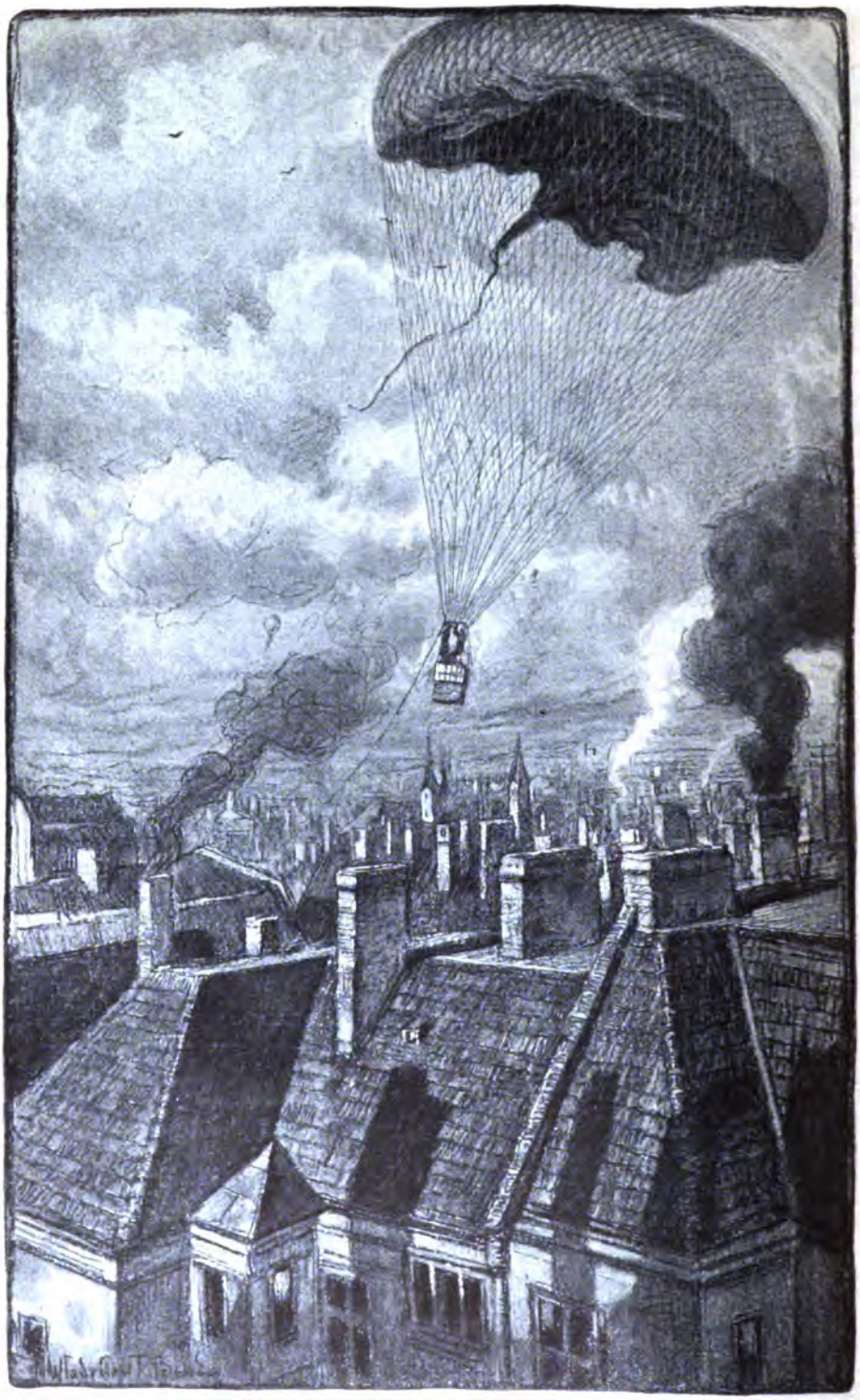

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE EXPLODED BALLOON "CONQUEROR" FALLING UPON THE ROOFS OF FRIEDENAU IN THE SOUTHWEST SUBURBS OF BERLIN

The picture shows the aspect of the falling balloon after the burst envelop had folded into the top, forming a parachute. Mr. Forbes and Mr. Post grasped the ring above the basket to ease the shock of the imminent impact with a roof.

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the car tore through the fence as if it had been made of paper, and then, swaying from the force of the shock, began to swing like a giant pendulum far out on either side. Two bags of sand were knocked off, another split open, and the sudden loss of weight sent the balloon shooting up into the air high above the crowded tribunes, the field covered with vehicles of every sort, high over the streets and roofs black with gazers, and the meadows and farms that now stretched out under our view far on every side. The swaying stopped and the car settled into the characteristic calm that marks the passage of the free balloon. We got out the guide-rope, adjusted the instruments, and settled ourselves for a long voyage.

From far below came a faint murmur, all that we could hear, at this great height, of the roars of applause going up from the assembled million; far away in the distance we could see the balloons that had preceded us, eight of them, stretching in a long line like buoys at the entrance to a harbor. They drifted slowly, the farthest just disappearing in the haze over the horizon. Forbes was busily engaged in piloting the balloon, his eye on the statoscope, that showed us at a height of nearly 3000 feet and still rising rapidly. I entered the barometer reading in my log-book, and watched the neck of the balloon swell and become distended as the gas expanded under the decreased pressure at such a height and from the heat of the sun. Forbes said, "How nicely it works!" The expansion had come so quickly that the appendix was fully open and swelled by the gas that rushed out with a roar like the blowing off of a steam boiler. My pencil was on the log-book when I felt a distinct tremble of the basket, such as we sometimes feel when a wrinkle straightens out of the balloon-envelop.

I looked up. The bottom of the balloon was beginning to shrivel like an old dry apple. It was plain what had happened. I said to Forbes, "She 's gone," and reached up just in time to slip the end of the appendix rope through the knot, so it could rise into the top of the balloon which then could form a parachute. Meanwhile the gas had escaped from the huge rent in the side, through which we could see the blue sky.

It is not pleasant to think what would have happened had not one of us caught and released the appendix rope just before it tightened, the rope that was intended to prevent exactly what was our only salvation,—the forming of a parachute. One second more, and it would have been as taut as an iron rod; in the time it would have taken to cut it, we should have been on the ground with even the knife-blade shattered to pieces. For the "Conqueror" would have come down like a stone with a rag tied to it.

As it was, the first speed of descent was terrific. Forbes took out his big knife that he carried in a sheath at his waist, and slashed the bags of sand that hung at the corners of the basket, and they dropped like apples from a tree roughly shaken. The last thing a balloonist does is to drop a bag whole, and I remember asking Forbes about it, and his replying that every one was looking at us and had plenty of chance to dodge. We were going down so fast that we passed some of the bags on the way,—but these were the empty ones that I had shaken over the side, making such a sandcloud that we seemed to be passing through a simoon in the desert. The empty bags made little parachutes of themselves, going down more and more slowly, just as we were beginning to do.

For the rush of the fall had sent the cloth of the lower part of the balloon up into the top with a snap; there it was held by the netting, though the strain stretched the stout cords to their utmost, and the cloth tried its best to get through the meshes. But they held, and the great top, now like a mushroom, began to check our descent and to slant with the wind.

However, it was clear that we were not to have any choice in the matter of landing. The city was coming up to meet us; it seemed as if some great giant was hurling buildings, streets, churches, up at us with all his might. It looked at one moment as if we were to land in the street, the next, our diagonal course took us straight for some tiled roofs with chimneys sticking up. The next instant we had crashed into one of these, scattering the bricks in a shower, the basket smashing down through the tiles of the roof as we hung from the concentrating ring over our heads, so that at the moment of impact we

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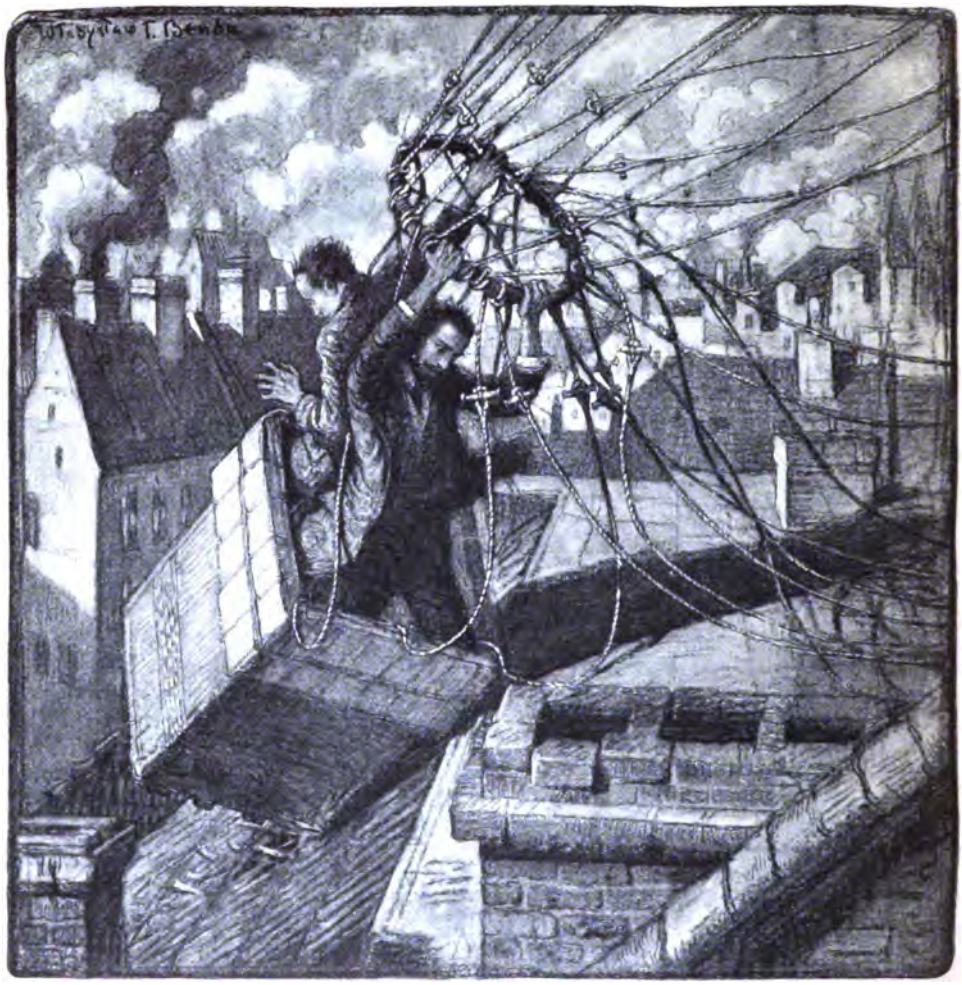

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE BASKET OF THE "CONQUEROR" SMASHING INTO A TILED ROOF OF FRIEDENAU

The basket broke through the roof sufficiently to be held fast. In a moment the top had settled over ridges and chimneys and Mr. Forbes and Mr. Post, removing their coats, were engaged in saving the instruments and materials of the balloon.

were still in the air. We had made this last move with the same instinctive prevision that had guided our actions all the way down; a certain intense concentration of mind kept us just in advance of the event.

Fortunately, the basket had made such a deep, jagged hole in the roof that it stuck there and by another of the extraordinary circumstances of the fall, we were not dragged over the edge, for the fall from roof to street would have damaged us more than the three-thousand-foot drop from the heavens, and it would have been a pity to have spoiled it all in the last forty feet.

The great envelop, now entirely collapsed, draped itself along the roofs, its netting catching the chimneys and holding it fast. We dropped into the basket, and in a moment more had clambered out on the roof. It was the house Number 7 Wilhelmstrasse, Friedenau, a suburb of Berlin. Forbes had a little bruise where he had been thrown against the side of the basket, and we were both somewhat shaken up, but neither of us noticed that at the time. We threw off our coats and Forbes started methodically unpacking the instruments, clothes, and such things as had not already gone overboard (only three bottles of mineral water were

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broken) while I unslung my camera and photographed the balloon from all directions, showing just where it landed, to complete my record of the trip.

These proceedings seemed to astonish the natives, who had reached the roof a few moments after we did, almost as much as our spectacular descent. All the newspaper accounts next day, all the "interviews with eye-witnesses" referred to Forbes, "a true American type," coolly fishing out his boots from the car, or my taking photographs "in aller Seelenruhe," as if the etiquette of the occasion demanded that we should have done something eccentric—just what I do not know. The episode of the boots was due to his having taken them off as soon as the balloon had mounted, and settled himself comfortably in his slippers for a possible three days' trip. Three days! It seemed three years since that moment.

I could not hear anything; the rapid change of pressure on the ear-drums made them feel as if the inside of my head were filled with cotton. Perspiration was starting from every pore. The whole world looked brilliant and beautiful; thoughts came rushing in sentences; I found myself speaking German with a fluency that I never had before, or have had since, answering questions with the greatest ease, replying to the greetings and congratulations that came from every side. The prevalent feeling was one of joy; they had believed us dashed to death and we were alive and unhurt; the revulsion of feeling brought out an expression of simple human love.

Meantime the excitement had spread over all Berlin. The fire-bell was ringing in Friedenau, an automobile full of ambulance men had started at full speed from the Startplatz. A lady told us next day that the instant the bag burst her two little girls dropped to their knees, put their hands together, and began to pray for our safety. The dear creatures were convinced that they had brought us down uninjured. One of the sand-bags that went over so unceremoniously had landed in a baby-carriage, from which, happily, the nurse had just removed the baby. Another struck between a gentleman and his wife, who were walking on a street at some distance from the grounds; neither was hurt, though the lady fainted from the shock, as he told us in a letter next day, asking for our autographs.

The only persons apparently unmoved were the balloonists who were to follow us, who in spite of a spectacle that might have been expected to unnerve them, kept leaving the ground without a moment's break in the schedule. Directly after us came Erbslöh, who started at the moment when it seemed certain that we were being killed, but went up without a quaver. Just before us the French balloon had ascended, with Jacques Faure, also a personal friend of ours. He saw our fall, but before he could make out the result, the wind had carried him out of sight. Later in the evening Erbslöh caught up with him, and as soon as they came within speaking distance Faure called through a megaphone, "What became of Forbes and Post? Are they killed?" Erbslöh shouted back, "Oh, they got down all right. I saw them through my glasses on the roof of a house in their shirtsleeves, so they must be all right." Then the wind carried them apart to opposite ends of the country, but Faure wrote us a touching note of congratulation, weighted it with a little bag of sand, and sent it down to the earth, where some one forwarded it to us. That very night we received his message from the clouds, together with those from across the sea, in answer to the cables we had sent from the roof of the house in Friedenau. One, I remember, congratulated me on my "successful downfall."

That was my last sight of Erbslöh; on July 13, just as this article was being prepared, he lost his life with four companions by a fall from an elevation as high as ours, with his own dirigible balloon near Opladen, Rhenish Prussia. It burst in mid-air, probably from a benzine explosion, and as there was no netting, as in a spherical balloon, to hold together the cloth and form a parachute, the mass of metal fell like a shot, just as the French dirigible "La République" had fallen with its officers and crew the year before.

The fire-company of Friedenau was on the roof almost as soon as the spectators that swarmed up the stairs. I had no lack of witnesses to sign the record, which was completed in proper form before we reached the ground below. Indeed the report was handed in almost before the last contestant in the race was clear of

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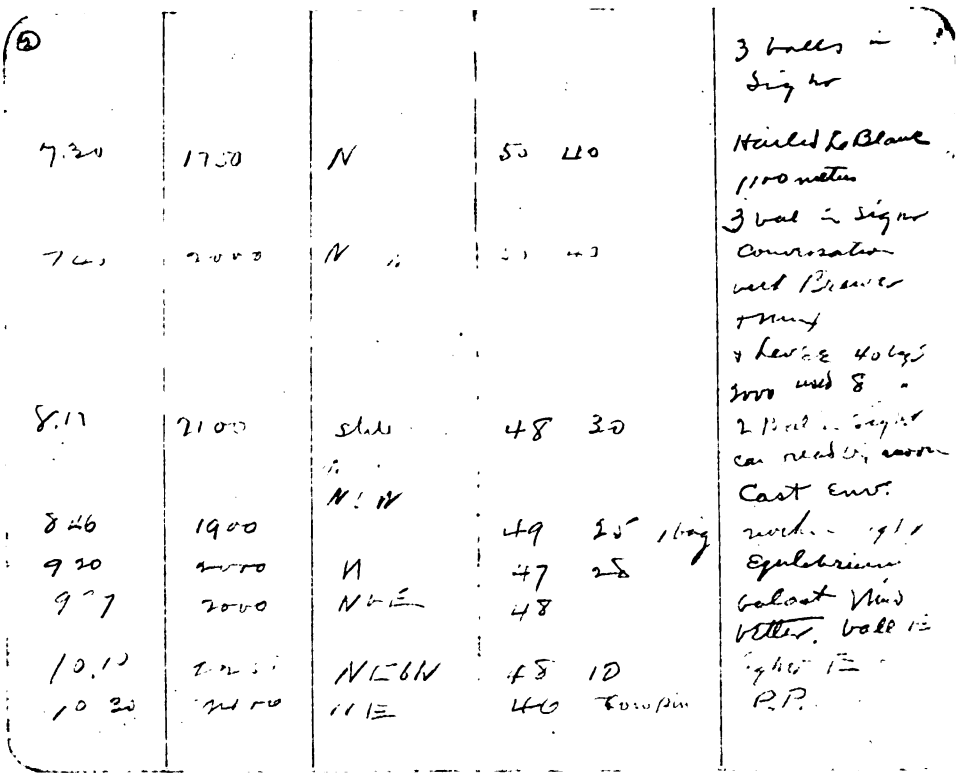

ONE OF SEVERAL PAGES IN MR. POST'S BALLOON LOG-BOOK, RECORDING THE TRIP OF THE "ST. LOUIS" IN 1907

This is part of the record of the ascent on October 21, 1907, from St. Louis in the balloon of that name, Mr. Alan R. Hawley, pilot, Mr. Augustus Post, aide, as contestants in the Gordon Bennett International Cup Race, which was won by the late Oscar Erbslöh, who landed near Asbury Park, New Jersey, 876 miles from the starting place. The "St. Louis" landed near Baltimore after a flight of 718 miles.

The first column of this page of the log records the time between 7:30 and 10:30 of the first night of the race; the second column records the altitudes at the stated times; the third column indicates the direction of travel; the fourth column gives first the temperature (Fahrenheit) and second the humidity, also an entry showing when the eighth bag of ballast was emptied (the remarkable fact being that between 9:37 P. M. and 8:39 A. M. no ballast was discharged).

The abbreviated remarks in the last column, if amplified, would read as follows: "Three balloons in sight. Hailed Leblanc at 7:30 P. M., who was at an altitude of 1100 meters (we being a thousand feet above him). At 7:40 three balloons still in sight. Conversation by megaphone with Brewer (in English balloon), with Mix (aide to Leblanc), and with Levee (aide to Gasnier) who said they had started with 40 bags of ballast and had so far used 8; their altitude 2000 meters (nearly level with us). At 8:17 two balloons in sight. Can read by moon; cast over envelop (giving record of progress). At 8:46, nothing in sight; 9:20, balloon in equilibrium; finished eighth bag of ballast; wind better (direction); balloon to the east of us; 10:10, lights (of some town) to the east. At 10:30 Post relieved Hawley as pilot.

the starting grounds, and the surprised officials were still considering the shortest official balloon report on record, when the "Conqueror" itself arrived in one of the fire company's wagons, badly torn from its various experiences, not the least damaging being its treatment at the hands of souvenir-hunters. I can fancy strips of it now, with suitable inscriptions, decorating the walls of some Friedenauer living-room.

Getting down from the roof, which we accomplished as soon as the packing was well under way and the official report drawn up, was an experience such as seldom falls to the lot of any one. It was a strange and an immensely moving experience to pass through streets so packed that the automobile could hardly push its way, people shouting madly, almost hysterically, fairly beside themselves with joy that two men were alive—two men about whom they had known nothing ten minutes ago, and whose names at that moment they did not know. The automobile sought for the less-frequented streets, but there were no less-frequented ways at all; every avenue of approach was filled solid with shouting people, and hands were continually thrust over the side for us to grasp. The excitement followed us all through the meet, the "miraculously saved young Americans" were surrounded with

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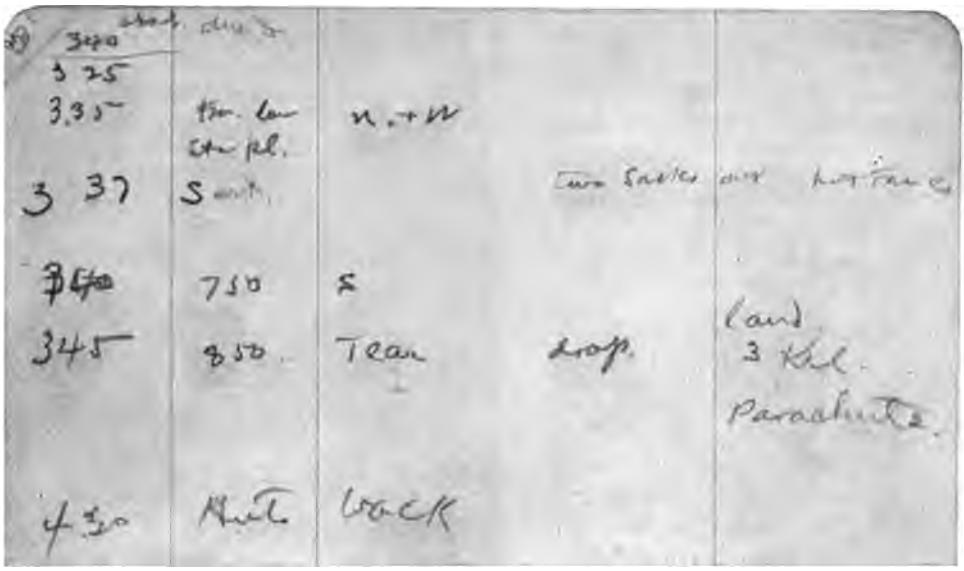

THE RECORD IN MR. POST'S BALLOON LOG-BOOK OF THE ASCENT, EXPLOSION, AND DROP OF THE "CONQUEROR" NEAR BERLIN ON OCTOBER 11, 1908

This record is not so symmetrical as the one on the opposite page, for reasons readily understood. It indicates that the "Conqueror" was to start officially at 3:40 P. M. At 3:25 the balloon was carried from the place where it was inflated, to the balancing place; at 3:35 soldiers carried it to the starting place. The start was made at 3:37; two sacks of ballast were thrown out; the basket hit a fence; at 3:40 the balloon had ascended 750 meters and was moving south; at 3:45, being 850 meters up, the word "tear" was immediately written to denote the explosion. After the fall, "drop" and "land 3 Kil(ometers) Parachute" were written to record the cause and method of landing. The lowest entry indicates that at 4:30 Mr. Post arrived by automobile back at the starting place, to deliver his record, followed by a detail of firemen with the damaged balloon and effects; while Mr. Forbes, in another automobile, proceeded to his hotel in order to send messages to allay the anxiety of Ambassador Hill, General James Allen, Chief of the United States Signal Corps, and friends in America.

an atmosphere of good-will; it even followed us to the Royal Opera, where, as visiting aëronauts, we were among the guests of the Emperor, sitting in a box opposite His Imperial Majesty. We saw him looking at us as some one beside him was evidently, from the gestures, describing the fall, and it did give us a sort of subconscious chuckle to think that for once in our lives, instead of our looking at the Emperor, the Emperor was looking at us. The play was the gorgeous pantomime of "Sardanapalus," the Emperor's own project, which he had staged with the utmost magnificence, seemingly an expression of the power and the glory of the German Empire. It was given, as I have said, in honor of the visiting aëronauts; but we were the only contestants in the Gordon Bennett race that circumstances had enabled to attend. The others were scattered all over the map; Captain van Schaick, in the balloon "Helvetia," after breaking all endurance records by a flight of seventy-three hours' duration, came down so low over the North Sea that he was towed in by officious boatmen, who could not be made to understand that all he wanted was to be let alone. However, after some discussion, he was awarded the trophy, so that he insured the next international race for Switzerland, while his trip gave the race of 1908 the longest balloon journey on record in point of time, while we gave it the shortest. The "Banshee" (British), the next competitor for the trophy, came down in Schleswig Holstein; the "Condor" (French) and the "Belgica" (Belgian) not so far away. Neither the French "Ile de France" or the "Brise d'Automne" went so far, nor the Belgian "Utopie" or the Swiss "Cognac." The Spanish balloon "Castilla" with Señor Montojo as pilot came down near Mintzen. Mr. McCoy landed in Mecklenburg, after a very circuitous course, during which he had the doubtful pleasure of revisiting Berlin. He came down in a tree-top near Wismar, on the shores of the Baltic, within ten yards of the steep cliffs. But the other American balloon, the "St. Louis," that we had seen in Paris looking so pretty in Mallet's shop, with its new

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BAROGRAPH RECORD OF THE ASCENT AND FALL OF THE BALLOON "CONQUEROR" ON OCTOBER 11, 1908

A + is placed under the line which registered the ascent to 850 meters (about 3000 feet). There the explosion took place, and the drop was so sudden that the marker followed the line down three fourths of its length, where the parachute-like top had arrested the descent, and then made a heavier line a little to the right. The entire fall occurred in less than two and a half minutes. The signatures to attest the record are by Mr. Forbes, Mr. Post, and three officials of Gordon Bennett race.

varnish and its new basket, came down in the North Sea, and the navigators, Messrs. Arnold and Hewatt, were saved by a lifeboat from a pilot ship as they were being dragged through the waves at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The Americans, it will be seen, furnished plenty of thrills. But so far as the contestants themselves were concerned, the thrills came afterward. We at the time, as I very well know, were altogether too busy for them.

The one question we are asked everywhere, even to this day, just as we were asked it on the roof at Friedenau, is "How did it feel?" If you want to know how it felt to pass through the experience we did, think first of what we had to do. We had to move a ton of sand out of the car, and we had to do it in less than two minutes and a half. If you want to know how that feels, go down into the cellar and move a ton of coal from one side to the other while some one holds a watch and tells you when two minutes and a half goes by. Then try to see how much you have felt and remembered while you were doing it. It will give you a better idea if you move the coal while you are in a state of intense, vivid mental concentration, compressing years as it were into moments. If we had had but those two and a half minutes for the rest of our lives, as it looked at first, they would have been at least very good measure.

Like Wise, who "resolved to repeat the experiment as soon as possible," we were neither of us in the least inclined to follow the advice of some of the timid souls who greeted us on our return with the hope that now we had come down we would stay down. Since then Mr. Forbes has won the Lahm Cup for long-distance flight in America, and made many balloon trips, one of which landed him and his companion, Mr. Yates, on the ground in Kentucky with a violence that would have put an end to the career of any one not under his lucky star. I kept at it as well, and with Mr. Clifford B. Harmon in his balloon, the "New York," reached the highest altitude yet made in America, estimated at 24,200 feet, although the barograph needle went above the card at its limit of 16,200 feet, and the surplus had to be computed. On this same trip, in the Centennial races of 1909, we made the duration record for America, of 48 hours, 26 minutes in the air.

The air must have its martyrs as well

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as the sea; it is greedy of success. It is a hard master; its laws must be obeyed, and always obeyed, or it will enforce them at our expense. Air is our best friend and our worst enemy. Go with it, and this power and force of nature will do more than ever the sea has done; but man can never conquer the air: he can only conquer himself enough to adapt himself to it. When he knows it better, he will be its friend, worthy of its strength, its help, in time of pleasure or of need.

Drawn by W. T. Benda

THE "CONQUEROR" AFTER THE FALL, SPREAD OVER THE HOUSETOPS OF FRIEDENAU

THE WAKING-UP OF NORTH BANFIELD

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

"HOW many floors, did you say?"

"Eleven, your Honor."

The Court meditated, slowly turning a lead-pencil over and over, first tapping the desk gently with the point, and then with the eraser.

"How many inhabitants are there in the town?"

"At the last census, your Honor, there were 208 in the village, and only 664 in the entire town comprising twenty-two square miles. This was a decrease in population of about six per cent. in ten years."

"I understand your contention to be that the testator was of unsound mind when he executed this last will and testament, and that in support of this contention you cite an unusual and somewhat unnatural bequest?"

"Your Honor will surely admit," replied the attorney for the heirs, impressively, "that no will has been offered for many years for probate in this court which contained such a preposterous provision as does the last will and testament of Hiram Perkins Skinner, now before you. I ask your attention to this section:

I further give and bequeath the sum of five hundred thousand dollars for the use and benefit of the inhabitants of my native town of North Banfield in the County of Essex in the State of Vermont. Of the said sum of money, four hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, shall be expended by and under the direction of my friend Carolus Simmons, an architect resident in the city of Chicago, Illinois, for the

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erection in the said town of North Banfield upon a site to be selected by said Simmons and paid for from said fund, of a modern fireproof apartment-house to contain not less than fifty apartments and to be not less than eight nor more than eleven stories or floors in height. Said building to be erected in accordance with certain plans and specifications approved by me and now in the custody of said Carolus Simmons. And the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to wit, the remainder of the amount of the bequest specified in this paragraph, shall be invested and administered for the maintenance and repair of said building, by a board of three trustees. . . . In this bequest it is my wish and purpose to provide a suitable building for the residence of such property owners and other citizens of the town of North Banfield, Vt., as may choose to remove thereinto, in order to insure to a number equal to the present number of inhabitants of said town the comforts and conveniences of housing and domestic life which may readily be secured by prosperous persons in very large cities but which hitherto have been denied inhabitants of rural districts.

"To provide half a million dollars for the erection and endowment of an eleven-story apartment-house adapted solely to huge cities with congested population, but in this instance to be located in a small crossroads hamlet in the northern rim of the Green Mountains, can be nothing but the vagary of a diseased intellect."

"May your Honor please," interposed a small man in a worn black suit and a white cravat, "I appear for the town of North Banfield. It is true that this town is not densely populated, it is true that the population is decreasing; but these facts were actually the cause of this gift. Mr. Skinner was in the possession of all his faculties,—and they were unusually shrewd ones,—when he made this princely benefaction. He was a native of North Banfield. He understood the people; he appreciated their hardships and discouragements. He felt that ambition and hope were being crushed out by lack of comfort and by poverty, and this gift, your Honor, was a bold advance into a field of practical and original philanthropy. North Banfield is grateful, deeply grateful. That small hamlet, inhabited by struggling farmers laboring upon barren hillsides, looks to this court to preserve to it the one gift which has been made to the old home by one of their own blood who went forth into the wide world and achieved success."

"This case has some curious aspects," the Court remarked. "I was given to understand that the people of North Banfield were indifferent to this benefaction, and were, in fact, rather irritated about it, as casting some reflection upon them. If you are to appear for the town, the case is set for July 12."

Thus it came about that in the third year of the administration of the second Harrison there was fought a curious and interesting legal battle in the probate court of a certain large city in the Middle West.

North Banfield was in the midst of the fray. Her attorney was displaying unusual zeal and resourcefulness, and capped the climax by putting on the witness stand Mr. Ebenezer Stetson, the leading citizen of the village, who was tactfully guided to declare that the fate of the town of North Banfield hung upon the Skinner benefaction. Mr. Stetson made it clear that if Hiram Skinner had left any money to North Banfield, no matter what strange form the gift took, North Banfield wanted it.

Old Hiram Skinner had anticipated some of this excitement. Mr. Carolus Simmons of Chicago could have explained, had he desired to do so, why, in return for being specified in the will as having complete charge of the construction of the proposed apartment-house, he had hired an obscure but shrewd attorney to represent North Banfield, and by an artful campaign waged indirectly in that hamlet had aroused it to interest and indignation.

It was a fact, however, that at first North Banfield had heard of Mr. Skinner's gift with incredulity and horror. Dr. Potbury, who had ministered to the physical ailments of the community for more than thirty years, and under whose supervision in that period scores of leading citizens had reluctantly disappeared beneath the sod, was particularly indignant when Mrs. Burbank, the postmistress, told him the news of the bequest.

"The people of this town," he declared, "have lived here more 'n a hundred years without getting on the town, and they are not going to live in a town lodging-house

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now, at least not till the mortgages on their farms is foreclosed."

That evening when Mr. Morley, the proprietor of North Banfield's general store, had lighted the big acetylene lamp which was wont to glow upon the nightly gatherings of prominent citizens, Ebenezer Stetson occupied the chair of honor and related with a wealth of detail his conversation with Mr. Skinner during that distinguished man's last visit to his native hamlet two summers before.

"I always knowed Hiram Skinner would land on top," observed Mr. Stetson. "The last time he was here ter North Banfield, says he ter me, says he, 'Eb, the older I grow the more I think about old times. I lie awake nights and my mind goes back to the school-house over there. I 'm sorry for the people here in winter, though. The cold cramps their lives and keeps 'em down.'

" 'Wal, we don't mind the winters as much as you think,' says I. 'We roll the roads and visit 'round.'

" 'If our people could have well-warmed, healthful, airy homes, with proper conveniences,' says Hiram Skinner, still a-hammerin' at the same idee, 'the cold would n't make no difference. Cold weather in itself is stimmilatin' and healthy.'

" 'Wal, we ain't makin' no complaint,' says I. 'The houses in this town has mostly stood up longer 'n you and me, Hiram. They raised us, and they 've raised other good men and women, and I calc'late they 'll keep it up a leetle mite longer. Would n't worry 'bout that, Hiram.'

" 'How many families are there now in the village?' says he.

" 'Fifty-one; but Jed Scoville is goin' to leave in September to go to Boston, so you kin call it an even fifty.'

" 'That 's exactly it,' says he—'leaves in the fall; winter too much for him.' "

It was the conviction of those present that this gift was most unfortunate. If Mr. Skinner had honored his native heath by presenting a library (Mrs. Potbury was librarian of the small Athenæum in the village) or even a soldiers' monument, either benefaction would have meant something; but a huge brick and iron building, located where there was all out of doors to spare meant endless ridicule. In fact, the plan seemed to Mr. Stetson somewhat akin to building and launching an ocean steamship on Mud Pond.

One voice in the group at Morley's seemed to incline toward the Skinner benefaction. It belonged to Henry Perkins the blacksmith, a small man with brawny arm and few words. Mr. Perkins removed an ever-present pipe and hazarded the suggestion that it might bring business to the village.

"Business!" exclaimed Mr. Stetson. "Henery, have you ever seen one of them city apartment-houses?"

Mr. Perkins allowed that he had not.

"Well, I want to tell you it 's horrible to think of importin' one of them things to North Banfield. Suppose you piled Ross Cheever's three-story farm-house on top of this store, and my house on top of that, and the doctor's on top of mine, and then expected the doctor to live up in his house. I calc'late we ain't used to that sort of thing. How 'd you like to see ol' Mrs. Burbank settin' out washin' winders on the ninth floor?"

A vision of the fat postmistress between earth and heaven made even the taciturn Perkins smile.

"Then there 's gettin' up and down," continued Mr. Stetson, following up his advantage. "Suppose you want to do chores or milk the cows. You stand around in the entry on your floor and punch the bell for an elervater. Think of going down in an elervater to feed the pigs!"

"Running the elervater makes another job," contended Mr. Perkins, obstinately.

"Henery, be you gettin' discontented with smithin'?" demanded Mr. Stetson. "If you are, mebbe standin' in a dark cage all day going up and down a hole when some feller rings a bell for yer is your size."

Mr. Perkins was silenced, but not convinced.

"Apartment-houses is suited to congested popillation," remarked the doctor as a final word. "They 're crowded with men and women and yelling babies and pianos pounded till they 're nigh broke."

"There ain't but four babies and one pyanner in North Banfield," retorted the perverse Perkins. "All goin' ter once would n't make a powerful noise. If this here apartment-house scheme of old Skinner's encourages babies, it 's the best thing

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that could happen—specially fer you, Doctor."

Everybody laughed, but in spite of this temporary success the argument was against the blacksmith, and it was the general opinion that the Skinner bequest would work injury to North Banfield. The news that the heirs intended to contest the will was therefore actually received with some satisfaction by the elder statesmen of the village.

It was some days later that Major Templeton J. Lent of South St. Jamesville drove through the village about the hour of noon and went to the hotel for dinner. The major was well known through all that region. He had been, in fact, a State senator for several years from the lower half of Franklin County. His occupation was nebulous. The major spun not, neither did he toil, but he appeared well-to-do, and claimed to be deeply interested in mortgages and other matters which hovered between law and finance.

About an hour later, as he stood on the hotel steps preparing to light a rather vicious-looking cigar, he observed Mr. Ebenezer Stetson approaching.

Drawn by C. F. Peters

THE PROJECTED GREAT SKINNER APARTMENT-HOUSE IN NORTH BANFIELD

"How be yer, Eb?" he inquired genially.

"Well, I 'm movin' round and eatin' at intervals," rejoined the leading citizen.

"See you fellers has won the biggest card in the State," remarked the major, striking a match on his trousers.

"What ye mean?"

"That Skinner gift."

"Ain't no card in it that I see."

"Eb Stetson, you fellers must be blind. A four-hundred-thousand-dollar buildin',

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hundred-thousand endowment. Nothin' like it ever hit this State before. Why, man, think of it—think of the teamin', the lumberin' and carpenterin'! Everything 's got to be brought in here or made here—plasterin', plumbin', and paperin'. Think of the jobs and the outside fellers here! Where they goin' ter live and spend their money? When it 's done, think of the talk it 'll make! People 'll come from all over to see it. Railroad 'll run excursions. Money everywhere. Your house, Eb, ain't worth over $1000 to-day. If that Skinner buildin' goes up, three years from now your house 'll be worth $4000. Fact is, Eb Stetson, I envy you. You were a friend of old Skinner's. You 'll be selected for some responsible work in disbursin' all that cash. It means a heap to you, Eb."

No one unacquainted with Mr. Stetson could appreciate what body blows these comments were. Few men possessed his skill and untiring energy in the pursuit of dollars. Even dimes and quarters were not too small to hunt with zest over hill and valley. Once flushed, Mr. Stetson never abandoned the game. He knew no close season, and seldom failed to capture. Moreover, a dollar once in the grasp of Mr. Ebenezer Stetson had as little chance of escape as did the Prisoner of Chillon. Mr. Stetson turned thoughtfully away. He needed time to think.

Across the street appeared the familiar form of Dr. Potbury, bound for the post-office.

"Hello, Doc!" called out the major.

The doctor tacked so as to pass close to the hotel veranda.

"I tell Eb Stetson, Doc, I don't know what 's the matter with you Banfield fellers. Skinner has left you a gold-mine. Yes, siree, a wonder. It 's the biggest thing that ever came to a town in this State."

The doctor grunted.

"And here you are letting it slip away! What 's the matter with you?"

"The matter is," responded the doctor, "that we don't want to be the laughing-stock of the State."

"Laughing-stock! By cricky! it 's the biggest advertisement you can have. Down in my town we have the hardest sort of hustle to keep ourselves before the public. The board of trade has two girls all the time a-sendin' out circulars screamin' about the town—facilities, water-power, progress, climate, everything. We pull any old thing that has business in it. These days, if you set still, you 're dead. That 's it. You 're dead up here; but this Skinner business can bring North Banfield to life quick. Biggest ad in the State, bigger 'n any other town in any other State 's got. Big crowd 'll come. Population 'll double. Business 'll jump. Your property 'll double in value.

"As for you, Doc, what on earth are you kicking at? If all the people in town are under one roof, and old Miss Jewett has a stroke and sends for you, what do you do? Tumble out through a snow-drift in the night and freeze your ear? Not a bit. You jest ring the elervater bell and go up-stairs. It 's a cinch."

"But suppose," faltered the doctor, "they won't move in, and the big thing stands empty, and the whole State laughs?"

Major Lent struck another match, waited in silence for it to burn up strongly, and relighted the refractory weed. Then he descended the hotel steps and walked close up to the doctor.

"Sam Potbury," he said impressively, "I 've knowed you man and boy goin' on fifty years, and I never mistook you for an idjit before. Suppose it don't succeed. It cost big money. It 's a grand buildin'. The State 'll take it for an insane asylum or something like that—mebbe idjits. Think what that means to you. You are the leadin' physician in North Banfield. You 'll be called into consultation. Expert in mental diseases. Don't you see, if the Skinner idee is correct, and the town move in, you 've got a cinch,—you 're merely a house doctor. If it don't move in, after all, your income and reputation will be doubled. What are you fellers thinkin' 'bout?"

Dr. Potbury made no reply. Two little seed thoughts had entered his brain, and they multiplied like brown-tailed moths.

The major himself really seemed deeply interested. It did not take long to fire the hotel proprietor after that worthy had heard the story of the fortune which the hotel man at Carsonville gathered in while the railroad to the granite quarries was being built. In fact the major was so convinced that the townspeople were fatu-

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ously blind to their own interests that purely out of public spirit he put up his horse at the livery and spent the rest of the day in the village talking over the situation. That evening at Morley's he pleaded with all comers, and it was evident the major's arguments were turning the tide of popular opinion. Later he had a long heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Ebenezer Stetson in the seclusion of that gentleman's residence. The following day Mr. Stetson's point of view was reversed. "I believe," he declared, "that, after all, this Skinner business is a big thing for North Banfield. It 's just this: we want what 's comin' to us."

Dr. Potbury was a close second in the matter of conversion, and public sentiment soon veered completely around. The most potent argument, however, with the average citizen was the change in the town that began to make itself felt soon after the great bequest was announced.

"There ain't no other town in the United States," declared Mr. Stetson at one of the nightly gatherings at Morley's, "that 'll be fixed like us. Jest bein' famous helps draw folks to settle."

Mr. Morley paused on the way to draw a gallon of kerosene. "There 's two families moved into the Truslow tenement," he said, "and there 'll be three new houses goin' up in the village inside of a month. Them Skinner folks orter git a move on soon, or real estate in North Banfield 'll be too expensive for 'em."

As a matter of fact, discussion over the location of the Skinner Apartment-House had raged ever since the opportune visit of Major Templeton J. Lent. The various preferences of the citizens of the village had at length narrowed down to the Hawkins meadow lot, a two-acre tract located on rising ground a few hundred feet south of the post-office, and the Widow Duncan's orchard, which lay just beyond. The advantages of each piece of land were argued and contrasted, until all North Banfield had lined up in favor of either Abner Hawkins or the Widow Duncan. Both property owners, however, with commendable public spirit, promptly quadrupled the valuation placed upon their land.

The selectmen at length voted to request the executors of the Skinner estate to purchase the Hawkins meadow, on condition that the price charged for the property should not exceed two thousand dollars per acre (which represented an advance over the previous value of but five hundred per cent.). Mr. Hawkins regarded this resolution as equivalent to purchase. He forthwith surrounded the meadow with an ornate wire fence and placed upon a post fronting the highway a conspicuous sign:

NOTICE

THIS MEDDOW HAS BEEN SELECTED AS THE SITE OF THE GREAT SKINNER APT. HOUSE ABOUT TO BE ERECTED IN NORTH BANFIELD BY THE GIFT OF HER SON HIRAM P. SKINNER NO TRESPASSING ALLOWED.

It was undeniable that business was picking up in North Banfield. Mrs. Burbank, the postmistress, was daily the recipient of inquiries upon all manner of subjects, even including the rental of apartments in the Skinner building, when completed. Another general store appeared, but Morley remained calm. Live and let live. A barber shop with billiard-table attachment blossomed into being, watched and tended by a young man from Rutland. Miss Larkins, the leading milliner of South St. Jamesville, opened a branch parlor in the village, stocked with a tempting line of goods.

It remained, however, for a certain crisp evening in early June to usher in the most extraordinary news. Speaking precisely, it came over the telephone, and from no less a personage than Major Templeton J. Lent at South St. Jamesville.

Major Lent reported that the railroad had decided to put in a shuttle-line to the village from the station three miles away.

"They know a good thing, Eb," shouted the major. "Think of the freight to handle for that buildin'. Them corporation fellers keep awake twenty-four hours a day. They 're gettin' ready for yer. Keep her boomin', Eb. 'T ain't a marker to what it 'll be when the buildin' starts."

Mr. Stetson hung up the receiver and rubbed his ear. This news could scarcely be credited. A railroad station almost across the street! The rush and roar of trains in North Banfield! Mr. Stetson turned to announce the news, but the as-

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sembled company had already surmised it. The major's trumpet tones dripped from the telephone like water from a leaking tea-kettle.

"It 's marvelous what that Hiram Skinner has done a'ready for this town," exclaimed Dr. Potbury. There was a note akin to reverence in the doctor's voice.

"I ain't forgettin' they may bust his will yet at the trial." It was Perkins the blacksmith who once more jarred the assemblage.

"Henery," exclaimed Mr. Stetson, with some irritation, "I 'd as soon calc'late to see you go ravin' crazy this minute, and be clapped into a straight-jacket, with four men a-holdin' you ag'in' the wall, as to hear they 'd busted Hiram Skinner's will."

"It seems to me," remarked Abner Hawkins, relieved by Mr. Stetson's emphasis, "that Skinner orter be buried here in North Banfield. Mebbe we could git his remains, and put up a tombstone."

"And have the ceremonies when the railroad gits the loop done," exclaimed Dr. Potbury. "What do you say, Eb?"

Mr. Stetson arose; he had not forgotten the railroad. The branch line to the village would add easily another thousand to the value of a certain white house, with red barn attached. Things seemed to be coming so fast the North Banfield way that clearly something must be done to emphasize it. "I propose," he said impressively, "that we form the Hiram Skinner Memorial Association."

By this time the news concerning the branch railroad to the village had spread, and Morley's was crowded. Remarks were made by several citizens, and the Rev. Mr. Bean, pastor of the Methodist church, made an admirable impromptu address on citizenship, pointing out the contribution of great men to the nation so generously made by the small villages. The Skinner Memorial Association was forthwith formed amid much enthusiasm, Mr. Ebenezer Stetson was elected president, and Mr. Abner Hawkins, secretary. A committee was appointed to consider plans. Something had actually been accomplished at last.

It was late in the leafy month of June that a brilliant thought entered the mind of the Rev. Mr. Bean. In the search for ways and means, it occurred to him to take advantage of the popular interest in the Skinner bequest for the benefit of the Methodist treasury. Accordingly the Hawkins meadow was hired for an afternoon and evening, and a festival was announced at which it was proposed that allotment of apartments should take place. From the architect in Chicago a copy of the plans of the proposed building was secured. It appeared that the building was to exhibit unusually impressive architecture. It was to be faced with granite and to rise square and massive to a height of eleven stories.

Nature smiled upon the Methodists by providing for the fête a perfect June evening. All North Banfield was in attendance, together with many strangers from surrounding towns. The plans provided for fifty-four apartments, but the bequest had already proved (for North Banfield) the advance agent of prosperity to such degree that the families in the town now numbered sixty-nine. The selectmen had therefore decided that the heads of families should draw lots.

The meeting was called to order by old Deacon Peavey, the head selectman, who announced that each householder was to draw a slip of paper having upon it a number, and in the order thus established another slip was to be drawn which specified an apartment by floor and number. It was unanimously agreed, however, that a front ground floor apartment should be assigned at the outset to Dr. Potbury because of his calling as physician.

In the first drawing, Mrs. Burbank secured number one, and the interest became intense as she drew her apartment slip.

The deacon adjusted his glasses, read the number, and surveyed the assembly.

"Mis' Burbank," he announced, "has drawed 'partment four, eight flights o' stairs up. I calc'late Mis' Burbank 'll set on the bottom of the first flight till the elervater gits ready to h'ist her." This comment drew forth unbounded applause. Even Perkins the blacksmith grinned, as he recalled the window-washing argument at Morley's. The rotund and placid Mrs. Burbank was satisfied, however, for she had secured seven rooms and bath.

Mr. Morley was grieved to draw a blank, but the allotment proceeded with much jollity and to the satisfaction—for the most part—of the citizens, although

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Mr. Ebenezer Stetson who had no interest in lofty outlooks, was considerably annoyed to find himself located on the ninth floor.

The day after the Methodist festival, Dr. Potbury, having finished his breakfast, was standing on the steps of his office at the side of the weather-beaten Potbury residence.

"Ain't composin' a pome to the risin' sun, be yer?" called Mr. Ebenezer Stetson from his porch a short distance down the street.

"I was thinkin' 'bout my future plans, Eb."

"Awful dangerous, Doc. I 'd be a leetle mite slow 'bout figurin' on the future. Jest as likely one place as t' other."

"Come over here, Eb."

Mr. Stetson knocked the ashes out of his pipe and crossed the road. They entered the office and the doctor cautiously closed the door. He then extracted from a drawer in his old-fashioned desk a small brass sign and placed it admiringly upon the mantel. It read:

SAMUEL POTBURY, M.D.

I 'm goin' to clamp this here sign between the winders of my apartment," he said. "All city doctors in good standin' have signs like that."

Mr. Stetson seemed considerably impressed. He sat down in a rocking-chair and put his hat on the floor.

"I 'm turrible interested, Sam, in the way a sot old doctor like you takes to this apartment idee. It seems to me," he added abruptly, "you look almighty clean."

Dr. Potbury appeared slightly embarrassed.

"It 's this way, Eb," he said, lowering his voice. "Last evenin' after we got home from that festival, my woman and me got to talkin' about our plans, and how we 'd act when we was moved inter the apartment. And says she, speaking up sharp, 'I calculate if you 're goin' ter live in a handsome apartment-house, Dr. Potbury, you 'll have to shave often enough to keep from lookin' like you was a timothy medder gone to seed.' I did n't say nothin'. I never do times like that. But what do you suppose I did, Eb?" added the doctor, sheepishly. "I got out my razor, and blamed if I did n't go out in the kitchen and shave at ten o'clock at night!"

"Did you look any better?" demanded Mr. Stetson.

"Well, I calculate I looked some slicker, anyhow. Queer, war n't it?"

EARLY in July, Mr. Stetson was summoned to the West to testify in defense of the Skinner will. He was gone about a week, and started homeward after giving his testimony, but before the decision was reached.

A record-breaking throng was assembled at Morley's to greet the returned traveler. Tired as he was, Mr. Stetson looked in.

"It 's all right," he announced decisively, after having briefly described the principal incidents of his trip and of the trial. "We 've got 'em sure. I swan! I don't see how them heirs had the nerve to try and break through Hiram Skinner's will!"

Mr. Stetson's observations, however, were interrupted by the hasty and agitated entrance of Dr. Potbury. The doctor's face was pale.

"What is it, Sam?" inquired the traveler in alarm. Even Morley, who was grinding coffee, noticed the doctor's appearance, and, dropping his scoop, hurried toward the physician.

"They 've won!" gasped the doctor—"the heirs has busted the will! It came over the Bell wire from South St. Jamesville."

The assemblage seemed stunned. Not a word was spoken. Old Mr. Hawkins nervously clasped and unclasped his hands, computing the amount he had foolishly expended on wire fencing.

It was Dr. Potbury who broke the silence. "That Skinner Memorial Association better quit fer good right now," he said tartly. "I calculate Hiram Skinner 'll keep middlin' quiet where he is. Later on, if he gets a leetle mite restless, the heirs can bring them remains East at their own expense."

Mr. Ebenezer Stetson removed his spectacles and wiped them deliberately. Perhaps the moisture upon the glasses was the evaporation of lifelong prejudices, for he arose and faced the assemblage, with unwonted dignity.

"The fact is," he said, "that buildin'

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war n't suited to our town, anyhow. We all thought so till somehow we got wheedled round the other way. All the same, I want to say that Hiram Skinner has helped North Banfield. We 've got more people in this town to-day than we had a year ago; we 've got more business. I 've jest been seein' the way they hustle out West. Here in North Banfield we 've been asleep since about 1840, but this year, thanks to Hiram Skinner, we 've sort er woke up. Let 's stay awake. Mebbe I 'm a leetle mite old to begin, but I 'm a-goin' to try. I know a man who wants to start a pump factory. Suppose we offer to give him Abner Hawkins's medder, if he 'll build his works here in our village? I calc'late, if we can keep this town awake, Hiram Skinner ain't lived in vain."

An impressive silence fell upon the thronging faces under the big acetylene lamp. For a fleeting moment Dr. Potbury's thoughts traveled sadly across the street to a polished brass sign carefully laid away in the old-fashioned desk. "I second the motion," he said.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE CENTURY TO ITS READERS

IT will be news to most of our readers that the present number brings to a close the fortieth year of this magazine. Since this publication became in 1870 the second illustrated magazine then being printed in the country, the boundaries of the periodical world have greatly changed. More and more both in enterprise and in range many monthlies have invaded the field of the dailies, until the three-score that crowd the newsstands have come to represent every phase of American thought and activity, reminding one of the saying of Professor Brander Matthews concerning New York, that here we have "an association for every opinion and a club for every emotion." When THE CENTURY has felt the impulse which mainly characterizes a newspaper it has been along lines of enterprise rather than of function. Other admirable magazines have done important service in the investigation of public and social movements—frequently with the illuminating power of a conflagration. But as President Woodrow Wilson said of Carlyle's method of writing history, all life is not running to a fire. The world has its ills and they must not be lost sight of—indeed they press upon humanity so that they cannot be ignored—but in dealing with them it is well to endeavor to avoid the hectic aspects of life, and to gather from normal existence such salutary and hopeful lessons as may strengthen rather than discourage for the conflict.

The range of THE CENTURY has been little changed in forty years—for it started with almost the whole world for its field; but as competition has increased we have been more desirous to secure for our readers' entertainment and consideration literary and art materials bearing the fresh stamp of significance. While in a year's survey the staple of all the magazines may have a certain resemblance, there are distinctions of individuality upon which each makes its appeal for support. We believe it is in the interest of the reading public as well as the magazines that the latter should emphasize these distinctions rather than obliterate them. It is not in derogation of others that we remind our readers briefly of two or three points in the definite character and purposes of THE CENTURY.

Along such lines, it is the aim of THE CENTURY, first of all, to be of use to its readers, to minister to their enjoyment, by fiction, poetry, art, and miscellany, that shall take them out of their cares through wholesome humor or absorbing pictures of the imagination, and through the rarest of qualities—that of charm. The reader

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little knows the endeavor, the industry, and the expense that go to the production of a single number of this magazine. THE CENTURY is regarded as a trust which we have undertaken for our readers.

A large part of this sense of responsibility is concentrated upon maintaining the tone which in our judgment should permeate a magazine for the family and the people. Along with a reflection of the beauty of life, he who stands at the receipt of manuscripts must note "the rush for the precipice,"—the vicious influences set to words, the vulgarities, and the insidious lowerings of standards of conduct. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines, and these must be kept out of the vineyard. In this phase of his labors an editor need not give himself airs of a censor of morals: he is simply taking, in the line of the day's work, one of the ordinary responsibilities of life.

And this brings us to the purpose of this discourse, which is to suggest to the reader whether he or she (for it is the mother who is chiefly interested) keeps sufficiently in mind the responsibility for the family reading—not merely for excluding bad, poor, and trashy newspapers and magazines, but for providing good, substantial intellectual and moral food of the sort that makes healthy normal men and women. And the children?—do they browse among the noxious records of crime and the mischief-breeding inanities of colored supplements, or are they nourished on wholesome fun and lofty ideals? It is simply a question of poor food or pure food. Personality is made of what it consumes.

THE CENTURY has consistently aimed to exert a progressive influence in art, in literature, and in social and public affairs; but it has never lost sight of the conservative function of a family magazine. In these fortunate days of "conservation" we believe in conserving a lot of old-fashioned virtues, the best of which ought to be none too good for the country of our common affection. Some of these are human sympathy, obedience to law, good manners, respect for the privacy of the individual, freedom of conduct within the bounds of duty, devotion to the public welfare, and, last but not least, the saving spirituality that differentiates man from the brute.

BREAD AND BUTTER AND LAWLESSNESS

EVERY month of the passing year has brought new testimony to the spreading inclination to lawlessness in various parts of the United States. The most serious phase is lawlessness actuated by the bread-and-butter motive, which is the most insidious of motives on account of its ready appeal to popular sympathy.

The feeling has been prevalent among wage-earners that the source of a man's bread and butter is "sacred." If, in a concerted effort to force an increase of wages, or a decrease of hours, they cast aside their jobs, other men who may happen to be looking for a chance to earn *their* bread and butter may not take up the abandoned work without being regarded as violators of a peculiar private right, which, in practice, subjects them to capital punishment by "mob justice."

Extreme examples of the application of this popular theory have been prevalent during the past summer. As an individual case, the mayor of New York was shot by a city watchman who had been discharged by the head of a department for proved incompetency. The loss of that source of his bread and butter became a justification for revenge by murder. While no sympathy has been outwardly bestowed on the assassin (and while it is obvious that an individual act from such a motive might easily be due to mental weakness), so far as his asserted motive goes, the would-be slayer of Mayor Gaynor was as much in the right as those strikers, or their sympathizers, who took human life by derailing a Delaware and Hudson Railway train as a warning to engineers and firemen that they must not help others to pick up the bread and butter which the strikers had cast aside.

Again, the mayor's assassin was as reasonable as the street-car strikers at Columbus, Ohio, who appear to have had much local and some official sympathy in their attempt to enforce a similar claim on their discarded jobs. The latter case has presented all the disquieting features of a false local sentiment fostered by weak local authority. As we write, social chaos is being averted only by the action of a courageous Governor using State troops. At no time in the existence of this gov-

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ernment has lawlessness asserted itself with a more insidious motive, with more unbridled intent, or accompanied by more official indecision and public apathy.

In both these instances of riot the silence of the prominent labor leaders has been of startling import. The way of recovery from such a state of affairs is always long and strewn with hardship, but it leads sooner or later back to the assertion of the law, as being the only "sacred" element in the problem of human society, since it is the fundamental source of everybody's bread and butter, as well as of everybody's physical safety.

THE NEED OF MORE RESPONSIBILITY AT THE TOP

NOTHING is more hopeful for the improvement of commercial standards than the impatience of the people with the excuses that are offered by the heads of great businesses for the shameful delinquencies of subordinates. In many such cases the spectacle of members of boards pointing to one another or to some employee, like the figures in Nast's famous cartoon in the days of the Tweed Ring, has ceased to satisfy public opinion. A revolution of judgment seems to be under way concerning the duties of those who stand at the top of large enterprises, and under the ægis of whose reputations thousands confidently intrust life and money. It is no longer respectable, for instance, that railway directors should shift to others the responsibility for loose management, on the plea that they cannot be expected to drive a spike or take an engine down the line; that the president of a taxicab company should plead ignorance of the inaccuracy of its meters; that the lay directors of a hospital should not scrutinize and remedy its defects of cleanliness or sterilization; that manufacturers should sell or jobbers distribute short-weight or short-measure commodities; or that those at the heads of a great corporation should fail to know of immense and long-standing frauds upon the customs. The new sense of accountability to which government officials are held is being extended more and more to great public enterprises, and in general there is a more exacting definition of trusteeship.

One of the most insidious forms of temptation which directors of business offer to subordinates is the demand for "results." A traffic agent is sometimes told that "other railways are getting the business," and that "something must be done." "You have *carte blanche:* what we want is results." Sometimes there is a wink in the employer's eye, but, in any case, the agent feels that in the opinion of his superiors the end will justify the means, and that there will be no disturbing scrutiny of his methods. This, we are informed, has been an important contributory cause of the scandalous violations of law in the matter of railway rebates.

In striking contrast is an exchange between two men who were taking up a business enterprise. After certain preliminaries had been arranged, "Now," said the man to whom it was intrusted, "now, for dividends with honor." "Yes," said the employer, "or, let us say, honor with dividends." The thought of both men was the same, but nevertheless the response had a moral tonic and support. Honest and well-meaning employers may well ask themselves not only whether, unwittingly, they are placing temptation in the path of those who serve them, but also whether they are neglecting to make the daily work of these a positive influence for their uplifting.

THE PINCH OF EXTRAVAGANCE

ONLY when the shoe pinches does the average man reason effectively on the importance of proper foot-wear. And on account of the same perverse trait, precept and example have little influence on prudent expenditure until the pocket-book is empty. When the latter is vacant of all else that is useful, it is still full of the magic of reflection.

For the majority of mankind the basic principle of expenditure must always be sought in the simple truth that "he alone has who saves," coupled with the equally simple rule "not to spend what you do not have."

As a people unusually favored by circumstances, Americans have been prone to overlook the principle, and to neglect the rule. For two hundred years they have filled their plates from the fatness of a new soil, and dipped their cups in the seemingly inexhaustible springs of nature. On every side have multiplied the unmistakable evidences of wealth; but under the operation of a law of economy as inexora-

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ble as the law of gravitation, that wealth has more and more passed into the hands of the few who have mastered the science of accumulation. This is no sign of unfairness; it is rather proof of the existence of wide-spread and general extravagance. In no other country, probably, is wealth so widely distributed; but that fact indicates a condition favorable to the concentration of wealth when the saving or holding-back principle is not commonly practised. When the forests are stripped from the mountains, the sponge-like roots and undergrowth lose their power to hold back the natural rainfall, which rushes at once to the large reservoirs below, dragging along with it the little accumulations at the sources, and also denuding much of the fertile soil on the way. In precise analogy, such are the effects of general extravagance on the wages and incomes of a people. The big receptacles of wealth cannot help filling. Thereafter they serve a useful purpose in supplying power to the myriad wheels and inner wheels of commerce and manufacture. But if only a prudent part of the little incomes was also reserved at the top, the lower reservoirs would not hold so much waste, and little and big incomes would prosper together.

In recent years, signs have multiplied to indicate that the American era of natural abundance is over. Some of the notable signs are the enormous growth of population, swelled by the steadily increasing immigration; the stupendous output of the mines; the semi-exhaustion of a large part of the once fertile fields; and, more than all else, the fortunate, though belated, call to national conservation. We are now entering on the second era of a nation planted in illusive abundance, an era in which there can be no real and lasting progress unless Economy is taken into full partnership with the present firm of Intelligence and Industry.

As never before, the country is now concerning itself with the cost of living. For the first time it is perceived to be relatively "high," when, in fact, as judged by the standards of all European countries, it has always been extravagant. In accounting for the cause of the suddenly recognized dearness of the necessaries of life, much is being made of economic changes, such as the increase of the world's supply of gold, and very little is said of the relatively diminished supply of labor—diminished because doubled in value for the amount of service rendered.

Labor is the great commodity at the base of human society. In general the price of everything else must go up or down as labor rises or falls in cost and efficiency. In no other country are the rewards and indulgences of labor so great as in America. The causes have been partly economic and largely political, and these causes, it is safe to say, will not change their relative force in the near future. One proof that labor is at the present time peculiarly a favored class may be found in the prosperity of the farmers, for agriculture represents labor at its best, as the recipient of the fruits of its own energy. Other elements enter into the equation of success, but labor in farming profits as never before. This is a fortunate thing, and will help to attract labor to the soil.

The prosperity of labor, let it be said with joy and emphasis, is the particular tower of strength to a nation. But to continue long as a favored class it must give full measure of service, and adapt itself to a frugal scale of living, so as to be able to put by something in all but times of great stringency. Under present influences, labor is saving little or nothing, and its leaders cultivate that fact as an argument for more favors. The vulgarity of American extravagance may be more conspicuous among the newly made rich, but it pervades all classes, and in truth begins at the bottom and expands upward. In pleasures and amusements, including travel and automobiles, our people spend money, as though to be diverted from the contemplation of one's own mental resources were a boon worth the expenditure of the last dollar—and, now that we have moving pictures, of the last cent. There are thousands whose only economy is in the cost of their reading-matter.

Years of over-expenditure, with increasing costs due to imprudent demands, have at last produced a pinch which is felt by nearly every class of workers. Let no one imagine that this strictly American pinch is the pinch of necessity. It is only the pinch of extravagance, due to habits of luxury and expenditure which no prosperity ever yet devised by human ingenuity and industry has been able to sustain.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Mythological Animals

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

Drawn by Oliver Herford

V—THE DOLPHIN

THE Dolphin was, if you should wish
To call him so, the King of Fish.
Though having neither gills nor scales,
His title *should be* Prince of Whales.
While too small-waisted to provide
A Jonah with a Berth Inside,
The Dolphin has been known to pack
A drowning Sailor on his back,
And bear him safely into port:
He was a Taxi-whale, in short.

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Drawn by Oliver Herford

VI—MEDUSA

How did Medusa do her hair?
The question fills me with despair.
It must have caused her sore distress
That head of curling snakes to dress.
Whenever, after endless toil,
She coaxed it finally to coil,
The music of a passing Band
Would cause each separate hair to stand
And curl and sway and writhe and spit:
She "could n't do a thing with it."
And, being woman, and aware
Of such disaster to her hair,
What *could* she do but petrify
All whom she met with freezing Eye?

Odes to Efficiency

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

V—TO SIDNEY, A NEGRO JANITOR

You do what many fail to do:
You give your bent back to your task;
You do your work and see it through.
What more could anybody ask?

No pane of yours obscures the sun;
Your elbow-polish never lacks.
You do not shirk. You do not shun
The hidden corners and the cracks.

Nobody needs to drive or nag;
You know your work and keep it clear.
You do not scrimp, you do not lag;
You make your scrub-brush your career.

Some shallow men may scoff. Who cares?
Your work stands square to all attack;
And you to yours and they to theirs,
I 'll risk my hazard on the black.

As thorough as an engineer,
Your work leaves nothing more to add;
As courtly as a cavalier,
A janatorial Galahad!

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VI—ON J. E. H., A MORMON SCHOOLMASTER

He saw across the desert waste
  Where hardship warned, but duty beckoned.
Here were young lives, untaught, unplaced,
  With possibilities unreckoned.

He left the comforts and the aids
  Toward which the modern mortal strives
And brought these lost-land boys and maids
  His life to help their lesser lives.

His faith he gives to Joseph Smith;
  His works he gives to humankind.
To me his miracle is myth
  And strange the habits of his mind,

But let him hold what faith he please;
  I know a man, whate'er his make;
I care not where he crooks his knees,
  I grab his honest hand and shake!

Old Daddy Do-Funny's Wisdom Jingles

THE MIRROR

Br'er Donkey, drinkin' at de brook,
Surveys hisself wid offish look,
An' 'low: "You Jackass makes too free!
Huccome you dast to drink wid me!"
  An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
  Oh, he ain't by 'isself in dat!

BR'ER GRUBWORM

Br'er Grubworm wrops 'isself in twine
An' swings in 'is shroud on a evergreen vine,
Becaze he knows it 's death dat brings
His on'iest chance to git 'is wings.
  But you ain't by yo'self, Br'er Worm, in dat—
  Oh, you ain't by yo'self in dat!

THE CHESTNUT

De chestnut's shell 's so soft an' thin
Dat any ol' bore kin wriggle in,
An' so, of co'se, it could n't fail
To git de name o' bein' stale.
  But it ain't by itself in dat, in dat—
  But it ain't by itself in dat!

RAIN OR SHINE

Ol' Mingo, on 'is knees, he say:
"Lord, teach dis nigger how to pray,
Else riconcile two kinds o' weather
For crops an' rheumatiz together!"
  But you ain't by yo'self, ole man, in dat—
  Oh, you ain't by yo'self in dat!

CONFESSION

Dat whale wha' gulped Br'er Jonah down
Was bleeged to swim close-t to de groun'
Ontel he riz up an' confessed
He 'd swallered mo' 'n he could digest.
  But you ain't by yo'self, Br'er Whale, in dat—
  No, you ain't by yo'self in dat!

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

Drawn by C. Nuttall

THE SHORT-WEIGHT CRUSADE

He: They 're weighing the anchor.
She: I don't blame them. The tradespeople are n't to be trusted nowadays.

Hank McGee, Realist

(THE CAPTAIN'S TALE)

"'T was back in 1883"—
  The Captain thus began—
"That first I hired this Hank McGee
  To be a handy man.

"He wa' n't no good at swabbin' deck,
  And reefin' made him faint;
But, by the Hootin' Holes o' Heck,
  How Hank McGee could paint!

"At landscapes red or landscapes blue
  Or landscapes green or brown,
Was nary artist ever grew
  Could paint our Henry down.

"He decorated all our bark
  With scenes from naval life,
With winter views of Central Park
  And portraits of his wife.

"He painted on our sheets and shrouds
  That spread across the foam
Bright landscape scenes with trees and clouds
  Remindin' us of home.

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"We seen the farm we used to know,
The well-curb and the stile—
Plainly we heard the roosters crow,
'T was all so natterile.

"Thus as we sailed from port to port,
From Maine as far as Greece,
Our gallant bark became a sort
Of floatin' masterpiece."

The Captain scratched his powerful nose,
His voice grown strangely low.
" 'T was off the southern Barbadoes
The storm began to blow.

"The sea she hit us crool and hard
Amidst the thunders dull,
And ripped full twenty-seven yard
From off our gallant hull.

"No ship could live in such a gale;
We thought our end had came.
We all stood up with faces pale,
We all sat down with same.

"But while in terror huddled we
Our timid feet so cold,
That able painter Hank McGee
Was workin' in our hold.

"Full ninety feet of canvas sheet
He daubed with colors dull
On which he drew a portrait true
To represent our hull.

"And when that job was done in style
With joy we gave a cry—
That paintin' was so natterile
It plum' deceived the eye.

"So straightway every honest soul
That painted canvas grabbed
And nailed it taut acrost the hole
The angry sea had stabbed.

"When lo! our vessel smooth and sleek
She ceased her goin' down,
Our gallant hull she ceased to leak,
Our crew they ceased to drown.

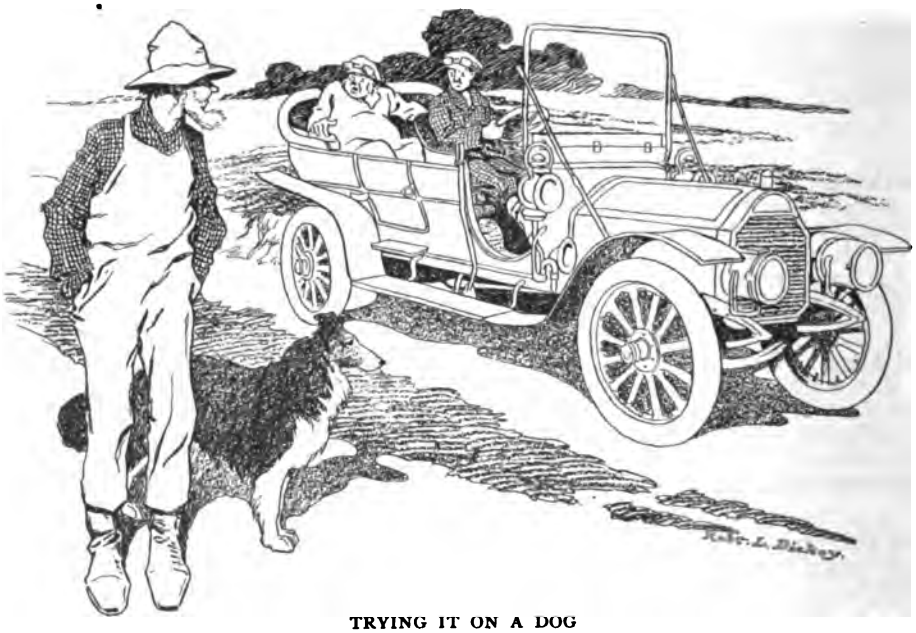
"And then, like sunlight's happy smile
The Truth it burst on we—
That painting was so natterile
It plum' deceived the sea!"

("Well, I 'll be blowed!" the bos'n cried,
Addressin' of the crew,
Who answered with a certain pride,
"We also will be blew.")

"Since then," declared the Captain smart,
"I 've made this gen'ral rule:
In deep-sea sailin' give me Art
Of the Realistic School.

"Though Art may stir Emotion's tips
And elevate the race—
For pluggin' holes in leaky ships
It also holds its place."

Wallace Irwin.



TRYING IT ON A DOG

THE CAPITALIST: Farmer, how much do you want for that dog?—I 've taken a fancy to him.
THE FARMER: Stranger, I 'll give him to you for nothin' if he takes a fancy to you.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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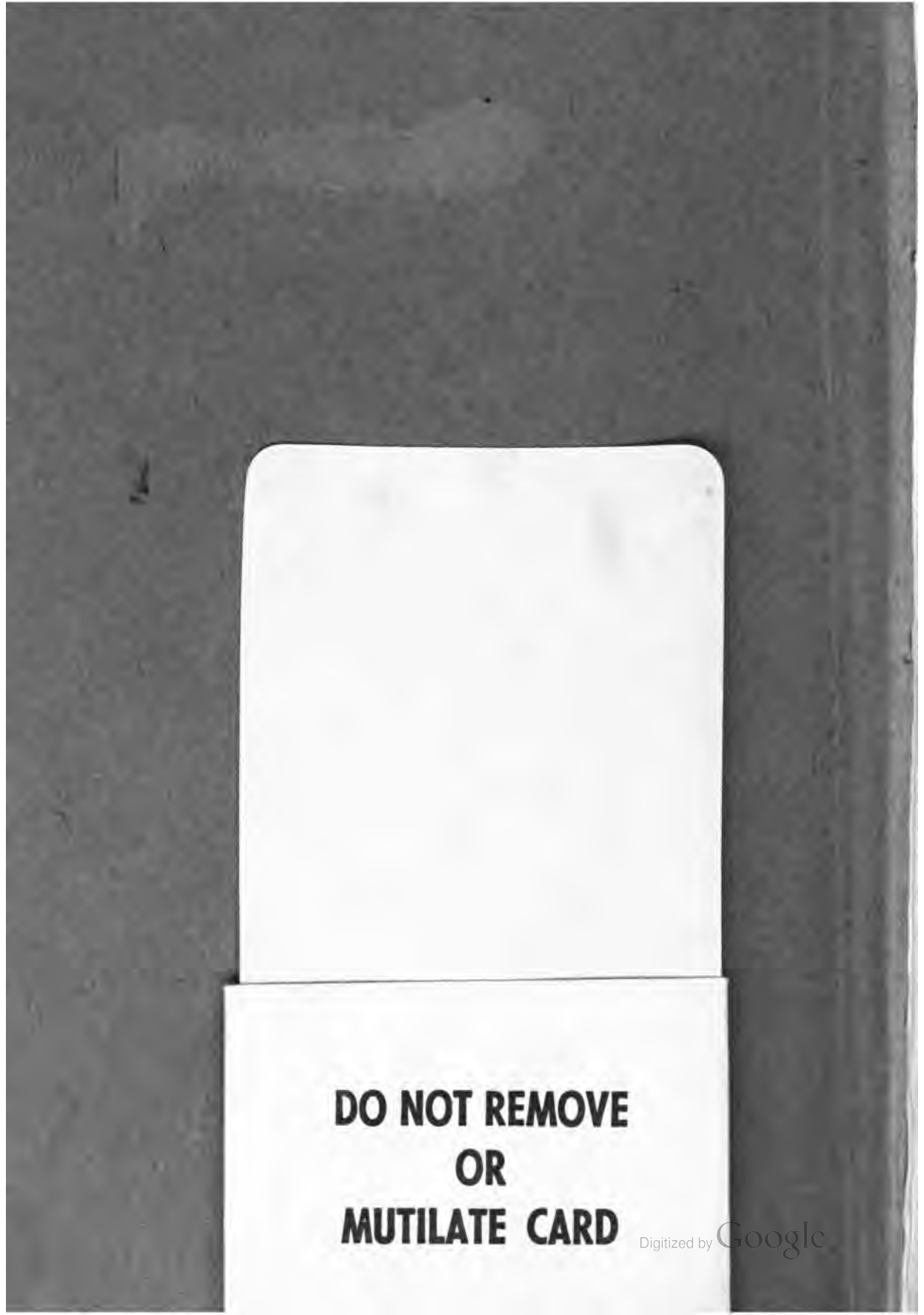

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